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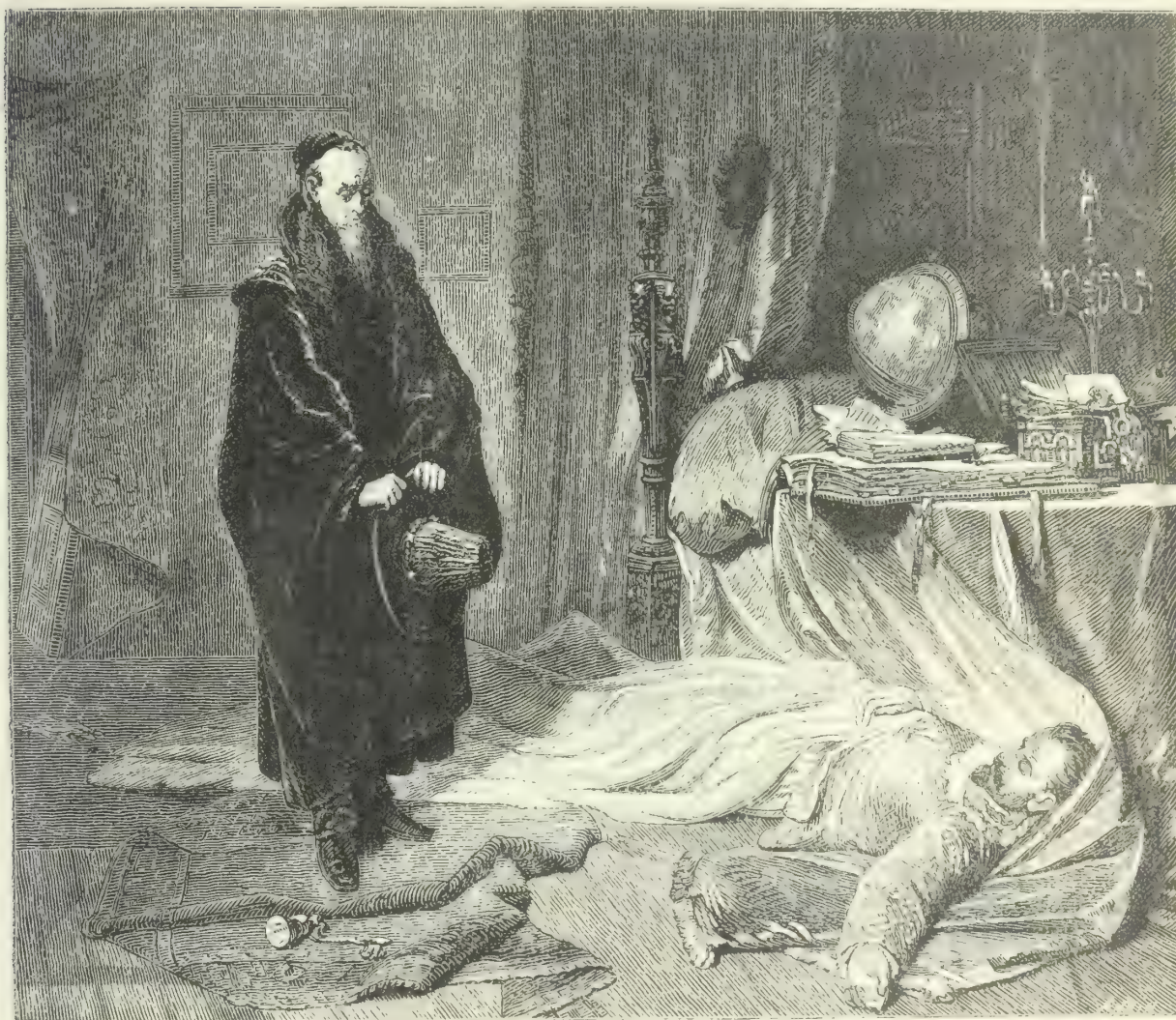
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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CONTEMPORARY ART IN GERMANY.



"SENI DISCOVERING WALLENSTEIN DEAD."—[PILOTY.]

IN considering the present state of the fine arts in Germany, we find that while, of course, art has always been guided there by the organic laws which underlie all true art among the Germans as with other people, certain conditions have attended it quite distinct from any thing in the past or present history of art in either England or France. Excepting architecture and household art, which were developed over the greater part of Europe about the same time, after the Dark Ages began to yield to the dawning light of the Renaissance, the arts received little attention in the two nations on either side the Channel, for they were too busily engaged in consolidating the races

and provinces of which they are composed into two great kingdoms to attend to the amenities of civilization; and in each, when these objects had been accomplished, it was literature which first asserted itself rather than art. Foreign artists were called in from abroad to decorate the halls and palaces of Francis I. or Henry VIII., and as late even as the time of Charles I. and Louis XIV. The example of these foreign artists, Cellini, Rubens, Holbein, Vandyck, finally had its natural results, and a desire to give expression to the national tastes and emotions in art forms gradually awoke in the hearts of both these races. But it was not until the present century that either people produced

their best art, excepting possibly in the case of Poussin, Claude Lorraine, Gainsborough, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. And when the great English and French schools finally made themselves felt, it was in London and Paris that they took up their headquarters naturally, and without any rival schools in other cities of either kingdom; and so it has continued to the present day. Whatever art schools may have sprung up in other cities exhibiting more or less promise, it is to London and Paris that we look at once in order to form an idea of the national art. There the government schools are established, there the royal patronage is bestowed, there the great annual exhibitions are held, and thither flock the great army of artists, buyers, and amateurs who sustain and encourage the growth of English and French contemporary art.

But in Germany it is quite otherwise. There is a strong analogy between the art manifestations, as in the political conditions, of Germany and Italy for the last six centuries. Both were long divided into numerous small bodies, governed each in its own way, and presenting a political and intellectual activity entirely individual and distinct, and often full of fiery energy, while possessing in common certain general race qualities. It has fallen to the lot of each to be united at last, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, under one general hegemony. During all these ages the separate states of both Italy and Germany have never entirely lost their individual characteristics or the national energy, which in some cases has been continued, especially in the latter, with an ever-increasing glow, that only serves to give greater strength to the empire composed of these different parts welded together in a solid and weighty mass. But it is to be noted that as in the republics and monarchies of Italy in the Renaissance each had an art school of its own, so in Germany the development of political and intellectual energy in the free cities was accompanied by a strong art impulse. If they did not always show the same magnificent eye for color, the same masterly drawing of the human form, as Titian, Ra-



WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

phael, and Michael Angelo, and other Italian masters, these early German artists at least indicated equal or more vivid imagination, and as deep an earnestness in the pursuit of art. As early as 1360 we find the school of William of Cologne and the Suabian school of Ulm exerting a powerful influence. Art schools sprung up in all parts of Germany, and the period of the Reformation, the most magnificent art period of Italy, was also the most noteworthy among the German states of any that has preceded this century. Hol-

bein the elder was followed by such men as Hans Holbein the younger, Aldegrever, and Albrecht Dürer—a genius not inferior in versatility to Leonardo da Vinci. At this period, too, wood-engraving in Germany was carried to a degree scarcely exceeded at the present day, as, for example, in the engraving of Dürer's "St. Jerome and the Lion," while this art was also brought in to point a satire or a moral, as in "The Dance of Death."

Although, with the reaction following this period of enormous intellectual energy and the Thirty Years' War, succeeded by the War of the Succession and the Seven Years' War, art languished in Germany, it never entirely died out as an active principle in the national character. In the last century the rise of the great composers made it essentially the musical era for Germany at least; but still we observe Angelica Kauffman painting with considerable ability, and Winckelmann writing his masterly work on antique art, followed by Lessing and Goethe composing works bearing on the art question.

Thus we find that at the time when English and French art were just coming forth fresh and full of the vigor of youth, Germany had already produced a great school of artists centuries before, and it could therefore be hardly expected of her, in the natural course of events, to keep pace in art with these great rising schools, especially since upon each was concentrated the patronage of a powerful and united government.

But notwithstanding this, the literary and scientific impulse which found a focus at Weimar, but was scattered more or less

throughout the states of Germany, was accompanied by a revival of the art feeling, which, as we all know, was chiefly developed at Düsseldorf, Berlin, and especially Munich, at the latter place under the auspices of Ludwig I., the late king, the most enthusiastic royal patron art has met since

tion too often from the styles of schools moved by different tastes and opinions and beliefs from our own age rather than from the study of nature itself as it appears to our eyes in our time, were still impelled by a true art enthusiasm and noble aspirations. Nothing low or demoralizing entered into



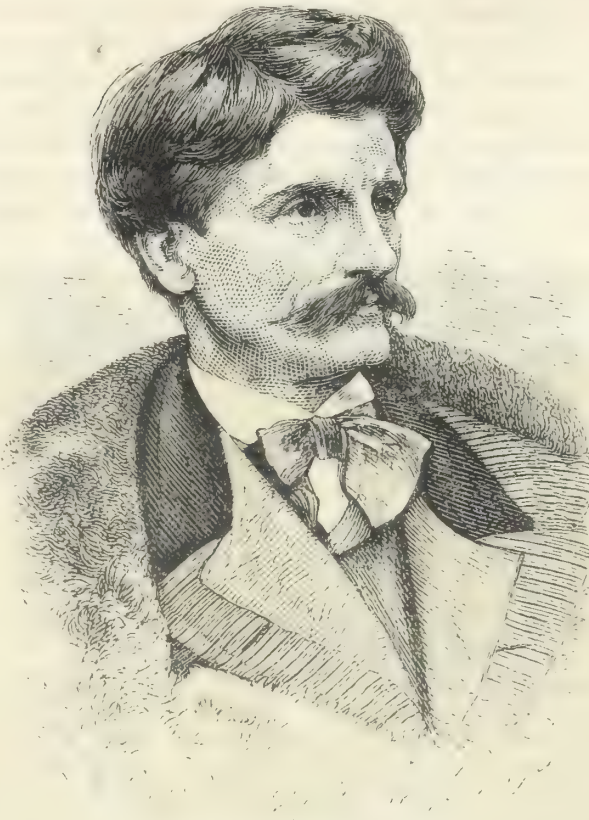
"HOCKHEIMER."—[GRUTZNER.]

Lorenzo de' Medici. Whatever may now be thought by some critics of the sculptures of Schwanthaler, or the frescoes and canvases of Overbeck, Hess, Schnorr, Cornelius, or Kaulbach, it can not be gainsaid that they were men of great power, who, if too conventional, and borrowing their inspira-

tion too often from the styles of schools moved by different tastes and opinions and beliefs from our own age rather than from the study of nature itself as it appears to our eyes in our time, were still impelled by a true art enthusiasm and noble aspirations. Nothing low or demoralizing entered into

man art would not have reached its present commanding position.

In looking over the field, we find several distinct schools of art still existing in Germany, as in former ages. In no one place, as yet, is there a concentration of the national art culture; for although an empire, Germany is also a confederation of states, each still preserving its individuality. To an American it is interesting to study this phase of Germanic art, because it is likely that, as at present, so in the immediate future, the development of the art spirit in the United States will be rather by States than national. Thus we see, besides the system of art education in the public schools for the purpose of stimulating industrial art, art schools or academies and galleries, supported by government patronage, at Carlsruhe, Düsseldorf, Stuttgart, Dresden, Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, which, although not yet included in the German Empire, is essentially German, and is so treated in all except merely political relations. The union of the old Austrian duchy to the German Empire is considered one of those natural events which must come as a matter of course, being only a question of time. For obvious reasons, the Munich school has been and continues to be not only the most famous, but the best of these schools in the quality of its art. In no other city in Europe, not even excepting Paris, is the art impulse so clearly manifest, although the greater size of Paris, and the longer period that art has been accumulating there as spoils of war and in other ways, present such a vast mass of material that one is dazzled by the magnificence of the display. But although on a much smaller scale, there is enough of the art of the past ages collected and arranged in Munich to satisfy the most craving art appetite, while the number of artists living, studying, and painting there—over two thousand—exceeds, in proportion to the population, the art guilds of any other city. One meets them at every turn, often picturesque enough in their appearance, with black beards and keen eyes, everlastingly puffing the reverie-inspiring cigar, and almost extinguished under slouched hats well-nigh as enormous



KARL THODER VON PILOTY.

as the *sombrero* of the *Adelantado* of the Seven Cities. From time to time they give a great ball in the Opera-house. The one at the carnival of last year was a magnificent affair. The costumes were all of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and in some cases cost over a thousand dollars. For three months before it came off, the managers were busy superintending the arrangements. The person representing the Turkish ambassador came in with a retinue of forty, all magnificently attired. Fritz Kaulbach appeared as Charles V., with

a lady on his arm as the queen. Young Arnim, a brother of Count von Arnim, and a pupil of Piloty, was conspicuous in the gorgeous robes of a cardinal.

The *Kuntsverein* is an art union composed of artists in Munich. They have a commodious gallery, to which every week they send specimens of their latest work. By attending these exhibitions one can form a tolerable idea of what art is doing in Munich, although some of the best artists rarely send to them. At the close of the week the paintings are sent to some other city for exhibition, and a new collection takes its place. The union purchases a certain number of these works, when not exceeding fifteen hundred marks in price. Any one is permitted to become a subscriber on paying twenty marks. At the end of the year the paintings are raffled for, and thus fall to the lot of some of the subscribers, while every one receives an engraving worth ten marks.

Besides furnishing the artists with so many examples of the schools of other ages, the Bavarian government also supports an Art Academy, in which twelve professors give instruction, three for each department of art, and each having a school of his own. Piloty, Dietz, Lindenschmidt, and other leading artists hold these professorships, with liberal salaries, and assisted by a number of subordinate instructors who attend to the rudimental branches of art. The Academy is located in a vast antique pile which was occupied as a monastery until this century. But as it is both gloomy and incommodious, the government is now erecting a new Academy near the *Sieges Thor*, at

an estimated cost of two million florins; it is to be completed in 1878. The expense to the students studying and occupying studios in the Academy is merely nominal. There are no annual exhibitions, as in Paris and London, but generally one is held once in three or four years.

What is and has for a long time been a leading trait of the Munich Academy, is its

ie training in that little Bavarian capital, while many of the best artists now working there are foreigners, or at least from all parts of Germany. Bavarian, Prussian, Austrian, Suabian, Italian, Greek, Hungarian, Russian, Pole, Norwegian, Englishman, and American there meet on a common ground, burying political or national differences, all united by a general emulation for



"BUSH-RANGERS." [F. DIETZ.]

cosmopolitan character. "Art has no country, it is universal," nobly said King Ludwig. In consequence, every encouragement has been held out to induce artists from abroad to study or settle in that city. The natural result is that many an artist, like Muncazky, for example, who has made his reputation elsewhere has received his artist-

success toward a common end. The civilized and art world owes a debt of gratitude to King Ludwig which should temper whatever criticisms might be passed upon the character or policy of the Bavarian line.

When we look at the results of this munificent patronage, we find a vast art activity developed here during half a century, pro-

ceeding from one step to another in progress, until from extreme conventionalism a point in the scale of improvement is reached at last by a thoroughly easy and natural process, where we find the contemporary school of Munich, and we may add also of Germany, holding the foremost position in European art at the commencement of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Kaulbach, who has just passed away, is the German artist of this century perhaps the best known abroad. Less conventional than his predecessors, he undoubtedly possessed a vast genius; and yet he was weak in color. How few can excel in all the art qualities! Rubens, equally great in imagination, drawing, color, and *technique*, presents an example so entirely alone in the combination of many qualities that we feel how rare it is to excel in all. The works of Kaulbach would be quite as impressive if rendered simply in black and white. Piloty, another artist well known abroad, at least by reputation, comes later; he is still in the prime of life, and in his manner serves to mark another step in the advancing scale of German art. He was a pupil of Paul Delaroche, and is an enthusiastic admirer of his master. Hence we find constant traces in his works of the master, who was, it must be confessed, the superior of the pupil. In even the best works of Piloty, who is pre-eminently a historical painter, there is often perceptible a certain theatrical, stagy effect in the composition which takes away from its naturalness. His "Columbus" offends very strongly in this respect; "Thusnelda at the Triumph of Germanicus," his most ambitious work, is perhaps more satisfactory; while "Seni discovering Wallenstein dead" is more simple, and is undoubtedly a work of great power, although open to criticism in details and color. The figure of Seni is very impressive. An interesting incident in connection with the composition of this painting is told. For several days the artist had been endeavoring to arrange the drapery about the corpse of the dead hero, without suiting himself. At last it was adjusted somewhat to his liking, and he began to sketch it in, when a knock was heard at the door. It was King Ludwig, who was in the habit of walking about the city and the studios as a private citizen. Being a little deaf, he did not hear the remonstrances of the artist, and ruthlessly walked into the newly adjusted drapery, throwing it into disorder. Of course nothing could be said, but after he left, Piloty began to swear and pull his hair with vexation. Suddenly he looked around, and beheld apparent a new fold in the disordered drapery, which was exactly what he wanted. Sitting down at once, he sketched it on the canvas in the shape in which it is now seen in the finished painting.

Piloty has founded a school; he achieved

his fame and influence early; but so rapidly has German art ripened of late years that he has lived to see the sceptre pass from his hand. Such is the fate of all reformers. The genius which entitles them to our veneration, and increases the world's stock of culture and progress, so tends to educate the rising generation that the very efforts which placed them on so high a point aid to carry their pupils still higher and beyond them. We can not, however, ascribe to Piloty original powers equal to those of Kaulbach or of some of the rising school. But there is some grand work, notwithstanding, in a colossal painting which he is now executing for the new Rathhaus, or City Hall, of Munich, for which he is to receive 50,000 florins—a large sum for Germany. It is an allegorical representation of the city, and contains portraits of all her citizens distinguished in her past history. It seems thus far to contain more of his good qualities and less of the faults of his other works. He is painting this scene in Kaulbach's former studio, because his own studio, although a hall thirty-five feet square, is not of sufficient length for a canvas that seems over forty feet long. Professor A. Müller and Otto Sietz are artists deserving honorable mention in a style of color and treatment similar to that of Piloty, that is, as holding a position between the school immediately preceding and that now coming on the field. Of landscapists still painting in that style and well known in America there is a good number, including also animal painters of considerable merit, as, for example, Voltz and Paul Weber. But there is a general sameness in their manner, a lack of character and individuality, prettiness rather than strength, and conventionalism in tone and color, although often combined with real poetic feeling. To this school we are indebted for several hundred repetitions of views on the Königs-see—a wild romantic lake known to most travelers in Germany. But one may have too much even of the Königs-see, and the essential weakness of this class of paintings becomes apparent when seen by the side of works of the new school of art in Munich. Let us be just. We would not say there is not much talent evident in these paintings; but it is talent rather than genius, conventionalism rather than originality; and while the Munich school was producing only such works, it could not conscientiously claim an equal place with the great landscapes and figure pieces of the French school even of the last twenty years.

It is a curious circumstance that by a species of tacit common consent so many of the pupils of Piloty himself should have broken loose from his influence even while studying under him, and, as if unconsciously moved by a certain law, formed a style so different from his own. The chief points

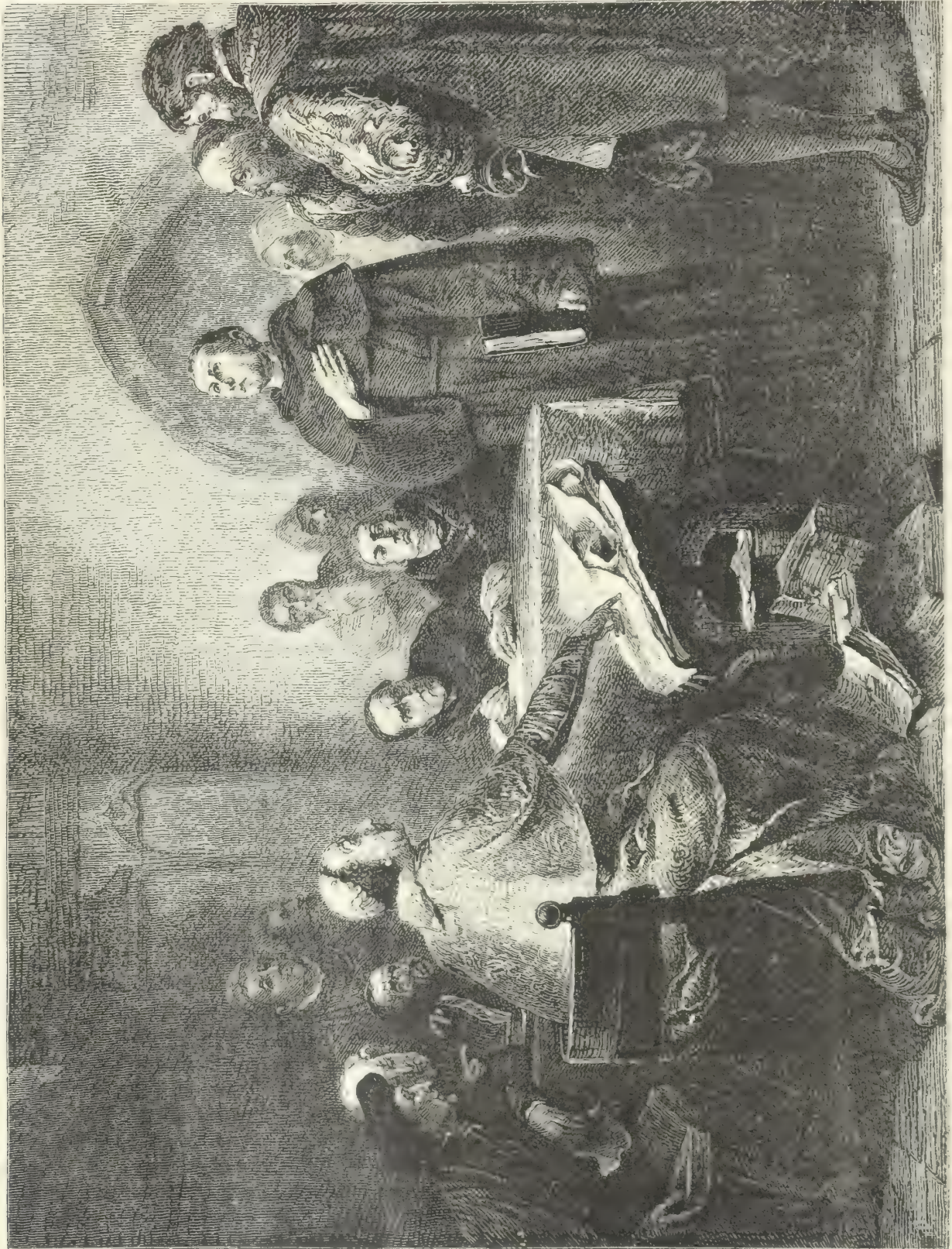
of distinction which separate contemporary German art from its predecessors seem to be the result, to a remarkable degree, of a very careful study of certain masters of the Dutch, Flemish, and German artists of the Renaissance period on the part of a few men who brought to the study a new way of using their powers of observation, and in turn influenced other artists of their own age. It is, beyond question, to this cause that we must attribute the turn given to French art at the time when it began to yield to the influence of Troyon and Rousseau. Rubens, Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Franz Hals, Aldegrever, Dürer, although dead ages ago, still influence art, and have proved to the greatest artists of this century what Homer and Theocritus, Dante and Spenser, have been to modern poets—not sources of inspiration, for no man of genius gains his inspiration except directly from nature, but teachers, directors in art methods, and, above all, instructors in the great truth that simplicity is a prominent characteristic of the highest art, whether in letters or in painting, and that in the expression of the ideal itself there is no model superior to nature. The leading characteristics of the new German school seem to be, therefore, greater breadth in the treatment of details, preferring general effect to excellence in parts of a work, greater boldness and dash, and consequently more freshness in the handling of pigments, the suggestion of texture and substance by masses of paint, and the touch of the brush in accordance with the nature of the object represented, and, finally, a more correct eye in perceiving the relations of colors to each other—the quality of subtle tints in flesh, for example—and therefore a more just representation of the mysterious harmonies of nature, while there is every where apparent a masterly skill in the rudimentary branches of art. These have for long been the distinguishing traits of the modern French school, but they have only recently begun to attract attention in modern Germany, and to those accustomed to the older school it requires a certain degree of art education to perceive the excelling quality of these methods. But connoisseurs or those who look at art in general need to understand that no less than in literature does the æsthetic taste require to be cultivated. Some have at an early period a capacity to appreciate Shakspeare, but to most the growth of their appreciation of him may be taken as the measure of their growth in intellectual culture and life experience. Of course in Germany as in France there are artists who carry the practice of these art methods to an extreme, once they become a fashion and profitable. But we do not speak here of extremists or disciples and imitators, but of masters who originate a style and demonstrate only its legitimate results.

But although so far resembling the French school, there is no reason to believe that the present Munich school is an imitator of that; for in the choice of subjects it is altogether at variance with it, and the leaders in the new movement have never studied in France, and have generally not been out of Germany. The causes seem rather to be as foreshadowed on a previous page. Leibl is one of the originators of the new school, and in the rendering of some of its chief points has no superior. The texture of flesh, the myriad delicate pearly grays and pinks, and subtle lines of light and shadow playing on the human countenance or in the muscles and sinews of the hand, and indicating character, he seizes with masterly skill. An artist who introduces such study of nature and such methods of imitating it into art practice is really great even if deficient in many other respects. In order to understand the importance of the reforms introduced by Leibl and his co-laborers in the field, one has but to visit the new Pinakothek, or gallery, built entirely for the permanent reception of the so-called New School of Painting, that is, of representative works produced by leading Munich artists since the foundation of the Academy. The rapidity of the change is so great as almost to exceed belief. Piloty and Kaulbach, although represented by their finest works, seem already of the past, and they are giants compared with some whose works are there. The contrast is still more marked on turning to paintings by Böcklin, of the later school. That we speak in such terms is not owing merely to the fact that the present school is more new, and therefore preferable. For the best painting in the collection is Wilkie's "Opening of the Will," painted some sixty years ago, and strangely hung in that place. Such rendering of character or imitation of flesh-tints kills every thing around it, and has not been approached by modern German art until the present school came in. Leibl revels in painting the rough-featured, roughly clad Bauers or peasants of the Bavarian hamlets, and the results are sometimes quite marvelous. He can also, if he so chooses, paint the delicate beauty of a lady's hand with a truth to nature that throws enthusiastic young artists into raptures. But he does not often so choose. And this leads us reluctantly to say that the essential coarseness of his character prevents him from being as great an artist as his abilities might otherwise have made him. The greatest artists combine with strength a certain refinement, apparent in their works if not in their manners. Beauty in the ordinary sense of the term has no attractions for Leibl. Even amidst the homely uneouthness of German peasantry, handsome men and comely maidens are to be found. He seems to go out of his way to give us the

most repulsive specimens of both sexes that he can find.

Lenbach is another artist, who, in a style quite different from that of Leibl, is fully his equal in *technique*; if not superior in ability, his canvases give us more satisfaction. He chiefly devotes himself to por-

very careful study of character, and in this respect, at least, reminds one of Velasquez, although his treatment is more that of Rembrandt. Lenbach is fortunately possessed of sufficient means to paint only what he pleases, and will not attempt the portrait of every one who applies. Having decided



"LUTHER BEFORE CARDINAL CAJETAN."—[LINDENSCHEIM.]

traiture, although sometimes making admirable copies from the masters, and ideal compositions, such as, for example, his young herdsman lying on the grass on a sunny day, shading his eyes with his hand, or the three Orientals standing in a magnificent group on the brow of a hill. He makes a

to paint a person, he is not satisfied with one pose, but makes a full oil sketch from three or four different positions, until he hits upon one that best represents the character or individuality of the subject. Thus the results reached are quite marvelous. His portraits of Von Moltke and Liszt are

strong examples among many that might be alluded to; nor is he less successful in rendering the beauty or character of a woman's face. And he does not rest his efforts after art perfection here. He works evenings after effects both chromatic and in *chiaroscuro*, especially by the use of a frame covered with a thin black gauze. Behind this a person is placed in different positions, with the light, also behind the gauze, falling upon him; the effect is that of an oil-painting. His studio, built expressly for him in a garden, consists of three apartments, furnished with a profusion of antique and Oriental objects such as are dear to the eye of an artist, and which often re-appear in his paintings.

Loefer is another of the rising artists of Munich, one of whose paintings at the recent national exhibition carried off a first medal. Seven years ago he was a paper-hanger. Now he has a school for drawing, considered one of the best ever opened in Germany, and in color and portraiture or composition holds a very high position. Victor Müller, who died two or three years ago, while still young, was an artist whose paintings are full of admirable qualities of color, while reminding one of no other artist in style, quiet in effect, yet suggesting nature, while such paintings as "Hamlet" or "Ophelia," entirely free from any thing theatrical, show also that he had a real perception and power of expressing the hidden springs of action which make us what we are. Fritz Kaulbach, a distant relation of the late artist, is also well deserving of praise. In some of his lovely female faces one can trace a genuine feeling after the ideal. Lindenschmidt, a professor in the Academy, is an artist worthy far more extended notice in the rendering of character, especially in historic compositions. His scenes in the career of Luther are marked by singular power, as well as other paintings of his we might name. Rudolph Seitz, known chiefly in frescoes and decorative work, has a remarkable perception of the beauty of physical forms.

When we come to Gabriel Max we find a genius to the analysis of whose masterly conceptions we should much prefer devoting an article instead of a few meagre paragraphs. In respect of mental grasp and imagination, combined with admirable technical ability, we should give the first place in the contemporary Munich school to Max and Böcklin. Artists and public are alike agreed upon the surpassing character of Max's works, although, of course, some prefer one painting to another, while the rather morbid tendency of his subjects makes these paintings better suited, perhaps, to exhibition in a public gallery than in a private drawing-room. In disposition he is retiring, and difficult of access to all but a few

select friends, and rarely can any one be admitted to his studio; but at the same time he is of a genial nature and of a social turn



FRANZ LENBACH.

when in company with his chosen friends. We can notice but two of his works, adding, however, that these do not wholly convey an idea of the variety of subjects which he has treated. The first, it is said, allegorically represents an incident from his own life. In the semi-twilight of an autumn evening we see a company assembled under a wood, dancers and others, in the picturesque costume of mediæval times. Lanterns light up the scene in the distance. In the foreground, alone amidst the gay dancers circling around him, is a young man leaning pensively against a tree. This is supposed to represent the artist himself. To him, on his right, advances a beautiful maiden leaning on the arm of another youth. Her face is one of entrancing loveliness: she is his betrothed. But in her hand she holds out to him a wild crocus—a flower whose meaning, when given by a lady to her lover, is that he can never more hope for her love. In the mean time, on this side of the tree, unseen by him, a lady approaches, with a veil over her head, but her features visible in profile. She is older than the other lady, but in her mien is dignity combined with grace and beauty. She is the lady who is destined eventually to become his wife. This painting, while admirable in the rendering of each individual character, is also of pre-eminent artistic worth for the regard paid to the values, the quality of the texture and color, and its unity and harmony as a composition.

The other painting is taken from "Faust," and is entitled "Gretchen." It represents Margaret on the mountain-side on Walpurgis-night. Nothing can be simpler as a composition, but it is difficult to see how the artist could have better succeeded in giving us on one canvas a more complete epitome of the tragic life of the pure, greatly injured, and afflicted child of destiny whom Goethe has chosen to symbolize such a vast multitude whose pathetic and mysterious fate can not be explained by any human logic. A solitary figure she appears, robed in white, and still so represented as to suggest a certain ghostly impalpableness. She stands on the grass, scarcely pressed by her pale feet. Behind her, faintly discernible in the gloom, are the rocks, and nearer, ravens pecking at a diamond ring. A white band around her neck conceals the mode of her bloody execution, but it is suggested with awful vividness by a faint crimson circle saturating the linen.



GABRIEL MAX.

An empty locket hangs on her breast. A sober supernatural light shines on the upper part of this silent form, gradually fading into gray shadow. But the face it is which, after one has gazed long at the painting, continues to rivet the eye, and haunts one forever. In the eyes, which seem not of earth, there is an expression of silent horror and agony beyond language, and mingled with it a reproachful, pleading expostulation that out of the innocence and happiness of maidenhood she

should have been torn to meet such a fate, and spend eternity far from the abodes of the blessed, while on the closed ashen lips is depicted the resignation of despair. The exquisite color of this masterly conception is so in harmony with the design that no engraving or photograph can do it justice. It is said to be a favorite work with Max, and we know of no other living artist besides Gebhardt, of Berlin, who could approach it. There is none who so well rep-



"THE LION'S BRIDE."—[G. MAX.]

resents the hues and aspects of the dead. The painting of which an engraving is given here, "The Lion's Bride," is from one of Uhland's poems. It is perhaps open to criticism for its color in one or two parts, but is a very powerful composition, and well exhibits the great skill Max also possesses in the drawing and painting of animals. An engraving of this scene perhaps gives a better idea of his varied powers than of most of his other paintings. Many will doubtless remember the exquisitely touching composition which has recently become known in America through a photograph taken from it. A young girl, a Christian martyr, has just been left to the tigers in the arena of the Coliseum. The wild beasts are fawning about her before tearing her to pieces, while a tiger rushes forth with open jaws from the den. At this awful moment some pitying soul amidst the throng above drops a flower furtively at her feet, as a sign that one, at least, is there to offer up a prayer and drop a tear for her as she meets her doom. She, in her helplessness, leans against the wall, and looks up to see who it is, wondering that there is any one left in a cruel world to pity the lonely victim. This painting is by Gabriel Max, one of the greatest poets of the age, for his paintings are tragic poems dealing with human destiny.

We pass, by a natural transition, to the *genre* painters of the Munich school, and here we find a large number of very excellent artists. Defregger has justly earned a foremost position in compositions taken from peasant life. Truth to nature, admirable color, texture, and character, all seem to be his in equal proportions. After him may be mentioned Gysis, a Greek, whose art life has been entirely in Munich. His color seems scarcely inferior to Decamp's in the rendering of Oriental scenes, while his native familiarity with them has given him remarkable skill in catching the traits of Eastern character. Albert Keller and Alois Galb are also young men of decided promise in this branch. Dietz, in the rendering of *genre* with horses and landscape, holds a position entirely alone, having a style crisp and full of freshness and originality, and resembling that of no other artist. He is very difficult to please, sometimes entirely painting out a finished work. As an illustrator he ranks with Menzel, of Berlin, and has produced thousands of drawings. This has probably quickened a memory and observation naturally strong, and thus, like Turner and several other artists similarly constituted, he does not depend wholly on color studies for his compositions, and yet few excel him in giving a feeling of nature. His horses could only be drawn by a man of genius. Brandt is another of these masters who overwhelm us with the wealth of

the artistic work now turned out in Munich. He is a Pole by birth, a German in art education. His subjects are always chosen from the steppes of the Ukraine or the Crimea, wild, desolate, picturesquely suggestive. The Cossacks of the Don, the gaunt, nervous, wiry, many-colored steeds they spur to rapine and war—these are what he gives us, either in groups of three or four, or whole squadrons marching across the russet ocean-like wastes overarched by leaden skies. No artist of the age is his superior in the technical requirements of his art, while the spirit, individuality, character, and tone with



FRANZ DEFREGGER.

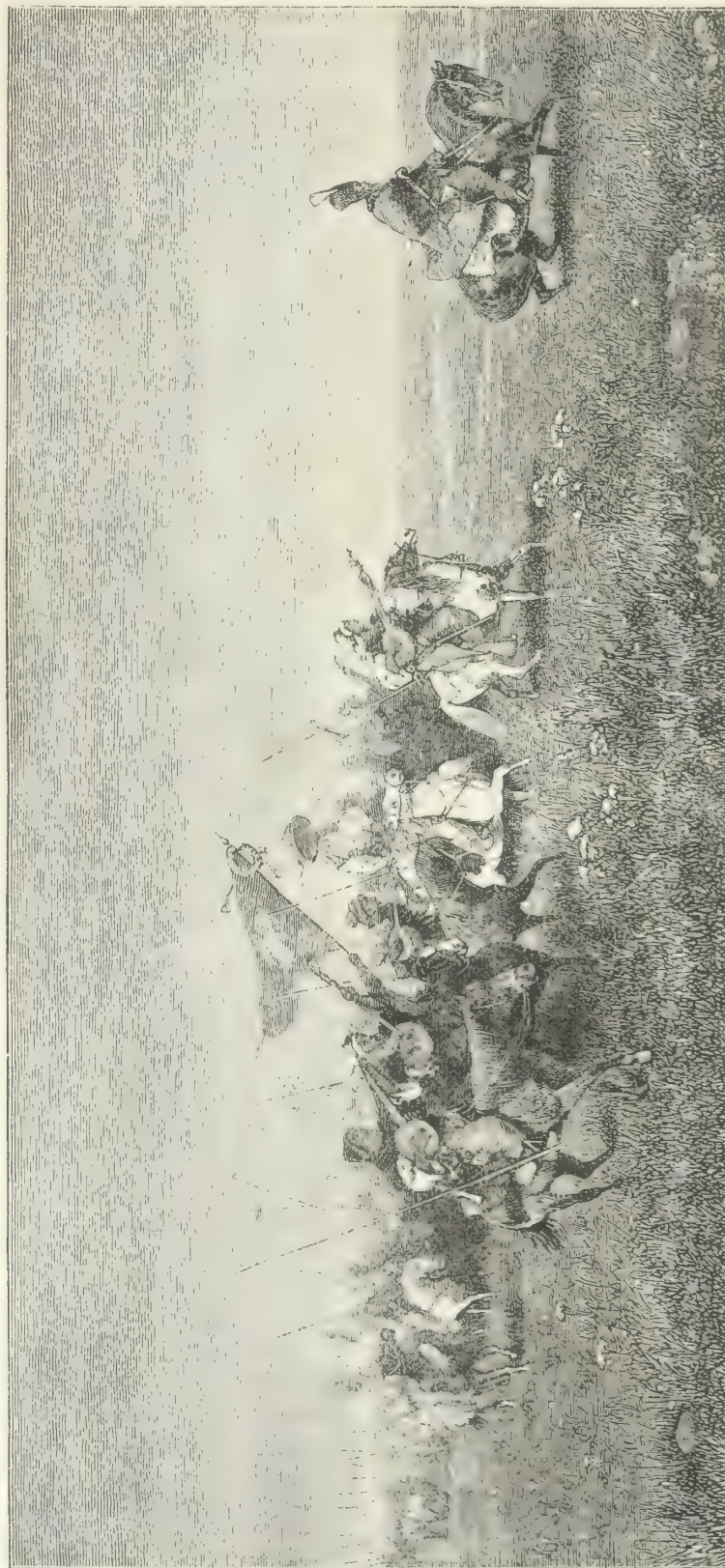
which each horse and each rider is given lead one to feel that Meissonier and Detaille still have something to learn.

Of animal painters there are, besides Dietz and Brandt, a number worth extended notice; we can allude to but one or two. Wagner is well known in America by photographs of his "Roman Chariot Race." He has done nothing since to equal that. Braith is unequal, but sometimes draws and paints cattle with great force and truth to nature. Zügel is still a young man, like many of those already mentioned, and will give the world yet better things than he has already done; he is not yet the equal of Jacques, the Frenchman; but in a just rendering of the values, with a true feeling for nature, he holds an excellent rank. Bodenmüller is a rising artist who is strong in painting battle scenes, especially of the late war. But Franz Adam is undoubtedly the ablest battle painter of the present German school.

In landscape there are fewer good artists

in Munich in proportion to the number in other departments, but some of them are men of genius. Lier and Mezgoly are deserving of far more than a passing allusion. Thoma also shows eccentric ability, but has evidently been largely influenced by Böcklin, who might also be nearly as well

the artists considered him a dreamer, and his works absurd. Now he ranks with the first three or four living painters of Germany. The fact is that to a wonderful eye for form and color he adds an imagination of extraordinary creative power, and the sympathy with the hidden suggestions of



“THE COSSACKS GREETING THE STEPPES.”—[BRANDT.]

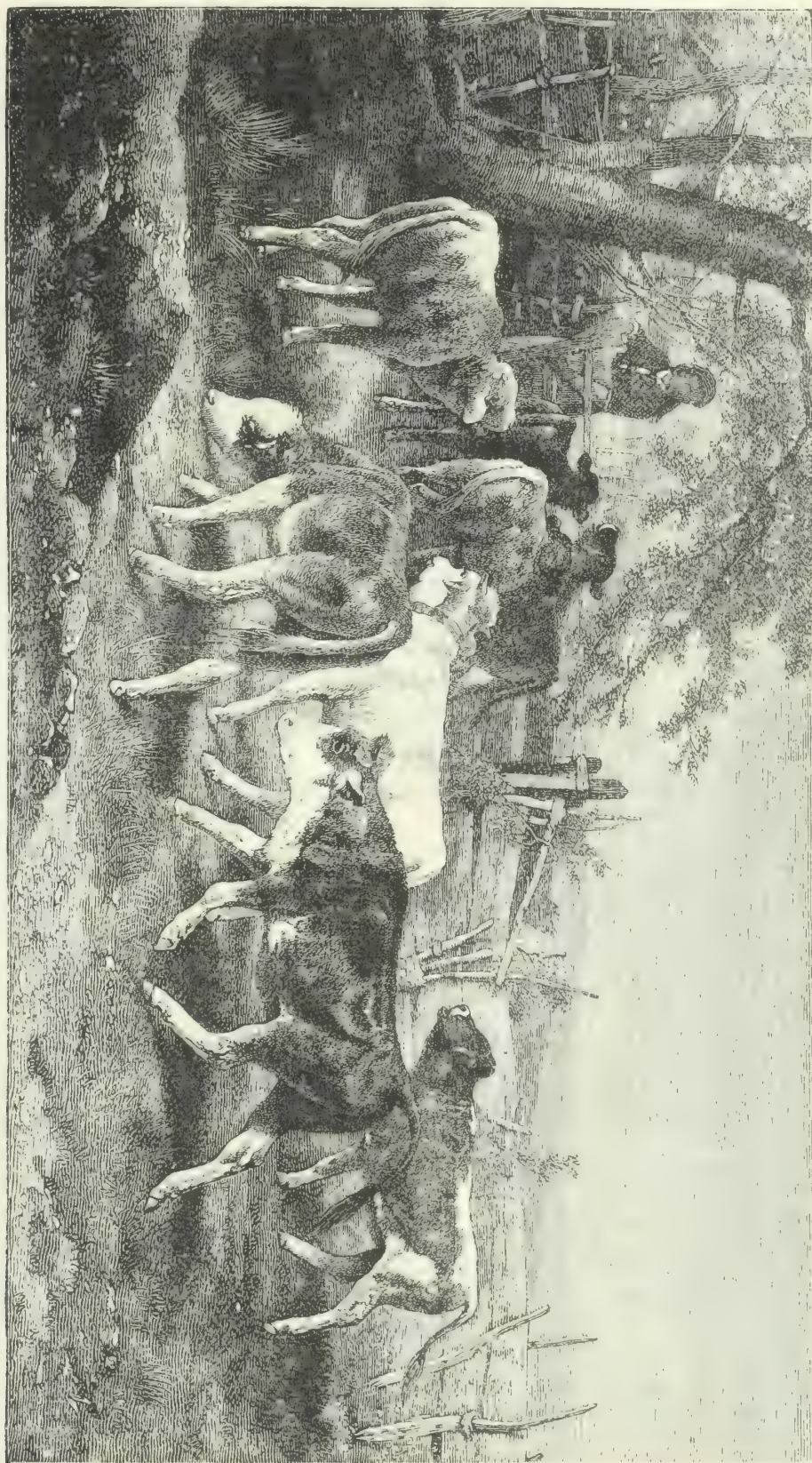
classed with some of those previously noticed, such is his versatility and the nearly equal excellence he achieves in almost every subject he undertakes. He has been painting for many years, but for long was neither understood nor appreciated. He was, as it were, born before his time. Even

nature of a Wordsworth or a Bryant, blended with the wild weirdness of Poe and the startling mysteriousness of Coleridge or La Motte-Fouqué. Now he shall paint you an imaginary Roman villa on a rocky ledge by the sea, which in long, gray, moaning surges beats against the cliff, and sweeps for ever-

more into the hollow caves. Above, against a sad evening sky, stands the lonely palace, surrounded by foliage, amidst which are seen marble statues, and on the extreme edge of the low cliff a solemn row of dark, Druid-like cypresses sway in the gale. The only sign of human life is a tall, slender

pietied an idyllic episode from Theocritus—a young shepherd, the size of life, playing on his syrinx, and a wood-nymph concealed in the shrubbery behind listening to his love song. The next scene he will give you will be, portrayed with immense strength, an anchorite on a narrow ledge half-way

"CALVES RETURNING HOME."—[BRAITH.]

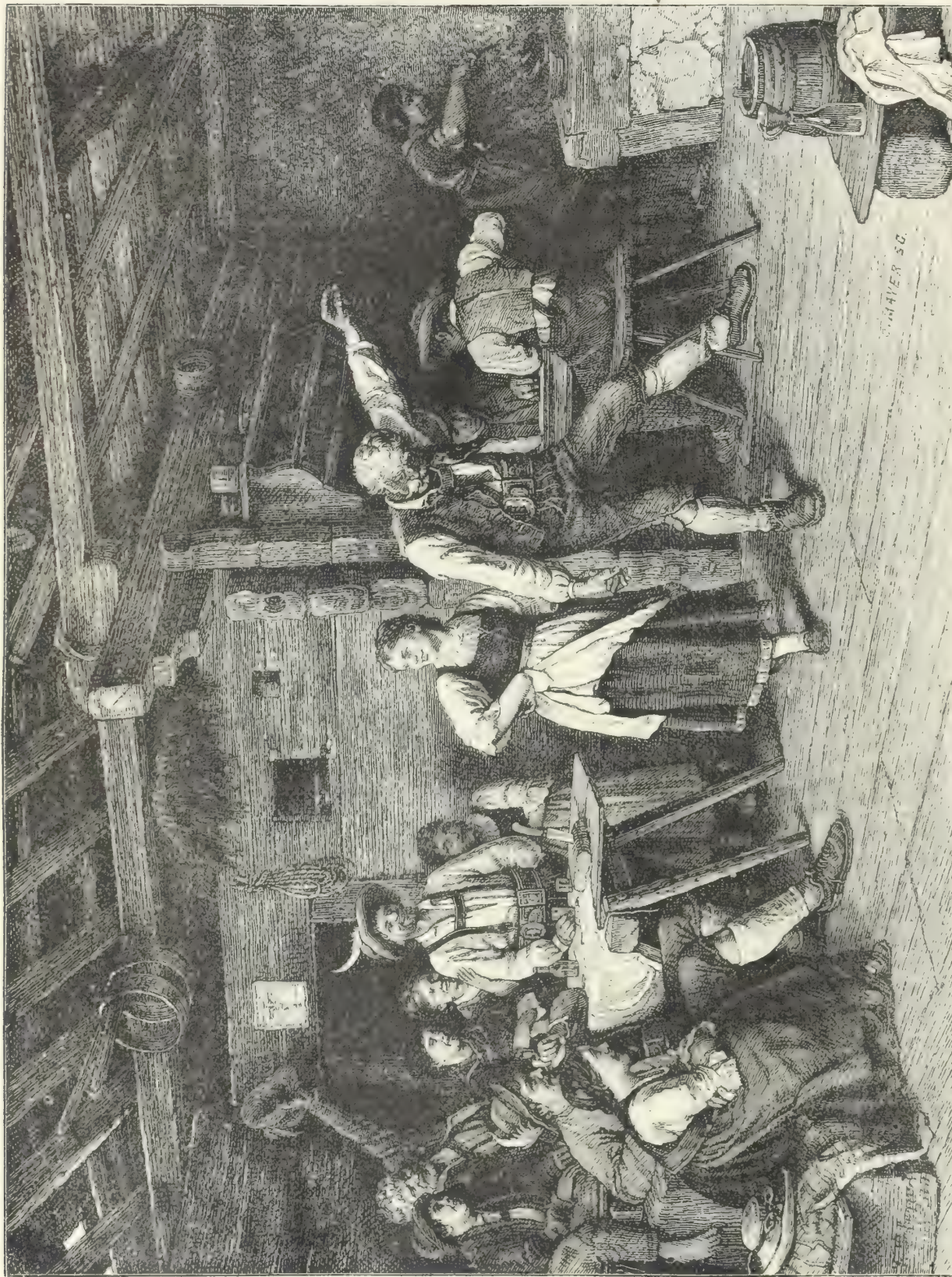


young girl draped in black standing on the beach, leaning against the cliff, with arms crossed on her breast, seemingly gazing forlorn on the sea, and musing on the transitoriness of human affairs, and the desolation which has left her there the last of her line. Then you turn from this canvas and see de-

down the side of a tremendous precipice, scantily clad in a goat-skin, kneeling before a rude cross made of two boughs bound together by a vine, and scourging his bare back with knotted cords. Another scene may be a young shepherdess lying the livelong day amidst Italian poppies and daisies,

while her flock are quietly nibbling the herbage at her side. Then you turn once more to gaze amazed on a mermaid and a merman reposing on the oozy rocks of a reef, their limbs covered with trailing seaweed. She, leaning over the ledge, toyingly grasps the neck of a sea-serpent mag-

d'esprit, a sea-serpent copied from the one above was presented to Böcklin. Then you shall have a windy autumn evening, the setting sun striking a golden path across the centre of the scene, a farm-house beyond, a startled horse in the foreground endeavoring to throw his rider, and, above,



"PEASANTS' BALL."—[DEFREGGER.]

nificently painted; he is looking seaward and blowing on a conch shell. Beyond, the surges of the raging, storm-beaten sea roll in from the far off eternity of ocean with a stern, savage power and a truth to nature such as I have never seen surpassed. At an artistic *soirée* in Munich, among other *jeux*

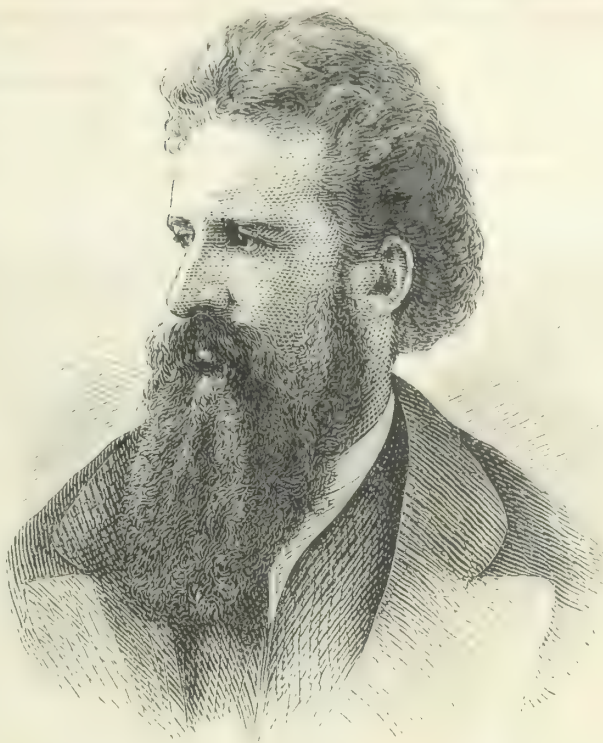
the trees swaying with the surging blast of an October storm. Or it is Pan piping to himself among the reeds on a river's bank that we see before us, in the golden age of which the poets sing.

Böcklin has also painted with success in distemper, and rivals the Rossetti school in

their peculiar field of archaic, fantastic, realistic unrealism. But fortunately he does not waste his talents on much of that sort of work, in which his success serves rather to display the more forcibly the extraordinary and versatile character of his genius. He painted a portrait of himself with a skeleton standing behind him and directing his hand. At the same time, although at last well known in Germany, and acknowledged to be entitled to a very high position, Böcklin can probably never be, in the ordinary sense of the term, a popular artist, for it requires a certain degree of art culture and a mind that revels in the contemplation of the ideal, to fully perceive his merits. He is like certain poets whose works, although celebrated far and wide, are caviare to the mass of readers—Robert Browning, for example. But his influence on German art is perceptible in various quarters.

Eduard Grützner is another of the very clever artists of the *genre* school of Munich. Like Chevilliard, of Paris, he makes a specialty of hitting off the human nature which churchmen retain even after they have donned the cowl and cassock and forsworn the lusts of the flesh. He is very acute in seizing certain expressions of the countenance, and his satire is not too severe to impair the exquisite sense of humor conveyed in his graphic compositions. But he is stronger in drawing than in color.

We might go on to speak at length of Sindig, a coast painter, who makes one actually hear the roar of the breakers as they chase each other in tumultuous masses, and lash the rocks with a power that may be felt as one gazes on the canvas; or of the numerous and sometimes excellent painters of interiors, with still-life, like Hepler, Meyer von Gratz, and Friederich Keller; or of Hennings, a brilliant and dashing colorist, who gives us rococo subjects, ladies and gentlemen of the Louis Quatorze days. But the reader must go to Munich and see these things for himself. Before leaving it for Vienna, it should be observed that the kindred arts of sculpture and architecture show us little of note doing there at present. Max Windmann, professor of the art, is doubtless the best sculptor now there, and some of his



HANS MAKART.

works are deservedly praised for their spirit and grace. The architecture of Munich seems passing from the severe Italian introduced by King Ludwig to the ornate style of Vienna. In wood-engraving a decided improvement is noticeable, not only in Munich, but in other German art centres. The hard, cold, repelling style so long characteristic of German wood-engraving is becoming more free, flowing, and suggestive of color, allowing the engraver better to express his own feeling in

the work. Hecht and Waller are two of the best engravers now in Munich.

When we come to a consideration of the other schools of contemporary German art, it should be noted that most of them are offshoots of the Munich schools, especially in the present phase of this work. At Vienna we reach a social atmosphere resembling that of Paris, and consequently, according to the inevitable laws which regulate art development, there is a certain resemblance in the subjects chosen to those which distinguish contemporary French art. The leading men there were called by the emperor from Munich, and, doubtless without any deliberate intention on his part, they are just the artists in Munich who remind us most of the French school. There is a Royal Academy in Vienna, with a regular corps of instructors, and much good art will in time be the result. Feuerbach and Makart, both Munich men by education, and still comparatively young, are among the prominent instructors. Feuerbach reminds one somewhat of Cabanel in his style. His color is cool and quiet, but exquisitely modulated, although sometimes he does himself injustice in this respect, and there is the same admirable modeling and delicate yet effective touch of the French artist. Their choice of subjects is also somewhat similar, although the former occasionally launches out on immense canvases with a multitude of nude figures, as in his "Battle of the Amazons," which does not, however, show him at his best. His "Iphigenia at Aulis" is a superior composition, simple, low in tone, harmonious in color, and with genuine pathos in the attitude of the unfortunate heroine of poesy, who, meditating on her approaching doom, gazes off on the blue Aegean, which looks

too beautiful ever to be the scene of such a tragic drama. Makart, a young man with coal-black eyes and beard, and an Oriental cast of features, reminds us in some of his subjects and treatment of Henri Regnault. The "gorgeous East" has furnished him many

although sometimes defective, the magnificent dash of his brush, the Veronese-like splendor of his coloring, entitle him to a position among the first artists of the age. But while granting him possession of the rare quality called genius, we as yet see no



"FELLAH WOMEN AT THE FOUNTAIN."—[MAKART.]

subjects. He is undoubtedly a man of very great technical ability. There is a breadth of handling, a boldness, a self-reliant power in his paintings which command attention and respect at once. One feels at a glance that he is in the presence of a master. The massiveness of his drawing and composition,

trace in his works of any thing that appeals to man's deeper nature, and even while enthusiastic in his praise, feel an important element lacking in his paintings, that would not be missed in productions making less demands on our admiration.

Canon is a portrait painter who merits a

much more extended notice; and the same may be said of Pettenkofer, one of the oldest and best known of the Vienna artists, who excels in *genre*, while Brunner holds a good position in landscape.

Probably the first place in Germany must be given to Vienna in architecture and the industrial arts. It can not be said that a new order of architecture has been invented there. In the present style of building we

recently made for the table service of the Emperor Francis Joseph ranks in glass-ware with the best china-ware of Sevres or the Minton's. We have seen nothing in the contemporary ceramic art of Germany to equal that of either England or France; but the terra cotta works of Anton Grassl at Munich are deserving of considerable praise, and the same may be said of the majolica-ware of Fleischman at Nuremberg. We may



"IN A THOUSAND ANXIETIES."—[L. KNAUS.]

see rather an adaptation of old styles, chiefly Renaissance, displaying luxurious richness and an employment of the caryatid which is beautiful, but may be carried to excess, especially when the constructive principles of true architectural decoration are disregarded. Sempfer, the leading architect of Vienna, ranks with Viollet-le-Duc, of Paris, and Spiers and Street, of London. Exquisite as is much of the household art of Vienna, it rarely impresses one like the vigorous carvings of which so many wonderful specimens have come down to our day from Flanders or Nuremberg or France, even far back to the oaken stalls and canopies of the choirs and tombs of the Middle Ages. What living artist of this description is there who can be mentioned by the side of Peter Vischer, whose shrine over the tomb of St. Sebald eclipses all modern work of the kind? But in glass-ware the Viennese artists can justly claim to have equaled and perhaps surpassed the rest of the world both in design and execution. Lobmeyer and Co. employ artists of remarkable skill in design. A set

add that the royal institution for making stained glass in Munich has been closed. Both in methods and results it was found to compare unfavorably with the stained glass of the Middle Ages.

The school at Düsseldorf is probably better known in America than any other in Germany. Twenty-five years ago it was already in its prime, and a number of its artists—men of ability they were, too—had settled in the United States, and painted some of our historic scenes. Its celebrated gallery of paintings has always given it importance, and such men as Achenbach have given it dignity to this day. But it has been with regret that art lovers have perceived that conventionalism was stealing into that art hold, and impairing the value of the work even of some of its best artists to that degree that it has become at last a by-word to say of an artist that he painted in the Düsseldorf style. A method which may have real merit while fresh and original becomes conventional when scores and hundreds of artists gradually settle down to

copying that style, thus showing that they look at nature through the eyes of others, instead of realizing in their practice that there are innumerable truths in nature, and that each artist should interpret those truths in his own handwriting. - But the influence of Paris on the one hand, and of Munich on the other, has at last become perceptible there. Men of perhaps no greater powers than those they supersede are, however, working in a truer manner, and the results are sometimes admirable. Andreas Achenbach, great alike in landscape and coast scenes, is now growing old, and at the same time is so well known at home that we do not need more than to allude to him. Schönbauer, who paints the picturesque groups, fishing boats, and sea-ports of the North Sea, is a rising artist well meriting great praise in his department. He also etches his works in a superior manner. Normann, a Norwegian, gives us the magnificent coast scenery of his native land with much vigor and freshness; while Dücker, who is also a painter of coast and landscape, is an artist whose tone and touch and resemblance to nature in his canvases place him among the foremost painters of the age in that line. Wilroider and Fahrbach are also strong in landscape; and Mundt, in the delineation of quiet, russet autumn and winter landscapes, with leafless trees and admirable groups of cattle, rightly holds a very high position. In *genre*,



LUDWIG KNAUS.

among many, we can only allude to Vautier as an artist well known in Germany for his genius; and we might also speak of Knaus, but he has just been called to the Royal Academy at Berlin, which is some indication of the estimate placed on his powers by his countrymen. Oswald Achenbach also shows strength in *genre* with landscape.

In Carlsruhe is a Royal Academy, presided over by such men as Ferdinand Keller, a *genre* painter, and Gude, who excels in vigorous representations of coast and sea. At Stuttgart is also an Academy under government patronage. In that city there is also an art society, established for the purpose of encouraging historical painting in Germany. It is open to all subscribers, and the sovereigns of the different states of the empire are among the number. Circulars are sent annually to the artists inviting them to enter works for competition. Those intending to contribute send a color sketch to the superintending committee. If it is approved, the larger painting follows, and is submitted to examination. Once a year an exhibition is held, and certain paintings are purchased from the general fund, and then disposed of by lottery to the subscribers.

At Berlin we find the most interesting art school in Germany, after that of Munich—valuable not only for what its artists are now doing, but for the rich promise it holds forth. Without in the least derogating from the just claims and merits of the Munich Academy, it appears to us, from the nature of the case, that the Berlin school must ere long equal it in the average quality of its art, and surpass it as a representative national school. For at Munich, through a gradual process, they seem to have reached full fruition according to the general laws which govern human affairs; the next change there must be toward a new order of things. At Berlin, on the other hand, that art process is now going on toward its legitimate results, while the growing importance of Berlin, tending to make it the centre of Germanic influences, will also as surely attract the artists thither more and more until it becomes in turn the art capital of Germany, and, for a time at least, of the continent. Every attention is also bestowed there to encourage art progress, and artists hold a social position there hardly yet granted to them in England, notwithstanding the traditional strictness with which rank distinctions are preserved in Germany. This may be partly owing to the circumstance that several members of the royal family are practical artists, and that the Crown Princess herself condescends to exhibit works from her own hand in the art expositions. The Royal Academy has also been recently entirely reorganized, and furnished with an able corps of professors, including also a chair of *belles-lettres*, and a system of biennial exhibitions has been established that will be of great value as a stimulus to German art. The second one was opened 1876. These exhibitions are opened in August, and continue until November, and gold medals are awarded to the most meritorious works offered in all the departments of art.

Some artists of very great power are also now giving dignity to the Berlin school, and the number is continually increasing. While rather than with the more subtle and perhaps intellectual harmonies of quiet grays; each style has its merits, and to decry one



"REVERIE."—[GUSTAV RICHTER.]

there is every where a distinct individuality preserved among them in style and subject, they are generally distinguished for a good perception of color, careful drawing, a study of nature, and an earnestness in a consideration of the true relations of art to society and the problems of human existence which, on the one hand, enables them to threaten French art with a powerful rivalry in its strongest point, technical art, and, on the other hand, places them above the French school, and quite on a level with the best English art.

Richter and Becker are both professors and fellows of the Royal Academy of Berlin, and are probably among the German artists best known in America, the former by chromos of his paintings, the latter by numerous works in private galleries. They are both men of very decided ability, similar in artistic traits, although generally handling different subjects. They deal chiefly with the dashing and more obvious effects of brilliant combinations of color,

because it is not the other, is about as sensible as to rail at Italian music because it is not German. It does not aim at the same effect; it appeals, perhaps, to a different audience, certainly to a different set of emotions; but it has its merits for all that. There is, however, sometimes perceptible what is termed a certain "sweetness" in the *technique* of both of these artists which is not quite so pleasing to the artistic eye of some as more vigorous treatment, and one soon cloy with their pictures because of a certain sensuousness apparent in most of them. Of the two, Richter seems to us the abler artist; some of his portraits and studies of Oriental character are very rich, and of a nature to be more popular than are the works of some much greater painters.

Gussow, also a professor in the Academy, ranks high in portraiture, combined sometimes with *genre*. His treatment and rendering of character are sometimes just, and in some respects admirable. But in almost all his faces there is a certain spot, a gloss,

where the light strikes on the countenance, which he evidently considers a great beauty, for he contrives to bring it into every painting of his we have seen. It is certainly peculiar to his works, and may perhaps be sometimes a beauty in nature; but as he represents it with a dab of crude white, it enables the observer to realize as never before the questionable advantages of the pearl-powder so universally found on the toilet table of the ladies of the nineteenth century.

Knaus, called from Düsseldorf to assume a chair in the Academy at Berlin, is naturally one of the ablest artists in Germany. In methods perhaps slightly behind some of the younger men of the German school, he is, notwithstanding, an artist of a very high order in *genre*. Older than Defregger, of Munich, it can not be said that the younger painter has surpassed the former in masterly representations of human character. The humorous and the pathetic are alike treated by him. Take, for example, the every-day domestic scene, of which a cut is given on page 17, "In a Thousand Anxieties," as one phase of his genius; another phase is well indicated by his wonderfully touching and poetic scene entitled, "A Country Funeral." But while Knaus may be said to have made a specialty of scenes taken from peasant life, he is also successful in other directions. His "Holy Family" may be instanced as a very beautiful production.

Menzel is another of

the very able men who lend importance to the Berlin school. In black and white, aquarelle and oil-colors, he seems equally strong. His fancy and imagination are very vivid, and his facility in grouping masses of figures and seizing character is quite original and wonderful. He is also well known as an illustrator. Passini is widely and justly celebrated as a consummate artist in water-color representations of Italian life. Camphausen, A. von Werner, and Bleibtren are all artists of ability in *genre* and figure painting. The latter, a professor in the Academy, has executed a very striking representation of the meeting of Generals Von Moltke and Whimpfen discussing the terms of the surrender at Sedan. Spangenberg, also a professor in the Academy, is a man of serious aspirations, whose imagi-

nation deals with the burden of life which oppresses so many, thoroughly Germanic in his mental characteristics, and also an admirable painter. His scene entitled "Death's Train" is a work of singular originality and power. On a desolate moor, overhung by a gray sky, the procession is seen. In the foreground is the grim skeleton Death in a monk's sombre garb. By his side walk children of various ages, pathetic beauty in their infantile faces. Behind follow the bride in her bridal veil, Kaiser and peasant, maiden and matron. all classes and conditions, mys-

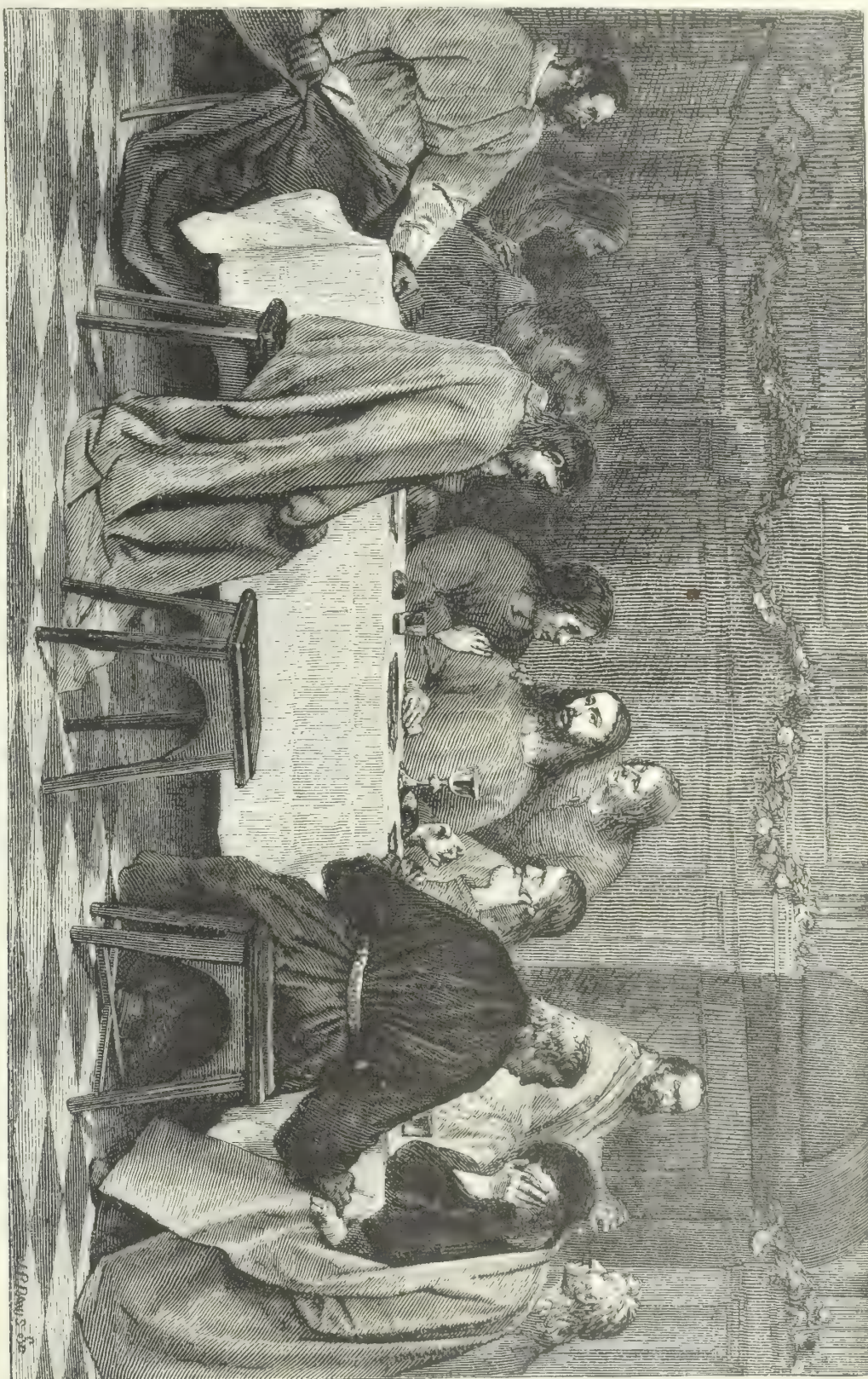


STATUE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III.—[WOLFF.]

tically robed in the costume of the Middle Ages, until the long train gradually fades in the dim distance. Death rings a bell for the next one to fall into the ranks, and a handsome youth in the foreground of the scene, hearing the inexorable summons, tears

man art to maintain for long the position it is gaining in contemporary European art. We do not remember a representation of the "Last Supper" which shows a more powerful realization of the vast and conflicting emotions which shook the souls of those who

"THE LAST SUPPER."—[E. VON GEBHARDT.]



himself away from his weeping bride; while on the other side of Death an aged woman, bereft of all that made earth dear, vainly stretches out her withered arms, beseeching that she might be summoned instead. Von Gebhardt is another young painter of Berlin who has won extraordinary success in a similar direction, and if he continues as he has begun, will do much to enable Ger-

met together in that memorable hour in the history of the human race.

In the sculpture department of the Berlin Academy there is noticeable a number of artists of ability, and in this direction Berlin seems at present to lead the other German schools. We can only allude to Begas, professor in the Academy, Brunow, Hartzler, Moser, Rensch, Simmering, and Wolff. The

latter, also a professor in the Academy, designed the magnificent bronze equestrian monument to Frederick William III., which has just been opened to public inspection. Architecture in Berlin offers nothing very striking; but the new Gymnasium, chiefly in red brick, indicates a step in the right direction. If not after a new order, it is a very happy adaptation of old styles to modern uses.

It must be evident from this rapid survey of contemporary German art that it is entitled to very careful and respectful consideration, both on the part of artists and amateurs. And in taking a retrospect of the whole question of contemporary art in Europe, we are inclined to think that the French government, instead of offering a prize of five thousand francs for the best essay to show the causes which render contemporary French art pre-eminent beyond other schools of the day, might better have offered a prize to explain the causes which enable the art of Germany, five hundred years after she first produced an art school, to equal French art in *technique*, and to surpass it in the field of imagination and moral grandeur.

A DREAM-LAND CITY.

SOMETIMES the guarded gates
Of the Unseen on outward hinges roll,
And in deep dreams of night the troubled soul,
In bright, brief vision, sees the glory of its goal.

Some angel, watchful, kind,
Stoops for the moment from his kindred band,
Reaches, through veil of sleep, a pitying hand,
And leads the Dreamer forth into a fairer land.

Such boon to me was given.
Thus to my sorrow came a sweet release;
Sleep's magic touches gave to pain surcease;
And forth my spirit passed into transcendent peace.

A city beautiful
Shone on my vision. Palaces of white
And gleaming marble, in a noonday light,
Glittered along wide streets with pearly pavements bright.

Amaranth and asphodel
Above each pillared door their blossoms hung;
From every mansion mystic music rung,
For Poesie was here the only voice and tongue.

High in the city's midst
Arose a Temple, as the sunset bright;

Of flame-like splendor, dazzling to the sight—
Arch, column, altar, glowed with an interior light.

"This is the shrine of Song,"
A voice beside me uttered. "This her home,
Her chosen dwelling. Hither none may come
But her beloved, her own. Fame's worshipers
are dumb.

"Forth from her temple flows
Perpetual inspiration. Glorious themes
Break on the vision in ecstatic gleams.
Embodied here the bard beholds his rarest
dreams.

"Hither the minstrels throng—
The masters wearing laurels centuries old,
Bards who the harp-strings smote with fingers
bold,
And they whose softer lays with faltering lips
were told.

"Nor they alone whose brows
On earth the victor's sparkling wreath have
worn;
These, too, whom Fate of every bliss hath
shorn,
Save of the matchless boon—that they were
singers born."

Even as he spoke there rolled
From out that inner shrine a tide of song.
Each outer voice the anthem bore along:
The angel at my side responded full and strong.

"This is indeed my home!"
I cried. "Here every grief I may forget;
Here even for me are peace and rapture met."
My guide, in tender voice, replied, "Not yet!"

The dream was at an end;
Yet in its light I walked through many days,
Seeing no darkness in them, for my gaze,
Illumined once, still burned with the celestial
rays.

Now, singing as I go,
Little I heed, although the path is long.
Light from above hath made my spirit strong.
It is enough to be the humblest child of
Song.

And I will be content
To love her for herself; with homage sweet
To sing unheard, unanswered, at her feet,
Till in some other life I make my song complete.



FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE OQUOSSOC, KIMBALLS.

THE ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES.

WE call Maine the "Pine-tree State." "Lake State" would be an equally appropriate and distinctive appellation. Her forests are gradually falling before the advancing stroke of the lumberman, but her lakes can never be lost out of her mountain-guarded territory, nor can their charms ever be lessened by the touch of settlement and civilization. There are more than fifteen hundred of them laid down upon the better maps in use; hundreds more are too small to be enumerated in a general survey; while many others lie hidden in regions that have not yet been explored. The author of *Water-Power of Maine* says, in that work: "There are but three or four districts on the globe, not more extensive than Maine, and equally habitable in other respects, upon which an equal number of receptacles for impounding rain-fall, of not inferior capacity and surface, is to be found.....The Kennebec River has more lakes connected with it than the gigantic Orinoco, and the Penobscot than the Oregon, or than all the rivers in Africa, so far as is known."

But the Kennebec and the Penobscot are only two of half a dozen important rivers in Maine, each of which is connected with an extensive lake system of its own. These two rivers drain the central portions of the State, the Kennebec being the outlet of the great Moosehead Lake, whose varied attractions have already received due notice in the pages of this Magazine. Far to the eastward, on the confines of New Brunswick, the St. Croix River and the Schoodic Lakes; to the north of these, the St. John and the Eagle Lakes; to the west again, following along the Canada border, the Alleguash and the lakes of upper Piscat-

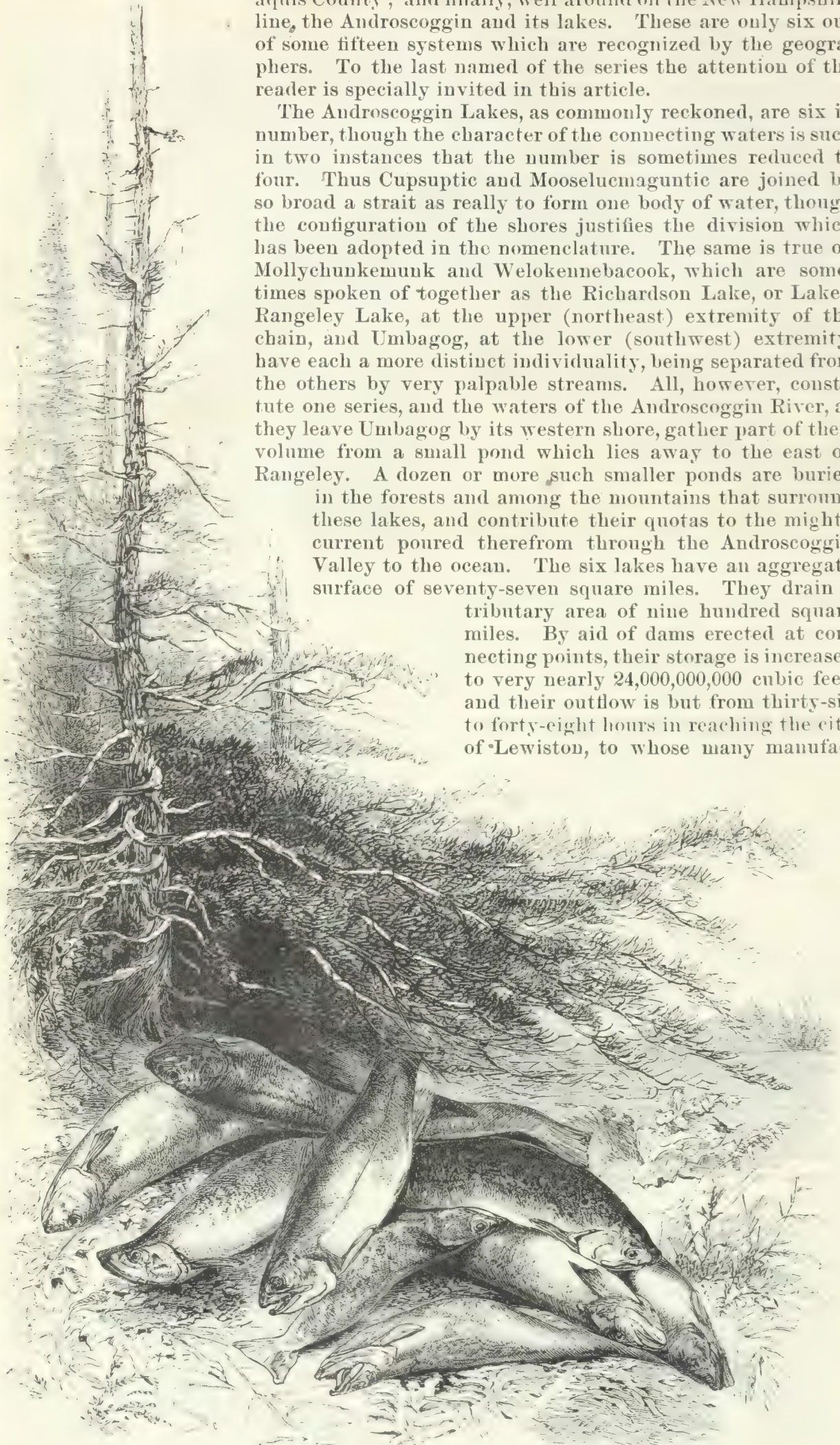


SOURCE OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER.

aquis County ; and finally, well around on the New Hampshire line, the Androscoggin and its lakes. These are only six out of some fifteen systems which are recognized by the geographers. To the last named of the series the attention of the reader is specially invited in this article.

The Androscoggin Lakes, as commonly reckoned, are six in number, though the character of the connecting waters is such in two instances that the number is sometimes reduced to four. Thus Cupsuptic and Mooselucmaguntic are joined by so broad a strait as really to form one body of water, though the configuration of the shores justifies the division which has been adopted in the nomenclature. The same is true of Mollychunkemunk and Welokennebacook, which are sometimes spoken of together as the Richardson Lake, or Lakes. Rangeley Lake, at the upper (northeast) extremity of the chain, and Umbagog, at the lower (southwest) extremity, have each a more distinct individuality, being separated from the others by very palpable streams. All, however, constitute one series, and the waters of the Androscoggin River, as they leave Umbagog by its western shore, gather part of their volume from a small pond which lies away to the east of Rangeley. A dozen or more such smaller ponds are buried in the forests and among the mountains that surround these lakes, and contribute their quotas to the mighty current poured therefrom through the Androscoggin Valley to the ocean. The six lakes have an aggregate surface of seventy-seven square miles. They drain a

tributary area of nine hundred square miles. By aid of dams erected at connecting points, their storage is increased to very nearly 24,000,000,000 cubic feet, and their outflow is but from thirty-six to forty-eight hours in reaching the city of Lewiston, to whose many manufac-



RANGELEY TROPHIES.

tories they furnish an ample and exhaustless power. This function, taken in connection with the extended timber lands which envelop them on every side, gives the chain great importance in a commercial point of view, and the busy lumbering

Umbagog	1256
Richardson	1456
Mooseluemaguntic	1486
Rangeley	1511

Rangeley Lake itself being thus the highest of the series, as it is also the first, we



OQUOSSOC, OR RANGELEY LAKE, LOOKING TOWARD BALD MOUNTAIN.

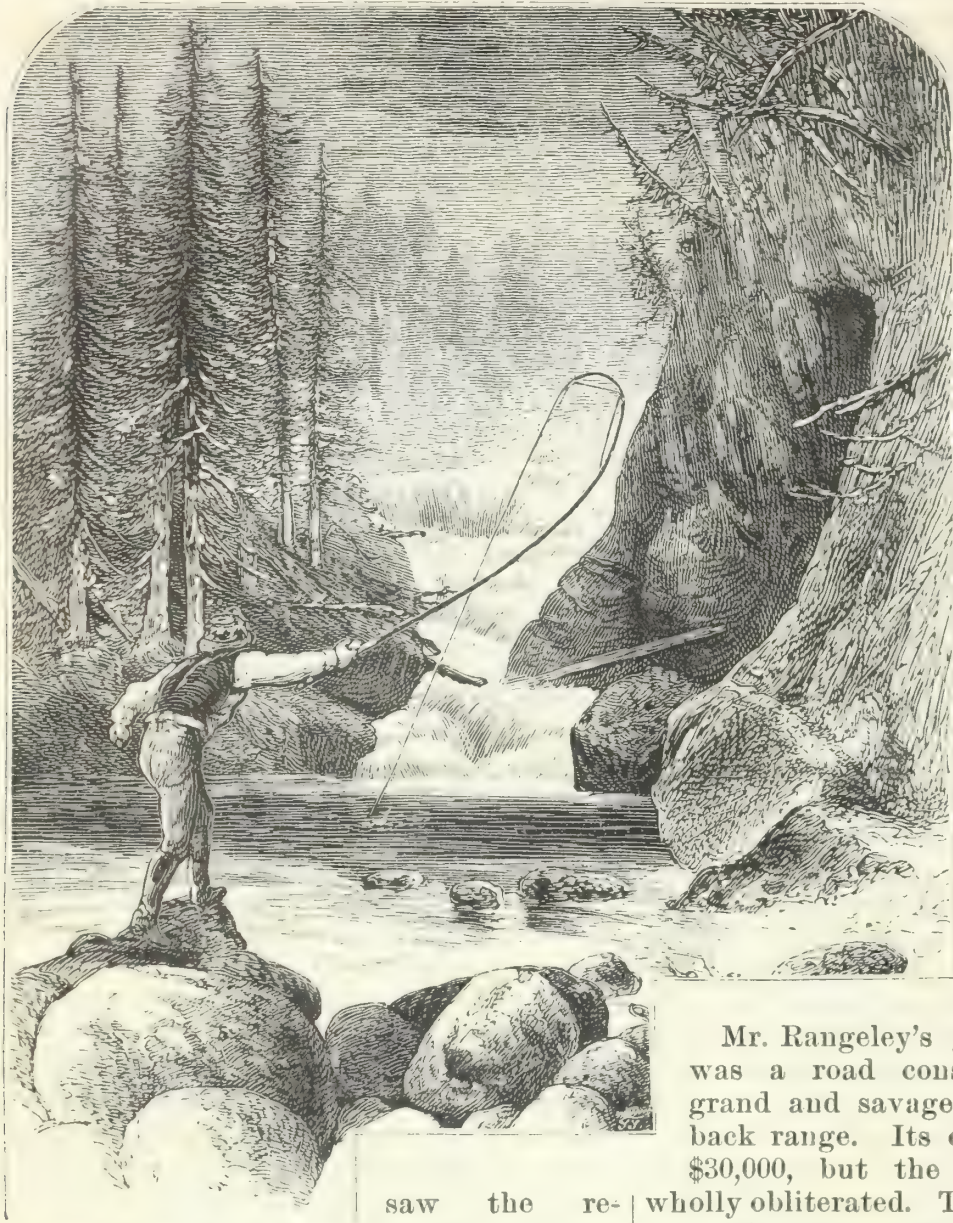
life of which in winter they form the centre might very properly engross our attention to the exclusion of other aspects. But it is with these lakes as a resort of the sportsman and the tourist that we are now chiefly concerned. As such, they are coming into wide and deserved notice. This northwestern corner of Maine is a lesser Adirondacks. "No part of the world," says the Second Annual Report upon the Natural History and Geology of the State, "affords finer trout-fishing, or a greater variety of trouts, than Maine." And no part of Maine is richer in this particular endowment than this upper half of Franklin and Oxford counties. The wilderness is practically limitless and unbroken. The scenery is always picturesque, and often grand. The fisherman and the hunter may find constant exercise in season for rod and gun. Lovers of nature in her wilder moods are already beginning to make their way into the region in considerable numbers. And nothing is needed but time and a measurable degree of enterprise on the part of those who have the handling of this vast estate to effect its development into one of the most delightful summer resorts which the country contains.

As one notable feature of this lake region, among many that commend it to seekers of health and pleasure, let me mention its altitude, compared with other localities that are better known. Thus the romantic Lake Winnipiseogee, in New Hampshire, is but 501 feet above the level of the sea, and the waters of Lake Superior itself are only 630. But the figures of the Androscoggin Lakes are as follows:

may very properly begin our survey with it, and float down stream. The wish may well be cherished that the ancient Indian name had been retained for this beautiful sheet of water. This was "Oquossoc," or *Arg-was-suc*, as by tradition an old Indian named Matalluck, who once had his haunts upon its shores, gave the pronunciation. Rangeley perpetuates the name of an eccentric but thrifty English squire who penetrated the wilderness thus far many years ago, and laid the foundations of the prosperous plantation which is his monument to-day. His story is a romantic and interesting one.

Mr. Rangeley, for a time after coming to this country, was a merchant in Philadelphia, and later a land speculator in Virginia, with all parts of which State he was very familiar. He is described as having the substantial build and florid countenance of the traditional English squire, with a corresponding hearty manner, but an exceptional degree of politeness and polish for a man of his kind; he also dressed well, and was given to hospitality.

To his early life he seldom referred, and what led him to this remote corner of the wilderness of Maine can only be conjectured. Perhaps it was the scent of mineral values, for he was known to claim the existence of gold ore upon his township; and he was a man who knew what iron pyrites were. The township as he owned it comprised somewhere from 65,000 to 70,000 acres, and he had large plans for its development. The present extensive and growing system of navigation and lumber portage seems to have been a dream of his own, for he fully fore-



SANDY RIVER FALLS, NEAR
MADRID.

built various mills, some of which remain to this day. These were superintended by his sons, who had the look of huntsmen; and he lived with his wife and two daughters in what was then the only good house of the region. This house is believed to be still in existence, but in a decayed and squalid condition.

Mr. Rangeley and his wife were reputed to possess between them a considerable fortune, but his plans were on so great a scale, and his ability to deal with the rude and the shrewd so limited, that he worked at no small disadvantage, at heavy cost, and finally with serious loss. This led him to sell his plantation for \$50,000; but financial disturbances so crippled the purchaser, who had made but part payment, that the property fell back into Mr. Rangeley's hands. Subsequently, with the return of better times, he succeeded, however, in disposing of it, and removed to Portland. He was there established as early as 1842, and there he died not later than 1862. Members of his family are said to be still living in Virginia.

Mr. Rangeley had been followed into his

saw the resources and capabilities of his domain. He

forest paradise by a score or two of families, one after the other, and for their accommodation he built a small church or chapel, which, distinguished by its simple coat of red paint, has probably been preached in by some of the "ruling elders" of the present time. It is in the record that the worthy English squire did not himself attend the services in this secluded house of prayer, but caused worship therein to be held after the manner of the Episcopal Church, for the sake of his wife, who is spoken of as a most kindly and benevolent person.

Mr. Rangeley's greatest public work was a road constructed through "a grand and savage pass" of the Saddle-back range. Its cost was set down at \$30,000, but the road itself is now wholly obliterated. The new road is spoken of as "wholly uninteresting" in comparison. The present writer can say nothing as to the location of this ancient highway, but repeats the tradition respecting it as received from a gentleman of Boston who personally knew Mr. Rangeley, and who visited him in his retreat several times prior to 1840—who is, indeed, the authority for all these interesting particulars concerning this really notable and agreeable character.

But we have yet to reach Rangeley. Farmington is the point from which to do it. This pleasant village of two or three thousand inhabitants lies at the terminus of the Androscoggin branch of the Maine Central Railroad, a day's ride from Boston—half a day's from Portland. There is little to interest the traveller on his way thither, after he leaves the latter city, the route lying through a region that is uninviting, with scarcely an exception. But when he fairly strikes the Sandy River Valley, and crosses it by the curious curved trestle which brings him to the end of his railway ride, he finds himself introduced to views which, for their kind, are nowhere surpassed, not even along the far-famed Conway Meadows. Farmington is the shire town of Franklin County,



SADDLEBACK MOUNTAIN, LOOKING EAST.

and a brisk and energetic place. There is much in and about it which might detain the excursionist to his enjoyment before pushing on up the valley to the lakes and the mountains. The mountains are in full sight before him, and we can not wonder that, yielding to their allurements, he turns his back upon the pleasant walks and delightful drives which the village and its environs afford in every direction, and hastens on over the forty miles of staging which yet remain.

The road closely follows the river, a tributary of the Kennebec, for twenty miles, along well-cleared uplands, through fertile intervalles, under the bold sides of Day's

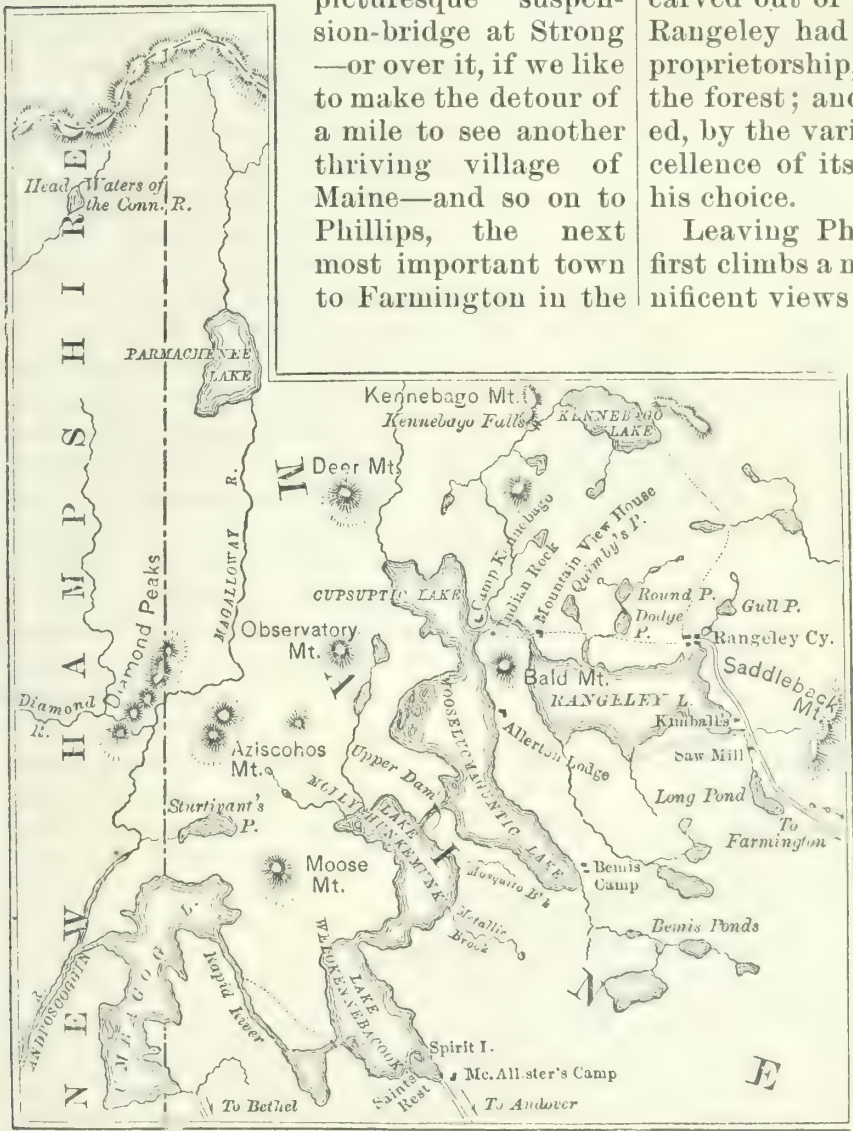
Mountain, past the picturesque suspension-bridge at Strong—or over it, if we like to make the detour of a mile to see another thriving village of Maine—and so on to Phillips, the next most important town to Farmington in the

county, consisting of an upper and lower village, provided with excellent hotels, and supporting a bank and other belongings of an enterprising and prosperous business life. The telegraph wires accompany the traveler as far as here, and here, the stage supplementing the railway, Boston is kept within a day's ride.

The town takes its name from the honorable Phillips family of Massachusetts, by some of whom it was formerly owned and opened for settlement when Maine was only a district of the Old Bay State. The Phillipses and Benjamin Weld, of Boston, were extensive owners of wild lands in this part of Maine, and the towns of Weld, Salem, Avon, Strong, Madrid, and others were all carved out of their broad possessions. Mr. Rangeley had the same ambition of great proprietorship, only he pushed further into the forest; and the domain which he selected, by the variety of its surface and the excellence of its soil, attests the sagacity of his choice.

Leaving Phillips, the road to Rangeley first climbs a massive spur, from which magnificent views are obtained of Mount Blue,

Mount Abraham, and other imposing ranges, and thence descends into the Madrid basin, in traversing which it recovers the Sandy River, from which it had parted at Phillips, to leave it no more until it is lost in its source, the Sandy River Ponds, at the base of Mount Saddleback, just before entering Rangeley. Passing the little village of Madrid, the road presently begins the ascent of Beech Hill, rough barrier to the engaging region that stretches behind it. The tourist now finds himself fairly face to face with the wilderness, though this first taste of it, Beech Hill, is not the most pleasant. He will be a good round hour and a half in reaching its summit; but the tedium of the effort



MAP OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN LAKE REGION.

will have ample compensation if it be his fortune, as it was the writer's in the summer of 1875, to see therefrom a bear in all the liberty of his natural estate. Bruin had come out of the woods into a clearing, across the deep ravine which the road skirts at this point, and was making himself busy with the strawberries which grew plentifully among the stumps and bushes. He rose on his haunches a moment to attend to our excited salutations, and then unconcernedly resumed his berrying. His unconcern was destined not to last, however, for, a day or two later, a hunting party, aroused

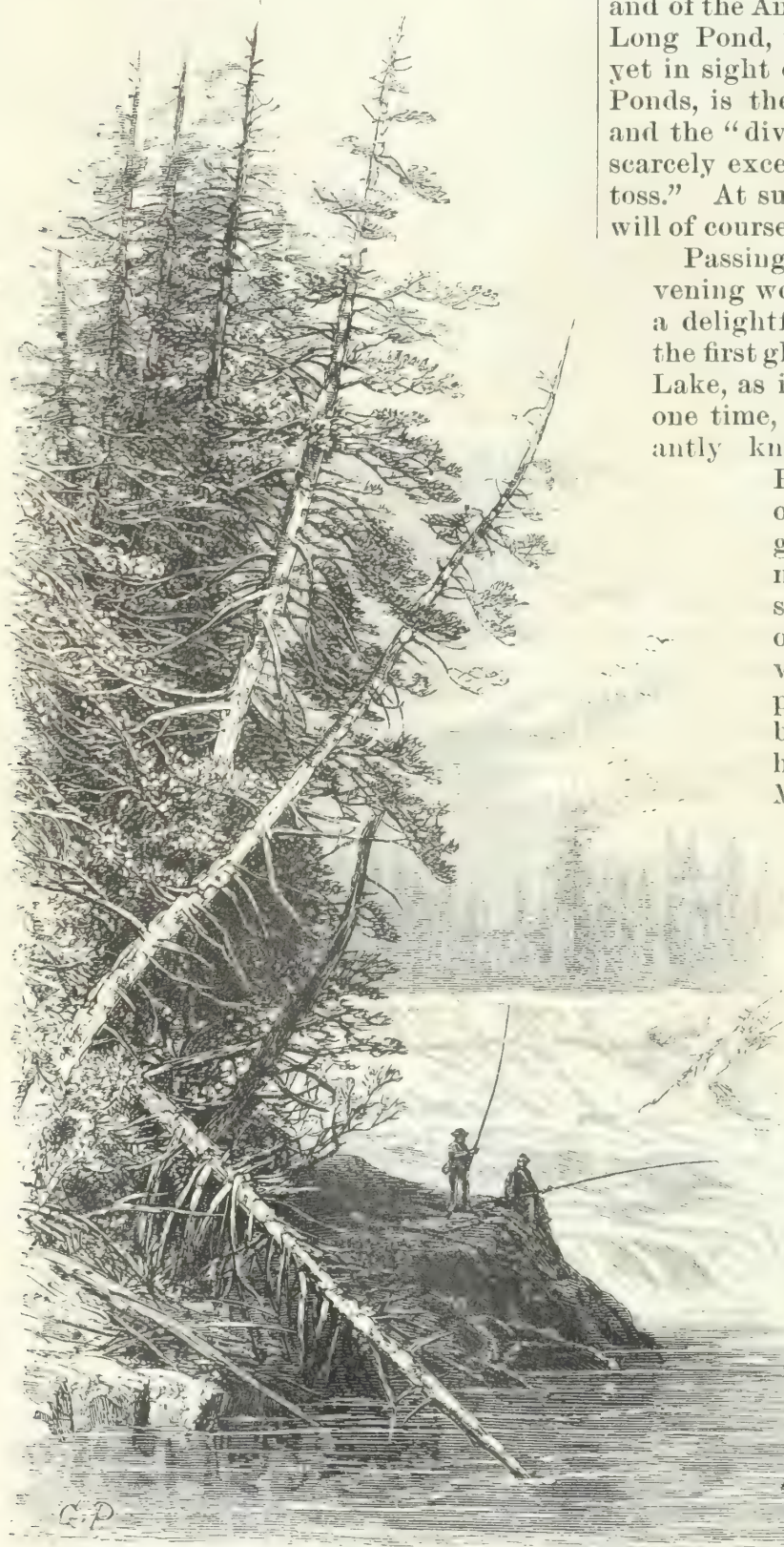
by the news, started in search of him, and bore back his skin in triumph. To look at the scraggy sides of Mount Saddleback, as it here looms up before the observer, one would think that bears in plenty might abound thereon, but the actual sight of one is uncommon enough now to be a real sensation even to the natives.

The descent of Beech Hill brings one to the Sandy River Ponds, three or four in number, but insignificant sheets of water, save for the interest which always attaches to a river's source. The locality has this claim upon notice, however, that here the head waters of tributaries of the Kennebec and of the Androscoggin spring side by side. Long Pond, which the road strikes while yet in sight of the first of the Sandy River Ponds, is the first of the Rangeley series, and the "divide" between the two systems scarcely exceeds the measure of a "biscuit toss." At such a point as this the moralist will of course pause to pluck an illustration.

Passing Long Pond, which the intervening woods mostly conceal from view, a delightful ride of a few miles opens the first glimpse of Oquossoc, or Rangeley Lake, as it is now commonly called—at one time, not very long ago, quite pleasantly known as "The Englishman's

Pond." It is a beautiful sheet of water, of irregular shore, its greatest length being about ten miles, and its greatest width some three or four. The head of the lake at the inlet is not visible from the road, but its proximity is marked by "Kimball's," the first "good square" house to be seen since leaving Madrid. The situation of the

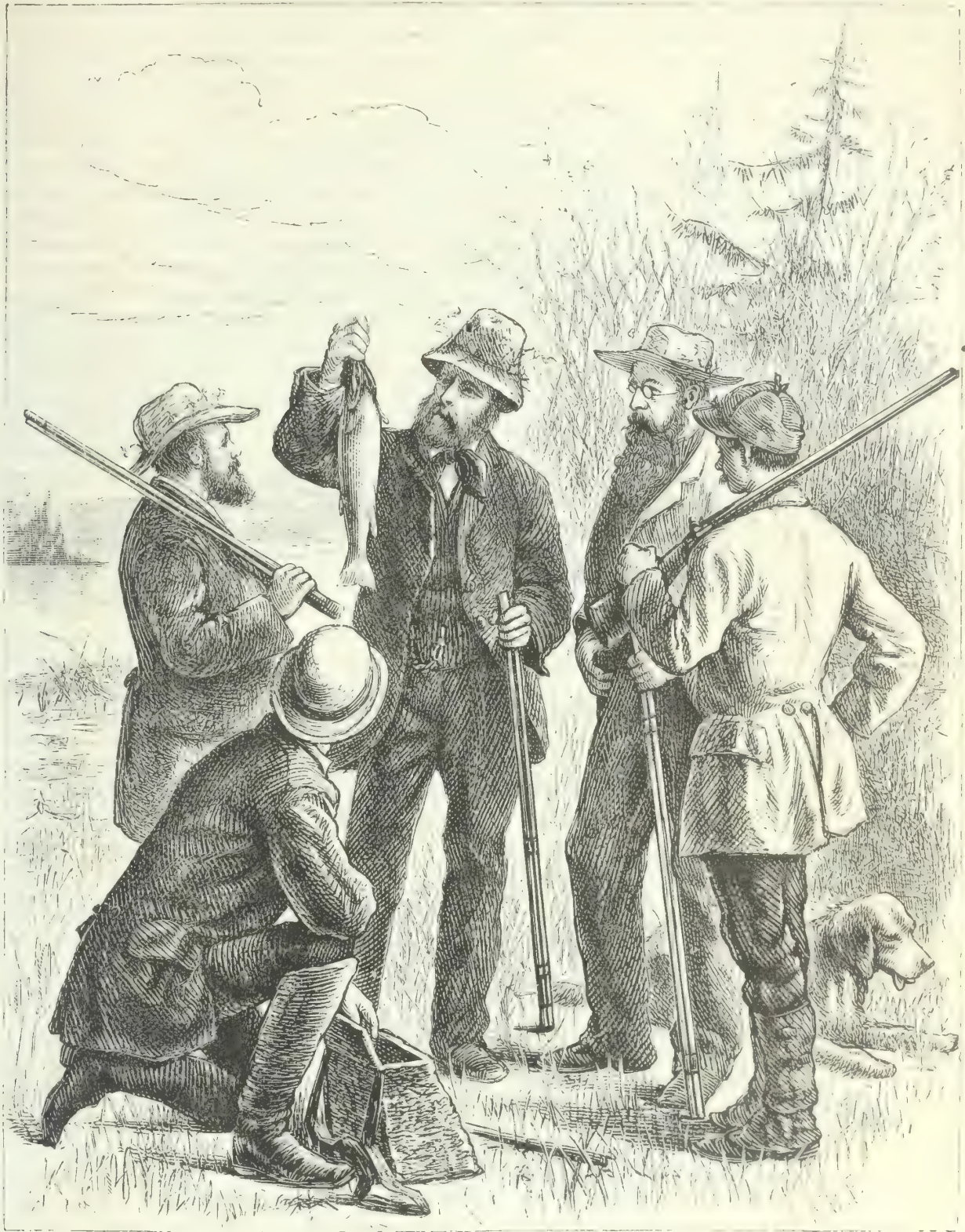
house, which is kept for the accommodation of the public, and is the first hotel on entering the lake region from this direction, is low and hemmed in, giving no hint of the fine scenery and varying attractions to which it is the gateway. Greenvale is the termination of the regular stage route, and "Kimball's" is the well-kept house which would be expected under the circumstances. From



KENNEBAGO FALLS.

the stream a few rods below the house the stanch and jaunty little steamer *Mollychunkemunk* makes her daily round trip to the

tinues along the eastern arm of the lake, rising at once to a point on the broad slope which forms the shore sufficiently high to



A SIX-POUNDER.

foot of the lake and back, running in connection with similar boats upon the other lakes of the chain. "Kimball's" thus becomes a proper and convenient place of transit for those who are going "in" or coming "out," as the case may be, and as such it has already achieved a wide and deserved popularity among the hundreds of sportsmen and pleasure-seekers who are frequenting the lakes every season in constantly increasing numbers.

Leaving "Kimball's," the main road con-

give a really magnificent view. You are here fairly within the limits of Rangeley settlement, and the road traverses for three miles a tier of well-cleared and productive farms. Below, to the left, stretches the lake, its surface broken by but one distinguishable island, hemmed in by bold ranges of hills, and flanked at its western extremity by the picturesque Bald Mountain, which there rises abruptly from the water's edge. The settlement is confined almost exclusively to the northern and eastern slopes. The

other shores are for the most part covered with dense forests, the outskirts of the wilderness that reaches away to the boundaries of New Hampshire and Canada. The horizon line in every direction is varied and grand, being made up by distant mountains massed one against another.

Three miles beyond Greenvale, along this road, at the northeast arm of the lake, where the entering stream from the Haley and Gull ponds furnishes a valuable water-power, is "Rangeley City," a small but sturdy little hamlet of a dozen or twenty buildings, the centre of the township's trade. A "right smart place" it is, too, with post-office, public hall, an excellent hotel (Hinkley's "Rangeley House"), two country stores, two saw-mills (one run by water, and the other by steam), a boat-building shop, two blacksmiths' shops, a shoe-maker's, and—will the reader believe it?—a bakery. It is but fair, however, to explain that this backwoods bakery is the ingenious and accommodating device of Mr. Tibbetts, the boat-builder, who, of a Saturday night, cleans out the furnace of his steam-engine, and bids his neighbors bring thither their pots of brown-bread and beans for a night of it. Great was our astonishment, on sitting down to the traditional Sunday morning breakfast at "Hinkley's" on the occasion of our last visit, to be told by our host that our brown-bread "was baked in the bakery."

Mr. Tibbetts's "bakery" is not the only thing to his credit. His boats have carried

portion of the little village of Rangeley, including Tibbetts's bakery, was destroyed by fire in the fall of 1876, but when our artist visited the spot, two weeks afterward, the enterprising citizens had begun to rebuild on a larger scale.

In anticipation of the growth which Rangeley City is destined to enjoy, the squire of the town, Mr. J. A. Burke, is erecting, the present season, a new hotel upon the hill-side. The plans have been drawn by a competent architect, and the house will be one of the largest and best in the State, outside of the cities and large towns. With the little steamer touching daily at the "City," the delightful drives leading from it in various directions, the several fishing localities for which it is the point of easiest departure, and, above all, its entire freedom from the annoyance inflicted by that pest of the woods, the black-fly—with all these things in its favor, it would seem certain that Rangeley City is destined to acquire a position of no small importance in its little world.

Among the short excursions for sport or pleasure, of which Hinkley's, at Rangeley City, is, and Burke's new hotel will be, the best starting-point, are to Quimby's, Dodge, Round, and Perk ponds—small sheets within a few miles' ride, all affording good fishing at proper seasons of the year; to "Boobytown," by the "Boobytown" road—a route bringing the excursionist face to face with some of the grandest views in all the region,



CAMP ON THE KENNEBAGO.

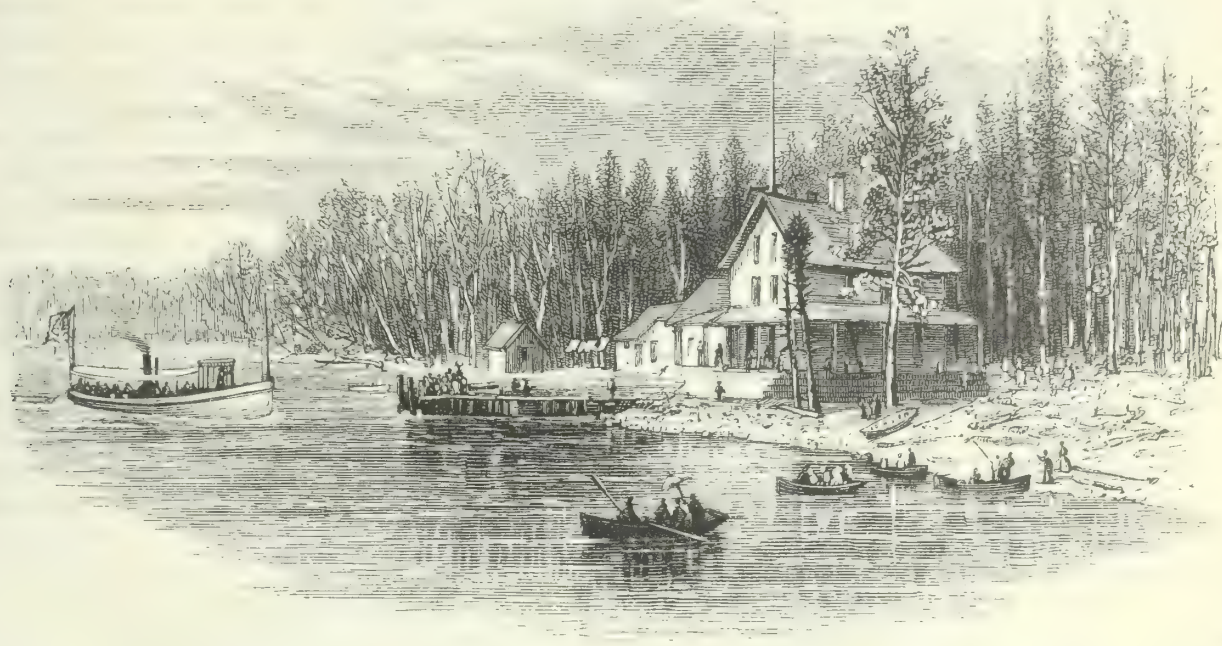
his fame over all the lakes, and his shop is a place which every sportsman in the region makes a point of patronizing. He builds his craft something after the model of a "birch," first framing his streaks on a mould, and then strengthening the shell by a light knee-work within. The boat emerges from his hands at a cost of about fifty dollars, easily carrying six men, and easily to be carried by two or three. They are models of lightness, swiftness, and beauty. A large

and into the neighborhood of a little knot of families whose condition and habits are a study in human nature; to the Dead River Pond and the Redington Stream—a direction alluring to the angler; to the blueberry fields beyond Gull Pond, along the north shore, by a well-kept road of half a dozen miles, which picturesquely climbs the hills, and carries one past some of the best farms in the township; over to the south shore, which a road less travelled follows only

for about three miles, to the "jumping-off place," where the outposts of civilization are lost in the edge of the forest; and, finally, to Kennebago Lake, which lies in the woods directly to the north of Rangeley, distant some eight miles.

Rangeley, the reader can readily picture its character and surroundings.

This whole tract of wilderness, covered with heavy forests, and diversified with mountain, pond, and stream, abounds with scenes of the most romantic beauty. One



MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE.

The excursion to Kennebago makes a considerable demand upon him who attempts it, but is not to be overlooked by any who have really a first-class appetite for camp life. The lake is one of the most beautiful of all the feeders of the Rangeley system, walled in by mountains, and entirely cut off from the permanent haunts of men. One or two rough camps furnish the rudest of sleeping accommodations to the visitor, who must, however, take in with him his own stores, and do his own cooking. The road thither from Rangeley is not so very long, but it is circuitous and difficult, and, after the first two or three miles, not easily passable by wagons. Kennebago pilgrims must, therefore, make most of the distance on foot, and carry their rations with them, which, if their stay is to be but a day or two, will not be so formidable a burden as to offset the pleasure of the trip. From four to five hours is needed for it: in one day and out another is a good schedule for those whose time is limited. The attraction at Kennebago is trout, in plenty and of good size, none of the Rangeley waters furnishing better sport for rod and line.

A party disposed to try the wilderness still further can push on to Seven Ponds, still to the northward, to which Kennebago is about half-way from Rangeley—a locality reached only by the more adventurous sportsmen, and concerning which I know too little to speak with any particularity. From its geographical position and its relation to

such, a specimen of many, is the Kennebago Falls, on the outlet of the Kennebago Lake. This outlet, on its way to the great lakes, joins the outlet of Rangeley Lake at Indian Rock, to which somewhat famous spot we have now to make our way.

The *Mollychunkemunk*, before referred to, whose daily round trips traverse the Rangeley Lake from end to end, is one of a fleet of four little steamers which, with the season of 1876, have extended a line of communication throughout the entire chain of lakes. Captain Howard, the projector and organizer of this useful enterprise, is a young man of grit and genius, and deserves well of travellers through this country for his efforts to promote their convenience and comfort. It was with some misgivings that he launched his undertaking two summers ago, but the result has more than fulfilled his most sanguine hopes. Unless all signs fail, he has laid the foundations of what is to prove a very extensive summer travel through this lake country. The *Mollychunkemunk* leaves Kimball's early in the afternoon, and makes the trip to the Mountain View House, at the foot of the lake, a distance of about ten miles, in an hour and a half, exclusive of time consumed in a stoppage at Rangeley City on the way. The sail is one of extreme beauty. Unless the wind be very high, which is not commonly the case, the lake is comparatively smooth, and often its surface is undisturbed by a single ripple. This supreme stillness is,

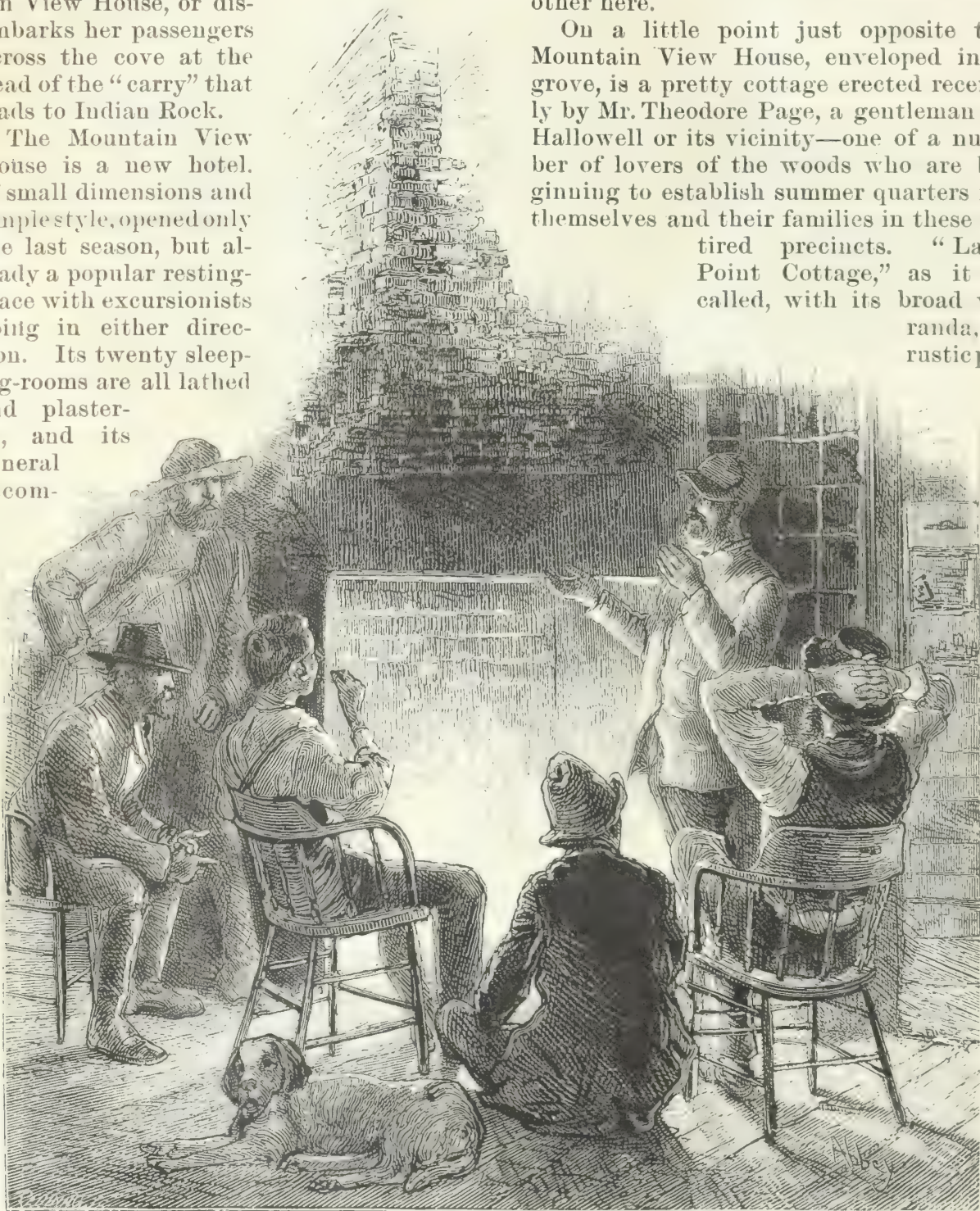
however, oftener the feature of the morning, when the mists are yet slowly rolling up the mountain-sides, and the rising sun has not fully dissolved the deep shadows of the night. The boat's course leaves the wild and craggy Ram Island to the south, and hugs closely the northern shore, headland after headland of which rises upon the view, until the protecting lee of Bald Mountain is reached, and the puffing little steamer makes a landing at the Mountain View House, or disembarks her passengers across the cove at the head of the "carry" that leads to Indian Rock.

The Mountain View House is a new hotel, of small dimensions and simple style, opened only the last season, but already a popular resting-place with excursionists going in either direction. Its twenty sleeping-rooms are all lathed and plastered, and its general accom-

modations are sufficient for their purpose. Immense brick fire-places in each of the two sitting-rooms invite the visitor at once to feel at home. The forest comes close up to the house on every side, affording a constant shade, and the lake stretches away at its front, with an abundance of boats for pleasure uses. A rude and stony path, which careful drivers can follow with strong wagons, connects the house with the north shore road, the latter ending at the nearest farmhouse, about a mile away. While threading this path one day last summer one of our party saw an unmistakable young *loup-cervier*, or *loo-cevee*, as the "natives" pronounce the word, making his hasty passage along the upmost log of a log fence: thus closely do the tame and the wild approach each other here.

On a little point just opposite the Mountain View House, enveloped in a grove, is a pretty cottage erected recently by Mr. Theodore Page, a gentleman of Hallowell or its vicinity—one of a number of lovers of the woods who are beginning to establish summer quarters for themselves and their families in these re-

tired precincts. "Lake Point Cottage," as it is called, with its broad veranda, its rustic pil-



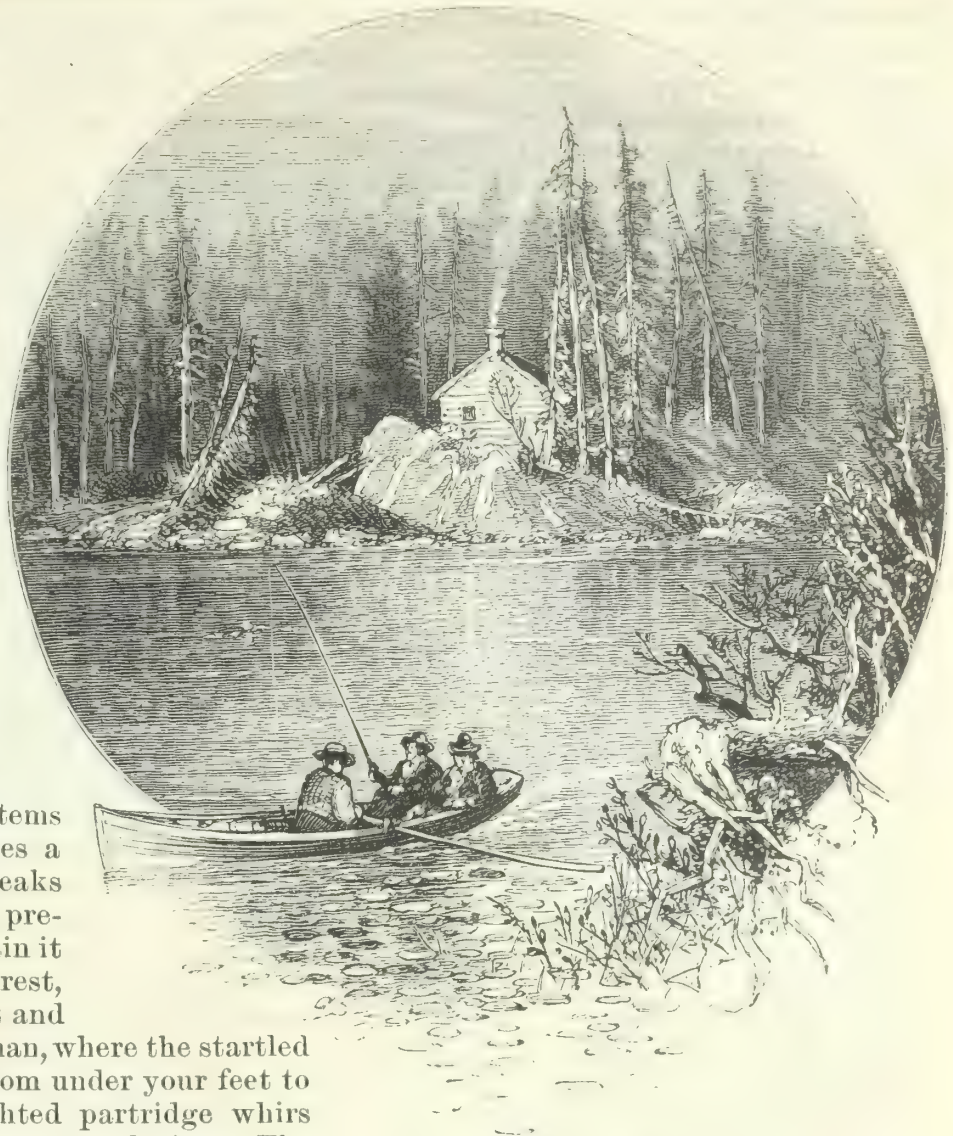
AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

lars, its reddened roof, its cool embowering, and its picturesque approaches, presents an inviting appearance, and is passed at a distance with regret.

The "carry" to Indian Rock, which enters the wood here at the outlet of the lake, nearly opposite the Mountain View House,

is a rough wood road about two miles in length. There is no conveyance across it except for stores and baggage; but the walk is not fatiguing. It is rather a relief after the indolence of a long sail by steam, and the attractions of the forest are new with every step. Now the path touches a little clearing, where remain the "bean poles" of a deserted camp of "river-drivers," as the lumbermen are called; and now it draws for a moment near the stream at a point where a massive dam stems its current, and creates a roar of water which breaks pleasantly upon the prevailing stillness. Again it buries itself in the forest, away from every sight and sound of the work of man, where the startled rabbit darts almost from under your feet to cover, and the affrighted partridge whirs away into a more secure seclusion. The solitude is intense, and the half hour which the walk consumes too quickly passes.

Indian Rock, perhaps the best known locality in this lake country, is the traditional spot where of old the aborigines of the region met in council. It lies at the confluence of the Rangeley and Kennebago streams, and within a half mile of the great Mooselucmaguntic and Cupsuptic lakes, and so was a central and easy place of meeting. The rock itself possesses no imposing qualities, being simply a ledge level with the ground, and not so easily distinguishable from the soil with which it is incrustated. Geologists, however, have found not a little to interest them in its formation. When the writer first visited the spot, now nearly twenty years ago, the only touch of civilization that marked it was a narrow clearing and a homely cabin, wherein a hermit by the name of Smith had made for himself a hunter's and trapper's home, and where the occasional visitor who strayed so far in quest of fish and game could find a little companionship and a few friendly and helpful professional ministrations. Now this same spot, directly across the stream from Indian Rock, presents to the view a well-finished clearing of ten or twenty acres, a productive farm, and a group of tasteful and tidy buildings, half a dozen or more in number. It is now Camp Kenne-



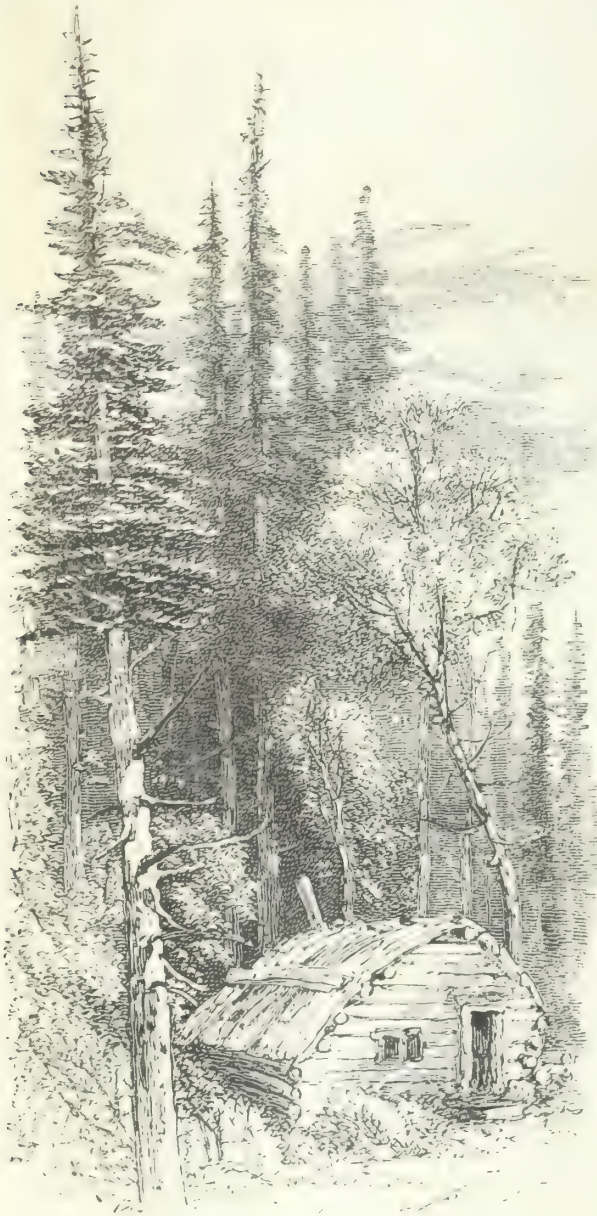
COTTAGE, CUPSUPTIC LAKE.

bago, the thriving and popular headquarters of the Oquossoc Angling Association.

Some years ago a circle of New York and Philadelphia gentlemen, the central figure of which was Jay Cooke, became captivated with the charms of Rangeley and its outlying lakes, and by lease from township proprietors and accompanying legislation from the State, secured valuable and extensive pleasure rights and privileges throughout the region. The Oquossoc Angling Association was incorporated in 1870, and though Jay Cooke has retired from active participation in its concerns, its administration continues. The fine property at Camp Kennebago is of its creation, and the superintendent thereof, Mr. C. T. Richardson, is an agent in its pay. The buildings comprise two large lodging-houses, one for men and the other for women, the agent's house, a barn, and several subordinate structures, the boat-house, giving shelter to fifteen or twenty boats, also belonging to the association. George Sheppard Page, of Stanley, New Jersey, is now its president, and R. C. Allerton, of New York city, its treasurer. The membership numbers between fifty and seventy-five, and meetings for the transaction of business are held at convenient intervals.

The total value of investment at Camp Kennebago is not far from \$20,000. Members, of course, have the first claim upon the privileges afforded at the camp, but after satisfying this demand, its accommodations are open to the public on reasonable terms; and during the months of July and August a great deal of miscellaneous company is entertained. During the fishing season the Oquossocs are apt to "take up their claims" in good numbers.

The fare at Camp Kennebago is surprisingly good, when its distance from the base of supplies is considered. A cup of such



CAMP IN THE WOODS.

English breakfast tea as Mr. Richardson can set before his guests is a luxury not often met with in the woods, or, indeed, any where away from the large cities. The interior of the main camp presents a novel and interesting scene. The long and lofty apartment is dormitory, sitting-room, and office all in one. Two rows of beds along the sides give each sleeper an independent mattress and accompaniments, a spacious table in the centre provides facilities for reading and writing, appropriate pictures adorn the rough

walls, a cabinet organ furnishes the means of musical diversion, and a monstrous open fire-place in one corner is suggestive of the good cheer which follows the laborious sports of the day in the cool evenings of the early summer and autumn.

Indian Rock may be made the resting-place for many days of varied pleasure, or the starting-point for the continued trip on and through the great lake stretch to the southwestward. Of what is before the excursionist in that direction there is no hint whatever on the sunny slope of Camp Kennebago. The forest and the mountains shut in apparently on every side, and only the slow deep waters of the Lackawanna, which quench in themselves the noise and sparkle of the Kennebago and the Rangeley currents, point the way to the broad expanse a little way beyond. The steamer *Oquossoc*, mate to *Mollychunkemunk*, lies waiting at the wharf, and at an early morning hour takes her departure. In five minutes' time she has glided down the few rods of river, and struck boldly out upon the great Mooselucmaguntic toward the Upper Dam. Frye's Cottage, the nest of Hon. William P. Frye, of Lewiston, confronts the eye from its perch upon a rugged islet in the narrows, opposite the mouth of the entering stream, the steamer leaving it on the left as it turns its prow to the southward. The view from this point is sublime and inspiring. To the right the narrows open into Cupsuptic Lake, which thrusts its arms close up under the mountains on the north, lapping their forest-fringed bases with its restless waves, and draining their slopes by one considerable stream, also called the Cupsuptic, navigable by the Indian Rock boats for several miles beyond its mouth. To the south spreads before the eye a much wider and far grander view. As the steamer sweeps past Frye's Lodge and fairly enters Mooselucmaguntic, the magnificent proportions and surroundings of that water are all unfolded to the gaze. For something like a dozen miles the lake extends in the southerly direction, the nearly equal eastern arm being yet concealed from view by an intervening headland. Abruptly to the east rises Bald Mountain, the same which from Rangeley Lake was viewed upon its other side. Mountains there are to match upon the opposite (western) shore, while far to the south the whole horizon is filled with the bold and massive outline of the Bemis range—a chain of noble hills, which, at a greater remove from the overtowering White Mountains, would command a distinguished reputation. As the steamer pushes down the lake, by the aid of a good glass one may discern Allerton Lodge, upon its rocky foundation, under the very edge of Bald Mountain, at a point known as Bugle Cove. This is the haunt of Mr. R. C. Allerton, of New York, the treasurer of the Oquossoc Associa-

tion, and is one of the finest and prettiest lodges on any of these shores. At the extremity of the eastern arm of the lake, occupying an eligible site at the foot of what

have been built at several points, by means of which the water in all of the lakes can be raised to a mean head of eleven feet. This easily sets afloat the logs as they lie



BOAT-LANDING, FOOT OF MOOSELUEMAGUNTIC—UPPER DAM.

is known as the Bemis Stream, is another camp, consisting of a number of cabins, controlled by Mr. George Sheppard Page, Mr. L. L. Crounse, and Mr. H. M. Hutchinson. These gentlemen are lessees of a large tract of surrounding territory, and have greatly interested themselves in the artificial propagation of fish. It is estimated that in 1875, 250,000 trout were spawned in the breeding ponds constructed by them on the Bemis Stream. The L-shaped configuration of Mooseluemaguntic makes practically to the eye two lakes out of the one, and the view from Bemis is quite independent from that presented to the observer at the Cupsuptic narrows. The mountains have shifted positions, and stand in new relations. Islands, before an apparent part of the main-land, are discovered therefrom and established in their independence, and the outlines of the horizon are broken up into forms of fresh beauty.

We are now on the way, in imagination, to the Upper Dam, and it is time to seek a little preparatory information respecting the great commercial interests with which that immense structure and its fellows are connected. The forests which infold the Androscoggin Lakes abound with valuable timber, and the region which in summer is consecrated to the oar and rod and gun, resounds in winter with the strokes of the lumberman's axe. In the spring the timber which has been cut during the preceding months is rafted through the connecting streams into the Androscoggin, and so to the mills, the markets, and the world. To facilitate these operations, immense dams

along the shores, and the drawing off at will aids the process of rafting, as well as furnishes a driving power through the connecting streams and down the Androscoggin. Of these great structures for subduing all this immense water-power, and making it subservient to the lumberman's will, that known as the Upper Dam is at the foot of Lake Mooseluemaguntic, on the stream that empties into Mollychunkemunk, or the upper Richardson Lake. The Middle Dam is at the foot of Welokennebacook, or the lower Richardson Lake, on the stream that flows thence into Umbagog. The third is the Errol Dam, on the Androscoggin itself, below Umbagog, and below the confluence of the Magalloway. The Upper and Middle dams very naturally furnish dividing points to the system, and mark off the stages of the excursionist's route. From Indian Rock to the Upper Dam is a good two hours' trip, the last few minutes of which are consumed in a short "carry" from the landing at the outlet where the steamer puts you ashore.

The Upper Dam may be set down as the central point of the region, though as the boat sails, and the "carry" leads, it may be hardly half-way from the inlet of Rangeley to the outlet of Umbagog. Still he who has penetrated thus far may feel, with reason, that he has reached the heart of the wilderness. What town is he in? No town, but only a township, and unnamed at that. "No. 4, Range 1," is the official designation of his whereabouts. There is no post-office easily accessible nearer than twenty-five or thirty miles; no telegraph, probably, within fifty; no railway station within sixty or seventy. Save the two or three cabins



LAKE MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC.

which are grouped into the "Upper Dam Camp," and the scattered lodges of sportsmen and visitors upon the shores of the lakes around, there can be no human habitation within a dozen miles in a straight line, or double that of the most direct and feasible route. The clearing about the camp, the excellence of the buildings, and the massive frame-work of the dam lessen the sense of solitude at first, but it soon returns, and settles down heavily upon the mind.

The dam is one of the largest and costliest structures of its kind in the State. It is fifteen hundred feet in length, its heavy timber-work being bolted with iron and ballasted with stone, the width of the top being sufficient to be utilized as a roadway. The path to Lake Mollychunkemunk leads across this dam, and finds the rock-edged waters of that lake half a mile away. The scene here in the spring, when the boys are going out, is exciting in the extreme, and at that time the camp is often thronged with interested visitors. The accommodations for the public, though limited, are good, and the spot is an excellent head-quarters for fishermen in the months of June and September.

The Upper Dam may be conveniently taken as the meeting-place of the three routes for entering the lake country, and

having now traced one of them somewhat in detail, the reader may quickly be made acquainted with the other two. At the further extreme from the Rangeley route is that by way of Umbagog, which is reached by a stage ride of about twenty-five miles from Bethel—a station on the Grand Trunk Railroad near the New Hampshire line, and about seventy miles from Portland. Bethel has long been a popular summer resort, noted for the beauty of its scenery. The stage lands the morning's passengers from Boston at a comfortable hotel in Upton, on the Cambridge River, a tributary of Umbagog, at about eleven o'clock the same evening. The next day the steamer *Diamond* furnishes conveyance across the lake and into the mouth of Rapid River, the five-mile stream entering from Welokennebacook, along which a "carry" has to be made to the Middle Dam. This trip can be easily varied by a detour for a little distance into the Androscoggin, as far down as Errol Dam, and thence up the Magalloway to the outlet of Sturtivant's Pond, while the whole region lying along the New Hampshire line abounds with inviting localities. Across the Androscoggin runs the road to the famous Dixville Notch, not more than fifteen or twenty miles away. Up the lonely Magalloway, winding among lofty mountains



DEAD-WOOD FOREST, ABOVE THE UPPER DAM.

and through the densest forests, the more adventurous and experienced woodsman may push in his canoe for seventy miles to Lake Parmachenee, the solitude of which is seldom invaded. Lake Parmachenee is about the size of Kennebago, and only a little above its latitude, but is far less accessible, and therefore comparatively unknown. A well-equipped party, with three weeks to devote to the trip, would doubtless be amply repaid in many ways for the toil it would occasion.

The Middle Dam, to which we now return by way of Umbagog and the Rapid River, is the head-quarters of the Oxford Club, an organization of Portland gentlemen, similar in plan and intent to the Oquosoc Association at Indian Rock. It controls land by lease, and keeps the fishing under

binations. The expression is, however, still the same—that of an imperious and untamed nature. The passage through the narrows which unite the two lakes is tortuous, and in certain seasons of the year, when the water is low, difficult by reason of abounding rocks. Once out of Welokennebacook, and the mountains which stand sentinel-like at the head of Mollychunkemunk, namely, "Observatory" and "Azischohos," rise majestically on the view. The shores are rugged with the wear and tear of storms; for there are often fearful winds on these inland lakes, and waves that toss your boat like a cockleshell. Whitney's Camp, at the foot of Mosquito Brook, and Betton's Camp, near the outlet from Mooselucmaguntic, where the *Simmons* makes its landing, are two more of the private lodges which gentlemen have



SOUTH ARM OF THE WELOKENNEBACOOK.

proper regulations. A camp furnishes good accommodations for the public.

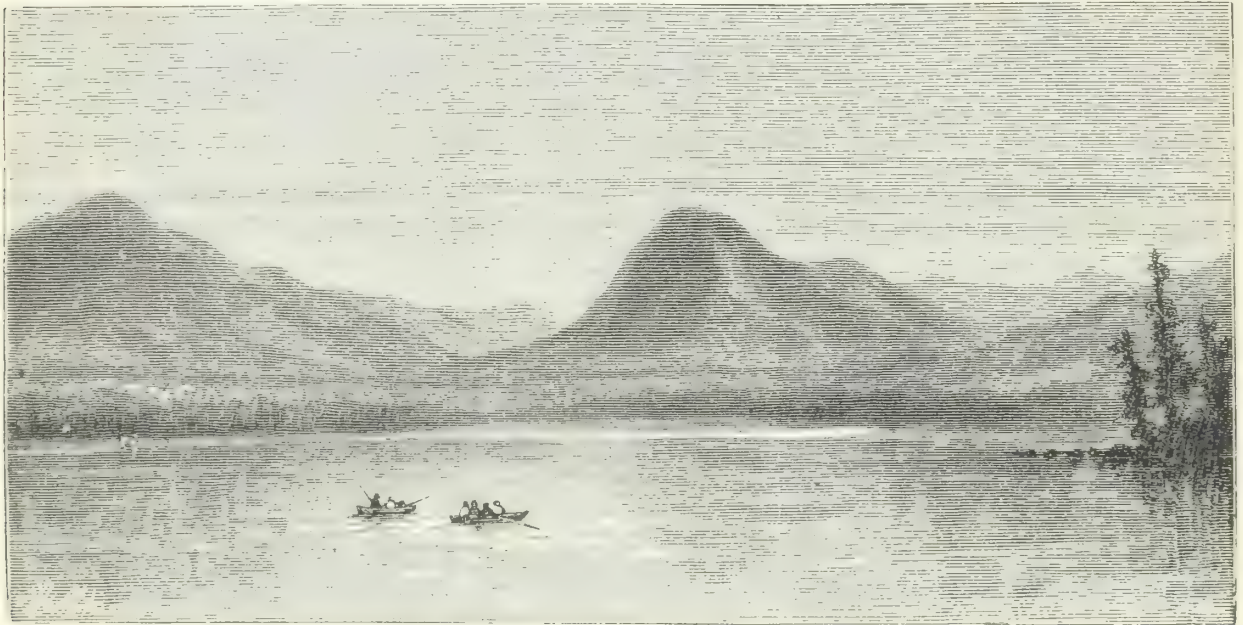
The connecting link of travel between Umbagog and Mooselucmaguntic over the Richardson Lakes is furnished by the steamer *H. B. Simmons*, which runs daily over the triangular route between the Andover arm of Lake Welokennebacook and the Middle and the Upper dams. With this we touch the last of the three ways of entering the region from the outside world. Andover is a town of romantic and delightful situation, a few miles north of the Androscoggin River, which here runs eastward, and is reached by an easy stage-ride from Bryant's Pond, also a station on the Grand Trunk road. It occupies a well-watered plateau, walled in by picturesque hills, through notches in which roads lead to the four points of the compass. The distance from Andover Centre to the arm of the lake is something like a dozen miles, and the road, being rough, is traversed commonly on a "buckboard," an ingenious and serviceable vehicle, the use of which is to most persons a new and pleasurable experience. The sail over lakes Welokennebacook and Mollychunkemunk to the Upper Dam presents entirely new types of scenery to view, the wildness and grandeur of the other lakes being thrown into different com-

binations. built for themselves in this vast wilderness. Betton's is one of the largest and most picturesque and complete in all the region. A short walk from the landing here brings one to the Upper Dam.

The four steamers, *Mollychunkemunk*, *Oquosoc*, *H. B. Simmons*, and *Diamond*, thus form an almost continuous and connecting line of steam communication between the head of Rangeley and the foot of Umbagog lakes—a distance, including the "carries," of between fifty and sixty miles. A more enchanting jaunt it would be hard to imagine. The scenery, sometimes approaching the sublime, is always beautiful, and at many points extremely fine; while the succession of lake and forest and mountain affords an endless variety of shapes and colors and shades. The "carries," save the longest, at Rapid River, afford an agreeable change after an hour or two upon the water; the public-houses are comfortable, and occasionally excellent, and the prices are altogether reasonable. The fares on the steamboats average a dollar each trip, and the rates at the hotels do not exceed two dollars a day. Another season, it is intended to furnish round-trip tickets from Boston, traversing the entire route, and good either way, with liberty to stop over at any point.

Until within a short time hunting and fishing in Maine have been under little or no restriction, but the laws are now ample and strictly enforced. The shooting of moose, deer, and caribou is forbidden between the 1st of January and 1st of October, and the best of the lawful months for taking trout in the Androscoggin waters are June and September. At these times the fishermen are on hand in force, and the public-houses are crowded to their utmost capacity. The months of July, August, and October are the best for the purposes of a general excursion, without reference to piscatorial sport.

October will be found exceedingly cool, and during July and the early days of August the black-fly reigns, so that the visitor has a choice to make between discomforts. The black-fly, however, disappears before advancing civilization, and there are localities among the lakes where he has already ceased to make trouble, and the weary may find rest. As has before been said, no black-flies are found at Rangeley City, which consideration alone must give that spot pre-eminence with many persons for the purposes of a summer sojourn for at least a long time to come.



AZISCOHOS AND OBSERVATORY MOUNTAINS, LAKE MOLLYCHUNKEMUNK.

THE NIEBELUNGEN LAY.

ABOUT the middle of the last century an aged scholar, while rummaging in the library of an old monastery in South Germany, came across a manuscript of great age and unusual length. On examination, the scroll turned out to be a copy of an epic poem, which, after having enjoyed great popularity among the Teutonic races of Europe for generations, had been lost and almost forgotten for nearly three centuries. The happy discoverer took possession of the treasure, and, a short time after, the concern of the world of letters was aroused by the announcement of a newly found production of the earliest period of German literature, which surpassed in literary excellence any hitherto known. This announcement was soon followed and confirmed by the publication of the original poem, and a translation of parts of it in modern German.

Then began the task which up to the present day has not been wholly and satisfactorily completed, namely, the unraveling the history of the great poem—for the manuscript told nothing of its birth nor of its author. Besides these points, there were many

questions concerning the contents of the poem to be solved, all of which were considered so important that the most eminent scholars devoted considerable time and labor to the solution of them. Chief among these investigators and critics were the discoverer of the first manuscript, Professor Bodmer, the Brothers Grimm, and Professor Lachmann, and more recently Gervinus. In the course of the search they and others have prosecuted, at different times and places, for materials which might throw some light over the history of the poem, a dozen or more copies of the epopee itself were found. These later-discovered manuscripts varied in length, in age, and in other particulars from the first and from one another, but agreed generally in being unsigned and undated. Indeed, in several there was not even a title prefixed to the poem; two or three were styled the "*Book of Krimhild*." The so-called Lassburg manuscript ended with the words "*der Niebelungenliet*." It is from this one that the ordinary appellation of the poem, the *Niebelungen Lay*, is derived.

As to when it was written, critics are at last agreed in fixing the date near the beginning of the thirteenth century. But no data have been discovered that can settle the question of authorship. It is generally supposed that the various incidents of the *Lay* formed the themes of as many songs for a long time before the period mentioned above, when some learned minstrel or monk united them to form one connected narrative, which he transferred to writing.

Like the *Iliad* of Homer, the *Niebelungen Lay* is a monument of an epoch in a nation's history—a vivid picture of the social customs, of the religious faith, and of the predominating passions of a race at one period of its existence. These passions were those of war and conquest: from beginning to end the *Lay* resounds with the clash of arms. As regards the mild influence exerted by the new religion of Christ, it is rather felt hovering as an invisible presence over the entire drama than perceived as a strong feature of any one scene in it. Moral superiority, as we understand it, was never the chief characteristic of early heroes of fiction; nor is moral force ever made to outshine or even to compensate for the lack of physical power in the favorites of ancient song.

The hero of the *Niebelungen Lay*, Siegfried, forms no exception to this general type. He is hero chiefly because of surpassing prowess in arms. As for the rest, he is possessed of wondrous beauty, and of the noblest of spontaneous virtues—generosity. Besides these personal endowments, and as the result of them, he is become the possessor of a magic cloak, and (if we may so speak) of a horny skin, which add much to his might, but nothing to his virtue. Although it is not our intention to enter into or pass any opinion on the controversies which this foremost of the *dramatis personæ* of the *Lay* has been the subject of, a fresh, and perhaps a just, interest in the present sketch may be awakened by stating that several learned scholars identify Siegfried with Baldur. In Scandinavian mythology Baldur is the god of light and life, the sun who quickens the seed (the sleeping beauty, Brunhild) and releases it from sleep. This theory is the result of comparisons made between the German epopee and the “Edda,” the most ancient Scandinavian poem. It is chiefly from the latter that Richard Wagner's *Das Niebelungen Ring* trilogy is taken.

Most of the other *dramatis personæ* of the *Lay* have also been identified either with mythological or historical personages. The principal events described in it can likewise be traced in history. Thus Attila is the original of Etzel, Dietrich of Bern is the terrible Theodoric of Verona, while Günther is the German name for Gundicar, King of Burgundy. It is remarkable that these mon-

archs cut much poorer figures in the *Niebelungen Lay* than they do in history. In the year 436 Gundicar, with all his followers, was destroyed by the Huns under Attila. It is this event which is supposed to be represented by the catastrophe of the *Lay*, the outlines of which follow.

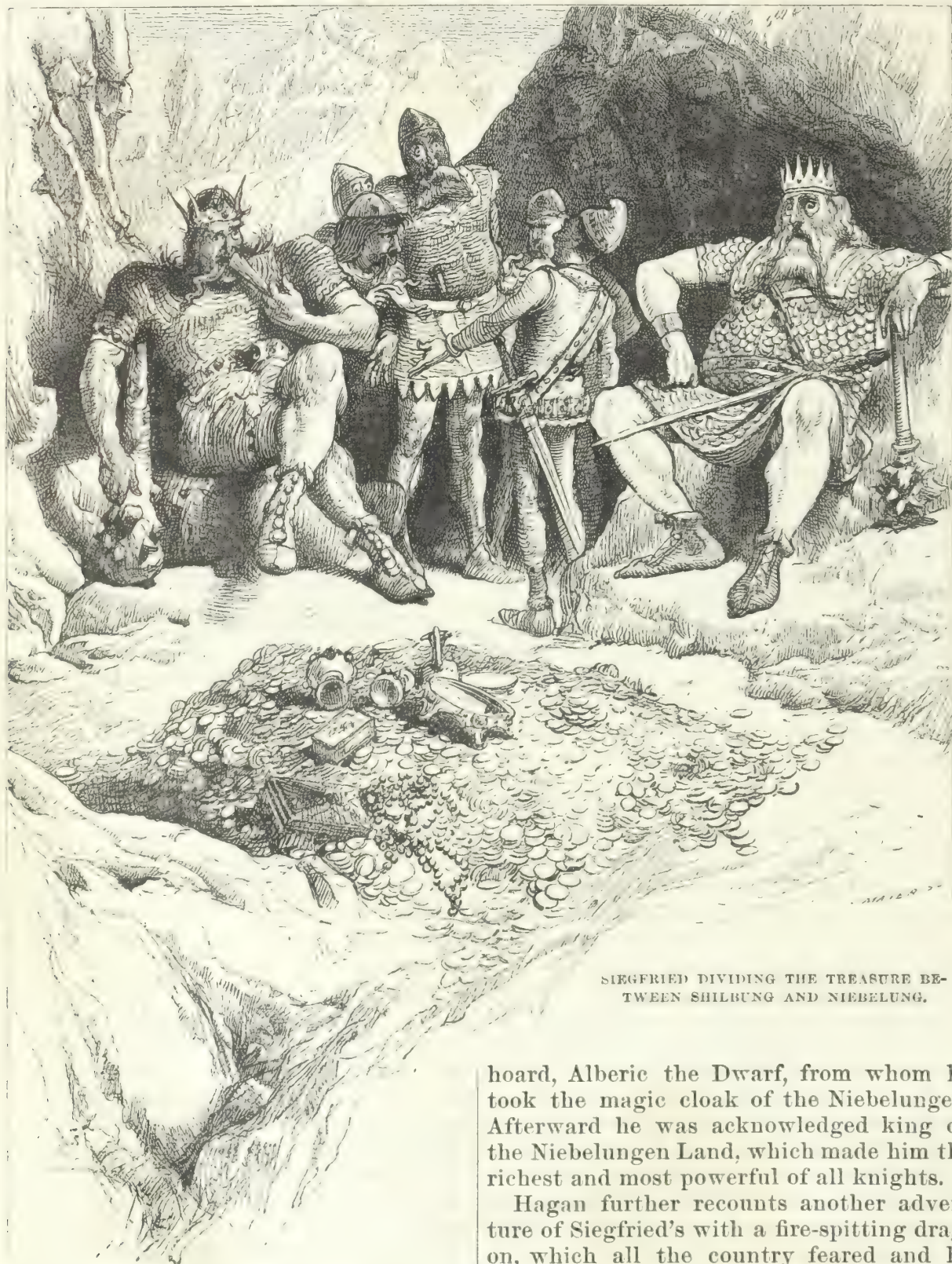
In Worms, the capital of Burgundy, reign Günther, Gernot, and Giselher, the Child, the three sons of Dancrat, late puissant king of the land. The chief liegemen of their throne are Hagan, knight of Trony, Dankwart, his brother, and Folker of Alzeia, called the Minstrel, because of his skill in playing the fiddle. The star of the Burgundian court is Krimhild, the only sister of the three kings. She is called the Peerless, and great is the number of redoubted champions who have pledged their service to her beauty and grace. One night Krimhild dreams that she had carefully trained a falcon, sharp-eyed and of glossy hue, when two fierce eagles pounced down on it and killed it. The dream weighs on the maiden's spirit, and when day breaks she seeks her mother, Dame Uta, and tells her about it. The listener interprets the falcon to be the dreamer's predestined husband, whom two enemies will slay. Then Krimhild bursts into tears, and vows she will never, never marry, since she is doomed to suffer woe through man.

But alas for such a vow! Already there are forces working to destroy it.

To distant Netherland has the fame of the beauty of the Burgundian princess spread, and Siegfried, the only son of the rich king of the land, determines to win her for his bride. Disregarding the warnings of his parents, both of whom, on hearing of this new determination, become possessed of dark forebodings on his account, the warrior prince leaves Netherland with only eleven companions. They ride northward seven days before the gates of Worms are reached. Here they ask a Burgundian knight whom they meet, the way to Günther's palace, and then ride on through the city. Their foreign air and magnificent attire do not fail to awaken the curiosity and admiration of the splendor-loving inhabitants, and the news of the strangers' arrival spreads among them till it reaches the palace. Here, in the great hall, the king and many of his retainers are assembled when the little band of foreign knights is seen approaching. A question as to the nationality of the strangers arising among them, which they can not answer, Günther sends for his kinsman Hagan, who has seen all lands and all peoples, to settle the dispute. When the knight of Trony lays eyes on the strangers, he recognizes them as from Netherland, and declares that the stately warrior at their front can be none other than the renowned Siegfried, the mightiest of war-

riors and the conqueror of the Niebelungen. They have never heard of this mighty champion, and ask Hagan to tell them more about him, when he relates that once, when Siegfried was riding alone in the country of the North, he came to a dark ravine, in which a company of giants were assembled around

finish dividing them. This provoked the ire of the two kings, who suddenly sprang up to slay him. But, undaunted, the knight stood his ground, and so great was his quick power in handling the sword, that he slew one after another all of his antagonists. Then he overcame the keeper of the golden



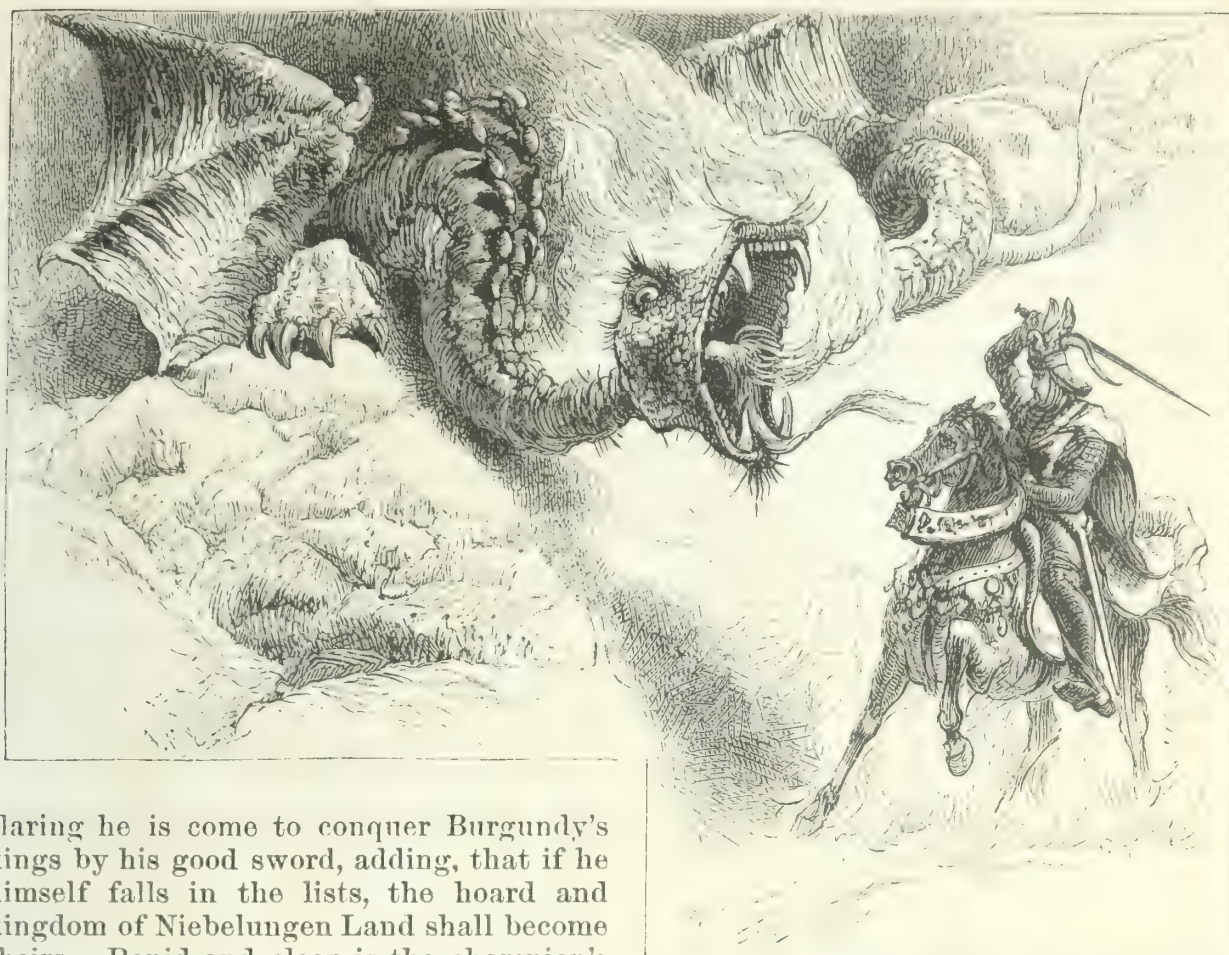
SIEGFRIED DIVIDING THE TREASURE BETWEEN SHILBUNG AND NIEBELUNG.

an enormous heap of gold. When they saw the stranger they asked him to come and divide between their two kings, Shilbung and Niebelung, the treasure they had just brought out of the cavern near at hand. The hero good-naturedly dismounted and undertook the task. But so vast was the heap of golden treasures that he failed to

hoard, Alberic the Dwarf, from whom he took the magic cloak of the Niebelungen. Afterward he was acknowledged king of the Niebelungen Land, which made him the richest and most powerful of all knights.

Hagan further recounts another adventure of Siegfried's with a fire-spitting dragon, which all the country feared and he slew; and how he bathed himself in the monster's blood, which caused his skin to turn to horn, so that no weapon could ever after harm him.

The knight's tales are scarcely ended before the strangers are announced. When presented to King Günther, who is prepared to give his guests friendly welcome, Siegfried throws back his princely head, de-



SIEGFRIED AND THE DRAGON.

claring he is come to conquer Burgundy's kings by his good sword, adding, that if he himself falls in the lists, the hoard and kingdom of Niebelungen Land shall become theirs. Rapid and clear is the champion's speech; the monarchs on the throne and the warriors around it, as they listen to it, flush with various passions of anger, admiration, and suspense. Keen-eyed Hagan is the first to recover himself; he detects what is the real object of Siegfried's desire for conquest. He whispers in the ear of the monarch, whose countenance becomes milder as he listens, and when he ceases, Günther makes pleasant answer to the impetuous youth's address. He says the desired combat between them can be put off till the morrow; in the mean while his noble guests are welcome to Burgundy and to every thing the king's palace contains.

Subdued by this unexpected response, the impulsive prince withdraws his challenge

entirely, and pledges his friendship to his generous host.

Following the Netherland warrior's arrival, numerous tournaments and other martial games take place, in which Siegfried always comes off victorious. But his heart is not in them: his eye has a searching look, alert for the appearance of the fair Krimhild. And Krimhild? She is not permitted to appear at court, nor to be present at the games in which the strangers take part. But nevertheless she sees them often from her windows in the castle tower, and, alas for her vow! unconsciously her heart begins to feel keen interest in all the movements



SIEGFRIED CAPTURING THE MAGIC CLOAK OF THE NIEBELUNGEN.

of the strange champion, and delight in all his conquests.

A twelvemonth is thus spent, by the court in pleasure, by Siegfried in passionate suspense, when one day messengers arrive from the kings of the Danes and of the Saxons with a declaration of war against the Burgundians. Siegfried is overjoyed at the news; he longs for excitement, and petitions Günther to let him march against their enemies. He declares that with the help of but ten thousand warriors he will vanquish the hosts of the allied kings. The monarch gratefully accepts his offers, and so great is the confidence the Burgundians feel in him that the desired number of warriors speedily enlist their services. In a few days all necessary preparations have been made, and they march out of Worms toward the enemies' country. On the way they encounter their foes. Dreadful are the combats that follow; mighty the wonders the Burgundians achieve; bloody the last hand-to-hand encounter between Günther's kinsmen and their royal foes, which ends in the capture of the latter. Then fighting ceases, and a messenger is dispatched to the Burgundian court with tidings of victory. Worms is already astir with joyful excitement when, in the palace, Krimhild summons the herald to her presence. General news of victory does not satisfy her; she longs to hear particular intelligence of the brave Netherland prince, for which end she sends for the messenger and overwhelms him with questions concerning her brothers! How has it fared with Gishelher? and Gernot, has he escaped being wounded? Who had fought most bravely? Had any of their friends been slain? To these short-breathed questions the herald promptly replies that the Netherland prince had fought most bravely, and goes on to state Siegfried's bravest deeds and particulars of his present welfare, to all of which the maiden listens with absorbed attention. When the youth stops speaking, in a tremor of glad excitement she heaps on him presents of gold and vesture, and dismisses him.

We smile, as the sly youth must have smiled, and as the poet did, who, after describing this scene, sagely observes:

"No wonder to rich ladies glad news is gladly told!"

A few days later the triumphant warriors arrive at Worms, bringing with them the kings of Denmark and of Saxony as captives. In their honor a grand festival is announced to take place, to which the ladies of the court are bidden. On this auspicious festive day Siegfried for the first time beholds the object of his passion. Among her maidens Krimhild looks like the moon among stars. Her dazzling beauty overcomes the warrior, who gazes at the princess spell-bound, and

"Inwardly to himself thus thought: how could I ever deem

To win thee as my own? sure 'tis an idle dream!
Yet rather would I die, sweet maid, than leave thee now!

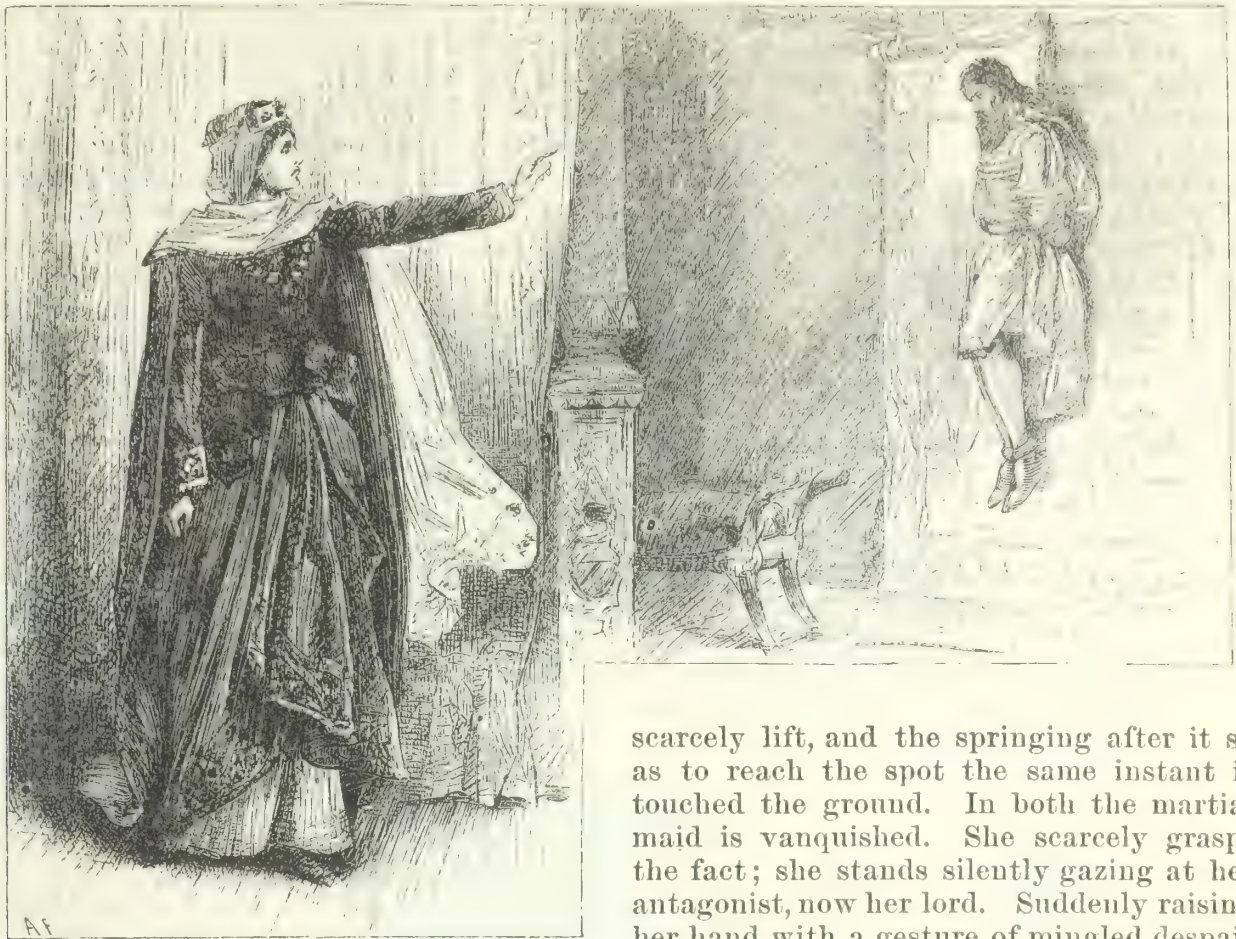
And pale became his cheek, while passion gloomed his brow."

The knight is still absorbed in this passionate contemplation, when a message is brought to him from Günther, bidding him come to the royal circle to receive the salutations of the queen mother and Krimhild, which favor his recent good services had earned. With palpitating heart Siegfried approaches, and receives, according to the manners of the time, the kiss of salutation from the king's sister, which inflamed still more ardently the hero's breast, and bound him more passionately than ever to the peerless maiden's service.

Meanwhile a rumor reaches Worms of the wondrous beauty and strength of Brunhild, the virgin queen of Issland, and of how every suitor for her hand was obliged to abide three combats with her, or else straightway perish. Günther, who is unmarried, and fond of adventure, determines to try his fortune with the martial queen, and asks Siegfried to accompany him to Issland. The hero consents to go, and promises to win the maid for him if he will give him Krimhild. Günther agrees to this proposition, and before long, with a chosen band of warriors, the two princes set out on their journey. A voyage of twelve days brings them to the coast of Issland. Leaving their boat on the shore, they proceed directly to Brunhild's castle, which rises prominently before them, a short distance from the rocky beach. As they draw near, they espy the queen sitting with her maidens in an open lofty hall. Günther at the sight of Brunhild becomes enamored of her beauty, and expresses his feelings to Siegfried. As if conscious of the stranger's glance, the queen shields herself from view, and telling her maidens it ill befits them to stand as a show to the rude eyes of men, she dismisses them. The fair ones immediately repair to their chambers, where they deck themselves in their richest robes, and then hasten to the windows to watch the movements of the strange warriors.

The Burgundians are welcomed by the liegemen of the queen, to whom they announce the object of their visit. They are then presented to Brunhild, who accosts Siegfried by name, and welcomes him to Issland. In response the hero bows deferentially, and, as they had previously arranged, tells her he is only a vassal of Günther, whom she should first have deigned to greet: it is the Burgundian monarch, not himself, who is come to win her hand.

This interview is unsatisfactory, and can be understood only by referring to sundry other legends of Siegfried. From them we



BRUNHILD'S PUNISHMENT OF HER LORD.

learn that the hero in early youth had delivered Brunhild from the fiery circle which her father, the god Wotan (or Odin), in a fit of anger, had caused to kindle round her, and had claimed her as his bride. He afterward left her in search of adventures; here we find him assisting another to win her.

On hearing the words of Siegfried, the queen, without further ceremony, orders the lists to be opened and her harness fetched. When fully equipped in armor, four chamberlains approach, carrying a shield of hammered gold, of such immense size and weight that they stagger under it. At the sight the Burgundians are lost in astonishment, and, as Hagan expresses it, "begin to believe the queen is the devil's wife." But Brunhild, unconcerned, lifts the massive weapon with one hand, and then gives the signal for the beginning of the first trial of skill, which is the hurling of the javelin. Günther trembles as he moves to his place opposite the martial maid. He does not think of Siegfried or the assistance he had promised; but the hero stands at his side in his magic cloak, which rendered him invisible and strong as twelve men. At this critical moment, after announcing his presence to Günther, and bidding him make the proper gestures, he snatches his buckler and receives the queen's mighty blow; then, raising Günther's javelin, he hurls it with such force that Brunhild staggers backward. Then follow the two other feats—the throwing of a stone, which twelve men could

scarcely lift, and the springing after it so as to reach the spot the same instant it touched the ground. In both the martial maid is vanquished. She scarcely grasps the fact; she stands silently gazing at her antagonist, now her lord. Suddenly raising her hand with a gesture of mingled despair and command, she bids her men and kinsmen "to follow her example, and bow low to her better."

Then follows the reluctant departure of the queen from Issland. The party are welcomed back to Burgundy with great magnificence and cordiality. At the banquet which is given in the palace on the evening of the arrival of the bridal party, Siegfried finds occasion to remind Günther of his promise concerning Krimhild. The king asserts his willingness to fulfill it at once, and summons the princess to his presence. When she appears, he tells her of his promise to the Netherland prince, and asks her to release him from it. Krimhild, in response, says that whatever her brother commands her to do she will willingly perform—a reply at once characteristic of a social custom of the time, and of woman's delicate art, for in consenting to marry Siegfried she carefully conceals her own feelings, and affects sisterly obedience as the sole motive of her conduct.

But Siegfried is satisfied.

"He thus to her affianced, and to him the maid;
Straight round the long-sought damsel in blushing
grace array'd;
His arms with soft emotion th' enamored warrior
threw,
And kissed the high-born princess before the
glittering crew."*

Brunhild was not present at this scene; and when, later in the evening, she sees Sieg-

* This stanza and those which subsequently appear are copied from Littsom's English translation of the *Lay*, as edited by Professor Lachmann.

fried seated familiarly at the side of Krimhild, she asks Günther, in a haughty tone, why a lowly vassal is placed so near the sister of the king. At first the monarch evades a direct reply, but the queen threatens and insists, till he confesses that Krimhild had just been wedded to Siegfried, adding that in his own country the knight is a mighty king. He dares not deceive her on the point of Siegfried's being no vassal of his but an independent prince, lest she should suspect him of being guilty of other deceptions, as he was. But Brunhild suspects something is withheld from her, and to punish her husband for his contumely, when they retire to rest that night, she binds him hand and foot with her girdle, and hangs him on a nail in the wall. In this uncomfortable position the king dangles all night. In the morning Brunhild releases him; but whatever relief freedom may be to his limbs, it can not ease his

ing to her, while at the same time he enjoys secrecy respecting it, the story of his struggle with the haughty Brunhild.

The bridal pair do not tarry long in Burgundy; before the wedding festivities are over, they set out for Netherland. They are received by Siegfried's parents and all the people of the land with great rejoicing, which reached its acme when the hero, by the abdication of his father, becomes king. Then follow ten blissful years, when to the puissant monarch and his soft-eyed consort a child is born. They name the little heir Günther, after his uncle, to whom a messenger is at once dispatched with the joyful tidings.

Meanwhile, in Burgundy, Brunhild has been wondering why Siegfried never presented himself at court, as befitted a vassal of the throne. When the messenger arrives at Worms with news of the birth of an heir to the proud knight, this subject is brought



DEATH OF SIEGFRIED.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

heart or lighten his spirits. The king's dejection is the subject of gossip during the day to the whole court. Siegfried alone divines the cause of it, and when an opportunity presents, he speaks to Günther about it; he tells the monarch that Brunhild's magic strength is derived from her girdle and the ring she wore on her right hand. If she could be disarmed of these she would be incapable of resisting him, and he proposes a plan for getting possession of these charmed objects. Günther agrees to it, after some hesitation; so that night, in his magic cloak, Siegfried enters Brunhild's chamber, where, after a long, desperate struggle, he is successful in overcoming her and snatching from her person the magic girdle and ring. Brunhild thought she was contending with Günther, and again "bows low to her better."

Not long after, Siegfried, in a fit of tenderness, gives his wife the trophies, confid-

afresh to her mind. She determines, by what means soever, to lower the vassal king's pride. With this idea animating her passions, she seeks Günther, and tries to awaken his sense of dignity to a point of exasperation at Siegfried's wanton disregard of his duties as their vassal. But the king only smiles at her fretting, and laughs secretly at the notion of the puissant King of Netherland and Niebelungen Land being his vassal. His indifference and paltry excuses for Siegfried's conduct irritate the queen to an intense degree, and strengthen her determination to carry her point. Concealing her rage under a mask of wounded affection, the artful queen, with hesitating step, draws near her lord. Suddenly, locking her arms about his neck, she bends her beautiful head, and while caressing him, with fond looks, entreats him humbly to grant her the boon she asks—the pleasure of greeting once more their lovely sister. She reminds



KRIMHILD LAMENTING OVER SIEGFRIED'S BODY.
[SEE PAGE 47.]

him that their marriages were consummated on the same day, dwelling dotingly on the graces that had won the noble Siegfried, in a manner which re-awakened in the husband's mind the vision of his own bride's loveliness. Gradually he softens into compliance with his wife's views. Netherland is really not so far distant from Burgundy as to prevent intercourse between the two courts. Siegfried might accept an invitation to visit Worms. As Brunhild suggests, he dispatches messengers at once with an invitation to the King of Netherland and his consort, to next midsummer's festival in Worms.

Siegfried accepts the invitation, and at the appointed time comes to Worms, accompanied by King Sigmund, his aged father, and a long train of magnificently dressed retainers. For some days after their arrival the games and festivities occupy the time and mind of all. Brunhild alone is distraught and moody. She is constantly brooding over the lofty bearing of her guests, and can not rest for reason of it. One day it happens that she and Krimhild are looking at some champions tilting in the court-yard of the castle, when the latter, growing excited over the mighty feats accomplished by Siegfried, who is among the players, declares that he who is ever victorious and mightiest should rule Burgundy. In response, Brunhild sarcastically remarks that were none other living, the adorable Siegfried might doubtlessly rule, but, so long as Günther lived, he was but a vassal of the Burgundian king. That the King of Netherland is her brother's liegeman, Krimhild stoutly denies; and the dispute growing warmer, she declares that she will assert her independence that very day by entering the minster before the Burgundian queen. She carries out her threat. When the hour of vespers comes round, she commands her maidens to put on their most gorgeous robes, and then rides to the cathedral, where Brunhild is awaiting her arrival. Dismounting, Krimhild, without deigning to greet her hostess, is about passing into the minster,

when the Burgundian queen commands her to "halt! no vassalless precedeth the lady of the land." Beside herself with rage, Krimhild turns to give utterance to an accusation the most opprobrious that can be applied to a wife, and then rushes into the minster, leaving Brunhild overcome with shame and anger. When she comes out again, the queen stops her, and demands proof of her foul charge. Krimhild, who is come prepared to give it, draws from her finger the ring and from her robe the girdle which Siegfried had given her, and which, if found in the possession of any but the lawful husband, was considered irrefutable proof of a wife's guilt. Brunhild is thunder-struck for a moment; then remembering the incident of her wedding night, she declares that Siegfried robbed her of the girdle. She sends for Günther to compel the Niebelungen king to confess his crime. But Siegfried can not be made to confess; he denies Krimhild's charge, and before the assembled warriors takes an oath, with uplifted hand, to render his denial more emphatic. The Burgundians, who have learned to love and admire the mighty champion, believe in his innocence, and dismiss the subject as a woman's quarrel. But Hagan, the fierce knight of Trony, is not inclined to be appeased by the fair words of a man whom he has cause to hate, because possessed of greater prowess and of greater influence over Günther than himself. When his companions move away, he approaches the weeping queen and swears to avenge her wrongs.

Having conceived a plan of revenge, Hagan confides it to Günther. At first the king refuses to have any thing to do with

it; but his liegeman, by artfully suggesting that, in case Siegfried perishes, he will come in possession of the hero's kingdom, finally induces him to yield his assent to it. The scheme is speedily arranged and in working order. Messengers are hired to come from a distant part of the country with a pretended declaration of hostility from their old enemies, the kings of Danemark and of Saxony. When Siegfried hears the news, he offers his aid to Günther, who accepts it with many expressions of gratitude. Preparations of war immediately begin, and before long are completed. The day before that set for the departure of the warriors from Worms, Hagan presents himself before Krimhild under the pretext of bidding her adieu. He finds the queen overcome with grief at the prospect of being separated for a long period from her husband. The wily knight, by praising Siegfried's well-known courage, which ever leads him into the bloodiest encounters, intensifies this grief into fear for his safety, and by professions of good-will, touches the wife's susceptible heart. In an outburst of tenderness and terror, she entreats him:

"My good friend, Sir Hagan, bear in remembrance still

How much I love my kinsmen, nor ever wished them ill;

For this requite my husband, nor let me vainly long:
He should not pay the forfeit if I did Brunhild wrong.

"My fault, pursued she, sadly, good cause had I to rue;

For it I have fared badly—he beat me black and blue.

Such mischief-making tattle his patience could not brook,

And for it ample vengeance on my poor limbs he took."

After thus bewailing the revelation of one secret confided to her by her husband, she proceeds to disclose a far more important one. In response to Hagan's inquiry as to how he could serve her by protecting her husband, Krimhild refers to his adventure with the dragon, and continues:

"So now I'll tell the secret, dear friend, alone to thee
(For thou, I doubt not, cousin, will keep thy faith with me),

Where sword may pierce my darling, and death sit on the thrust.

See, in thy truth and honor, how full, how firm, my trust!

"As from the dragon's death-wound gushed out the crimson gore,

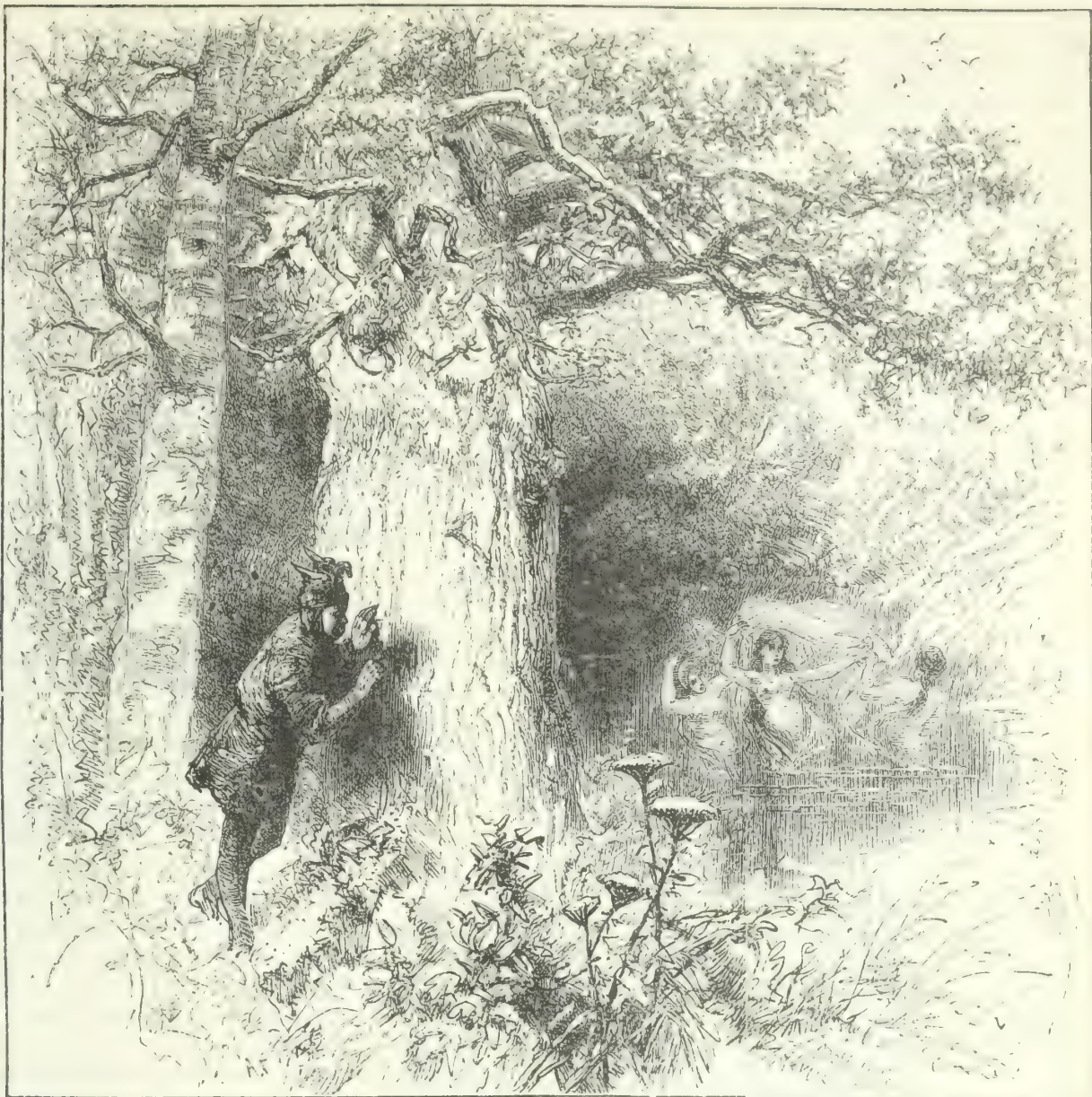
With the smoking torrent the warrior washed him o'er.

A leaf then 'twixt his shoulders fell from a linden bough:

There only steel can harm him; for that I tremble now."

She further promises, at Hagan's suggestion, to embroider a little cross on Siegfried's surcoat above the vulnerable spot, so that he may know exactly where to protect him from flying javelins. The knight of Trony, elated at the success of his ruse, then hast-

ens to Günther, whom he persuades to permit matters to go on as previously planned. The next day is the one appointed for the departure of the warriors. With the morn the feigned messengers again appear. But this time they bring friendly messages, which the king accepts by declaring further hostile movements on his part shall cease. The assembled warriors, whose enthusiasm had been aroused, received this intelligence with unconcealed disapprobation. To appease them, Günther proposes a grand hunt in the royal forests, to which he particularly invites the Netherland prince. Siegfried is not inclined to go, but disliking to refuse his host, he rides with the rest to the royal hunting ground. Once engaged in the sport, however, he pursues it with passionate zeal, and when, as the sun is sinking in the western heaven, the bugle call signals the hunters to re-assemble, he brings to the meeting-place a greater number of beasts, and fiercer ones, than all the other warriors. When all are assembled, the hungry sportsmen sit down to the repast prepared by the king's domestics. Never before were hunters better served; but to the abundant cheer, wine is lacking. Siegfried is the first to speak of this want. In reply, Hagan states that it is his fault; he thought the repast would be spread in a distant part of the forest, and had sent the wine thither. He adds that a little way off there is a spring of cold water, and proposes they shall run a race to it. Siegfried, good-natured, accepts the apology and the challenge, and with Günther and Hagan he starts on a race to the rill. He is the first to arrive at the spot, but waits for the king to come up and drink before satisfying his own thirst. When Günther is done drinking, the hero lays aside his weapons and kneels down to drink. A rapid sign passes between Günther and Hagan; the former hastily shoves the warrior's sword beyond his reach, while Hagan, seizing his spear, hurls it with all his power at the faint cross embroidered on Siegfried's surcoat. The deadly weapon pierces the corselet, and remains sticking between the shoulders of the warrior. With a cry, he starts up and grasps for his sword. It has been removed; but his shield is within reach. In an instant that is in his grasp; another, and the weapon is whirling through the air after the flying assassin. Hagan is felled by the blow, which resounds through the forest, and brings the rest of the warriors to the spot. The dying hero had expended his last strength in the tremendous blow; now, writhing with pain, he "falls among the flowerets." Once, starting up, he motions Günther to approach, whom he entreats as a brother and a knight to protect the wife he leaves behind. Death freezes the hero's lips while this tender entreaty still hovers on them.



HAGAN AND THE SWAN-MAIDENS.—[SEE PAGE 48.]

Silently the warriors gather round the dead champion. Hagan boldly proclaims himself the avenger of Queen Brunhild; but they suspect the part Günther has also had in the traitorous deed, so constrain their feelings of horror and sympathy. At night-fall they wend their way back to Worms. All the ladies of the court are retired for the night when they arrive at the castle; so the fierce Hagan, who is bent on making his revenge as terrible as possible, orders his men to throw the dead king before the door of Queen Krimhild's chamber. Day is just breaking on the following morning when Krimhild, preceded by a chamberlain, steps across the threshold of her chamber on her way to early mass. Suddenly the chamberlain stumbles, and the light he holds in his hand flickers and goes out. But the queen by the last flickering flame had discerned the outlines of the object at their feet. Like a lightning flash that last interview with traitorous Hagan darts through her mind, together with a revelation of its sequel—the assassination of the beloved husband whose se-

cret she had revealed. Uttering a cry of remorse and despair that pierces every wall in the castle and freezes the blood of every occupant, the unconscious wife drops down on the body of her slain husband.

Black are the days of woe and mourning that follow. The stricken queen remains at the side of her dear lord's bier, till they forcibly lead her away in order to bury the dear champion from sight. When at last all the ceremonies of mourning and burial are over, the hero's kinsmen and followers depart for Netherland. They can not persuade their queen to accompany them; she refuses to leave her lord's grave for his child. She remains to weep his loss—and to revenge his death.

Here closes the first part of the *Lay*. The second part, which is of about the same length as the first (each contains more than two thousand stanzas), is styled the *Niebelungen Noth*, or Calamity. It extends over a period of twenty-one or twenty-two years, and transfers the scenes of the principal events from Burgundy to Hunland (Hungary).

Thirteen years have passed by since Siegfried's death, during which his murderer had forced from his widow the precious Niebelungen hoard, and so intensified her hatred of him, when ambassadors from the King of Hunland arrive at Worms. They have been sent by Etzel (Attila), who had recently lost his wife, to sue for the hand of the still beautiful Krimhild. Their suit is at first rejected with contempt by Siegfried's widowed queen; but at last the devoted Margrave of Austria, by promising that her "past wrongs shall be amended," draws from her a reluctant consent to his master's proposals. After a short delay, spent in preparing suitable vesture, Krim-

hild sets out with the Hunnish knights for Etzel's land. Finding herself thus a beloved wife and mother, an idolized mistress and queen, Krimhild, whose heart is in Siegfried's grave and whole mind on revenge, at last attempts the accomplishment of her vindictive plans. One day Etzel is caressing her in a fond mood, when she tenderly upbraids him for never showing her Burgundian kinsmen how honored in Hunland is Etzel's wife. The king protests, and declares he will send for them at once to visit his court, that they may see how innumerable are the redoubted champions who do service to their throne.

In spite of the violent expostulations of Hagan, who in Krimhild's invitation to vis-

it Hunland suspects some mischief, Günther returns word by the Hunnish messengers that he and his kinsmen will accept the invitation to come to Etzel's land. Brunhild declines the invitation. But Hagan at least succeeds in inducing the fraternal kings to take with them a large number of warriors as bodyguards. He himself, although convinced that all are going to meet death, persists in joining the party as guide, for he alone knows the way to Etzel's castle in Hunland. Twelve days they travel eastward, when their progress is stayed by the river Danube, which recent rain-falls have rendered unfordable. In this emergency Hagan calls to mind that further up the stream dwells a ferry-man. Telling his companions to wait there while he rides to the boatman's hut, he disappears in the forest. There the mossy sod is so soft that the warrior's progress is scarcely audible, and hence he hears the splash of three merry bathers, in a little stream which he comes to before he has proceeded far on his way, ere they have any warning of his approach. The knight has even time to dismount, and steal noiselessly to the spot where they had thrown off

their garments, before the mermaids* discover him. When they do become aware



GÜNTHER'S HEAD BROUGHT TO HAGAN.—[SEE PAGE 51.]

hild sets out with the Hunnish knights for Etzel's land. On their arrival her marriage with the barbarian king is consummated.

Seven years the royal couple live together in harmony. Krimhild, by suiting her habits to those adopted by her Hunnish kinsmen, by prudent generosity and affability, had become the idolized mistress of all the ladies of the court and of all the war-

* In the original they are called the "wise ladies," and are supposed to be identical with the swan-maidens of Teutonic legends. The latter term was probably taken from the garments of these ideal creatures, which were of swan's-down, or else had the property of enabling their wearers to fly away like those birds when attacked.

of the stranger's presence, and perceive their garments in his hands, they swim down to him; and while floating in the water before him, one of the wise maidens offers to reveal the future of the knight and his companions if he will render up their garments. Hagan agrees; whereupon she tells him that the Burgundians may ride without fear to Etzel's land—great honor awaits them there. The knight, as he had promised, hands back their raiment, and is about riding away in lighter mood, when one of the other two maidens calls him back. She declares her aunt has lied to him in order to get back the garments: the truth is, death awaits every man of the Burgundians, except the king's chaplain, in Hunland. Hagan is furious, but not minding his reproaches, she good-naturedly goes on to inform him how to find and subdue the ferry-man he seeks. She tells him that he is a faithful servant of the surly lord who rules over the land on the opposite side of the river; he has been commanded not to ferry any stranger over the river, and can be made to do so only by stratagem. The knight would probably find him paddling on the river; from the shore he must call out loudly that he is Almerich (an ally of the lord of the land), and wishes to be ferried across the river.

And, indeed, when Hagan arrives at the river's edge, he does see the ferry-man paddling in the stream. So he calls out, as the wise maiden had directed, that he wishes to be ferried over the river; he is Almerich! At the mention of this name the ferry-man begins rowing toward the shore, but he no sooner reaches the bank than he discovers the trick practiced on him. With an oath, he begins to row away again, when Hagan, with a bound, leaps into the boat. The surly fellow raises his oar to strike down the intruder; but the knight, perceiving his intention, draws his sword, and with one blow lays him dead at his feet. The grim warrior casts the dead body overboard; then takes the oar in hand and rows down the stream to his companions. To their exclamations of surprise at his coming alone, he states that he found the boat in a low meadow land, and had taken possession of it to transport them and their effects across the river. To this work of transportation they set themselves at once, but it is late afternoon before it is finished. When on the point of again mounting their steeds to pursue their journey, Hagan's eyes accidentally fall on the king's chaplain, seated on a relique chest near the river's edge. A quick thought rushes through the warrior's mind: he will render false the wise maiden's prophecy! With a bound he is at the chaplain's side; an instant, and the priest is struggling in the water. The drowning man cries for help, but the stern knight forbids, and none

dares defy him. At last, by mighty exertion on his own part, and by God's almighty hand, the holy man reaches the opposite shore. Woe pierces the bold warrior's heart when he beholds the chaplain's escape; it convinces him of the truth of the maiden's and of his own heart's prophecy. Whirling on his heel, he strides down to the river, and seizing the shallop which lay secured there, he breaks it in piecemeal; then, addressing his companions, he tells them of the wise maiden's prophecy, and declares he destroyed the boat to destroy the hope of escape any coward among them might entertain. But no one cherishes a desire to escape their common doom. With one accord they accept it, with the grim determination to die as they had lived—like brave warriors.

So they wend on their way. At night-fall they are attacked by the lord of the land, with an armed band of followers. He seeks vengeance for his murdered ferry-man. In the fight which ensues, the band is routed by the Burgundians, and their chief slain.

On the following day the warriors arrive at Passau, where they tarry one day with its bishop, Pilgrim, the uncle of the Burgundian monarchs. On the boundary of Austria they are met by Margrave Rudiger, who invites them to his castle, where their whole party is feasted four days. At one of the grand banquets the Margrave's fair daughter appears. The knights are so enchanted by the graceful vision that they propose Gishelher shall marry the young Margravine. After some hesitation on the Margrave's part, who reminds them that he is an exile from his own country, and in Austria but a vassal of King Etzel, the betrothal of the young pair is consummated. The warriors depart, promising to stop on the return to take with them Gishelher's fair bride.

Soon after, they arrive at their ultimate destination, where they are received by the Hunnish king with great cordiality. But Krimhild deigns to greet none but Gishelher. The fierce knight of Trony marks the slight, and takes warning from it. An occasion offering itself, he shows his anger and contempt for the queen by remaining seated in her presence, and persuading his companion, the terrible Folker, the Minstrel, to follow his example. The Huns who witness this insult to their mistress are overcome with indignation, but their loyalty pales before the fear the two strange warriors inspire. They put off revenge till night shall come on, when the strangers can be attacked and slain in their beds. But this traitorous design is suspected by Trony's bold knight, and frustrated by his keeping watch all night long, with Folker, before the doors of their companions' apartments.

The next morning the festivities held in honor of the strangers' arrival begin with a

grand tournament. So skilled in arms are Günther's men that all the Hunnish warriors who venture in the lists against them are vanquished. Hagan grows tired of the easy sport at length, and begins to scoff at King Etzel's men, when a knight of proud bearing and great beauty enters the lists. Folker is seized with sudden fury at the sight, and before the stranger can prepare for action, he rushes upon him and savagely pierces him through with his lance. This outrageous act inspires horror and indignation alike in Burgundians and Huns, and the latter are about rushing in a body on the perpetrator of it, when Etzel peremptorily commands them to lay down their swords; the deed, he declares, was a misadventure, and his guest innocent of any guilty intention. The pending conflict between the two irritated peoples is thus once more delayed.

But how admirably do her enemies serve the Hunnish queen's purpose; indeed, they themselves seem to invite destruction to fall on their heads.

Still Krimhild can not trust to a general, unpremeditated uprising against the insulting crew of Burgundian warriors; by every means in her power she tries to irritate her Hunnish liegemen; and by recounting the wrongs she had suffered at the strangers' hands, she endeavors to win to her service the chief of her husband's kinsmen. The lofty-minded Dietrich of Bern and Margrave Rudiger indignantly refuse to take any part in, and threaten to reveal, her traitorous designs; but Bloodel, King Etzel's brother, is brought to promise he will attack the strangers at the first opportunity, by the engagement on Krimhild's part to bestow on him a beauteous bride and a much-coveted castle.

Evening finds King Etzel and his court, with the most noble of his guests, in the grand banquet hall of the castle; those whose rank does not entitle them to a seat at the royal board are entertained in a distant hall. The king is in high good humor, and, desirous of proving his friendly feelings for his guests, he has his young son Ortlieb brought to him. He then presents the boy to Günther, asking the Burgundian monarch to take the child and rear him at his court. The little prince is being presented from one table to another, when a dreadful tumult is heard without, and arrests the attention of all present.

While at the royal board all have been engaged in feasting in the distant banquet hall, Bloodel and his men had fallen on the Burgundians under Dankwart, Hagan's brother; from the terrible conflict which had ensued Dankwart had escaped, after slaying the chief of his perfidious foes, and now rushes into the royal banquet hall to warn his companions of their danger. At

the first sound of his voice Hagan starts to his feet. Commanding his brother to guard the door, the fierce knight strides to a table near by, where he snatches from Krimhild's arms the little Ortlieb, whose head he strikes off with his sword and throws into the mother's lap. This act is the signal for the beginning of a terrible conflict between the Huns and Burgundians, which, after raging till the floor of the hall is covered everywhere with heaps of slain warriors, is checked by the command of Hagan at the supplication of Dietrich of Bern, who is permitted to lead from the ghastly scene the Hunnish king and his consort, and then recommences with insatiable fury. At last, of all the Huns who sat at the royal board not one remains alive, and the redoubted Burgundians begin to rest their swords; but Gishelher—the Child no longer, for the taste of blood has transformed him into a ferocious animal, arouses them to fling from their presence the bodies of their traitorous foes. So they throw open the doors of the hall, and cast down the stone steps the dead and dying Huns. A wail burst from the warriors assembled without. Urged on by their chiefs and by their own passions, they endeavor to ascend into the hall. But Folker and Hagan guard the platform, and hew down every man who ventures against them.

After watching from a distance the vain efforts of her liegemen, Krimhild commands the hall to be set on fire. Soon the flames begin to dart and crackle around the Burgundian warriors, and to lick with scorching tongues their armor and heat it into softness. Dreadful are the red-tongued furies, dreadful the internal burning, which at last drives the warriors to cut fresh gashes in the bodies of the slain, and to drink the wet blood which gushes from the wounds.

To such pictures as this, of almost beastly ferocity, there is no end. The seven final chapters of the *Lay* abound with them. But in the midst of these scenes of cruel bloodshed occurs an episode unsurpassed in literature for lofty pathos. It is that which describes the coming of the Margrave Rudiger, the noblest of all knights, "whose heart gives virtues birth, as meadows grass and flowerets in the sweet month of May;" his controversy with Krimhild, who demands now the fulfillment of the promise given her when, as ambassador, he came to Worms to woo her, and when the knight replies that he pledged his service and life, but not his soul; his interviews with Etzel, whom he asks to take back every thing his royal liberality has bestowed, and release him from the duty to obey his lord's commands against his conscience; his despair when the king persists in supplicating his help; his subsequent attack on the Burgundians, which he preludes with words of just and noble sentiment, and by a last act of gener-

osity (he gives Hagan his own shield to replace the warrior's broken one); his brave deeds, and his death. The blow that lays low the noble knight is struck by Gernot, with the very same sword the Margravine had presented to him on leaving Austria. Universal is the wail that rises when Rudiger falls; within the charred walls of the hall the remaining Burgundians spread out the rigid limbs and cover them reverently, and when, without, their foes cry aloud for the body, they lift it up carefully and deliver it to Etzel's men. Then, once more, the contest rages. Dietrich of Bern now for the first time leads on his men to avenge brave Rudiger's death. He no longer hesitates for any sentiment of honor; rage gives to his arm a power as mighty as that possessed by the desperate strangers. One by one they fall, till at last only Hagan and Günther remain. Then he leads as captives to Krimhild, from whom he exacts a solemn promise that these mightiest of warriors shall suffer no harm.

But the queen has yearned too long and too fiercely for this moment to reflect an instant on keeping sacred this promise. She orders both warriors to be imprisoned in separate dungeons, whither she repairs soon after. Outrage inflicted on the one passion of this woman's affectionate nature has changed the once gentle maiden and wife into an almost fiend. How now does she

gloat over her captive's misery! When she demands of him to reveal where in the Rhine the Niebelungen hoard, which was Siegfried's morning gift to her, is sunken, and he refuses on the ground that he has pledged his royal masters not to do so while they live, how coldly she turns to a servant and commands him to fetch hither her royal brother's head! And when the bloody member is brought, and although now not one of his masters live, the knight still refuses to reveal the secret, how like a tiger does she spring on him, and wrenching from his grasp Siegfried's sword, sever with it the mocker's head from the shoulders! Siegfried's sword! how tightly the maddened woman, unconscious of the deed she has just wrought with it, clasps the hallowed weapon to her bosom, heedless of the wounds the sharp blade cuts in naked hands and bosom! Etzel shudders at the sight, so overcome with horror that he makes no attempt to stay the hand of Dietrich of Bern's man, who, to avenge his master, who had pledged Hagan his prompt release, rushes forward and slays the traitorous queen. Here ends the *Niebelungen Lay*. To several of the manuscript copies of it there is a third part attached, styled the *Plage*, or Lament. This addition, however, is supposed to be quite modern, and consequently is not included in our sketch of the original old German epic.

EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

CHAPTER XXX.

COCKS AND COXCOMBS.

MAJOR HOCKIN brought the only fly as yet to be found in Bruntsea, to meet me at Newport, where the railway ended at present, for want of further encouragement.

"Very soon you go," he cried out to the bulkheads, or buffers, or whatever are the things that close the career of a land-engine. "Station-master, you are very wise in putting in your very best cabbage plants there. You understand your own company. Well done! If I were to offer you a shilling apiece for those young early Yorks, what would you say, now?"

"Weel, a think I should say nah, Sir," the Scotch station-master made answer, with a grin, while he pulled off his cap of office and put on a dissolute Glengary. "They are a veery fine young kail, that always pays for planting."

"The villain!" said the Major, as I jumped into the fly. "However, I suppose he does quite right. Set a thief to watch a thief. The company are big rogues, and he tries to be a bigger. We shall cut through his garden in about three months, just when his cabbages are getting firm, and their value

will exceed that of pine-apples. The surveyor will come down and certify, and the 'damage to crops' will be at least five pounds, when they have no right to sow even mustard and cress, and a saucepan would hold all the victuals on the land."

From this I perceived that my host was as full of his speculative schemes as ever; and soon he made the driver of the one-horse fly turn aside from the unfenced road and take the turf. "Coachman," he cried, "just drive along the railway; you won't have the chance much longer."

There was no sod turned yet and no rod set up; but the driver seemed to know what was meant, and took us over the springy turf where once had run the river. And the salt breath of the sea came over the pebble ridge, full of appetite and briskness, after so much London.

"It is one of the saddest things I ever heard of," Major Hockin began to say to me. "Poor Shovelin! poor Shovelin! A man of large capital—the very thing we want. It might have been the making of this place. I have very little doubt that I must have brought him to see our great natural advantages—the beauty of the situation, the salubrity of the air, the absence of all clay,

or marsh, or noxious deposit, the bright crisp turf, and the noble underlay of chalk, which (if you perceive my meaning) can not retain any damp, but transmits it into sweet natural wells. Why, driver, where the devil are you driving us?"

"No fear, your honor. I know every trick of it. It won't come over the wheels, I do believe, and it does all the good in the world to his sand-cracks. Whoa-ho, my boy, then! And the young lady's feet might go up upon the cushion, if her boots is thin, Sir; and Mr. Rasper will excuse of it."

"What the"—something hot—"do you mean, Sir?" the Major roared over the water, which seemed to be deepening as we went on. "Pull out this instant; pull out, I tell you, or you shall have three months' hard labor. May I be d——d now—my dear, I beg your pardon for speaking with such sincerity—I simply mean, may I go straight-way to the devil, if I don't put this fellow on the tread-mill. Oh, you can pull out now, then, can you?"

"If your honor pleases, I never did pull in," the poor driver answered, being frightened at the excitement of the lord of the manor. "My orders was, miss, to drive along the line coming on now just to Bruntsea, and keep in the middle of that same I did, and this here little wet is a haxident—a haxident of the full moon, I do assure you, and the wind coming over the sea, as you might say. These pebbles is too round, miss, to stick to one another; you couldn't expect it of them; and sometimes the water here and there comes a-leaking like through the bottom. I have seed it so, ever since I can remember."

"I don't believe a word of it," the Major said, as we waited a little for the vehicle to drain, and I made a nosegay of the bright sea flowers. "Tell me no lies, Sir; you belong to the West Bruntseyans, and you have driven us into a vile bog to scare me. They have bribed you. I see the whole of it. Tell me the truth, and you shall have five shillings."

The driver looked over the marshes as if he had never received such an offer before. Five shillings for a falsehood would have seemed the proper thing, and have called for a balance of considerations, and made a demand upon his energies. But to earn five shillings by the truth had never fallen to his luck before; and he turned to me, because I smiled, and he said, "Will you taste the water, miss?"

"Bless me!" cried the Major, "now I never thought of that. Common people have such ways about things they are used to! I might have stood here for a month, and never have thought of that way to settle it. Ridiculously simple. Give me a taste, Erema. Ah, that is the real beauty of our coast, my dear! The strongest proportion

of the saline element—I should know the taste of it any where. No sea-weed, no fishy particles, no sludge, no beards of oysters. The pure, uncontaminated, perfect brine, that sets every male and female on his legs, varicose, orthopedic—I forget their scientifics, but I know the smack of it."

"Certainly," I said, "it is beautifully salt. It will give you an appetite for dinner, Major Hockin. I could drink a pint of it, after all that smoke. But don't you think it is a serious thing for the sea itself to come pouring through the bottom of this pebble bank in this way?"

"Not at all. No, I rather like it. It opens up many strictly practical ideas. It adds very much to the value of the land. For instance, a 'salt-lick,' as your sweet Yankees call it—and set up an infirmary for foot and mouth disease. And better still, the baths, the baths, my dear. No expense for piping, or pumping, or any thing. Only place your marble at the proper level, and twice a day you have the grand salubrious sparkling influx of ocean's self, self-filtered, and by its own operation permeated with a fine siliceous element. What foreign mud could compete with such a bath?"

"But supposing there should come too much of it," I said, "and wash both the baths and the bathers away?"

"Such an idea is ridiculous. It can be adjusted to a nicety. I am very glad I happened to observe this thing, this—this noble phenomenon. I shall speak to Montague about it at once, before I am half an hour older. My dear, you have made a conquest; I quite forgot to tell you; but never mind that for the present. Driver, here is half a crown for you. Your master will put down the fly to my account. He owes me a heriot. I shall claim his best beast, the moment he gets one without a broken wind."

As the Major spoke, he got out at his own door with all his wonted alacrity; but instead of offering me his hand, as he always had done in London, he skipped up his nine steps, on purpose (as I saw) that somebody else might come down for me. And this was Sir Montague Hockin, as I feared was only too likely from what had been said. If I had even suspected that this gentleman was at Bruntlands, I would have done my utmost to stay where I was, in spite of all absence of money. Betsy would gladly have allowed me to remain, without paying even a farthing, until it should become convenient. Pride had forbidden me to speak of this; but I would have got over that pride much rather than meet this Sir Montague Hockin thus. Some instinct told me to avoid him altogether; and having so little now of any other guidance, I attached, perhaps, foolish importance to that.

However, it was not the part of a lady to be rude to any one through instinct; and I

knew already that in England young women are not quite such masters of their own behavior as in the far West they are allowed to be. And so I did my best that, even in my eyes, he should not see how vexed I was at meeting him. And soon it appeared that this behavior, however painful to me, was no less wise than good, because both with my host and hostess this new visitor was already at the summit of all good graces. He had conquered the Major by admiration of all his schemes and upshots, and even offering glimmers of the needful money in the distance; and Mrs. Hockin lay quite at his feet ever since he had opened a hamper and produced a pair of frizzled fowls, creatures of an extraordinary aspect, toothed all over like a dandelion plant, with every feather sticking inside out. When I saw them, I tried for my life not to laugh, and biting my lips very hard, quite succeeded, until the cock opened up a pair of sleepy eyes, covered with comb and very sad inversions, and glancing with complacency at his wife (who stood beneath him, even more turned inside out), capered with his twiggy legs, and gave a long, sad crow. Mrs. Hockin looked at him with intense delight.

"Erema, is it possible that you laugh? I thought that you never laughed, Erema. At any rate, if you ever do indulge, you might choose a fitter opportunity, I think. You have spoiled his demonstration altogether—see, he does not understand such unkindness—and it is the very first he has uttered since he came. Oh, poor Fluffsky!"

"I am very, very sorry. But how was I to help it? I would not, on any account, have stopped him if I had known he was so sensitive. Fluffsky, do please to begin again."

"These beggars are nothing at all, I can assure you," said Sir Montague, coming to my aid, when Fluffsky spurned all our prayers for one more crow. "Mrs. Hockin, if you really would like to have a fowl that even Lady Clara Crowcombe has not got, you shall have it in a week, or a fortnight, or, at any rate, a month, if I can manage it. They are not to be had except through certain channels, and the fellows who write the poultry books have never even heard of them."

"Oh, how delighted I shall be! Lady Clara despises all her neighbors so. But do they lay eggs? Half the use of keeping poultry, when you never kill them, is to get an egg for breakfast; and Major Hockin looks round and says, 'Now is this our own?' and I can not say that it is; and I am vexed with the books, and he begins to laugh at me. People said it was for want of chalk, but they walk upon nothing but chalk, as you can see."

"And their food, Mrs. Hockin. They are walking upon that. Starve them for a

week, and forty eggs at least will reward you for stern discipline."

But all this little talk I only tell to show how good and soft Mrs. Hockin was; and her husband, in spite of all his self-opinion, and resolute talk about money and manorial dues, in his way, perhaps, was even less to be trusted to get his cash out of any poor and honest man.

On the very day after my return from London I received a letter from "Colonel Gundry" (as we always called the Sawyer now, through his kinship to the Major), and, as it can not easily be put into less compass, I may as well give his very words:

"DEAR MISS REMA,—Your last favor to hand, with thanks. Every thing is going on all right with us. The mill is built up, and goes better than ever; more orders on hand than we can get through. We have not cracked the big nugget yet. Expect the government to take him at a trifle below value, for Washington Museum. Must have your consent; but, for my part, would rather let him go there than break him. Am ready to lose a few dollars upon him, particularly as he might crack up all quartz in the middle. They offer to take him by weight at three dollars and a half per pound below standard. Please say if agreeable.

"I fear, my dear, that there are bad times coming for all of us here in this part. Not about money, but a long sight worse; bad will, and contention, and rebellion, perhaps. What we hear concerning it is not much here; but even here thoughts are very much divided. Ephraim takes a different view from mine; which is not a right thing for a grandson to do; and neighbor Sylvester goes with him. The Lord send agreement and concord among us; but, if He doeth so, He must change his mind first, for every man is borrowing his neighbor's gun.

"If there is any thing that you can do to turn Ephraim back to his duty, my dear, I am sure that, for love of us, you will do it. If Firm was to run away from me now, and go fighting on behalf of slavery, I never should care more for naught upon this side of Jordan; and the new mill might go to Jericho; though it does look uncommon handsome now, I can assure you, and tears through its work like a tiger.

"Noting symptoms in your last of the price of things in England, and having carried over some to your account, inclosed please to find a bill for five hundred dollars, though not likely to be wanted yet. Have a care of your money, my dear; but pay your way handsome, as a Castlewood should do. Jowler goes his rounds twice a day looking for you; and somebody else never hangs his hat up without casting one eye at the corner you know. Sylvester's girl was over here last week, dashing about as

usual. If Firm goes South, he may have her, for aught I care, and never see saw-mill again. But I hope that the Lord will spare my old days such disgrace and tribulation.

"About you know what, my dear, be not overanxious. I have been young, and now am old, as the holy Psalmist says; and the more I see of the ways of men, the less I verily think of them. Their good esteem, their cap in hand, their fair fame, as they call it, goes by accident, and fortune, the whim of the moment, and the way the clever ones have of tickling them. A great man laughs at the flimsy of it, and a good one goes to his conscience. Your father saw these things at their value. I have often grieved that you can not see them so; but perhaps I have liked you none the worse, my dear.

"Don't forget about going South. A word from you may stop him. It is almost the only hope I have, and even that may be too late. Suan Isco and Martin send messages. The flowers are on your father's grave. I have got a large order for pine cradles in great haste, but have time to be,

"Truly yours, SAMPSON GUNDRY."

That letter, while it relieved me in one way, from the want of money, cost me more than ten times five hundred dollars' worth of anxiety. The Sawyer had written to me twice ere this—kind, simple letters, but of no importance, except for their goodness and affection. But now it was clear that when he wrote this letter he must have been sadly put out and upset. His advice to me was beyond all value; but he seemed to have kept none at home for himself. He was carried quite out of his large, staid ways when he wrote those bitter words about poor Firm—the very apple of his eye, as the holy Psalmist says. And, knowing the obstinacy of them both, I dreaded clash between them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ADRIFT.

HAVING got money enough to last long with one brought up to simplicity, and resolved to have nothing to do for a while with charity or furnished lodgings (what though kept by one's own nurse), I cast about now for good reason to be off from all the busy works at Bruntsea. So soon after such a tremendous blow, it was impossible for me to push my own little troubles and concerns upon good Mr. Shovelin's family, much as I longed to know what was to become of my father's will, if any thing. But my desire to be doing something, or, at least, to get away for a time from Bruntsea, was largely increased by Sir Montague Hockin's strange behavior toward me.

That young man, if still he could be called

young—which, at my age, scarcely seemed to be his right, for he must have been ten years older than poor Firm—began more and more every day to come after me, just when I wanted to be quite alone. There was nothing more soothing to my thoughts and mind (the latter getting quiet from the former, I suppose) than for the whole of me to rest a while in such a little scollop of the shingle as a new-moon tide, in little crescents, leaves just below high-water mark. And now it was new-moon tide again, a fortnight after the flooding of our fly by the activity of the full moon; and, feeling how I longed to understand these things—which seem to be denied to all who are of the same sex as the moon herself—I sat in a very nice nick, where no wind could make me look worse than nature willed. But of my own looks I never did think twice, unless there was any one to speak of such a subject.

Here I was sitting in the afternoon of a gentle July day, wondering by what energy of nature all these countless pebbles were produced, and not even a couple to be found among them fit to lie side by side and purely tally with each other. Right and left, for miles and miles, millions multiplied into millions; yet I might hold any one in my palm and be sure that it never had been there before. And of the quiet wavelets even, taking their own time and manner, in default of will of wind, all to come and call attention to their doom by arching over, and endeavoring to make froth, were any two in sound and size, much more in shape and shade, alike? Every one had its own little business, of floating pop-weed or foam bubbles or of blistered light, to do; and every one, having done it, died and subsided into its successor.

"A trifle sentimental, are we?" cried a lively voice behind me, and the waves of my soft reflections fell, and instead of them stood Sir Montague Hockin, with a hideous parasol.

I never received him with worse grace, often as I had repulsed him; but he was one of those people who think that women are all whims and ways.

"I grieve to intrude upon large ideas," he said, as I rose and looked at him, "but I act under positive orders now. A lady knows what is best for a lady. Mrs. Hockin has been looking from the window, and she thinks that you ought not to be sitting in the sun like this. There has been a case of sun-stroke at Southbourne—a young lady meditating under the cliff—and she begs you to accept this palm leaf."

I thought of the many miles I had wandered under the fierce Californian sun; but I would not speak to him of that. "Thank you," I said; "it was very kind of her to think of it, and of you to do it. But will it be safe for you to go back without it?"

"Oh, why should I do so?" he answered, with a tone of mock pathos which provoked me always, though I never could believe it to be meant in ridicule of me, for that would have been too low a thing; and, besides, I never spoke so. "Could you bear to see me slain by the shafts of the sun? Miss Castlewood, this parasol is amply large for both of us."

I would not answer him in his own vein, because I never liked his vein at all; though I was not so entirely possessed as to want every body to be like myself.

"Thank you; I mean to stay here," I said; "you may either leave the parasol or take it, whichever will be less troublesome. At any rate, I shall not use it."

A gentleman, according to my ideas, would have bowed and gone upon his way; but Sir Montague Hockin would have no rebuff. He seemed to look upon me as a child, such as average English girls, fresh from little schools, would be. Nothing more annoyed me, after all my thoughts and dream of some power in myself, than this.

"Perhaps I might tell you a thing or two," he said, while I kept gazing at some fishing-boats, and sat down again, as a sign for him to go—"a little thing or two of which you have no idea, even in your most lonely musings, which might have a very deep interest for you. Do you think that I came to this hole to see the sea? Or that fussy old muff of a Major's doings?"

"Perhaps you would like me to tell him your opinion of his intellect and great plans," I answered. "And after all his kindness to you!"

"You never will do that," he said; "because you are a lady, and will not repeat what is said in confidence. I could help you materially in your great object, if you would only make a friend of me."

"And what would your own object be? The pure anxiety to do right?"

"Partly, and I might say mainly, that; also an ambition for your good opinion, which seems so inaccessible. But you will think me selfish if I even hint at any condition of any kind. Every body I have ever met with likes me, except Miss Castlewood."

As he spoke he glanced down his fine amber-colored beard, shining in the sun, and even in the sun showing no gray hair (for a reason which Mrs. Hockin told me afterward), and he seemed to think it hard that a man with such a beard should be valued lightly.

"I do not see why we should talk," I said, "about either likes or dislikes. Only, if you have any thing to tell, I shall be very much obliged to you."

This gentleman looked at me in a way which I have often observed in England. A general idea there prevails that the free and enlightened natives of the West are in

front of those here in intelligence, and to some extent, therefore, in dishonesty. But there must be many cases where the two are not the same.

"No," I replied, while he was looking at his buttons, which had every British animal upon them; "I mean nothing more than the simple thing I say. If you ought to tell me any thing, tell it. I am accustomed to straightforward people. But they disappoint one by their never knowing any thing."

"But I know something," he answered, with a nod of grave, mysterious import; "and perhaps I will tell you some day, when admitted, if ever I have such an honor, to some little degree of friendship."

"Oh, please not to think of yourself," I exclaimed, in a manner which must have amused him. "In such a case, the last thing that you should do is that. Think only of what is right and honorable, and your duty toward a lady. Also your duty to the laws of your country. I am not at all sure that you ought not to be arrested. But perhaps it is nothing at all, after all; only something invented to provoke me."

"In that case, I can only drop the subject," he answered, with that stern gleam of the eyes which I had observed before, and detested. "I was also to tell you that we dine to-day an hour before the usual time, that my cousin may go out in the boat for whiting. The sea will be as smooth as glass. Perhaps you will come with us."

With these words, he lifted his hat and went off, leaving me in a most uncomfortable state, as he must have known if he had even tried to think. For I could not get the smallest idea what he meant; and, much as I tried to believe that he must be only pretending, for reasons of his own, to have something important to tell me, scarcely was it possible to be contented so. A thousand absurd imaginations began to torment me as to what he meant. He lived in London so much, for instance, that he had much quicker chance of knowing whatever there was to know; again, he was a man of the world, full of short, sharp sagacity, and able to penetrate what I could not; then, again, he kept a large account with Shovelin, Wayte, and Shovelin, as Major Hockin chanced to say; and I knew not that a banker's reserve is much deeper than his deposit; moreover—which, to my mind, was almost stronger proof than any thing—Sir Montague Hockin was of smuggling pedigree, and likely to be skillful in illicit runs of knowledge.

However, in spite of all this uneasiness, not another word would I say to him about it, waiting rather for him to begin again upon it. But, though I waited and waited, as, perhaps, with any other person I scarcely could have done, he would not condescend to give me even another look about it.

Disliking that gentleman more and more for his supercilious conduct and certainty of subduing me, I naturally turned again to my good host and hostess. But here there was very little help or support to be obtained at present. Major Hockin was laying the foundations of "The Bruntsea Assembly-Rooms, Literary Institute, Mutual Improvement Association, Lyceum, and Baths, from sixpence upward;" while Mrs. Hockin had a hatch of "White Sultans," or, rather, a prolonged sitting of eggs, fondly hoped to hatch at last, from having cost so much, like a chicken-hearted Conference. Much as I sorrowed at her disappointment—for the sitting cost twelve guineas—I could not feel quite guiltless of a petty and ignoble smile, when, after hoping against hope, upon the thirtieth day she placed her beautifully sound eggs in a large bowl of warm water, in which they floated as calmly as if their price was a penny a dozen. The poor lady tried to believe that they were spinning with vitality; but at last she allowed me to break one, and lo! it had been half boiled by the advertiser. "This is very sad," cried Mrs. Hockin; and the patient old hen, who was come in a basket of hay to see the end of it, echoed with a cluck that sentiment.

These things being so, I was left once more to follow my own guidance, which had seemed, in the main, to be my fortune ever since my father died. For one day Mr. Shovelin had appeared, to my great joy and comfort, as a guide and guardian; but, alas! for one day only. And, except for his good advice and kind paternal conduct to me, it seemed at present an unlucky thing that I had ever discovered him. Not only through deep sense of loss and real sorrow for him, but also because Major Hockin, however good and great and generous, took it unreasonably into his head that I threw him over, and threw myself (as with want of fine taste he expressed it) into the arms of the banker. This hurt me very much, and I felt that Major Hockin could never have spoken so hastily unless his hair had been originally red; and so it might be detected, even now, where it survived itself, though blanched where he brushed it into that pretentious ridge. Sometimes I liked that man, when his thoughts were large and liberal; but no sooner had he said a fine brave thing than he seemed to have an after-thought not to go too far with it; just as he had done about the poor robbed woman from the steerage and the young man who pulled out his guinea. I paid him for my board and lodging, upon a scale settled by Uncle Sam himself, at California prices; therefore I am under no obligation to conceal his foibles. But, take him altogether, he was good and brave and just, though unable, from absence of inner light, to be to me what Uncle Sam had been.

When I perceived that the Major condemned my simple behavior in London, and (if I may speak it, as I said it to myself) "blew hot and cold" in half a minute—hot when I thought of any good things to be done, and cold as soon as he became the man to do them—also, when I remembered what a chronic plague was now at Bruntsea, in the shape of Sir Montague, who went to and fro, but could never be trusted to be far off, I resolved to do what I had long been thinking of, and believed that my guardian, if he had lived another day, would have recommended. I resolved to go and see Lord Castlewood, my father's first cousin and friend in need.

When I asked my host and hostess what they thought of this, they both declared that it was the very thing they were at the point of advising, which, however, they had forborne from doing because I never took advice. At this, as being such a great exaggeration, I could not help smiling seriously; but I could not accept their sage opinion that, before I went to see my kinsman, I ought to write and ask his leave to do so. For that would have made it quite a rude thing to call, as I must still have done, if he should decline beforehand to receive me. Moreover, it would look as if I sought an invitation, while only wanting an interview. Therefore, being now full of money again, I hired the flyman who had made us taste the water, and taking train at Newport, and changing at two or three places as ordered, crossed many little streams, and came to a fair river, which proved to be the Thames itself, a few miles above Reading.

In spite of all the larger lessons of travel, adventure, and tribulation, my heart was throbbing with some rather small feelings, as for the first time I drew near to the home of my forefathers. I should have been sorry to find it ugly or mean, or lying in a hole, or even modern or insignificant; and when none of these charges could be brought against it, I was filled with highly discreditable pain that Providence had not seen fit to issue me into this world in the masculine form; in which case this fine property would, according to the rules of mankind, have been mine. However, I was very soon ashamed of such ideas, and sat down on a bank to dispel them with the free and fair view around me.

The builder of that house knew well both where to place and how to shape it, so as not to spoil the site. It stood near the brow of a bosoming hill, which sheltered it, both with wood and clevice, from the rigor and fury of the north and east; while in front the sloping foreground widened its soft lap of green. In bays and waves of rolling grass, promontoried, here and there, by jutting copse or massive tree, and jotted now and then with cattle as calm as boats at

anchor, the range of sunny upland fell to the reedy fringe and clustered silence of deep river meadows. Here the Thames, in pleasant bends of gentleness and courtesy, yet with will of its own ways, being now a plenteous river, spreads low music, and holds mirror to the woods and hills and fields, casting afar a broad still gleam, and on the banks presenting tremulous infinitude of flash.

Now these things touched me all the more because none of them belonged to me; and, after thus trying to enlarge my views, I got up with much better heart, and hurried on to have it over, whatever it might be. A girl brought up in the real English way would have spent her last shilling to drive up to the door in the fly at the station—a most sad machine—but I thought it no disgrace to go in a more becoming manner.

One scarcely ever acts up to the force of situation; and I went as quietly into that house as if it were Betsy Bowen's. If any body had been rude to me, or asked who I was, or a little thing of that sort, my spirit might have been up at once, and found, as usually happens then, good reason to go down afterward. But happily there was nothing of the kind. An elderly man, without any gaudy badges, opened the door very quietly, and begged my pardon, before I spoke, for asking me to speak softly. It was one of his lordship's very worst days, and when he was so, every sound seemed to reach him. I took the hint, and did not speak at all, but followed him over deep matting into a little room to which he showed me. And then I gave him a little note, written before I left Bruntsea, and asked him whether he thought that his master was well enough to attend to it.

He looked at me in a peculiar manner, for he had known my father well, having served from his youth in the family; but he only asked whether my message was important. I answered that it was, but that I would wait for another time rather than do any harm. But he said that, however ill his master was, nothing provoked him more than to find that any thing was neglected through it. And before I could speak again he was gone with my letter to Lord Castlewood.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT HOME.

SOME of the miserable, and I might say strange, things which had befallen me from time to time unseasonably, now began to force their remembrance upon me. Such dark figures always seem to make the most of a nervous moment, when solid reason yields to fluttering fear and small misgivings. There any body seems to lie, as a stranded

sailor lies, at the foot of perpendicular cliffs of most inhuman humanity, with all the world frowning down over the crest, and no one to throw a rope down. Often and often had I felt this want of any one to help me, but the only way out of it seemed to be to do my best to help myself.

Even now I had little hope, having been so often dashed, and knowing that my father's cousin possessed no share of my father's strength. He might, at the utmost, give good advice, and help me with kind feeling; but if he wanted to do more, surely he might have tried ere now. But my thoughts about this were cut short by a message that he would be glad to see me, and I followed the servant to the library.

Here I found Lord Castlewood sitting in a high-backed chair, uncushioned and uncomfortable. When he saw me near him he got up and took my hand, and looked at me, and I was pleased to find his face well-meaning, brave, and generous. But even to rise from his chair was plainly no small effort to him, and he leaned upon a staff or crutch as he offered me a small white hand.

"Miss Castlewood," he said, with a very weak yet clear and silvery voice, "for many years I have longed in vain and sought in vain to hear of you. I have not escaped all self-reproach through my sense of want of energy; yet, such as I am, I have done my best, or I do my best to think so."

"I am sure you have," I replied, without thinking, knowing his kindness to my father, and feeling the shame of my own hot words to Mr. Shovelin about him. "I owe you more gratitude than I can tell, for your goodness to my dear father. I am not come now to trouble you, but because it was my duty."

While I was speaking he managed to lead me, feebly as himself could walk, to a deep chair for reading, or some such use, whereof I have had few chances. And in every step and word and gesture I recognized that foreign grace which true-born Britons are proud to despise on both sides of the Atlantic. And, being in the light, I watched him well, because I am not a foreigner.

In the clear summer light of the westering sun (which is better for accurate uses than the radiance of the morning) I saw a firm, calm face, which might in good health have been powerful—a face which might be called the moonlight image of my father's. I could not help turning away to cry, and suspicion fled forever.

"My dear young cousin," he said, as soon as I was fit to speak to, "your father trusted me, and so must you. You may think that I have forgotten you, or done very little to find you out. It was no indifference, no forgetfulness: I have not been able to work myself, and I have had very deep trouble of my own."

He leaned on his staff, and looked down at me, for I had sat down when thus overcome, and I knew that the forehead and eyes were those of a learned and intellectual man. How I knew this it is impossible to say, for I never had met with such a character as this, unless it were the Abbé of Fléchon, when I was only fourteen years old, and valued his great skill in spinning a top tenfold more than all his deep learning. Lord Castlewood had long, silky hair, falling in curls of silver gray upon either side of his beautiful forehead, and the gaze of his soft dark eyes was sad, gentle, yet penetrating. Weak health and almost constant pain had chastened his delicate features to an expression almost feminine, though firm thin lips and rigid lines showed masculine will and fortitude. And when he spoke of his own trouble (which, perhaps, he would not have done except for consolation's sake), I knew that he meant something even more grievous than bodily anguish.

"It is hard," he said, "that you, so young and healthy and full of high spirit as you are (unless your face belies you), should begin the best years of your life, as common opinion puts such things, in such a cloud of gloom and shame."

"There is no shame at all," I answered; "and if there is gloom, I am used to that; and so was my father for years and years. What is my trouble compared with his?"

"Your trouble is nothing when compared with his, so far as regards the mere weight of it; but he was a strong man to carry his load; you are a young and a sensitive woman. The burden may even be worse for you. Now tell me all about yourself, and what has brought you to me."

His voice was so quiet and soothing that I seemed to rest beneath it. He had not spoken once of religion or the will of God, nor plied me at all with those pious allusions, which even to the reverent mind are like illusions when so urged. Lord Castlewood had too deep a sense of the will of God to know what it is; and he looked at me wistfully as at one who might have worse experience of it.

Falling happily under his influence, as his clear, kind eyes met mine, I told him every thing I could think of about my father and myself, and all I wanted to do next, and how my heart and soul were set upon getting to the bottom of every thing. And while I spoke with spirit, or softness, or, I fear, sometimes with hate, I could not help seeing that he was surprised, but not wholly displeased, with my energy. And then, when all was exhausted, came the old question I had heard so often, and found so hard to answer—

"And what do you propose to do next, Erema?"

"To go to the very place itself," I said,

speaking strongly under challenge, though quite unresolved about such a thing before; "to live in the house where my father lived, and my mother and all of the family died; and from day to day to search every corner and fish up every bit of evidence, until I get hold of the true man at last, of the villain who did it—who did it, and left my father and all the rest of us to be condemned and die for it."

"Erema," replied my cousin, as he had told me now to call him, "you are too impetuous for such work, and it is wholly unfit for you. For such a task, persons of trained sagacity and keen observation are needed. And after all these eighteen years, or nearly nineteen now it must be, there can not be any thing to discover there."

"But if I like, may I go there, cousin, if only to satisfy my own mind? I am miserable now at Bruntsea, and Sir Montague Hockin wears me out."

"Sir Montague Hockin!" Lord Castlewood exclaimed; "why, you did not tell me that he was there. Wherever he is, you should not be."

"I forgot to speak of him. He does not live there, but is continually to and fro for bathing, or fishing, or rabbit-shooting, or any other pretext. And he makes the place very unpleasant to me, kind as the Major and Mrs. Hockin are, because I can never make him out at all."

"Do not try to do so," my cousin answered, looking at me earnestly; "be content to know nothing of him, my dear. If you can put up with a very dull house, and a host who is even duller, come here and live with me, as your father would have wished, and as I, your nearest relative, now ask and beg of you."

This was wonderfully kind, and for a moment I felt tempted. Lord Castlewood being an elderly man, and, as the head of our family, my natural protector, there could be nothing wrong, and there might be much that was good, in such an easy arrangement. But, on the other hand, it seemed to me that after this my work would languish. Living in comfort and prosperity under the roof of my forefathers, beyond any doubt I should begin to fall into habits of luxury, to take to the love of literature, which I knew to be latent within me, to lose the clear, strong, practical sense of the duty for which I, the last of seven, was spared, and in some measure, perhaps, by wanderings and by hardships, fitted. And then I thought of my host's weak health, continual pain (the signs of which were hardly repressed even while he was speaking), and probably also his secluded life. Was it fair to force him, by virtue of his inborn kindness and courtesy, to come out of his privileges and deal with me, who could not altogether be in any place a mere nobody? And so I refused his offer.

"I am very much obliged to you indeed," I said, "but I think you might be sorry for it. I will come and stop with you every now and then, when your health is better, and you ask me. But to live here altogether would not do; I should like it too well, and do nothing else."

"Perhaps you are right," he replied, with the air of one who cares little for any thing, which is to me the most melancholy thing, and worse than any distress almost; "you are very young, my dear, and years should be allowed to pass before you know what full-grown sorrow is. You have had enough, for your age, of it. You had better not live in this house; it is not a house for cheerfulness."

"Then if I must neither live here nor at Bruntsea," I asked, with sudden remonstrance, feeling as if every body desired to be quit of me or to worry me, "to what place in all the world am I to go, unless it is back to America? I will go at once to Shoxford, and take lodgings of my own."

"Perhaps you had better wait a little while," Lord Castlewood answered, gently, "although I would much rather have you at Shoxford than where you are at present. But please to remember, my good Erema, that you can not go to Shoxford all alone. I have a most faithful and trusty man—the one who opened the door to you. He has been here before his remembrance. He disdains me still as compared with your father. Will you have him to superintend you? I scarcely see how you can do any good, but if you do go, you must go openly, and as your father's daughter."

"I have no intention whatever of going in any other way, Lord Castlewood; but perhaps," I continued, "it would be as well to make as little stir as possible. Of an English village I know nothing but the little I have seen at Bruntsea, but there they make a very great fuss about any one who comes down with a man-servant."

"To be sure," replied my cousin, with a smile; "they would not be true Britons otherwise. Perhaps you would do better without Stixon; but of course you must not go alone. Could you by any means persuade your old nurse Betsy to go with you?"

"How good of you to think of it!—how wise you are!" I really could not help saying, as I gazed at his delicate and noble face. "I am sure that if Betsy can come, she will; though of course she must be compensated well for the waste all her lodgers will make of it. They are very wicked, and eat most dreadfully if she even takes one day's holiday. What do you think they even do? She has told me with tears in her eyes of it. They are all allowed a pat of butter, a penny roll, and two sardines for breakfast. No sooner do they know that her back is turned—"

"Erema!" cried my cousin, with some surprise; and being so recalled, I was ashamed. But I never could help taking interest in very little things indeed, until my own common-sense, or somebody else, came to tell me what a child I was. However, I do believe that Uncle Sam liked me all the better for this fault.

"My dear, I did not mean to blame you," Lord Castlewood said, most kindly; "it must be a great relief for you to look on at other people. But tell me—or rather, since you have told me almost every thing you know—let me, if only in one way I can help you, help you at least in that way."

Knowing that he must mean money, I declined, from no false pride, but a set resolve to work out my work, if possible, through my own resources. But I promised to apply to him at once if scarcity should again befall me, as had happened lately. And then I longed to ask him why he seemed to have so low an opinion of Sir Montague Hockin. That question, however, I feared to put, because it might not be a proper one, and also because my cousin had spoken in a very strange tone, as if of some private dislike or reserve on that subject. Moreover, it was too evident that I had tried his courtesy long enough. From time to time pale shades of bodily pain, and then hot flushes, had flitted across his face, like clouds on a windy summer evening. And more than once he had glanced at the time-piece, not to hurry me, but as if he dreaded its announcements. It was a beautiful clock, and struck with a silvery sound every quarter of an hour. And now, as I rose to say good-by, to catch my evening train, it struck a quarter to five, and my cousin stood up, with his weight upon his staff, and looked at me with an inexpressible depth of weary misery.

"I have only a few minutes left," he said, "during which I can say any thing. My time is divided into two sad parts: the time when I am capable of very little, and the time when I am capable of nothing; and the latter part is twice the length of the other. For sixteen hours of every day, far better had I be dead than living, so far as our own little insolence may judge. But I speak of it only to excuse bad manners, and perhaps I show worse by doing so. I shall not be able to see you again until to-morrow morning. Do not go; they will arrange all that. Send a note to Major Hockin by Stixon's boy. Stixon and Mrs. Price will see to your comfort, if those who are free from pain require any other comfort. Forgive me; I did not mean to be rude. Sometimes I can not help giving way."

Less enviable than the poorest slave, Lord Castlewood sank upon his hard stiff chair, and straightened his long narrow hands upon his knees, and set his thin lips in straight blue lines. Each hand was as rigid

as the ivory handle of an umbrella or walking-stick, and his lips were like clamped wire. This was his regular way of preparing for the onset of the night, so that no grimace, no cry, no moan, or other token of fierce agony should be wrung from him.

"My lord will catch it stiff to-night," said Mr. Stixon, who came as I rang, and then led me away to the drawing-room; "he always have it ten times worse after any talking or any thing to upset him like. And so, then, miss—excuse a humble servant—did I understand from him that you was the Captain's own daughter?"

"Yes; but surely your master wants you—he is in such dreadful pain. Do please to go to him, and do something."

"There is nothing to be done, miss," Stixon answered, with calm resignation; "he is bound to stay so for sixteen hours, and then he eases off again. But bless my heart, miss—excuse me in your presence—his lordship is thoroughly used to it. It is my certain knowledge that for seven years now he has never had seven minutes free from pain—seven minutes all of a heap, I mean. Some do say, miss, as the Lord doeth every thing according to His righteousness, that the reason is not very far to seek."

I asked him what he meant, though I ought, perhaps, to have put a stop to his loquacity; and he pretended not to hear, which made me ask him all the more.

"A better man never lived than my lord," he answered, with a little shock at my misprision; "but it has been said among censorious persons that nobody ever had no luck as came in suddenly to a property and a high state of life on the top of the heads of a family of seven."

"What a poor superstition!" I cried, though I was not quite sure of its being a wicked one. "But what is your master's malady, Stixon? Surely there might be something done to relieve his violent pain, even if there is no real cure for it?"

"No, miss, nothing can be done. The doctors have exorced themselves. They tried this, that, and the other, but nature only flew worse against them. 'Tis a thing as was never heard of till the Constitooshon was knocked on the head and to pieces by the Reform Bill. And though they couldn't cure it, they done what they could do, miss. They discovered a very good name for it—they christened it the 'New-rager!'"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LORD CASTLEWOOD.

IN the morning, when I was called again to see my afflicted cousin—Stixon junior having gladly gone to explain things for me at Bruntsea—little as I knew of any

bodily pain (except hunger, or thirst, or weariness, and once in my life a headache), I stood before Lord Castlewood with a deference and humility such as I had never felt before toward any human being. Not only because he bore perpetual pain in the two degrees of night and day—the day being dark and the night jet-black—without a murmur or an evil word; not only because through the whole of this he had kept his mind clear and his love of knowledge bright; not even because he had managed, like Job, to love God through the whole of it. All these were good reasons for very great and very high respect of any man; and when there was no claim whatever on his part to any such feeling, it needs must come. But when I learned another thing, high respect at once became what might be called deep reverence. And this came to pass in a simple and, as any one must confess, quite inevitable way.

It was not to be supposed that I could sit the whole of my first evening in that house without a soul to speak to. So far as my dignity and sense of right permitted, I wore out Mr. Stixon, so far as he would go, not asking him any thing that the very worst-minded person could call "inquisitive," but allowing him to talk, as he seemed to like to do, while he waited upon me, and alternately lamented my hapless history and my hopeless want of taste.

"Ah, your father, the Captain, now, he would have knowed what this is! You've no right to his eyes, Miss Erma, without his tongue and palate. No more of this, miss! and done for you a-purpose! Well, cook will be put out, and no mistake! I better not let her see it go down, anyhow." And the worthy man tearfully put some dainty by, perhaps without any view to his own supper.

"Lord Castlewood spoke to me about a Mrs. Price—the housekeeper, is she not?" I asked at last, being so accustomed to like what I could get, that the number of dishes wearied me.

"Oh yes, miss," said Stixon, very shortly, as if that description exhausted Mrs. Price.

"If she is not too busy, I should like to see her as soon as these things are all taken away. I mean if she is not a stranger, and if she would like to see me."

"No new-comers here," Mr. Stixon replied; "we all works our way up regular, the same as my lad is beginning for to do. New-fangled ways is not accepted here. We puts the reforming spirits scrubbing of the steps till their knuckles is cracked and their knees like a bean. The old lord was the man for discipline—your grandfather, if you please, miss. He caught me when I were about that high—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Stixon; but would he have encouraged you to talk as you so very

kindly talk to me, instead of answering a question?"

I thought that poor Stixon would have been upset by this, and was angry with myself for saying it; but instead of being hurt, he only smiled and touched his forehead.

"Well, now, you did remind me uncommon of him then, miss. I could have heard the old lord speak almost, though he were always harsh and distant. And as I was going for to say, he caught me fifty years ago next Lammas-tide; a pear-tree of an early sort it was; you may see the very tree if you please to stand here, miss, though the pears is quite altered now, and scarcely fit to eat. Well, I was running off with my cap chock-full, miss—"

"Please to keep that story for another time," I said; "I shall be most happy to hear it then. But I have a particular wish, if you please, to see Mrs. Price before dark, unless there is any good reason why I should not."

"Oh no, Miss Erma, no reason at all. Only please to bear in mind, miss, that she is a coorous woman. She is that jealous, and I might say forward—"

"Then she is capable of speaking for herself."

"You are right, miss, there, and no mistake. She can speak for herself and for fifty others—words enough, I mean, for all of them. But I would not have her know for all the world that I said it."

"Then if you do not send her to me at once, the first thing I shall do will be to tell her."

"Oh no, miss, none of your family would do that; that never has been done anonymous."

I assured him that my threat was not in earnest, but of pure impatience. And having no motive but downright jealousy for keeping Mrs. Price from me, he made up his mind at last to let her come. But he told me to be careful what I said; I must not expect it to be at all like talking to himself, for instance.

The housekeeper came up at last, by dint of my persistence, and she stopped in the doorway and made me a courtesy, which put me out of countenance, for nobody ever does that in America, and scarcely any one in England now, except in country-dancing. Instead of being as described by Stixon, Mrs. Price was of a very quiet, sensible, and respectful kind. She was rather short, but looked rather tall, from her even walk and way of carrying her head. Her figure was neat, and her face clear-spoken, with straight pretty eyebrows, and calm bright eyes. I felt that I could tell her almost any thing, and she would think before she talked of it. And in my strong want of some woman to advise with—Betsy Bowen being very good but very narrow, and Mrs. Hockin a mere echo of the Major until he contradicted her,

and Susan Isco, with her fine, large views, five thousand miles out of sight just now—this was a state of things to enhance the value of any good countenance feminine.

At any rate, I was so glad to see her that, being still ungraduated in the steps of rank (though beginning to like a good footing there), I ran up and took her by both hands, and fetched her out of her grand courtesy and into a low chair. At this she was surprised, as one quick glance showed; and she thought me, perhaps, what is called in England "an impulsive creature." This put me again upon my dignity, for I never have been in any way like that, and I clearly perceived that she ought to understand a little more distinctly my character.

It is easy to begin with this intention, but very hard indeed to keep it up when any body of nice ways and looks is sitting with a proper deferential power of listening, and liking one's young ideas, which multiply and magnify themselves at each demand. So after some general talk about the weather, the country, the house, and so on, we came to the people of the house, or at any rate the chief person. And I asked her a few quiet questions about Lord Castlewood's health and habits, and any thing else she might like to tell me. For many things had seemed to me a little strange and out of the usual course, and on that account worthy to be spoken of without common curiosity. Mrs. Price told me that there were many things generally divulged and credited, which therefore lay in her power to communicate without any derogation from her office. Being pleased with these larger words (which I always have trouble in pronouncing), I asked her whether there was any thing else. And she answered yes, but unhappily of a nature to which it was scarcely desirable to allude in my presence. I told her that this was not satisfactory, and I might say quite the opposite; that having "alluded" to whatever it might be, she was bound to tell me all about it. That I had lived in very many countries, in all of which wrong things continually went on, of which I continually heard just in that sort of way and no more. Enough to make one uncomfortable, but not enough to keep one instructed and vigilant as to things that ought to be avoided. Upon this she yielded either to my arguments or to her own dislike of unreasonable silence, and gave me the following account of the misfortunes of Lord Castlewood:

Herbert William Castlewood was the third son of Dean Castlewood, a younger brother of my grandfather, and was born in the year 1806. He was older, therefore, than my father, but still (even before my father's birth, which provided a direct heir) there were many lives betwixt him and the family estates. And his father, having as yet no

promotion in the Church, found it hard to bring up his children. The eldest son got a commission in the army, and the second entered the navy, while Herbert was placed in a bank at Bristol—not at all the sort of life which he would have chosen. But being of a gentle, unselfish nature, as well as a weak constitution, he put up with his state in life, and did his best to give satisfaction.

This calm courage generally has its reward, and in the year 1842, not very long before the death of my grandfather at Shoxford, Mr. Herbert Castlewood, being well-connected, well-behaved, diligent, and pleasing, obtained a partnership in the firm, which was, perhaps, the foremost in the west of England. His two elder brothers happened then to be at home, Major and Commander Castlewood, each of whom had seen very hard service, and found it still harder slavery to make both ends meet, although bachelors. But, returning full of glory, they found one thing harder still, and that was to extract any cash from their father, the highly venerated Dean, who in that respect, if in no other, very closely resembled the head of the family. Therefore these brave men resolved to go and see their Bristol brother, to whom they were tenderly attached, and who now must have money enough and to spare. So they wrote to their brother to meet them on the platform, scarcely believing that they could be there in so short a time from London; for they never had travelled by rail before; and they set forth in wonderful spirits, and laughed at the strange, giddy rush of the travelling, and made bets with each other about punctual time (for trains kept much better time while new), and, as long as they could time it, they kept time to a second. But, sad to relate, they wanted no chronometers when they arrived at Bristol, both being killed at a blow, with their watches still going, and a smile on their faces. For the train had run into a wall of Bath stone, and several of the passengers were killed.

The sight of his two brothers carried out like this, after so many years of not seeing them, was too much for Mr. Herbert Castlewood's nerves, which always had been delicate. And he shivered all the more from reproach of conscience, having made up his mind not to lend them any money, as a practical banker was compelled to do. And from that very moment he began to feel great pain.

Mrs. Price assured me that the doctors all agreed that nothing but change of climate could restore Mr. Castlewood's tone and system, and being full of art (though so simple, as she said, which she could not entirely reconcile), he set off for Italy, and there he stopped, with the good leave of his partners, being now valued highly as heir to the Dean, who was known to have put a good trifle to-

gether. And in Italy my father must have found him, as related by Mr. Shovelin, and there received kindness and comfort in his trouble, if trouble so deep could be comforted.

Now I wondered and eagerly yearned to know whether my father, at such a time, and in such a state of loneliness, might not have been led to impart to his cousin and host and protector the dark mystery which lay at the bottom of his own conduct. Knowing how resolute and stern he was, and doubtless then embittered by the wreck of love and life, I thought it more probable that he had kept silence even toward so near a relative, especially as he had seen very little of his cousin Herbert till he had found him thus. Moreover, my grandfather and the Dean had spent little brotherly love on each other, having had a life-long feud about a copy-hold furze brake of nearly three-quarters of an acre, as Betsy remembered to have heard her master say.

To go on, however, with what Mrs. Price was saying. She knew scarcely any thing about my father, because she was too young at that time to be called into the counsels of the servants' hall, for she scarcely was thirty-five yet, as she declared, and she certainly did not look forty. But all about the present Lord Castlewood she knew better than any body else, perhaps, because she had been in the service of his wife, and, indeed, her chief attendant. Then, having spoken of her master's wife, Mrs. Price caught herself up, and thenceforth called her only his "lady."

Mr. Herbert Castlewood, who had minded his business for so many years, and kept himself aloof from ladies, spending all his leisure in good literature, at this time of life and in this state of health (for the shock he had received struck inward), fell into an accident tenfold worse—the fatal accident of love. And this malady raged the more powerfully with him on account of breaking out so late in life. In one of the picture-galleries at Florence, or some such place, Mrs. Price declared, he met with a lady who made all the pictures look cold and dull and dead to him. A lovely young creature she must have been (as even Mrs. Price, who detested her, acknowledged), and to the eyes of a learned but not keen man as good as lovely. My father was gone to look after me, and fetch me out of England, but even if he had been there, perhaps he scarcely could have stopped it; for this Mr. Castlewood, although so quiet, had the family fault of tenacity.

Mrs. Price, being a very steady person, with a limited income, and enough to do, was inclined to look down upon the state of mind in which Mr. Castlewood became involved. She was not there at the moment, of course, but suddenly sent for when all was settled; nevertheless, she found out aft-

erward how it began from her master's man, through what he had for dinner. And in the kitchen-garden at Castlewood no rampion would she allow while she lived. I asked her whether she had no pity, no sympathy, no fine feeling, and how she could have become Mrs. Price if she never had known such sentiments. But she said that they only called her "Mistress" on account of her authority, and she never had been drawn to the opposite sex, though many times asked in marriage. And what she had seen of matrimony led her far away from it. I was sorry to hear her say this, and felt damped, till I thought that the world was not all alike.

Then she told me, just as if it were no more than a bargain for a pound of tallow candles, how Mr. Herbert Castlewood, patient and persistent, was kept off and on for at least two years by the mother of his sweet idol. How the old lady held a balance in her mind as to the likelihood of his succession, trying, through English friends, to find the value and the course of property. Of what nation she was, Mrs. Price could not say, and only knew that it must be a bad one. She called herself the Countess of Ixorism, as truly pronounced in English; and she really was of good family too, so far as any foreigner can be. And her daughter's name was Flittamore, not according to the right spelling, perhaps, but pronounced with the proper accent.

Flittamore herself did not seem to care, according to what Mrs. Price had been told, but left herself wholly in her mother's hands, being sure of her beauty still growing upon her, and desiring to have it admired and praised. And the number of foreigners she always had about her sometimes made her real lover nearly give her up. But, alas! he was not quite wise enough for this, with all that he had read and learned and seen. Therefore, when it was reported from Spain that my father had been killed by bandits—the truth being that he was then in Greece—the Countess at last consented to the marriage of her daughter with Herbert Castlewood, and even seemed to press it forward for some reasons of her own. And the happy couple set forth upon their travels, and Mrs. Price was sent abroad to wait upon the lady.

For a few months they seemed to get on very well, Flittamore showing much affection for her husband, whose age was a trifle more than her own doubled, while he was entirely wrapped up in her, and labored that the graces of her mind might be worthy to compare with those more visible. But her spiritual face and most sweet poetic eyes were vivid with bodily brilliance alone. She had neither mind enough to learn, nor heart enough to pretend to learn.

It is out of my power to describe such things, even if it were my duty to do so, which, happily, it has never been; moreover, Mrs. Price, in what she told me, exercised a just and strict reserve. Enough that Mr. Castlewood's wedded life was done with in six months and three days. Lady Castlewood, as she would be called, though my father still was living and his cousin disclaimed the title—away she ran from some dull German place, after a very stiff lesson in poetry, and with her ran off a young Englishman, the present Sir Montague Hockin. He was Mr. Hockin then, and had not a half-penny of his own; but Flittamore met that difficulty by robbing her husband to his last farthing.

This had happened about twelve years back, soon after I was placed at the school in Languedoc, to which I was taken so early in life that I almost forget all about it. But it might have been better for poor Flittamore if she had been brought up at a steady place like that, with sisters and ladies of retreat, to teach her the proper description of her duties to mankind. I seemed now in my own mind to condemn her quite enough, feeling how superior her husband must have been; but Mrs. Price went even further, and became quite indignant that any one should pity her.

"A hussy! a hussy! a poppet of a hussy!" she exclaimed, with greater power than her quiet face could indicate; "never would I look at her. Speak never so, Miss Castlewood. My lord is the very best of all men, and she has made him what he is. The pity she deserves is to be trodden under foot, as I saw them do in Naples."

After all the passion I had seen among rough people, I scarcely could help trembling at the depth of wrath dissembled and firmly controlled in calm clear eyes under very steadfast eyebrows. It was plain that Lord Castlewood had, at any rate, the gift of being loved by his dependents.

"I hope that he took it aright!" I cried, catching some of her indignation; "I hope that he cast her to the winds, without even a sigh for such a cruel creature!"

"He was not strong enough," she answered, sadly; "his bodily health was not equal to it. From childhood he had been partly crippled and spoiled in his nerves by an accident. And the shock of that sight at Bristol flew to his weakness, and was too much for him. And now this third and worst disaster, coming upon him where his best hope lay, and at such a time of life, took him altogether off his legs. And off his head too, I might almost say, miss; for, instead of blaming her, he put the fault entirely upon himself. At his time of life, and in such poor health, he should not have married a bright young girl: how could he ever

hope to make her happy? That was how he looked at it, when he should have sent constables after her."

"And what became of her—the mindless animal, to forsake so good and great a man? I do hope she was punished, and that vile man too."

"She was, Miss Castlewood; but he was not; at least he has not received justice yet. But he will, he will, he will, miss. The treacherous thief! And my lord received him as a young fellow-countryman under a cloud, and lent him money, and saved him from starving; for he had broken with his father and was running from his creditors."

"Tell me no more," I said; "not another word. It is my fate to meet that—well, that gentleman—almost every day. And he, and he—oh, how thankful I am to have found out all this about him!"

The above will show why, when I met my father's cousin on the following morning—with his grand, calm face, as benevolent as if he had passed a night of luxurious rest instead of sleepless agony—I knew myself to be of a lower order in mind and soul and heart than his; a small, narrow, passionate girl, in the presence of a large, broad-sighted, and compassionate man.

I threw myself altogether on his will; for, when I trust, I trust wholly. And, under his advice, I did not return with any rash haste to Bruntsea, but wrote in discharge of all duty there; while Mrs. Price, a clear and steadfast woman, was sent to London to see Wilhelmina Strouss. These two must have had very great talks together, and, both being zealous and faithful, they came to many misunderstandings. However, on the whole, they became very honest friends, and sworn allies at last, discovering more, the more they talked, people against whom they felt a common and just enmity.

LA FESTA DELLO STATUTO.

THE sunset heavens are all aglow,
Trumpets are blown and roses blow,
And gales of fragrance and melody flow
Round aloes and palms of the Pincian,
Where a brilliant Corso seems to grow
In endless procession, rolling slow
Through the populous garden, to and fro,
Over against the Vatican,
Whose vast white silence thunders No,
And smites, a self-imprisoned woe,
In the face of the Romans' holiday show.

Beyond, on the ridge Janiculan,
Umbrella pines in funereal row
Frown darkly, and infinite shadows throw
On the level light. Like a halo of snow,
In tinge the mid-ribbon of a rainbow,
Above yon dome metropolitan

A cloud-ring floats; in the nave below
A worshiper, licking the floor, doth go
On his knees to kiss bronze Peter's toe—
Religion groveling in dust, as though
An Ariel sunk to a Caliban!

Ere evening glides into the gloam,
Through the Villa Medici's sombre bloom
To the crest of the Mountain of Gardens clomb,
Lo! the whole circuit Aurelian!

How martyrs' dust from the catacomb
Blossoms in many a swelling dome,
More richly gilt by the sunset's chrome—
High altar, perchance, an Apostle's tomb,
The outside steps a beggar's home—

Far as the desolate Cœlian,
And the statues tossed in air like foam
From the roof of the lordly Lateran!

The gods are dethroned in the Pantheon;
But ruinous walls, like the crumbling loom
Of a once world-shaking thunder-boom,
Crop, here and there, out of Cæsar's Rome,
And the grandeur that was Republican.

From Flaminian gate to the Aventine,
From the Borgo to the Quirinal,
In Campus Martius, on Esquiline,
And the Trastevere—bell and shrine—

Towers the Rome Pontifical;
With the Bambino, a doll benign,
Miraculous cure in its jewel shine,
On the seat of Jove Capitoline.

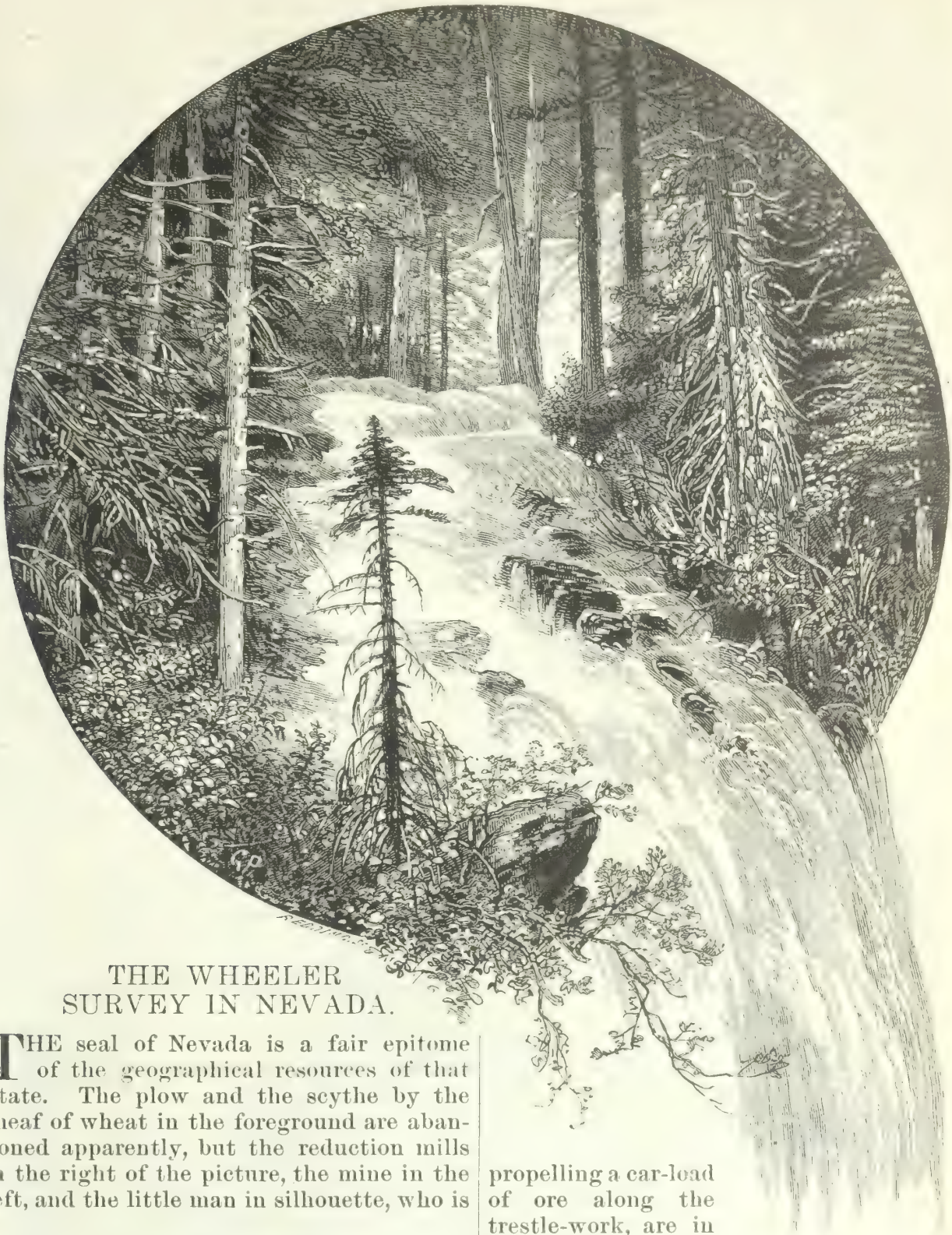
But Rome still rules Imperial
In the region of the Palatine.
But a boulevard lords it, lofty and fine
In insolence of youth, on the Viminal.

Musing, I watch the sun decline,
Revealing a golden thread of brine
Beyond the Campagna's sea-like line,
Till in that Hesperian burial
The day with its thoughts has gone to join
The ages dead and the ghosts divine

Of the men of the Forum and Capitol.
But, land of brotherly palm and pine!
Land of the olive and the vine!
Land of Latin and Sabine!

A future of glowing hope is thine;
For a Star in the East ethereal,
The Star of Liberty, thine and mine,
Pours light in a joyous flood, like wine,
To the weary watchers for a sign—
New-risen o'er snowy Apennine
On the Rome of Victor Emanuel.

'Tis night, but the city is noisy and gay
With crowds on crowds that mingle and flow—
An under-sweep of majestic sway
From the past, heard near and far away,
The voices of yore and of yesterday—
To the Tiber; and, lo! the girondola,
In fiery fantasies of display,
On the Castle of Saint Angelo!



THE WHEELER SURVEY IN NEVADA.

THE seal of Nevada is a fair epitome of the geographical resources of that State. The plow and the scythe by the sheaf of wheat in the foreground are abandoned apparently, but the reduction mills in the right of the picture, the mine in the left, and the little man in silhouette, who is

propelling a car-load of ore along the trestle-work, are in full operation. The mountains in the rear, behind which the sun is taking himself in splendid flashes, are sharply serrated, and, what is most characteristic, no silvery reach of river, nor mirror of lake, nor oasis of verdure, is to be seen. There are rivers and lakes in the State, to be sure, but they seem to be tentative on nature's part, and not one of them finds an outlet to sea, nor contributes a drop to any other stream hurrying to that great reservoir. The soil puts desolation in a stronger light. It dries up all the water it receives; two large rivers disappear in it, and still it is fallow, irresponsive, and discouraging.

THE CASCADE NEAR EMERALD
BAY.

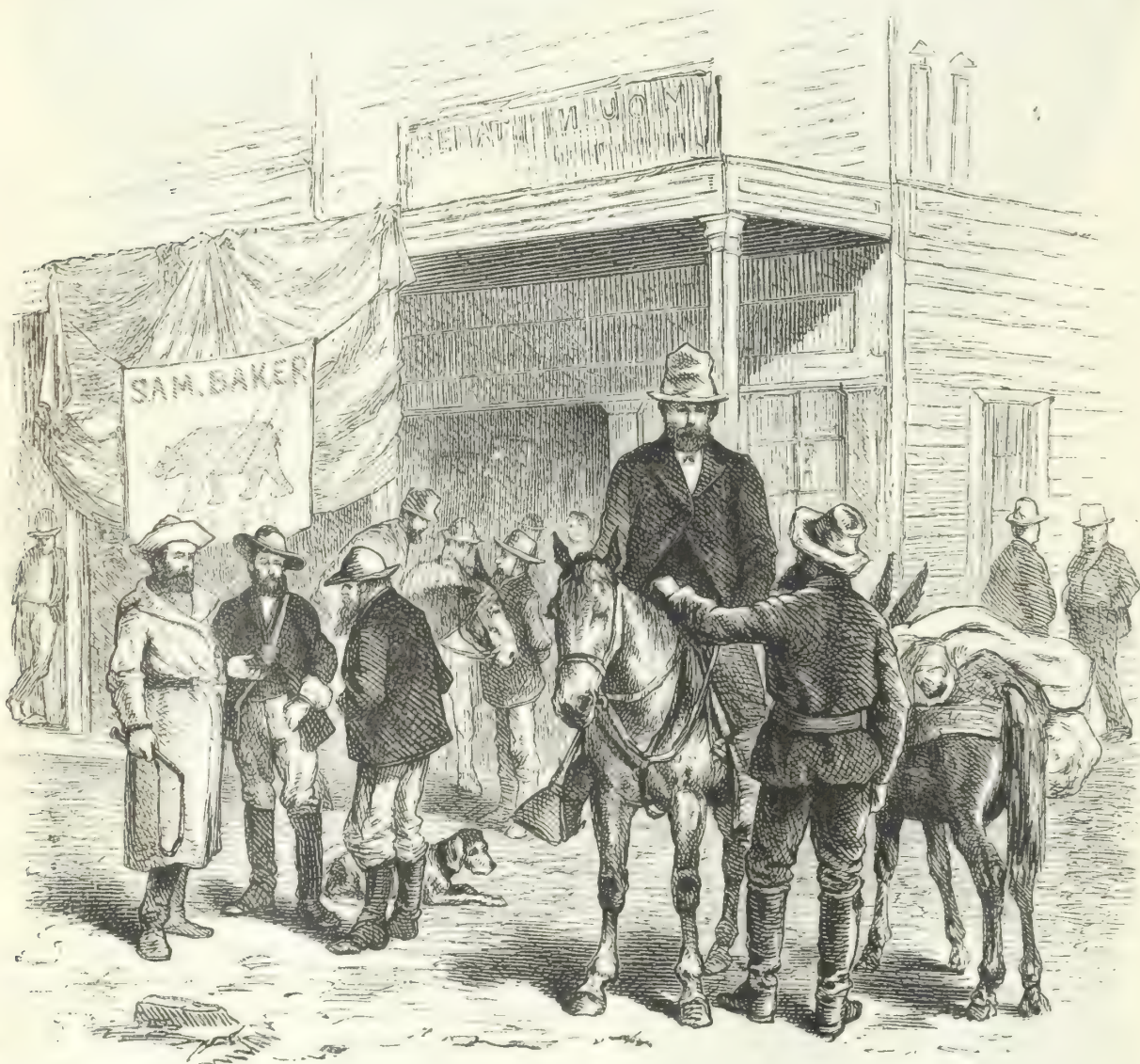


The overland train from the East leaves Ogden at sunset, when the cordon of mountains is flushed with the waning palpitations of fiery light, when all the farms of the Salt Lake Valley are looking their best, and when the orchards, corn fields, and pastures are sweet with content. The Mormons may have a very gloomy side to their history, but their severest critic must allow that their industrial progress has been wonderful, that they have done more with less at their command than most other colonists in the West, and that their Territory superficially is nothing but a credit to them.

On the next morning we have crossed the boundary of Utah, and are in Nevada, and leaves, grass, and the pungent scent of alluvial earth are unsubstantial memories to us. There is space and no atmosphere, soil and no verdure, mountains and no inspiration; the sky has no fleck in its glassy blue; the crusted land crumbles to dust under the

life and beneficent mother, and this is fruitless, oppressive, and wholly unattractive. But it is of just such a soil, environed by just such mountains, that the greater part of Nevada is formed; and the inhabitants, with a frankness of nomenclature that is none too common among far Western people, recognize the sterility of their country, and call it "the Desert State."

The most wearisome day of the seven which the overland journey takes is spent in traversing the breadth of the State; and except at Humboldt, a little station midway in the desert, where irrigation has forced a patch of green, the pines of the Sierras are the first signs of fertility met with. Even the eastern slopes of the Sierras, of which the pines are as much a part in the popular idea as the spray is a part of the sea, are wofully barren, and for thirty miles south of the Central Pacific Railway the salient features of the country are maroon-colored



A STREET CORNER IN CARSON.

feet, and nourishes no heartier growth than the sickly artemisia; the mountains are hot and bare. What blight, or drought, or unfinished process of nature has left such a blot as this on the earth? It hardly seems to be the earth at all, for the earth is a pro-

mountains, with weird abutments of detritus, yellow plains, and occasional erosions of rock, which divert us by the mad fancifulness of their design.

Carson, the capital of the State, is called after the celebrated path-finder, who first

crossed the Sierras in 1833, and again in 1846 with the pertinacious General J. C. Fremont. It is a busy little city of about four thousand inhabitants, with several large brick and stone buildings, including the Capitol and the United States Mint; the streets are bordered with willows and aspens, and the houses are pretty and home-like. In fact, Carson individualizes itself among the smaller cities of the Pacific coast in the impressions of a stranger by its many home-like qualities. It bends now and then into a suspicious "corner," but the evil-appearing saloon is an almost unavoidable adjunct of all new Western settlements. A frequent trade-mark of the merchants is the big grizzly of the Pioneer Society, and the claims of various advertisers are emphasized by the fact that they are pioneers.

No insignia of star, cross, or garter that royalty can confer upon its favorites is more potent abroad, by-the-way, than the badge and patent of the Pioneer Society are in Nevada and in California. To have shared the vicissitudes of the early adventurers, who, by wagon train across the plains and emigrant ship around Cape Horn, came to the country at the beck of the first gold excitement, to be able to pin upon one's breast the little silver "grizzly" with which the society distinguishes its members, is a privilege that elevates its possessors to a peerage, and secures exemption for them from the tests that measure the conduct of other men. An appalling number of thriftless ne'er-do-wells, chronically threadbare and blandly impudent, claim consideration on no ground but that self-interest brought them to Nevada fifteen or twenty years before the mass of the population had arrived; and though the people are guarded enough against imposition in most instances, to say of any plausible old humbug, "He is a pioneer," is a plea for charity, if charity is needed, and sufficient condonement for a multitude of sins in the opinion of later and altogether worthier settlers. Do not misunderstand us as belittling the Pioneer Society. Mr. Sam Baker, of Carson, has a book containing the names of members and their adventures, from which many incidents of courage, perseverance, muscle, and brain might be extracted. It is undeniable that the Pacific coast owes much to some of its Argonauts, but the loudest claimants for the honor are an undeserving lot, whose coming must have been a misfortune at any time.

The outfitting camp of the geographical surveys west of the one-hundredth meridian, in charge of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, was located in Carson last year, and thence four parties entered the field, one to measure and develop a base-line near Sutro, another to triangulate the desert as far eastward as Austin, and the others to occupy important peaks in the Sierra Nevada. The writer

was detailed for service with one of the latter, and proposes to embody his experiences in this article.

The methods of Lieutenant Wheeler's work are in themselves worthy of attention, and of course they are very different from those of the ordinary land surveyor; for, while the latter has an inch to delineate, the former, who is not local but geographical, has a hundred square yards. The level, chain, and tally pins are left at home, and the basis of the work is the transit, or theodolite, with a compass attachment; instead of the level, the cistern barometer is used in ascertaining elevations, and instead of the chain or stadia, the odometer wheel is the means of mensuration.

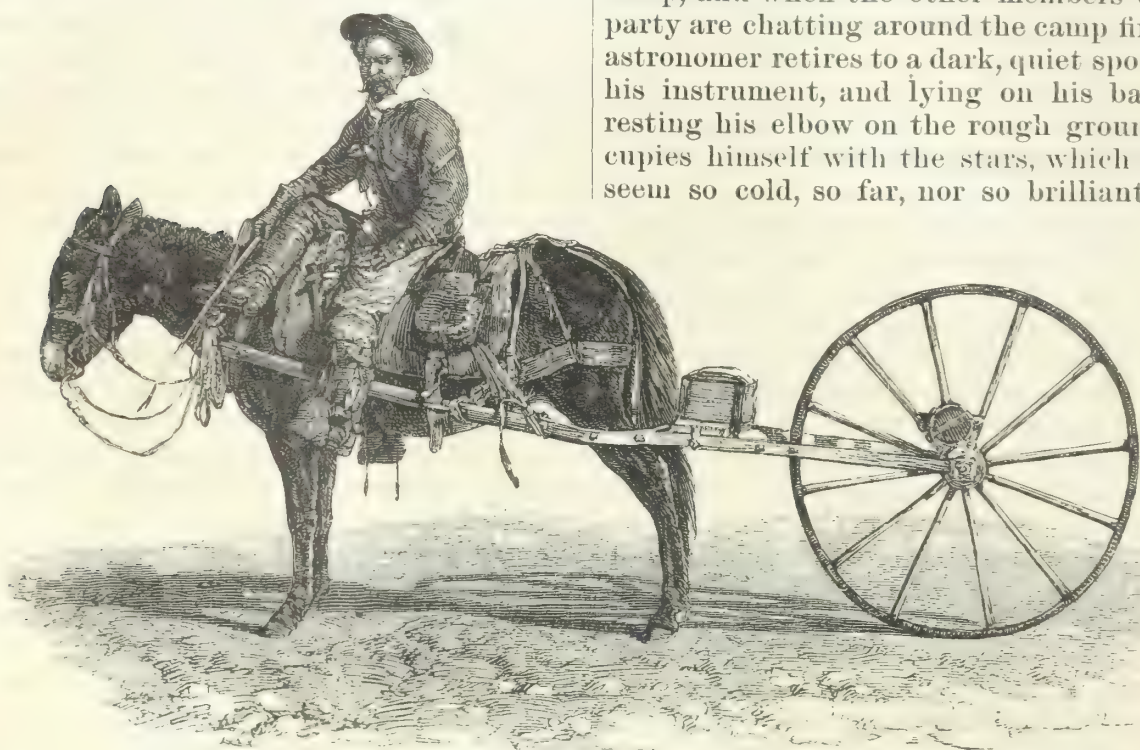
The odometer proper is a dial attached to the wheel, the revolutions of which it records, and as a certain number of revolutions make a mile—exactly how many is found by running the wheel over a chain-measured mile—a little sum in division is all that is necessary to show the distance travelled from day to day.

A picture of an odometer accompanies this article, but the drawing gives no idea of the strange feats of which the machine is capable. To see the odometer on a steep mountain trail is better fun than a circus; as it wobbles along a good road, it excites the curiosity and conjectures of the natives, to whom the one wheel without a body is the acme of ludicrous uselessness; but on a precipitous path, strewn with enormous boulders and netted with chaparral, it shows the infinite possibilities of its motions. At one moment it bounds from the ground and saws the air; then it swings over the rider's head, and assumes the appearance of a patent hair-brushing machine of unusual proportions; and in extreme instances it reverses its normal motions entirely, and is propelled by the mule instead of dragging at that capricious creature's pendulatory tail.

The theodolite, the odometer, and the barometer are the three instruments indispensable to the work of a field party, and to carry and operate them three men are employed—a topographer, an odometer recorder, and a meteorologist. Observations in geology, mineralogy, zoology, and ethnology are secondary to these, but they are necessary to complete the diagnosis of the country to be delineated, and a specialist in at least one of the branches is attached to each field party. The organization of the party with which the writer travelled last season is representative. It consisted of Lieutenant M. M. Macomb, executive officer and astronomer; Frank Carpenter, topographer, to whom I am indebted for the material of some of these notes; H. W. Henshaw, zoologist; Alfred Du Bois, meteorologist; a geological assistant, an odometer recorder, two packers, and a cook. When the terri-

tory to be traversed is occupied by hostile Indians, an escort of soldiers may be added; and in a country where the settlements are few, and the points at which the supplies can be renewed are far between, the customary allowance of a pack mule and a riding mule to each member may be increased. In New Mexico, for example, it was often necessary

is near a town connected by telegraph with a national observatory, and a series of exchanges with that observatory, in addition to an independent series for latitude, extending through two weeks, is enough to determine the geographical co-ordinates of the point of departure. The observations for latitude are continued at nearly every camp, and when the other members of the party are chatting around the camp fire, the astronomer retires to a dark, quiet spot with his instrument, and lying on his back, or resting his elbow on the rough ground, occupies himself with the stars, which never seem so cold, so far, nor so brilliant else-



THE ODOMETER CARRIAGE.

to carry thirty days' rations, while in California fresh supplies might have been obtained daily; and differences of this kind materially alter the equipment. The complete outfit—rations, bedding, clothing, and instruments—is packed upon mules, and the camp may thus be taken much nearer to the peak which is to be ascended or to the cañon which is to be meandered than a wagon could possibly go. The number of parties depends upon the amount of money granted by Congress. In 1876 six parties were put into the field by Lieutenant Wheeler on an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, a considerable part of which sum was devoted to office expenses, which include the salaries of draughtsmen and clerks, and the cost of publications.

The survey has a trigonometrical basis, and its initial point in the area to be surveyed is in the centre of a broad valley, or an intermontane plateau, whose level expanse offers fair ground for the measurement and development of the base-line, which becomes a metrical standard for finding the length of all the triangles extended. With the base-line as a starting-point, four classes of stations are occupied, of which in importance the astronomical is first, the primary triangulation station second, the topographical station third, and the route or meander station fourth. Usually the outfitting camp

where as they do from a peak in the Rocky Mountains or in the Sierra Nevada. He is assisted by an observer for time, who, with an open watch and a lantern before him, records the hour, minutes, and seconds in response to the word "tick," which the astronomer utters at each observation. These two men, isolated and scarcely revealed by the flash of the fire and the yellow gleam of their own lanterns, make a picture, and when the night is frosty, the picture is one of misery.

The triangulation station is established on a mountain, which may be in the belt of perpetual snow, and its occupation lasts during one or two days, according to the condition of the weather. One night is spent on the crest to determine the azimuth of a radiating line, and the topographer makes a contour sketch of the area at his feet. These things completed, the direction of the projecting spurs is discovered, and single readings are taken with the theodolite to subordinate geographical features. In the office a contour sketch is accepted as evidence of the country as it really is, and the profile drawing, which is also made by the topographer, is taken as a representation of what the country appears to be. The angles which lie between the visible points of the triangulation scheme are read and repeated singly and in combinations, the

time chosen usually being in the evening, or in the early morning when the sun is behind the hills, and the rim of the earth is seen in silhouette against the rosy background of the sky.

The topographical station is occupied to secure local topography, and from it angles are read to three or more known points.

some instances—as in productive mining districts—one mile of ground is allotted two inches of space on the map.

Similar surveys exist in nearly all European countries. In Great Britain the counterpart is the Ordnance Survey, which employs nineteen officers and three hundred and sixty-four men of the Royal Engineers.



WHEELER'S EXPLORING PARTY IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NEVADA.

Then by lines of sight, which are intersected by other lines of sight from other topographical stations, the most prominent features within a radius of twenty or thirty miles are located. The meander stations are used in tracing the roads, trails, water-courses, and cañons, determining the distances between springs, villages, and pastures, and obtaining such other information as may help future travellers.

This is a mere outline of the methods used by Lieutenant Wheeler in constructing a map; a fuller and more technical treatise would show how the triangles interlock and form a mesh which grasps all the topographical features of the country, allowing neither river, trail, nor spring to pass unnoticed.

An arbitrary scale of one inch to the mile was at first suggested for the resultant maps. But experience has shown that while one inch of space is enough to represent level and vacant plains, in other regions four inches are not too many; and in

one thousand civil assistants, and four hundred and forty-eight laborers. The scale of the maps is six inches to the mile, and over twenty million dollars in gold have been expended on the work. Austria expends annually about four hundred and ninety thousand dollars for surveys, which employ one thousand two hundred and fifty-eight persons, including two hundred and eighty-three army officers. In Russia a military topographical corps have charge of the surveys, employing six generals, thirty-three majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels; one hundred and fifty cornets, lieutenants, and captains; four hundred topographers, and forty-two apprentices. In Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, and Prussia, also, the surveys are directed by military officers; and in the Franco-Prussian war, General Von Moltke made a point of arming each of his field-officers with a copy of the most accurate map obtainable of the country to be occupied, thus, doubtless, avoiding many mistakes and disasters.

While the eastern incline of the Sierras and the vast plains sweeping from it are destitute of nearly every interesting geographical feature, the western slope, reaching down from above the Nevada boundary line into the lap of California, is among the most beautiful places in all the West. The route of our first day's march lay through one of the ravines in the mountains behind Carson, and over a zigzag road to the summit of the divide. The edge of the road was the edge of a precipice, which descended into the valley and swept upward into shelving cliffs. The sturdy pines shot out of the slope as straight and inflexible as rods of iron, and sickened the air with the pungency of their balsam; springs without number burst out of the rocks and clattered down in veins of white and silver; thickets of oaks and willows contrasted their paler emerald with the dark shade of the evergreens, and in greater contrast still was a bright golden-green moss, which grew in belts and streaks on the ruddy brown bark of the pines.

At noon we reached the summit of the divide; and there before us, shining as though it had drained the snowy mountains and the dusky foot-hills encircling it of all the silver their veins contained, was the broad surface of Lake Tahoe, the triangulation of which was to occupy us for the next two months. The maroon-colored desert was now behind us, and before us was a region surpassing in many elements the

pleasant fancy that he has seen Tahoe. But we, who were encamped upon the shore during the mellow closing of a summer, the hazy, subtle days of an autumn, and the beginning of a white winter, know that not in one day, nor in a week, nor in a season, can all the beauties of this crystalline expanse be explored. Snow brings one aspect with it when it spreads a veil of lace over the massive peaks; snow and mist together spiritualize the highest and heaviest ridges, and make them seem as mere shadows in the clouds; the ardent warmth of an evening works its own transformations; and even a wet day has a charm, and lends an expressiveness of its own to the landscape. But when it has been seen under all these conditions, Tahoe has endless other attractions to reveal. It is fickle in its moods, but constant in its loveliness, and the nearer it is approached, the lovelier it is.

It was from one of the surrounding mountains that the lake was discovered; and according to a popular legend, the Washoe Indians, who were the discoverers, exclaimed on seeing it, "Tahoe!" which is their word for ocean or "big water." For some time it was called Lake Bigler, after a California politician, and when he had disgraced himself, the name was changed to the sweeter Indian word by which it is now known. It is about twenty-two miles long and ten miles wide, and it has been sounded to a depth of 1600 feet. The water is marvelously clear and cold, and, where the slant



LAKE TAHOE.

famous Rocky Mountains. A rapid descent through a verdurous cañon, whose walls were speared with a close array of stalwart pines, led us to the banks of the lake, and our first camp was made at Glenbrook, an orderly little settlement, where most of the saw-milling is done.

A small steamboat circumnavigates the lake from Glenbrook, and the tourist who makes the trip deludes himself with the

of the shore is acute, the great yellow boulders lying at the bottom are plainly visible in a depth of forty or fifty feet. Its color is not the living ultramarine of the sea, but an absolute turquoise, a pale opaque blue, changing in the shallows to a bright olive.

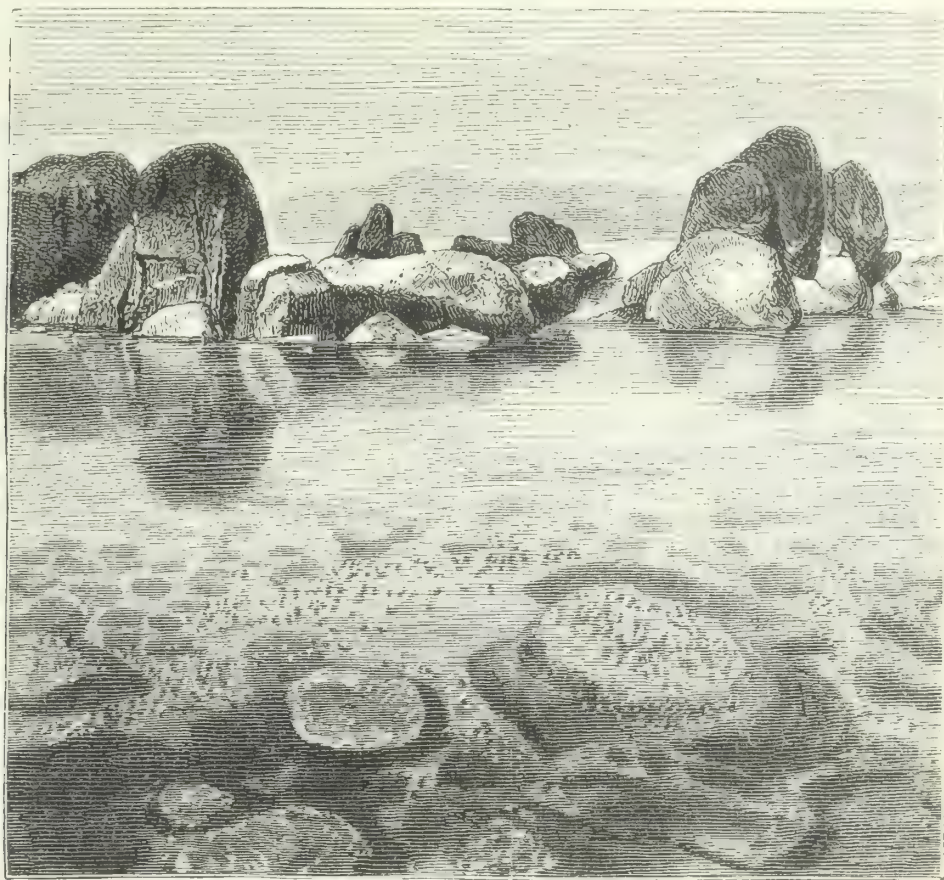
It is a paradise for trout, which attain an uncommon size without losing any of their supreme delicacy of flavor. Our naturalist was eager for a twenty-eight pound speci-

men, such as we had heard of, but an eight-pounder was the best he ever caught. At Lake Valley, the southern end of Tahoe, the country is marshy, and we obtained from it teal, mallard, and canvas-back duck, wild turkeys, geese, and bittern, the latter being by no means bad eating. The hills afforded us grouse and quail, and we were told that deer had been abundant earlier in the season.

Tahoe is the largest of a dozen or more

land is half swamp and half chaparral, except near the borders of the lakes, where it is densely wooded. The little steamboat that makes the round of Lake Tahoe calls daily at Tallac Landing in the summer, and a carriage road leads thence to Gillmore's Soda Springs, which are at the foot of the peak.

About eight miles from Tallac Landing, in the western or California shore of the



THE PEBBLY BEACH AND ROCKS AT ZEPHYR COVE, LAKE TAHOE.

lakes which cluster within a radius of twenty miles, at a height of from five to seven thousand feet above the level of the Pacific, those nearest to it being Echo, Marlette, Fallen Leaf, and Cascade. Marlette, or Silver Lake, is the source of the water supply of Virginia City, and is about a mile in circumference. A strip of marsh reaches across the northwestern end, and the ripples break in on a fringe of spongy turf.

Fallen Leaf is the most beautiful of all the smaller lakes, and is separated from Tahoe by a belt of land not more than three miles wide. It is at the foot of Tallac Peak, which emphasizes itself among others in the chain by a cross of perpetual snow and by the boldness of its profile. The peak is basaltic, and its predominant color is a rich sage green; but besides the sage green and the various greens of the foliage, the lichens have given it purples, yellows, and crimsons in profusion.

The mountain descends abruptly from its cap of perpetual snow to the lake, which is about seven miles in circumference, and 120 feet higher than Tahoe. The intervening

lake, a deep indenture, called Emerald Bay, occurs, which rivals Fallen Leaf Lake in its many beauties. The mountains descend sharply into its deep water; the vegetation is abundant; and from an immense cliff nearly a thousand feet above the level a cascade pours itself in white wrath. The source of the cascade is in another lake behind the mountains and in a basin fed by the melting of eternal snows and wooded by the stoic pines.

We remained in the neighborhood of Tahoe until winter drove us out, and then we returned to the silver-bearing region of the eastern slope, which is more characteristic of Nevada than the valleys of the Sierras.

The discovery of gold in Nevada, then Western Utah, and subsequently Washoe, was made by some Mormon immigrants in 1850. They were on their way to California, and on reaching the Carson River found the crossing of the Sierras impracticable, owing to snows. During the winter that followed they obtained small quantities of gold from the gravel of neighboring streams, but not enough to induce them to remain,

and when spring set in they completed their journey. There are always plenty of men in California who are willing to rush hither and thither at the beck of any new mining excitement, and as soon as the Mormon discovery became known, a parcel of adventurers crossed the Sierras, and set up their sluice-boxes in the cañons around what is now Virginia. It was gold that they were after, and they neither suspected the existence of silver nor knew it when they saw it. The bluish stuff which was so abundant, and which was silver ore, interfered with their operations, and they cursed it from morning till night. As they worked nearer and nearer to the lode, a lighter metal took the place of gold, and mystified them more than ever.

Among them, however, were two brothers, named Groesch, who were exceptions to the general obfuscation. They were young men of intelligence and education, who, in addition to their mining tools, possessed some books on mineralogy and metallurgy and some apparatus for assaying. It was understood that they had made "a big strike," and it is probable that they were the real discoverers of the Comstock lode; but one of them died from a pickaxe wound in the foot, and the other was frozen to death in the mountains. Their secret, if they had one, died with them.

A Mexican also had some knowledge of a deep argentiferous deposit, and endeavored to impart the information to others, exclaiming, as he pointed toward Mount Davidson, "Mucho plata! mucho plata!" which the Americans very freely translated as meaning, "Lots of money; gold somewhere in the mountains."

When at last, in the early part of 1859, the surface croppings of the lode were found, it was by a stupid accident; they were worked for the gold that they contained, and the silver was thrown out as being worthless. The first locators were Peter O'Riley and Patrick M'Laughlin, who staked a claim on the present site of the Ophir Mine; but before they could secure it, Henry Comstock, a character familiar in the neighborhood as "Old Pancake," made his appearance, and demanded a share for the reason that he owned the water privileges. This was the bit of brass that won an interest in the silver for Comstock, and by other effrontery of a similar kind he succeeded in attaching his name to the lode, which, as it became known, attracted thousands of miners to it, and has, since 1860, yielded more than one-tenth of all the silver produced throughout the world.

The genesis of the lode has been the subject of extensive geological disquisitions. Mount Davidson, the peak of the Sierra Nevada through which the vein runs, is an uplift of syenite 7827 feet above the level of the Pacific. Millions of years ago it proba-

bly stood out as an isolated cone in a prehistoric sea; then, as the waters subsided, it stood alone on the vast plains which had formed the bottom of the sea. Thousands of years later a volcanic eruption surrounded it with the multitude of other peaks formed of greenstone or propylite, which bristle about it like the spines of a cactus, and among which it looms pre-eminent; a second convulsion split the propylite country, and brought up a range of trachytic mountains. The trachyte was in a semi-fluid state, and so great was the pressure from beneath that the whole of the greenstone was uplifted, causing the formation of a fissure along the line of its contact with the syenite. This fissure, which was held open by the wedges of propylite that fell into it, was filled in the course of years, possibly by volatilization, with the gold and silver which now yield such magnificent profits on the investments of the Bonanza mines.

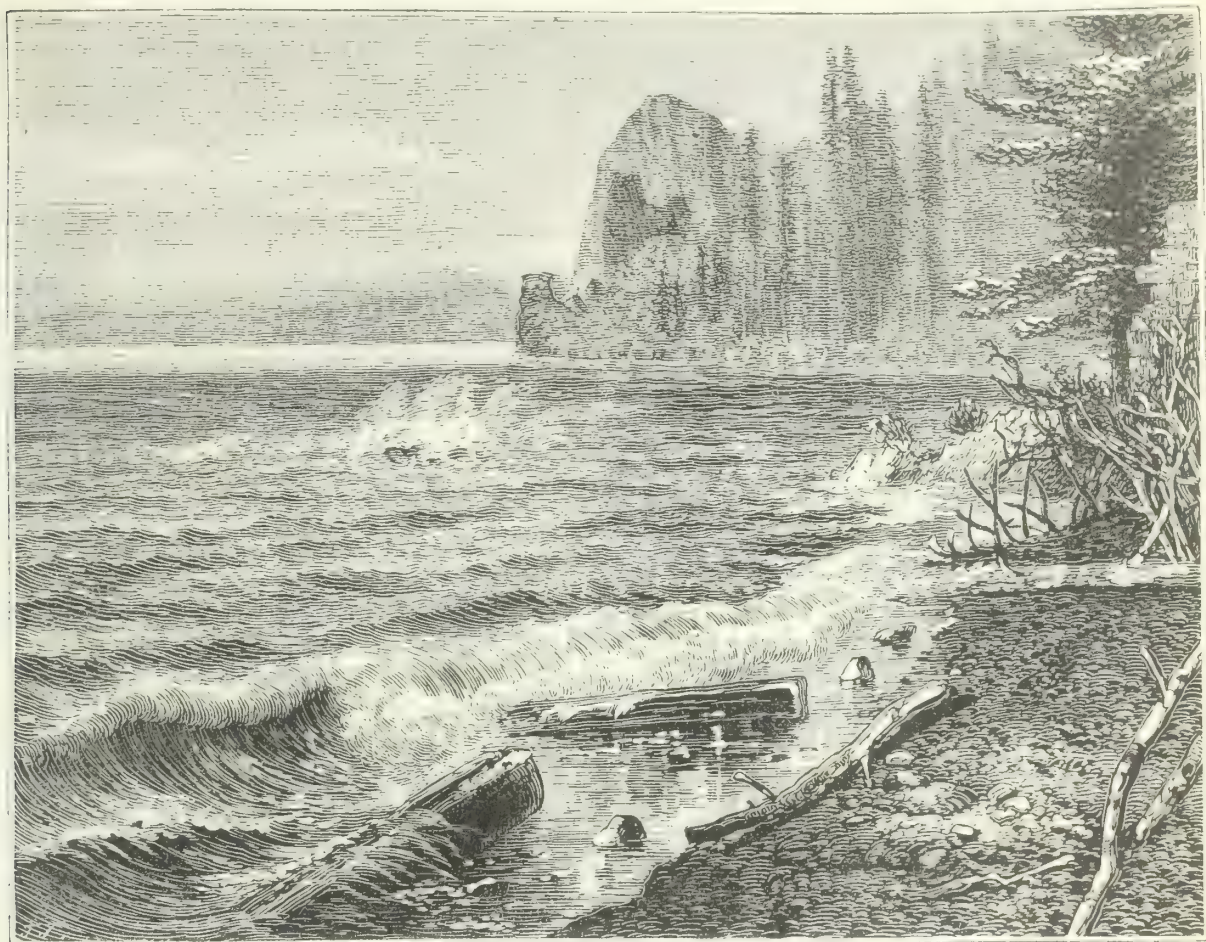
The mountains that hedge Mount Davidson in are packed together as I have seldom seen mountains packed elsewhere, and give evidence of volcanic action of an extent and of an intensity almost unparalleled. The basins are sterile and matted with the sickly-looking artemisia or sage-brush, and wherever a pine or a fir has once existed, a stump is all that remains to commemorate the fact. Four miles eastward the Carson River makes a trail of arborescent verdure through one of these desolate valleys, and that faint line of green is like a glimpse of paradise to us as we emerge from one of the rugged cañons which lie between the chaotic-looking peaks and streak them with blue furrows.

Following the discovery of O'Riley and M'Laughlin, a town named after "Old Virginia," one of the pioneers, appeared on the eastern slope of the mountain, a little above the surface outcroppings of the lode. The settlement began with a few tents and log-cabins. In 1860 it had developed an International Hotel and a newspaper office. The hotel contained a bar-room, a dining-room, and about a dozen sleeping-rooms, and the charges were at the rate of seven or eight dollars a day. The newspaper establishment consisted of a shed and one room; the shed was occupied as a cooking, dining, and sleeping place by editors, reporters, and compositors, and the room answered the purposes of an editorial, typographical, and advertising department combined. Laws were necessary to control the many lawless adventurers who flocked into the city, and a code was adopted: it was brief, practical, and unincumbered with legal verbiage. Any municipality which finds its own voluminous statutes inadequate might try it to advantage. There was no prison, and the two punishments prescribed for all offenses were hanging and banishment.

Virginia City now has a population of about twenty-five thousand, including one-half the whole number of voters in the State of Nevada. Few pictures of it give a correct idea of its position. In photographs it appears to be at the foot of the mountain, while it is in fact built across the mountain's face, and the peak that rises two thou-

and within six months the whole city had been rebuilt.

To guard against a recurrence of the disaster, a system of reservoirs and hydrants was established, and it would be easier now to flood the city than to burn it. The Virginians are proud of the quality and abundance of their water supply. The works



CAVE ROCK, LAKE TAHOE.

sand feet above it also extends two thousand feet below it. It is so environed and confined by mountains that the railway which connects it with the Central Pacific at Reno has curves enough to describe a circle of three hundred and sixty degrees seventeen times; the distance to Reno in a bee-line is sixteen miles, and the distance by the railway, which cost two million dollars, is fifty-two miles.

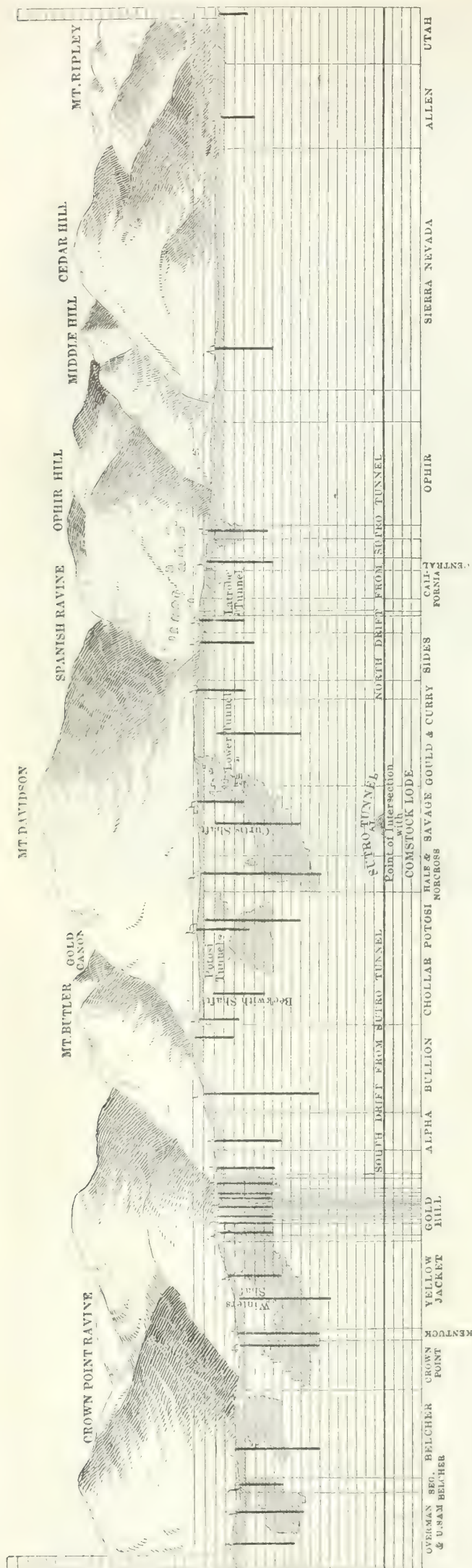
The pitch of the ground is such that what is the first story of a house in front becomes the second or third story in the rear, and looking eastward, northward, or southward, the eye meets an unvaried prospect of chain after chain of interlocked peaks.

The people are ultra-Californian in their nature and habits, excessively fond of display, lavishly hospitable, impetuous in business, and irrepressible in speculativeness. On October 26, 1875, a fire swept the city from end to end, and ten million dollars' worth of property, including all the mining works on the surface, went up in the flames. Within sixty days the most important mines had renewed their buildings and machinery,

cost over two million dollars, and the water is brought a distance of thirty-one and a half miles from Marlette's Lake, in the Sierras.

What is most surprising to the stranger is the proportions of the constant rushing crowd on C Street, the principal thoroughfare, and the cosmopolitan character of its elements. Piute and Washoe Indians in picturesque rags, Chinamen in blue and black blouses, brawny Cornishmen, vehement Mexicans, and many other people from far-apart countries mingle and surge along in the stream. There is nothing provincial or shabby. The stores are well stocked, and the show-windows glitter with the attractiveness of their wares. The men around you are men of the world, who have travelled, and in many instances made money.

The restaurants are not the least among the marvels of Virginia City. While every thing else is frightfully dear, and the storekeepers seem to consider all purchasers the happy possessors of a Fortunatus purse, food is uncommonly cheap, and an excellent dinner of four courses can be had for fifty cents,



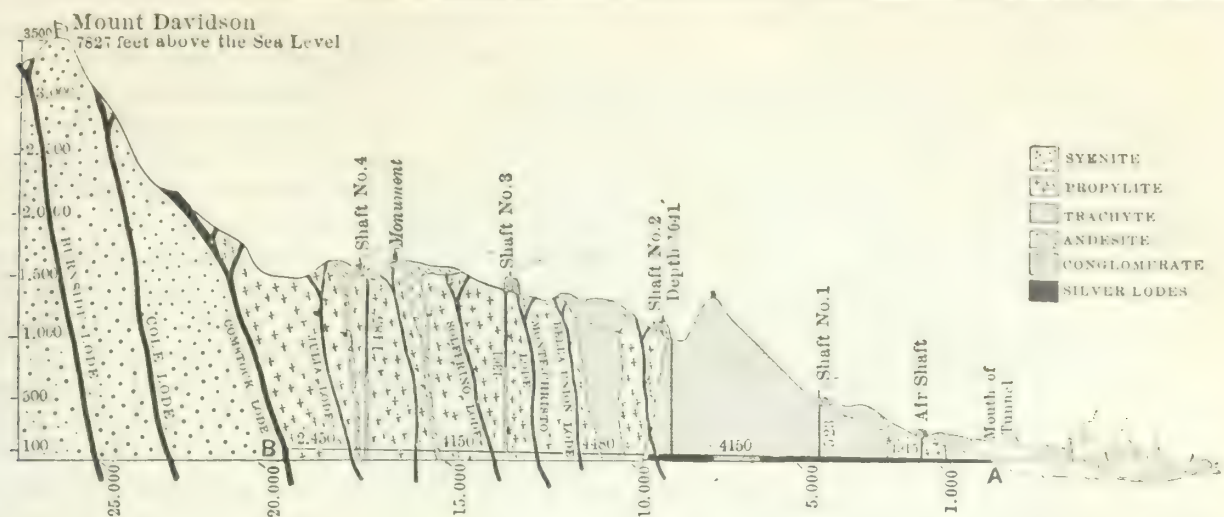
LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF COMSTOCK LODE AND THE PRINCIPAL MINES.

or a more elaborate dinner, with game, poultry, and half a bottle of fair wine, for a dollar. Every delicacy in season finds its way from San Francisco and New York, and two oceans contribute their produce to the marbled and mirrored lunch counters.

Another development of the luxurious character of the citizens is a club after the metropolitan pattern, with richly furnished billiard-rooms and reading-rooms, where the bachelor may smoke the pipe of celibacy in peace.

They are nearly all bachelors in Virginia; the atmosphere of the place is by no means favorable to wives and children; the feminine element is very *décolletée* in manners as well as in dress, and yet there are good and affectionate women in the town, especially among the miners' wives, and we see them to advantage in times of trouble, when some wounded creature is brought to the surface from below. There are few boarding-houses; the upper parts of the stores and other buildings are let out as lodgings, and the meals are supplied by the many excellent restaurants.

While night has fallen on the visible town, the invisible town under-ground is glimmering with a thousand lights, just as it has been glimmering through all the summer days that have shone and all the winter nights that have lowered ever since the Comstock lode was first penetrated by a shaft. There is no repose in that mysterious region; none of the endless changes and renewals of season that sweeten existence on the earth; no relapse of day into night, or night into day; no summer, no winter, and no Sunday. The farthest journey possible on the surface could not take the traveller to a country half so miraculous as that which lies less than a mile below the parallels of familiar stores on C Street; it is as with a physiognomist, who, travelling in the interior of Africa, and scanning the strangest human faces among the natives, would not see any thing half so strange as the heart of his nearest neighbor, had he the power to probe the little depth of flesh that seals it and its innermost secrets. Nearly one-fourth of the whole population is hidden in the mines, and when we see how overcrowded the superficial area is, and realize how many more streets and people are out of sight, how the crest of the mountain is the roof of a seventeen-story building which is constantly sinking deeper into the earth, we are prepared to agree with the



PROFILE OF SUTRO TUNNEL.

proud citizen who assures us that Virginia is a "pretty considerable place."

It is estimated that two hundred and twenty million dollars in bullion have been extracted from the Comstock mines during the past sixteen years; in 1874 the yield was nearly twenty-two millions; in 1875 it was over twenty-two millions; and in 1876 the total yield of the State was over forty millions, a large proportion of which came from Virginia City.

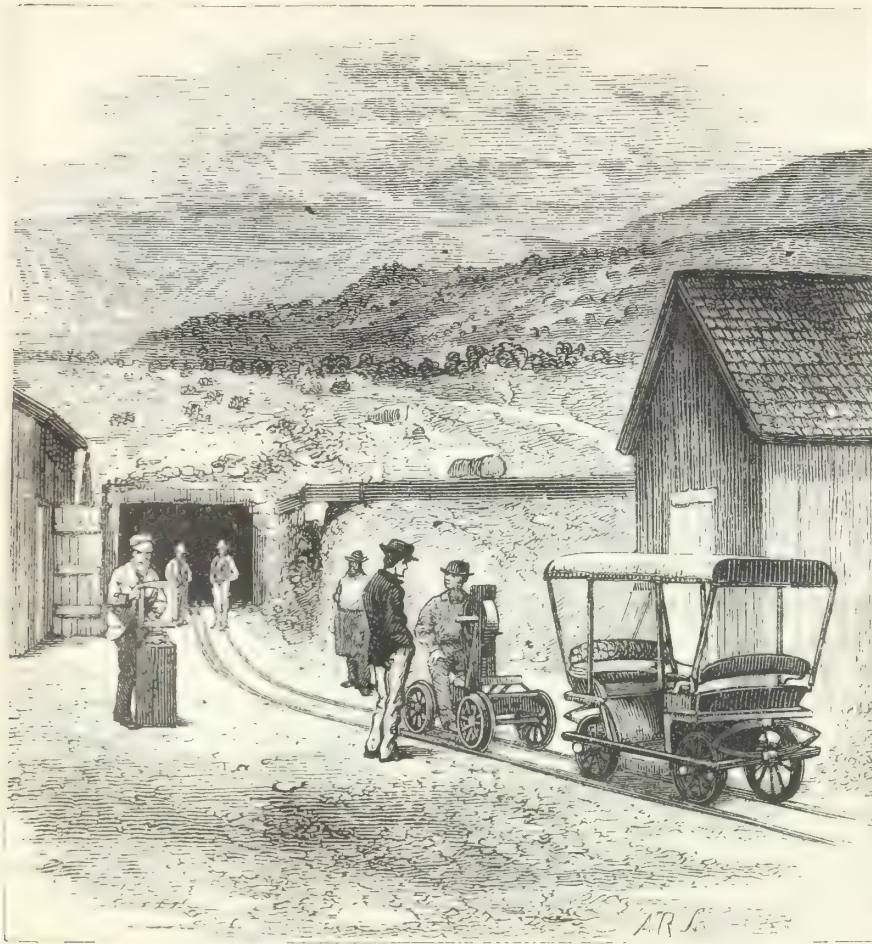
In the winter of 1874-75 the great discoveries were made that added the Spanish word *bonanza* to the vernacular. The technical meaning of the word, which has long been in use among American miners, to whom it was introduced by Mexicans, is a large, rich body of ore; but it has found wider acceptance in the sense of an unexpected and brilliant stroke of good luck. Its antithesis is *borrasca*, which means barren rock, bad luck, or adversity.

About four miles over the hills east of Mount Davidson is a wide valley watered by the Carson River. It is much more convenient of access than Virginia, and is in other ways a more favorable site for the location of a city. A party of the Wheeler expedition, in charge of Lieutenant T. W. Symons, was encamped here during last September, measuring and developing a base-line, from which a system of triangles is to be extended; and earlier in the season another detachment of Lieutenant Wheeler's topographers made a survey which demonstrated the practicability of a railroad from this point northward to a junction with the Central Pacific. Few buildings have appeared, so far, although the ground has been laid out for a handsome town, and divided into spacious squares by broad streets, with irrigating ditches and lines of shade trees. From any of the neighboring elevations it looks like an immense checker-board without any men; but if the hopes of its projector are realized, it will eventually supersede Virginia, and become the great mining centre of the world. The name of the embryo town

is Sutro, and in the range of hills on the western boundary of the plain is the mouth of the Sutro Tunnel. As the mines are now arranged, every ton of ore extracted and every gallon of water that springs from the rock has to be hoisted from five hundred to two thousand feet, according to the level on which they accumulate. The water, of course, can not be pumped more than one hundred feet at a time; hence that which flows into the twentieth level has to be raised successively through twenty cisterns. The expense entailed by this system is enormous. Six hundred cords of wood, costing thirteen dollars a cord, are consumed every day by the hoisting works; and except in the case of the Consolidated Virginia, the ore having been raised to the surface, has to be retransported to the reduction mills, from ten to seventeen miles distant.

The mines of the Hartz Mountains in Germany are tapped to some extent by vertical shafts, but their principal outlets are horizontal tunnels, over twelve of which have been bored, including one that is fourteen miles long.

Among the prospectors who came to Virginia in 1859 was Mr. Adolph Sutro, a gentleman of scientific knowledge, who, as much for his own information as for any thing else, made several examinations of the lode. "I had expected to witness an extraordinary deposit," he has written, "but I may say that I was truly astonished at the magnitude and importance of the discoveries which had been made." In March, 1860, only forty tons of ore had been taken from the mines, and their reduction yielded \$160,000, or an average of \$4000 to the ton. As new claims were located and new mines opened, Mr. Sutro was impressed with the lack of system displayed. It appeared to him that instead of entering the lode from above, making heavy timbering necessary, and entailing many difficulties in working the mines, the better way would be to run a tunnel from a point low down on the hillside, and build a shaft to meet it; and he



ENTRANCE TO SUTRO TUNNEL.

A geological profile is published among the illustrations. The mouth of the tunnel is at A, about one mile and a quarter from the Carson River. At B, 19,790 feet, or about three and three-quarter miles, from the mouth, it will touch the Comstock lode. From this point a cross-tunnel will be extended north and south along the lode for a distance of 12,000 feet, at a depth of 2000 feet below the surface of Virginia City, that being the depth of the main tunnel. The tunnel, as far as it is complete, is twelve feet high, fourteen feet wide at the bottom, and thirteen feet wide at the top. It is massively timbered in places, and is laid with a double-track railway, at each side of which is a drain for water.

also thought of a tunnel, such as he had seen in Germany, which might drain all the mines on the lode both of their ore and water.

The thought was father to the deed. Against powerful opposition from some quarters, and with no less powerful assistance from others, Mr. Sutro has nearly consummated his design, which, although it is little known in the East, stands pre-eminent among similar works of the kind in America. The first stone was broken October 19, 1869, and on November 8, 1876, when the writer was at Sutro, the tunnel had been driven 14,915 feet through the mountains, the average progress being over eleven feet a day.

The advantages to accrue from the tunnel are these: The improved ventilation of the mines, resulting from the current of air, which, entering the tunnel at its outer extremity, and, after sweeping the mines, passing out at the shafts, will so cool and purify the atmosphere of the drifts that the health, and therefore the working capacity, of the men will be augmented; the drainage of the mines above the level of the tunnel, obviating the expensive hoisting-works, and a largely increased economy in working the mines by taking the ore through the tunnel to reduction-works at its mouth, instead of raising it to the surface and transporting it to the mills now established. The cost of the tunnel will be about \$4,500,000.

GIBRALTAR.

"In the dimmest northeast distance dawned Gibraltar, grand and gray."—BROWNING.

NO spot on earth is invested with a deeper or more various interest than the classic Calpe, the Pillar of Hercules, the "Shining Rock," which we call Gibraltar. The most ancient as well as modern literature celebrates its fame; it has been the subject of fables and legends innumerable; it has played a dramatic part in the fortunes of men and nations, certainly from the earliest historic times, and probably was the bone of bitter contention among prehistoric races. In splendid, sombre, solitary beauty no Titanic peak of nature surpasses it; it is more than majestic, it is awful, while it

rises above and is the look-out upon a landscape more varied, and endowed with more striking and sudden contrasts, than any famed eyrie of Alp or Himalaya. Alike in its history, in its natural features, and in its modern political and military significance, Gibraltar has an interest peculiar to itself. Rising as it does, rugged and in abrupt isolation, on a peninsula jutting into the Mediterranean, amidst level surroundings, and at a point where Europe very nearly approaches Africa, the rock stands on guard over the narrow strait, and is its unconquerable sentinel. It is the key of the Mediterranean, and

no vessel, of whatever flag, may pass or repass from sea to sea without leave from this sternest and most impregnable of all the fortresses of nature. It is a singular fact, and one which has had momentous results upon the career and fate of nations, that the Mediterranean has been thus pent up, or corked up, by nature at either end. In the west, Gibraltar may at any moment ordain that it shall be practically an inland sea; in the east, Constantinople, guarding the yet more narrow Bosphorus, divorces it from its sister sea, the Euxine.

The approach to Gibraltar by water, while it scarcely prepares one for the sudden and majestic looming of the "Shining Rock," which bursts upon the vision as Tarifa, with its picturesque old walls and towers, is left behind, is full of both historical and natural attractions. On the green and smiling Spanish coast are to be discovered the famous capes St. Vincent and Trafalgar, where the

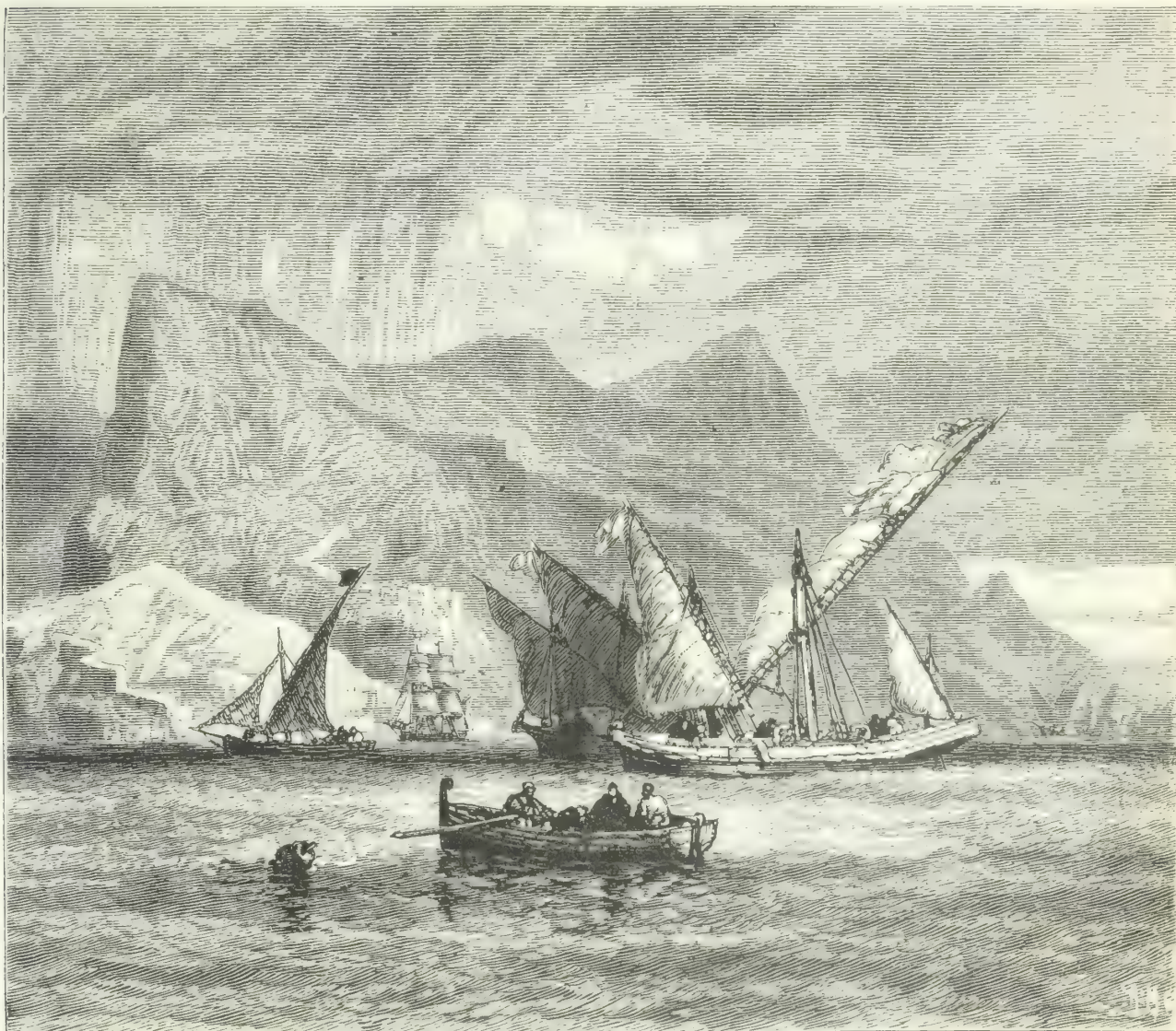
the Moorish mountains. The contrast here, where

"Europe and Afric on each other gaze,"

is striking in the extreme. On the one side is a shore whose little capes are dotted with watch-towers, and whose sloping hills are green with orchards and orange groves, the country gradually rising to verdant mountains in the northern distance, to which the white villages and hamlets present a sharply defined variety of color; on the other are bleak and barren plains, a cold gray tint every where dominant, jagged and riven eminences, an unfruitful, dreary, and almost forsaken land. Nothing could be more impressive than these utterly different aspects of the

"Lands of the dark-eyed maid and dusky Moor;"

and the contrast is immeasurably heightened by the azure and glittering waters of the



GIBRALTAR.—[DRAWN BY SAMUEL COLMAN.]

naval contests were won which crowned Jervis and Nelson with well-earned laurels. On the opposite, or African coast, you espy Tangier and Cape Spartel; while, as you proceed, the other Pillar of Hercules, Ceuta, looms in the distance, and in the background rise the bald and ragged chains of

Mediterranean, which roll between and dash over the beaches and amidst the fissures on either shore.

The first view of Gibraltar, approaching it from the northwest, discovers a lofty, single-rock mountain, apparently separated from the land, rising above the strait some

fifteen hundred feet. Its sides are rugged and broken, here and there exceedingly precipitous. Around its base appears a cordon of batteries, while its summits are crested with walls and battlements. It forms one side of a bright and symmetrical bay, and just below its western cliffs the quaint old town clings to its base, while on the east long lines of barracks stretch beside the glistening beach. Between the town and the galleries by which the rock is ascended are the Alameda, or public park, and the fruitful and flowery gardens which are so often mentioned as flourishing at Gibraltar. The Alameda, in particular, is one of the most agreeable pleasure-parks in Europe. A portion of it is used as a parade-ground for the troops who garrison the giant fortress; the rest comprises rich green lawns, serpentine walks, with white marble seats disposed conveniently here and there, exquisite shrubbery, geraniums in profuse abundance, and groves of orange, lemon, and fig trees. On the upper terraces cool pavilions covered with vines invite the saunterer to grateful repose, while here and there you observe a bust of Wellington, and statues of General Elliott and other martial worthies. The Alameda and other gardens lend brightness and beauty to the slopes between the beetling and overhanging masses of sombre rock.

As to the "Rock of Taric" itself—for Gibraltar is so called, from Gibel, a rock, and Taric, the name of the Moorish chief who first effected a landing here in the eighth century, the pioneer of the splendid Moorish realm in Spain—it soon appears that it is connected with the main-land by a low sandy strip, which is called the "neutral ground," because it separates Spain from the English possession. The whole extent of the rock, from north to south, which is the direction in which its greater axis runs, is about two miles; the width, from east to west, one mile. On the north and east the rock is an almost perpendicular precipice from summit to base, this awful precipice being in some places more than a thousand feet in height. On the south side, however (that toward the strait and toward Africa), and on the west (that by which it is approached from the Atlantic) it descends by comparatively gentle gradations to the water. The most northerly of the three summits is called the "North Pinnacle," the middle summit is called the "Signal Station," and the more southerly "O'Hara's Folly," or "The Watch-Tower." This summit bears the name of "O'Hara's Folly" from the following circumstance: A certain General O'Hara, who was Lieutenant-Governor of the garrison, conceived the idea that from this eminence he might be able to make signals to Cadiz. In this opinion, however, he was alone. All the other offi-

cers scouted it as an impossibility. The general persisted, and caused the watch-tower, the ruins of which are still to be seen, to be built for the purpose. It then appeared that Cadiz could not be seen from it, because of the height of the intervening mountains. Not long after, the tower was struck by lightning and one of the sentinels was killed, and that was the end of "O'Hara's Folly." Imaginative Englishmen profess to see in the rock of Gibraltar the semblance of the figure of a crouching lion, which they are fain to call "the lion of England;" and indeed there is some warrant for the notion in the peculiar formation of the huge but by no means unsymmetrical mass.

The scenes in the lovely bay and in the narrow zigzag streets of the little town are bustling and full of life. The bay is dotted with ships and boats of many kinds, anchored in the shadow of the rock. On the quays of the town you recognize the reason of the saying that Gibraltar is an epitome of the three continents. Here, besides English and Scottish soldiers, who are met on every hand in the vicinity of the rock, are to be seen swarthy and handsome Moors from opposite Barbary, with their snow-white turbans, flowing robes, bare leather-colored legs, and loose slippers down at the heel; Jews from over the strait, in gaudy embroidered costumes, with broad varicolored sashes wound about their waists, and baggy white trowsers; Spanish smugglers, in tight-fitting coats and breeches, fastened down the sides with silver buttons; pretty dark-eyed women of Genoa, arrayed in scarlet cloaks and hoods, the latter trimmed with broad black velvet; Spanish beauties, with long lashes and languishing eyes, wearing their sweeping black lace veils and graceful mantillas; Highland soldiers, in plaid and tartan; and a race of acclimated English, bronzed and semi-Spanish in feature, the natives of Gibraltar, upon whom the Spanish have bestowed the rather uncomplimentary epithet of "Rock Scorpions." Out into the sea stretch the various "moles," the most conspicuous being the old and new moles, while at the northern end of the town rise the towers, battlements, and crumbling walls of the old Moorish castle—an imposing relic of the days of Moslem ascendancy. In the distance, among the hills and groves, peeps out the ancient little town of San Roque—a curious place, and well worthy a visit. Every where about as well as on the rock you are reminded of the fact that Gibraltar is, first of all, a fortress. Soldiers and guards, deploying, lounging, or on post, present themselves at every turn; high up on the cliffs the diminished figures of sentinels are seen pacing to and fro; in the pleasure-gardens the most noticeable persons are the officers, strolling and taking their ease; the tattoo of drums, the roar of cannon at stated

hours, the opening and closing of the great gates that separate the fortress from the town, all impress one with the military importance of the place. Still more marked appears the military character of the rock, as you glance up toward the beetling cliffs, and see, yawning from innumerable port-holes, and above long ranges of battlements, and from many an embrasure and turret, the cannon which guard the entrance to the Mediterranean; and as, curious to behold the marvels of the fortress in their details, you cross the draw-bridge, go under the low arched gateways, pass the parade and Alameda, ascend the irregular streets which creep in steps up the sides of the crags, leave behind the quaint old Moorish castle, and at last find yourself literally *entering* the rock through an iron gateway. The first glance reveals the immense labors which have been undertaken to perfect by art the defenses with which nature has endowed Gibraltar. One sees before him a series of galleries, tunnels, and excavations, conducting apparently into a blank of Cimmerian darkness. Here, far above the beach, are dug out long tunnels at the very edge of the headlong cliff; and as you pass along them, guided by the light of torches, you observe port-holes at intervals of fifteen or twenty feet, with brass ordnance peeping out menacingly from every one. Ascending constantly, you find that there is tier after tier of these tunnels. There, if necessity should arise, the gunners might stand and pour their deadly fire upon fleet or cohort, perfectly shielded by the massive and solid rock, which no missile, however destructive, could more than feebly indent. The Windsor Galleries, which are excavations wholly within the rock, form a continuous subterranean passage of two thousand feet in length, twelve feet high, and twelve wide, and this passage ascends by the same zigzag course which is seen in the great roads that wind over the Alps, till it gives an outlet near the summit. A spiral stairway from the tunnels brings one into a singular rotunda-like chamber, excavated from the solid rock, and named by the English masters of Gibraltar "St. George's Hall." This is a nearly circular apartment forty-five feet by forty, and twenty feet high; it is cut out in an immense jutting cliff, and is turret-shaped; from the embrasures in its walls cannon look out upon and keep watch over the sea; its floor is smooth, almost polished; and just by are well-stored magazines, ready for any sudden emergency. From the top of St. George's Hall the view makes one dizzy. The precipices, frowning above and descending below, a thousand feet in an almost absolute perpendicular, at every point bristling with cannon, and the rock seeming to have been torn and riven by mighty convulsions, present an actually startling specta-

cle. From this point you ascend to the Signal Station, the middle and highest summit of the rock; and here you find yourself on the loftiest of the Pillars of Hercules. The view is now exceedingly grand, and in certain directions beautiful. You can almost see Cadiz on one side, and many fancy at least that you can espy the snow-capped mountains of Granada in the curtaining haze on the other. Opposite rises the other Pillar, the modern Ceuta, the ancient Abyla; westward of this looms the noble and barren peak of Gibel Musa, the loftiest of the Moorish mountains, higher even than Gibraltar itself; while as far to the east as the eye can reach stretch the purple-blue waters of the Mediterranean, finding no limit till they wash the shores of Italy. Nearer at hand, you observe that the ridge of rock above which you stand is exceedingly sharp, and that on the east side it descends in a headlong precipice to the white sea-beach, hundreds of feet below.

Among the wonders of Gibraltar is the somewhat famous and not a little mysterious Cave of St. Michael. This is approached by an hour's rather painful clambering from the Alameda. The cave is reached from a platform about three hundred feet below the summit. You pass within a high irregular fissure in the face of the rock, and enter, by a small gate, a vast circular chamber but dimly lit from without. This cave you find hung with immense stalactites, while columns of strange, weird forms support the lofty arches of the roof. These, lit up by the torches, give a very grotesque and unearthly aspect to the place. From this chamber chasms and galleries lead here and there into the bowels of the rock; and one must grope carefully along them, holding the torches high to shed the light well upon the path ahead. After passing along the principal passage some four hundred feet, you reach the brink of a black, fearful gulf, the bottom of which no man has ever seen. You can only note the dark, slimy, jagged sides as they disappear into utter darkness; and by throwing down a torch, see by its brief glimmering, as it plunges into the abyss, what an awful chasm lies below. It is related that many years ago some English officers ventured to penetrate here before the exact position of the chasm was known; that the foremost fell headlong into it, to be soon followed by a second, who was groping about in search of his companion. This chasm is the passageway by which, according to the legends of Gibraltar, the apes that once thickly swarmed about the rock were wont to cross, under the sea, to their more secure retreat, the Apes' Hill, on the opposite Barbary coast.

Perhaps the most striking view of the rock is that from the beach, where it is to be seen stretched lengthwise along the pen-

insula. Here the portion immediately in front of you is the highest, and the precipice ascends perpendicularly for more than a quarter of a mile to the summit. The port-

double and treble outworks, as well as moats, draw-bridges, porteullises, palisades, trenches, sally-ports, ramparts, bastions, and every other appliance that can add security

to the defense of the wonderful fortress. It may be added that for many years the rock has been kept provisioned for six months ahead. A longer time would not be necessary, for the English could safely rely upon their unequalled war fleet to relieve Gibraltar from any danger of being starved out. The Governor lives in a cottage on the southern slope, below Windmill Hill; and at the very extremity of the peninsula rises a light-house, at "Great Europa Point," one hundred and fifty feet high. At the rear of the rock, between it and the marshy space called the "neutral ground," are gardens, the garrison burial-ground, a small beach used for bathing called the "Watering-Place," and a good race-course, which provides the English with the favorite home pastime when far out of reach of Ascot, Epsom, Doncaster, and Chester.

We have glanced at the most conspicuous features of Gibraltar as it appears to-day, and have seen, to some extent, why it is that Burke spoke of the fortress as "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connections, of commerce; one which makes us invaluable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies." Let us now briefly revert to some of the incidents in its history—a history which, if it could be told



THE SUMMIT.—[DRAWN BY SAMUEL COLMAN.]

holes along the galleries, far up on the sides, look like pigeon-holes, while the staff at the Signal Station seems no larger than a pin. The base is here girt about with ditches, stockades, and batteries, pointing in every direction toward the land approaches to the rock. Most of the excavations have been made during the century and a half that the English have been in possession of Gibraltar. Every where among them you see piles of huge cannon-balls ready for use on occasion; and it is said that it was a good day's work for a man to get one of these balls from the town up to its proper place in the galleries.

The garrison, which is below the rock, is also walled and mounted with heavy ordnance, while the fortifications nearest the water are immensely strong. Here are walls within walls, where the cannon are so ranged as to cut down an assailant at whatever point he might approach. There are

at length, would be found full of romance the most exciting, and of military exploits as thrilling as any in the annals of warring mankind.

At various remote periods, which space will not permit us to particularize, Gibraltar was successively in the possession of the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Goths and Vandals, and the Spaniards. But it was the Moors of Barbary who, coming thither to conquer Spain and to set up in Granada and Cordova one of the most splendid and flourishing kingdoms Europe has ever seen, that first fortified and built upon the great rock. It was here that Taric landed in 711, and from that year until 1309, nearly six centuries, Gibraltar remained in Moorish hands. In 1309, as a result of the first of the fourteen sieges to which Gibraltar has been subjected, it was taken by Ferdinand IV. But the Spaniards only kept possession of it for twenty-two years, when

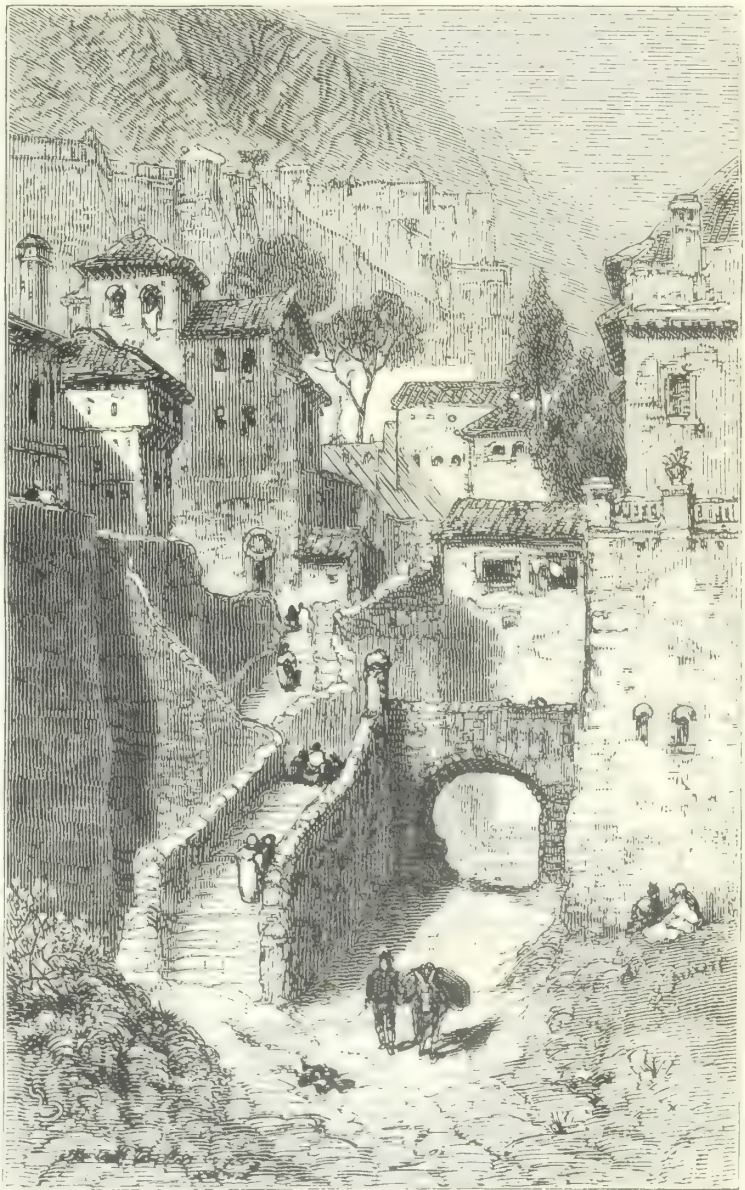
it was retaken by the Moors, and held by them until 1462. In that year the Duke of Medina-Sidonia laid successful siege to it, and for two centuries and a half the Spanish held peaceful possession. Then came one of the most momentous and brilliant of Gibraltar struggles, for in 1704 it was taken by the English under Sir George Rooke. Taric fortified Gibraltar to some extent on taking possession in the eighth century, but it was not until the latter half of the twelfth century that fortifications were undertaken on an elaborate scale. In the year 1161 a great Moorish architect, Haji Yaix, was commissioned to perform this task; he constructed a fortress on the summit, with several towers, and at various points raised redoubts and battlements.

Of course the Spaniards were far from contented that the fairest domains of their country and its most formidable stronghold should remain in the hands of the barbaric and infidel Moslem, and many were the attempts to hurl them back to Africa. The first siege of Gibraltar, already referred to, was as brief as it was triumphant. The Castilians under Guzman attacked the rock simultaneously on all sides. Battering engines were used, which soon battered down the houses of the town and the walls of the redoubts; but the Moors intrenched themselves among the crags, and defended their eyrie for a month, when, being only eleven hundred, they were forced at last to give way from exhaustion, and surrendered on condition that they should be safely landed in Africa.

The fortress was unsuccessfully besieged by Ismail, a Moorish prince, in 1315; the third siege, however, in 1333, resulted in the restoration of Gibraltar to the Moorish dominion. A romance is connected with the story of this siege. As with many historical events of importance, the beauty of woman had something to do with it. It appears that at the battle of Martos, gained by the Moors, a damsel of striking beauty had been taken prisoner. At the peril of his life, Ben Ismail, a young Moorish prince, rescued the girl from the violence of the soldiery. Ben Feraz, the king, fell in love with her, and took her away from Ben Ismail. The latter, overcome with rage and jealousy, assembled next day some of his friends on the road by which the king was to pass, and pretending to salute him, rushed upon Ben Feraz and stabbed him to the

heart. The succession to the crown passed to Mohammed, the son of Ben Feraz, who, as Mohammed IV., laid siege to the fortress of Gibraltar. The Moors attacked it by a *coup de main* and blockaded the garrison, who were so poorly supplied with provisions that they would have been speedily starved out had not a grain ship been cast ashore within their reach at a most opportune moment. This, however, only postponed their fate; for, after holding out five months, during which the Governor, an avaricious fellow, fed the Moorish prisoners well in the hope of gaining high ransoms, while he forced his own men to munch leather, the rock was surrendered, and the Moors once more ensconced themselves upon it.

Gibraltar underwent seven sieges between the time of the Moorish recapture of it in 1333 and their final abandonment of it in 1462. In the latter year Henry IV. was King of Castile; Mohammed IX., King of Granada.



STREET SCENE, GIBRALTAR.—[DRAWN BY SAMUEL COLMAN.]

One day a converted Moor went to Alonzo of Arcos, Governor of Tarifa, and told him the opportunity to capture Gibraltar was now ripe. Dissension was rife within the for-

tress; it was carelessly guarded; its defenses were neglected; its provisions were not ample. Alonzo at once resolved upon the attempt, and at daybreak the next morning he had landed at the base of the rock with a body of troops. He found that it was useless to assail Gibraltar without a larger force. This arrived promptly, and he made an assault. He was repulsed, and would have retreated altogether had he not learned from a deserting traitor that the garrison was violently divided, and that the distress within was great. While Alonzo was hesitating, a message was sent to him from the garrison, asking permission to leave the fortress with their property. He evaded a reply until young Rodrigo, Count of Arcos, arrived; but this higher authority was equally vacillating, and postponed his answer till the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, the head of the great house of Guzman, should come. But Rodrigo at least sent a force to take and hold the city gates, and the garrison retreated to the keep. When the duke arrived he was very angry with Rodrigo for going so far as he had done, and proudly claimed precedence in making the capture. As the duke's estates lay near, he was very anxious not only to get the Moors out of Gibraltar, but to hold it himself. The dispute waxed so high that the duke and young Rodrigo could scarcely be kept from coming to blows. At last it was settled that they should enter the fortress side by side, and that their banners should be mounted on the keep at the same moment. The King of Spain proclaimed himself "Lord of Gibraltar," and gave it in charge to the Duke of Medina-Sidonia.

The Moorish power was now rapidly waning in Spain. The Moors fought each other instead of the common enemy, and frequent rebellions sapped the order and prosperity of the state. The decadence of Mohammedanism in Spain was coincident with its rise at Byzantium. The capture of Gibraltar by the Spaniards was the first great blow at their authority, and was followed, some years later, by the fall of Granada itself. A certain Beltran de la Cueva was appointed Governor of Gibraltar. A civil war now arose in Spain between the reigning king, Henry IV., and the party of his brother Alfonso, who had pretended to the throne, but had died. Beltran sided with Henry, and the Duke of Medina-Sidonia with the Alfonsists; and the ninth siege of Gibraltar was undertaken by the latter, to get it away from Beltran and the king's party. The duke did not try to attain his end by stratagem or surprise, but marched his army up in full daylight, to the sound of drums and trumpets. He took the town, the garrison retreated within the fortress, and the siege was vigorously begun. It lasted no less than sixteen months, and was conducted with the greatest valor and self-sacrifice on both sides. At last the repeat-

ed assaults and lingering famine did their work, and Gibraltar was surrendered to the ducal rebel—the same man who had, years before, delivered it out of the hands of the Moors into those of the king whom he now opposed.

Gibraltar remained in possession of the house of Guzman, under royal grants, until the accession of Isabella to the throne of Castile. Henry was too much harassed to keep the Duke of Medina-Sidonia in enmity, and the grant of Gibraltar was enough to make the duke a friend. But Isabella insisted that Gibraltar should be ceded to the crown of Spain. This the Duke Juan opposed for a time, but at last was compelled to yield; and now Ferdinand of Aragon used the rock as a point from which to invade the African Moors in turn. Isabella—certainly one of the greatest sovereigns who ever sat on the Castilian throne—saw the full importance of Gibraltar to the united kingdom of Spain, and left it as a solemn injunction upon her successors "to hold and retain Gibraltar for themselves and in their own possession," and that "no alienation of it, or any part of it, shall ever be made from the crown of Spain."

As soon as she was dead, the Duke Henry, whose father, Juan, had ceded the fortress under duress, and who had taken the loss keenly to heart, resolved to attempt its recapture; and his unsuccessful siege of it, which lasted for four months, and which, from its entailing no loss of life, was called the "bloodless siege," was the tenth to which Gibraltar had been subjected since the days of Taric.

The rock underwent other vicissitudes from time to time in the following years, being threatened by the corsairs of the Mediterranean, and beholding the exodus of the last remaining Moors in 1609–10, who, comprising about six thousand, were transported across the strait at this very place, where the victorious legions of Musa and Taric had landed nine centuries before; while it also witnessed the desperate naval fight between the Dutch, under Heemskerk, and the Spanish, under D'Avila, which took place almost under its shadow in 1607—"the most furious battle," declares Sully, "which was ever fought in the memory of man."

The capture of Gibraltar by the English was an incident of the famous War of the Succession. The Spanish king, Charles II., died and left his crown to Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV. of France. But a German prince, the Archduke Charles, laid a counter-claim to the succession. England and Holland, determined that a French prince should not become King of Spain, and thus unite the interests and fortunes of his native and his adopted country, espoused the cause of the Archduke Charles, and declared war in his behalf. It was resolved by the

allies to attempt the capture of Gibraltar, and the combined fleets sailed for that destination in the midsummer of 1704. The British squadron anchored in the bay, and five thousand men were landed north of the rock to cut off land communication with the rest of Spain. The investing fleets comprised forty-five ships, six frigates, seven fire-ships, and two hospital ships. Meanwhile the garrison on the rock was certainly less than three hundred men, and some state that it was barely one hundred and fifty. The fortress was summoned to surrender to the "rightful" sovereign, the Archduke Charles. A prompt and resolute refusal was returned, and allegiance to Philip proclaimed. The next day the fleet began its assault; the new mole, and then the old, fell into the hands of the besiegers, and the marines landed at those points. The garrison had nothing to do now but to offer to surrender, and the offer was accepted on the conditions asked for, which were, permission to retain their property, six days' rations, three brass cannon, and twelve rounds of ammunition. They were also accorded the honors of war. In less than three days from the appearance of the allied fleets in the waters of the strait, the great fortress had thus fallen into the hands of the besiegers. The larger portion of the inhabitants removed to San Roque.

Now occurred one of those many instances, in the history of English warfare and conduct, of English fidelity to the principle that "might makes right." Gibraltar was taken possession of in the name of the so-called "Charles III. of Spain," namely, the archducal claimant, by the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt. But this did not by any means suit the projects of Sir George Rooke, the commander of the English fleet. He deliberately pulled down the standard of Charles, and the Germans and Dutch were somewhat amazed to see the British flag run up in its place. In a word, Gibraltar was seized in behalf of Queen Anne, and so passed into English possession. Seven years later, this was finally confirmed by the Treaty of Utrecht, which brought to an end the War of the Succession. Sir George Rooke was not made a peer, nor did he get a pension.

Gibraltar has undergone three sieges during the century and a half that it has been in the hands of the English. The very year of Rooke's great victory had not passed before the French and Spanish tried to regain it. This siege was sharp and fierce, and several times it seemed as if the assailants must succeed; but the arrival of re-enforcements and provisions enabled the English to continue a vigorous defense, and after a siege of six months the allies were forced to throw up the game. It was not till 1727 that the next attempt was made to wrest the fortress from its British conquerors. Once more the Spaniards were the assail-

ants. It was a most obstinate and determined fight, but an attack lasting through five months only resulted in the utter discomfiture of the attacking power.

The most memorable, in some respects, of all the fourteen sieges to which Gibraltar has been subjected was the last, called the "great siege," one of the mighty struggles of history, which began in the year 1779. The famous General Elliott was commander of the fortress. Spain, in alliance with France and Morocco, endeavored to surprise Gibraltar; but a Swedish ship gave Elliott the alarm. The garrison comprised but five companies of artillery, and the whole force was less than five thousand five hundred men. The enemy's force was fourteen thousand. The siege began by the blockading of the port, and a camp was formed at San Roque with the design of starving out the garrison. When the English Governor resolved to open fire upon his besiegers, a lady in the garrison fired the first shot. Never did a siege war rage more furiously than did this for nearly three years. The garrison was often reduced to sore straits for food; "a goose was worth a guinea," and Elliott tried upon himself the experiment of living upon four ounces of rice a day for a week. Exciting stories are told of the privateers that ran in, amidst terrible dangers, with provisions, and of the storms which threw welcome wood and cork within reach of the besieged. The rock at one time would surely have been taken had it not been for Admiral Rodney, who, sailing off the strait, captured a small fleet of Spanish war ships and merchantmen, and clearing the strait of besiegers, brought his prizes into port. But all danger was not yet averted; Gibraltar was again blockaded; scurvy broke out in the garrison, and Morocco refused her harbors to English ships. The enemy crept closer and closer to the fortress, but relief coming every now and then enabled the English still to hold out. The bombardments were fearful to endure. "The city was almost destroyed; scarcely a house habitable, and those left standing pierced by shot and shell." At one time the desperate garrison fell to plundering the town; Elliott shot the leaders in this outrage. The long agony, full of terrific combats and frightful privations, ended by the final abandonment of the siege early in 1783. If in that year the English had to make up their minds that they must let go their American colonies, they had at least the consolation that Gibraltar was still theirs.

Except a brief but sharp naval conflict near by, in 1805, Gibraltar has since the "great siege" remained in the undisturbed possession of the English; and thus the great fortress bids fair to remain, as long as the naval prowess of England continues to be unrivaled on the waters of the earth.

MOSES CLYMER'S BUSINESS.

WHENEVER I pass that dingy four-story building on Nassau Street in which Barry and I first established ourselves as attorneys and counselors at law, I am led to wonder what has become of Moses Clymer. Eighteen years ago, when Barry and I occupied the back-room on the third floor of this building, Moses did a thriving business in the apartment directly opposite. I say thriving, because many persons passed in and out of that apartment, so that the bell, which was fastened over the top of the door, kept up an almost continuous ringing. Every body who ascended the stairs to the third story appeared to enter Clymer's room. I recall now, with a sad smile, the numerous disappointments we suffered because of this singular partiality which was displayed for Moses's office. A score of times, at least, during the first day or two following our removal to the building, Barry raised his eyes from the pages of *Pendennis*, listened a moment to the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and then dropping *Pendennis* and seizing a pen, fell to covering a sheet of legal cap with his own signature. A brief moment of delightful expectancy, while the footsteps paused on the landing without; a spasm of hope that at last a client had come; and then the tinkling of the bell over Moses's door, and a sudden sinking of spirits in the manly breasts of Barry and Bushnell. Following these dashed hopes, a dashed exclamation from the senior member of the firm, a resumption of *Pendennis*, and unbroken silence.

Yet it was not of vital importance that clients should come to Barry and Bushnell. They were still young men whose parents regarded them as boys, and whose good fortune made it unnecessary for them to take any thought of the morrow. They knew that their bread, buttered with tolerable liberality, would be forth-coming whether clients came or not. Yet it was somewhat embarrassing, at the expiration of three weeks, to be forced to acknowledge that neither man, woman, nor child had made application for their professional services. To this embarrassment was added a touch of exasperation at the thought of Moses Clymer's steady stream of callers.

"Wonder if he's a lawyer?" said I, one day, breaking the silence which had followed the sound of the bell.

"I think not," answered Barry. "He would have a sign if he were."

"Perhaps he is a note-shaver," suggested I.

"Possibly. He does a rushing business, whatever its character. I purpose to keep my eyes open and find out what it is."

Barry attempted first to get his eyes open by interrogating the other occupants of the building. Not one of them could tell how

Moses Clymer earned his livelihood. Opinion was divided. Firman and Co., the stationers on the first floor, did not know that there was such a man as Clymer in the building—so close the intimacy which life in a metropolis breeds! Dickerson and Smith, engravers, second floor front, believed Mr. Clymer to be a lawyer. Jennison Brothers, lawyers, second floor back, supposed Clymer was a physician. (In support of this conclusion, they cited the fact of having seen a number of consumptive-looking men pass into his room.) Doyle, stenographer, fourth floor, was inclined to the opinion that Clymer was an insurance agent, with some interest in real estate. By the time Barry had made an end of his inquiries, he found that his eyes were not opened with respect to Moses Clymer's occupation. His curiosity, however, was whetted to a keener edge.

The testimony of the Jennisons, whom Barry and I hated cordially, first, because they were lawyers, and second, because they were lawyers with clients—the testimony of the Jennisons, I repeat, corresponded precisely with what we ourselves had observed. Not only did consumptive-looking men pass into Moses Clymer's office, but men, also, whose general appearance hinted of indigestion, and possibly biliousness. Without the aid of a very vivid imagination one found it easy to associate all manner of diseases with Moses's callers. Moreover, there was a certain dilapidated air about them—a shabbiness of dress and a uniform uncleanness of person—which suggested at once the need of tonics and soap. Obviously Mr. Clymer's business, whatever it might be, gave him acquaintance with a very peculiar class of people. There was a certain negative resemblance traceable in them all, and some points even of positive likeness. Apart from their usually shabby clothes and the decayed appearance already mentioned, it was noticeable that they frequently carried rolls of paper in their hands, which they left behind them upon emerging from Moses's room.

Barry was pleased to devote much time to speculation regarding our neighbor across the hall. When his inquiries had served only to sharpen his curiosity, he determined to pay Moses a visit. This he did, but without satisfying himself as to the nature of the business carried on by Mr. Clymer.

"There isn't any thing in the room," said he, "to indicate what the man does. A desk or counter stands in the middle of the floor. This is shielded by a ground-glass top, like the teller's desk in a bank. At one end of the room is a partition six or seven feet high, with three doors, all of which were closed. I noticed a big safe and numerous packages of papers, evidently manuscripts, arranged on shelves behind the counter."

"Did you see Moses?" I inquired.

"Yes, and talked with him—asked him to lend me a tack hammer. He said he hadn't one. Then one of his mysterious-looking callers came in and seated himself without speaking a word. Evidently he was waiting for me to clear out, so I cleared."

This visit left us more in the dark than ever. Barry, who delighted in mystery, began straightway to weave a romance about the bald head of Moses Clymer. That he was neither a lawyer, doctor, merchant, nor priest, was no longer a disputed question; that his buttons would count down to a thief, seemed strongly probable. Unlimited leisure, which professional duties did not interrupt, gave Barry the opportunity to prosecute his investigations with untiring

Poe's *Tales*—under a pile of papers, and, as the senior member of the firm, turned to his first client. As the junior member of the firm, I picked up a copy of the *Session Laws*, and looked becomingly grave.

"Vat is te charge for advice?" inquired Moses.

"That will be determined after you have stated your case," replied Barry.

"Vell, ten, te case vas like dis. Suppose a man vas come to you and sells you a piece of werse—"

"A piece of what?" interrupted Barry.

"A piece of werse—poetry, you know."

Poetry! Was this, then, the mysterious merchandise in which Moses dealt? I kept the *Session Laws* before my eyes, but did not



"WILLIAM."

vigor. And the more he investigated, the more knotty appeared the problem. The consumptive-looking callers continued to pass in and out; the bell rang at irregular intervals throughout the day. Now and then we met Moses in the hall or upon the stairs, but his business remained a matter of mystery. At the end of a month, Barry, who had made a number of visits to the room across the hall, but with no better results than those attending the first, gave up the riddle in despair. And thereupon, as it happens sometimes with the more complex riddles of life, came an answer to this one from a source least expected.

Moses Clymer entered our office one morning, and announced that he wanted legal advice.

Barry thrust the book he was reading—

discover that I held the volume upside down. Barry's composure was simply astonishing.

"Verse," said he. "Exactly. Well?"

"Vell, you pays dis man for te piece of werse, and den you finds out dat he stole it all from a book. Now vas dere no laws vich vill get back te money vat you pays to dat man?"

"Let me understand you fully," said Barry, with the air of a veteran counselor. "You purchase a literary article, believing it to be an original production. After you have paid for it, you discover it to be a plagiarism."

"A vich?" interrogated Moses, doubtfully.

"A plagiarism—a stolen production."

"Yes, dat vas it. Stole out of a book. And I advanced two tollars and feefy cents on dat piece of werse!"

"You bought the verses for two dollars and a half?"

"No, no. I buys notings. I loans te money, and takes te wersed for security. And dey vas stole out of a book!"

This remarkable revelation, this sudden flood of light upon the mystery which had hitherto enveloped Moses Clymer's business, produced no visible effect on Barry. One might have supposed that he had known what that business was for years, and that from his childhood up he had been familiar with pawnbrokers' shops where the fancies of the brain, instead of overcoats and watches, were accepted as security for loans. For myself, I found it impossible to longer feign an interest in the inverted volume of *Session Laws*, and closing the book, made no further attempt to conceal my amazement.

Barry proceeded to probe his first client with polite but searching interrogatories.

"Your business, then, as I understand it, is that of a pawnbroker, and you make loans upon literary articles?"

"Yes, dat vas it," replied Moses.

"Are you not frequently imposed upon?" inquired I, wondering how in the name of reason a man could detect a plagiarism who did not know the meaning of the word.

"Imposhed upon?" repeated Moses, raising his eyebrows. "Vell, I never vas imposhed upon before. Villiam he knows vat is good and vat is bad. He can tell vat is stole, as I can tell gold from brass. Villiam he knows all vat is in te books—but he vas mistaken about dat piece of werse."

"I take it that William is your critic?" said Barry.

"Yes, Villiam he decides vat an article is vorth. I knows notings about any of them. You might bring me Byron or Shakspeare—it vas all te same to me. But it vas not all te same to Villiam."

"What do you do with the articles that are not redeemed?" I asked.

"Ve sells 'em—very sheap, very sheap indeed. Dere vas leetle profit in our business. And I advanced two tollars and feefty cents on dat piece of werse!"

Barry checked further curiosity, that he might regard the case from a professional point of view.

"This opens up a very intricate question of law, Mr. Clymer. I shall need some time to consider it. Of course, if a suit were begun, the expenses would be greater than the amount of your claim."

"Vell, it is not te money so much as te example vat I vants. If te law could punish dis fellow, I vill not care if it takes all of te two tollars and feefty cents."

Moses here rose from his seat, and Barry informed him that he would be prepared to express an opinion when he had given the case proper attention.

"Doesn't this beat any thing you ever heard of?" he exclaimed, as the ringing of the bell announced Moses's entrance into his own room.

I thought it did, unquestionably.

Barry, I fear, did not devote much time to a consideration of the legality of his first client's claim; but his interest in the case was certainly profound. He came into the office on the day following Moses's visit, and exclaimed, triumphantly,

"I have been in to see Clymer, and tomorrow we shall have an opportunity of learning as much as we please about his business."

On the morrow, accordingly, Barry and I called upon our neighbor across the hall.

"Valk right into Villiam's office," said Moses, as we entered the room.

Barry, who seemed to have made himself thoroughly familiar with the place, led the way to one of the small compartments of which he had spoken, and I followed. There we found "Villiam," otherwise Mr. William Crampton, with his feet, incased in shabby gaiters, resting upon the ink-stained top of a pine table. He was a man of fifty or thereabouts, who might have been any thing to accord with the particular surroundings in which he was seen. With a white cravat and clothes of ecclesiastic cut, you would have set him down as a clergyman. In a checkered shirt, with a diamond sufficiently large and lustreless, you might have mistaken him for a bar-tender. In Moses Clymer's inner office he could be nothing but a critic.

Ten minutes' conversation revealed the fact that Mr. Crampton was a man of wide reading, undoubted culture, and superior critical taste. The same length of time served also to reveal the execrable quality of the tobacco which he used, and the astonishing quantity of beer. An earthen pitcher of this latter beverage was applied to his lips at intervals of four or five minutes, and the diminution of the contents during one of these draughts was something truly surprising. We stood the smoke manfully, however, and forgave the periodic interruptions occasioned by the beer. Mr. Crampton's conversation was worth these minor drawbacks.

"This business surprises you, no doubt," said he, laying down the pitcher tenderly.

"Well, yes, it does," rejoined Barry.

"Moses, here, has been engaged in it six or seven years. The old fellow must have made a snug little fortune during that time. He gets hold of his wares for almost nothing, and sells them always for a fair price. His profits last year amounted to more than three thousand dollars."

"You say that he sells his wares always for a fair price. Where does he find a market?" inquired I.

"With some of the magazines and newspapers. He makes arrangements with the

editors, who pay him so much a year, and get in return a given number of articles in prose and verse. He runs no risk. The periodicals themselves take the chances as to the availability of the pieces they receive. Of course there must be proper discrimination used in deciding what articles we shall accept here; but when that is done, Moses is sure of his profits."

"Then," said Barry, "the success or failure of Clymer rests altogether with you?"

"Well, Moses is certainly not a judge of literary work, and he leaves that to me. But I am not entitled to all the credit—not by any means. I occupy simply the position of a reader on a periodical publication—which, I may explain, was my calling before I became associated with Moses. After I have decided favorably upon an article, and the thirty days during which it is held subject to redemption have elapsed, then it is passed into the hands of Mr. Peters."

Here Crampton refreshed himself with another draught of the beer. He then continued:

"Mr. Peters is our polisher. By that I mean that he prepares the unredeemed pieces for the press. His duties are very much more laborious than are mine, and he is justly entitled to a goodly share of the credit. He takes a piece of verse, for example, rubs it down, so to speak, throws out or adds to it a stanza, props up a limping line, smooths out the rhythm, and corrects the faulty rhymes. That is what we call polishing. A prose article is put through a similar process, and sometimes even entirely rewritten. The ideas, you see, are worth saving."

At this point Moses opened the door and laid a manuscript upon the critic's table. The critic thereupon drew inspiration from the pitcher, and then proceeded to pass judgment on the verses. Barry and I watched him with undisguised interest.

"Our rhymsters nowadays," said he, "are little better than echoes. They give us musical lines, but their thoughts are all borrowed. Here, for instance, are some neatly constructed stanzas, but we find the ideas to be wonderfully familiar. Our author says:

'Now hope is dead and joy is fled,
Earth is barren, life is vain;
For with anger toward my love
Worse than madness racks my brain.'

That would be better if we could forget the lines of Coleridge,

'And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.'

"The author may have been unconscious of the plagiarism," suggested Barry.

"Very true," answered Crampton; "but that unconsciousness proves his want of

originality. His ideas are the outgrowth of his reading simply. He falls into the ruts which the wheels of other chariots have made. He finds it infinitely easier to pluck the fruit which has ripened in another's mind than to sow the seed of fresh thought, and nourish it to fructification. He drinks of twenty streams, and then gives us a flavor of them all. That flavor is sometimes excellent, but rarely new."

With this illustration, Mr. Crampton took another drink of the beer. Then, still scanning the pages of the manuscript, he continued:

"Here is another striking example of what I mean. The writer of these verses sings,

'When golden thoughts bring in their train
Sad thoughts which still are sweet.'

That is Wordsworth, and I can not say that it is an improvement. The dead laureate puts it.

'In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.'

"Have you pashed on dat piece of werse?" inquired Moses, thrusting his head through the door.

"It will do," answered Crampton.

"Vat shall I say about it dat is bad?"

"Too much of Coleridge and Wordsworth."

With this, Moses took the manuscript and withdrew.

"What amount will be advanced on that piece?" inquired Barry.

"I really couldn't tell," answered Crampton. "Moses takes charge of that, you see. You might step around behind the desk, and watch him while he makes the loan."

Barry and I were glad enough to act upon this suggestion. We found one of the consumptive-looking gentlemen, whose appearance had once led to the belief that Mr. Clymer was a physician, engaged in earnest conversation with the pawnbroker.

"Really, Moses, you ought to make that an even two dollars. Eight stanzas, you see. Rhythm smooth, and rhymes all perfect."

"One tollar and seeventy-feeve cents is all vat I can allows," rejoined Moses, decisively.

"But you advanced two dollars on those sonnets last week. These verses are much better than those."

"Dere vas too much of Cooleridge and Vadsvorth in 'em," rejoined Moses, disparagingly. "Dat is vat ails 'em—too much of Cooleridge and Vadsvorth. I vill gives you one tollar and seeventy-feeve cents."

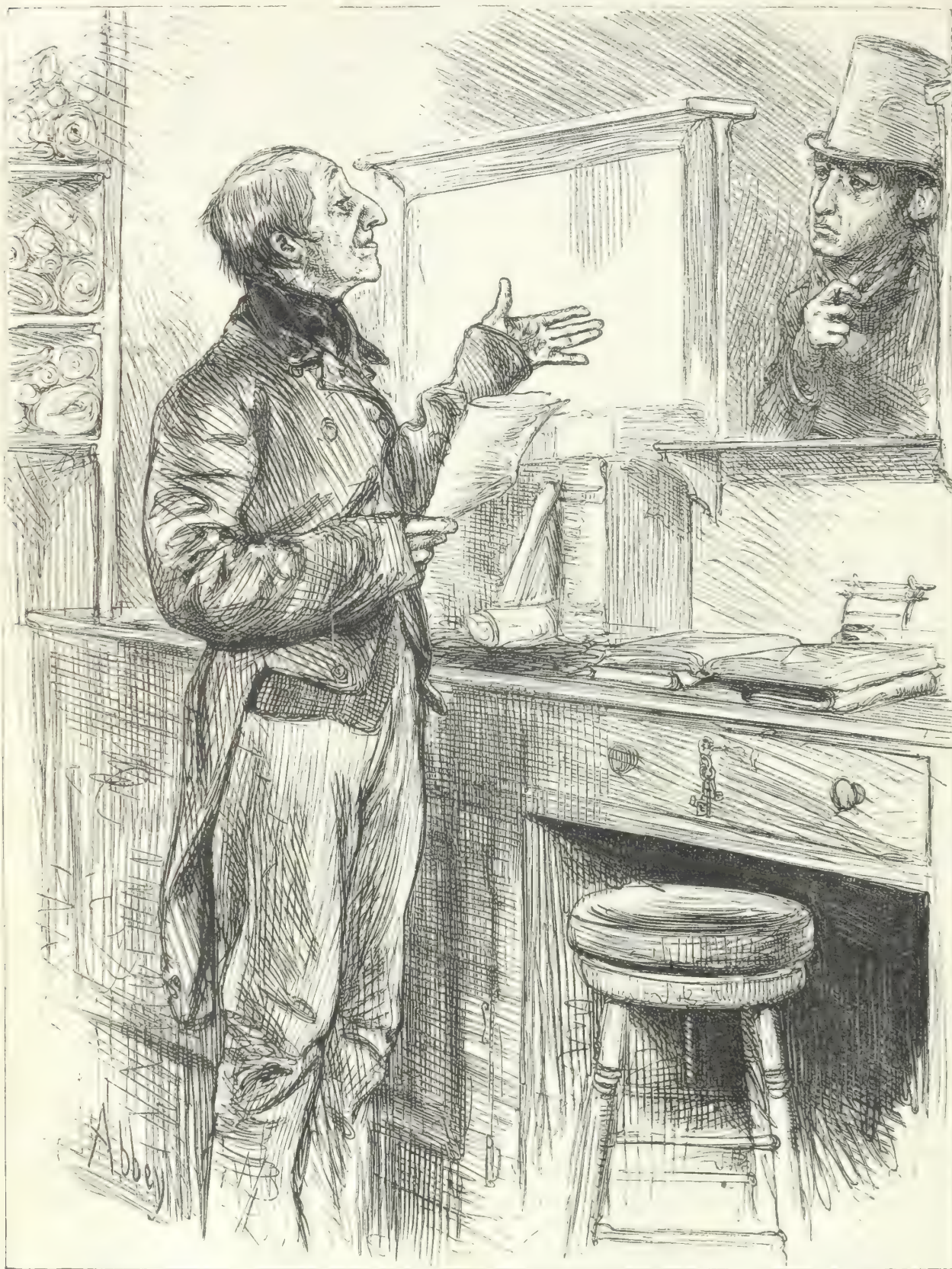
This offer was finally accepted, and Moses made out the ticket and paid over the money. Then he turned to us, saying,

"Ve can not affords to pay too much on articles like dat. Dere is not demand enough,

you see, and dere vas too much Cooleridge and Vadsvorth in 'em."

"Are any of these manuscripts ever re-

"The articles which are brought to Moses," he resumed, "without first having been submitted to an editor constitute only a small



"DERE VAS TOO MUCH OF COOLERIDGE AND VADSVORTH IN 'EM."

deemed?" asked Barry, when we had returned to Crampton's room.

"Yes, occasionally," replied the critic. "The writer can redeem them at any time within thirty days, and occasionally he avails himself of this privilege."

Crampton here availed himself of the privilege of moistening his lips at the mouth of the pitcher.

part of what we receive. By far the larger proportion of the manuscripts are those that have been returned to the authors as unavailable. We take them, polish them, and sell them to less exacting publications."

"Mr. Clymer must feel his absolute dependence on you and Peters," suggested Barry.

"But he also makes us feel our depend-

ence upon our own exertions," was the rejoinder. "We receive no salary for our work, but a given percentage on the articles which are published. If I decide favorably on a poem, and that poem is thrown out by the editor to whom Moses carries it, then the sum which was originally advanced to the author is deducted from my percentage."

"In other words," said I, "Clymer is willing to share the profits but not the losses of his business."

"It amounts to about that, and yet Peters and I are well paid for our work. You see, we are able to select from a varied assortment, and to get the kind of matter which is suited to a particular publication. It rarely happens that we make a mistake."

"Or that you advance money on verses taken from a book," observed Barry, with a smile.

"The case which Moses has laid before you is the only one of that nature which ever occurred. Sometimes we have had stolen articles brought to us—all pawnbrokers' shops must expect that—but we have invariably detected the theft. The plagiarisms are usually glaringly apparent. Some months ago, I remember, a chap presented Byron's 'Maid of Athens,' and wanted two dollars on it."

Crampton was interrupted at this point by a thumping on the partition wall, while a voice from the adjoining compartment said,

"I want a two-syllabled word that is synonymous with 'endeavor.'"

"Attempt," rejoined Crampton, after a moment's reflection. Then, addressing us, he added, "That is Peters. Suppose we step in and see him."

We found Mr. Peters hard at work polishing a poem. He was a younger man than his associate, with a prominent nose, which his biographer would probably call Roman, and with the hair and shirt front of a genius. By way of illustrating the nature of his work, he read us some verses, first as they had been received by Moses, and afterward as they came out of the polishing process. Before we left the room, I obtained permission to make a copy of these stanzas in both forms, which I have preserved up to the present time. While the lines possess little of poetic merit, I may nevertheless be pardoned for presenting them here as illustrative of Mr. Peters's manner of work.

In the original form they read as follows:

SHERRY WINE.

I will drink this amber-hued,
Ripe, and rare old sherry
To the maiden whom I loved—
Fair was she and merry—
Loved and wooed so long ago:
When it was I scarce may know.

I will drink to those old times
When to breathe was pleasure;
When my heart, like sweetest rhyme,
Beat to Love's own measure;
When the dreams of youth were mine,
Amber-hued, like this wine.

From the goblet I will drain
Time's forgotten flavor,
Taste those happy days again,
Sweetened by Love's own favor—
Days when through Love's magic hands
Life ran all in golden sands.

What if love be at an end,
Life no longer merry,
Still I'll drink and drink again,
In this rare old sherry,
To the girl I loved and wooed
When the world was amber-hued!

Polished by Peters, the verses read thus:

A SONG.

I will drink this amber-hued,
Aromatic sherry
To the girl I loved and wooed—
Modest maiden merry—
Loved and wooed so long ago:
When it was I scarce may know.

I will drink to those old times
When to breathe was pleasure;
When my pulse, in rhythmic rhymes,
Beat to Love's own measure;
When the dreams of youth were mine,
Amber-hued like sherry wine.

From the goblet I will drain
Time's forgotten flavor;
Taste those golden days again,
Sweetened by Love's favor,
While I feel the draught divine
Warming all my blood like wine.

What if love be at an end,
Life no longer merry,
Here's a true and trusty friend,
Aromatic sherry;
Truer than my love, I know,
Many, many years ago!

"You will observe," said Peters, when he had finished reading the verses, "that there is substantially little change in the second copy of the poem. One or two imperfect rhymes are corrected—as, for example, 'times' and 'rhyme' in the second stanza—and some redundant syllables are dispensed with to preserve the metre. In the main, however, the verses are alike. That couplet,

'Days when through Love's magic hands
Life ran all in golden sands,'

smacks a little too strongly of Tennyson to pass muster. I have therefore thrown it out, although I can not say the substitution is an improvement."

"Your work must be very laborious, Mr. Peters," suggested Barry.

"It is what I may term 'headachey,'" was the rejoinder. "Still, I get along tolerably well, and do not feel justified in swearing except when a parody on Poe's 'Raven' turns up, or a new version of 'The Bridge of Sighs.'"

Before Barry and I made an end of our visit, we passed around behind the counter, where Moses was engaged in assorting the numerous packages of manuscripts.

"On te top shelf, dere," said he, "vas stories, nice stories, vich ve sells very sheap. You vas never seen nicer stories any vheres. On te next shelf vas wersed—love wersed. Dey vas really beautiful, and sheap—very sheap. On dis shelf here vas wersed on 'Spring'—and dey vas sheap too. Dose pelow vas all on deaths. You could not read one of dem vidout weeping, dey vas so beautiful and so sheap! Ven somebody in your family dies, dis is te place where you can find nice poetry vat vill comfort you. And it vill cost you only a leetle. Dat large package vas all pieces on te 'Old Year.' Dat one next to it vas on vine and other drinks. Dis package here vas made up of sonnets—ve gives 'em away, almost. Every thing vat you sees vas nice and sheap!"

"And not too much of Coleridge and Wordsworth in them?" said Barry, with a smile.

"Oh my, no!" returned Moses, warmly. "Dere vas no Cooleridge, no Vadvorth, in any of 'em. Peters he vas take all dat out."

When at last we took leave of the pawnbroker, Barry announced that he would be prepared to express an opinion on the merits of Moses's case in the course of a week; and Clymer again assured us that he would cheerfully pay the whole of the two dollars and fifty cents, if by so doing he could make an example of the impostor who had obtained a loan on verses taken from a book.

I regret to say that Barry did not keep his word. Mr. Clymer was left in doubt as to whether he possessed the right to institute legal proceedings against the plagiarist. And not many weeks afterward we discovered that he had moved from the room across the hall to parts unknown. The firm of Barry and Bushnell may now be found in a more aristocratic neighborhood than of old. Yet I never pass that dingy building on Nassau Street without wondering what has become of Moses Clymer. And I never turn to the poetry in a periodical without reflecting that perhaps these self-same stanzas have secured a loan of two dollars from Moses, have been favorably passed upon by Crampton, and have had the Coleridge and Wordsworth taken out of them by Peters.

AN ORDER FOR A CAMEO.

It shall be Eve's face, carver, gleaming white

Upon the Eden-green of chrysoprase:

Child-foreheads in the morning are less bright,

And Gabriel's less serene. You know her gaze,

Unfolding from pure lids, saw Adam first,

And then a glorious, cursed Earth uncursed;

So Memory will not darken that still smile

(Laughter was born of tears), nor Love's grand pain,

Nor thorns, nor dying lilies, nor cold rain

Betray her to a glimpse of afterwhile.

Miriam and Sappho show the sorrow-stain,

And Mary's loving hath its selfish guile.

Eve knows not Hope's unrest, nor Fear's alloy,

And blesses with the sweet lost dream of Joy.

BIRDS' NESTS.

TO those of my readers who have never studied birds, let me say a few introductory words. In birds, as a class, are combined colors which vary from the plainest browns or grays to the richest metallic splendors; grace, strength, and often sublimity of action; and musical powers that other animals lack altogether. To the naturalist, or to him who loves an out-door life, their abundance and peculiar relations with man offer great advantages; to the scientist they present in a marked way the phenomena of variation and adaptation. In a limited space, such as New England, where not many more than three hundred species have been known to occur, a tolerably thorough knowledge of them may be gained. Have the plants or insects been numbered? Mammals and reptiles, on the other hand, are comparatively rare and shy, and by many of them most persons are too easily frightened.

To embryologists, birds' eggs have a peculiar interest, and in no other form are the first outward stages of animal life so attractive to the ignorant. Among their nests are the highest types of natural architecture, though many birds lay their eggs on the ground, on rocks, or in natural hollows without special preparation. Their nests may be divided into several classes—those supported from beneath, those supported from above (or pensive), those attached on one side, and those which are excavations (in earth or wood). There are many other methods of classification, but that just used is most convenient for my purposes.

Let us take up the first class, and consider the ground-nesting birds. A striking fact is their generally plain coloring, and the prevalence of browns and quiet greens among the tints of their upper parts—the back, etc. As a general rule, their eggs also are plainly colored (though rarely white), especially when found in fields, but not so strikingly as those laid in no nest, or scarcely any, by sandpipers and plover, whose eggs are so assimilated to their surroundings that it often requires a very long search to detect them in a given space ten feet square. I have flushed the common "teeter" within a yard of me, and on hands and knees have hunted fifteen minutes before finding her treasures; they were among my earliest prizes, and, thankful not to have trodden on them, I unkindly took them all. But to the amateur there is no necessity of cruelty. You can become intimate with birds without shooting them, you can examine their nests without pulling them to pieces, and can contemplate their eggs without disturbing them, or, by acting judiciously, can gratify your love of possession without destroying a mother's happiness. Birds vary in their

tendencies to desert their young if meddled with; but often, after taking one or even two eggs from a nest, I have watched the quiet return of the parent, and the successful hatching of those left. The further that the stage of motherhood progresses, the more persevering feathered mothers become; but at all times persistent visiting or intrusion annoys them.

The appeal of a brave, affectionate bird, when brooding over her young, is very touching, but it is too often disregarded. Few persons know the trials of bird life. Many hundred times have I watched the smaller birds in spring during the course of their domestic life; and I remember but very few instances in which the parents seemingly had uninterrupted success from the beginning, when the foundations of their nurseries were laid, until all their young were reared. I distinctly recall only half a dozen cases. The parents' chief enemies are the weather, snakes (especially the black-snake), various other birds, such as crows, blue jays, crow blackbirds, and cuckoos, the tree-squirrels (but not the little striped ground-squirrel or "chipmunk"), and cats. The cat, while it is always a graceful and sometimes a useful animal, is, just in the proportion that it is a good mouser, also a skillful bird-catcher, and does much mischief on a country place.

The nests which one finds in fields and pastures on the ground are generally those of the sparrows. They are all much alike—slight hollows, protected or partly concealed by a bush, hummock, or clump of grass, and in most cases lined very neatly with hairs, though dry grass, etc., almost invariably enter into their composition. If taken up for preservation, they must be dug up with a little of the earth about them, as otherwise they fall to pieces. All nests are naturally in better condition for a collection when just finished, but fine specimens may often be obtained when vacated by the young, while a few are capable of withstanding exposure to weather for a considerable time. They should be taken with their immediate surroundings, whether branches, twigs, or earth, and handled very carefully. In the house, they should be repaired, if damaged, by stitching or gluing; should be kept free from dust, for if once dirty, they can not be cleaned without injury; and if partly composed of feathers or woolly matter, should be occasionally wetted with benzine.

Among the ground-nesting birds there are in Massachusetts no less than nine species of sparrows, some of which commonly make their homes in fields or pastures; I shall therefore enter into no details. But a curious fact, which illustrates the frequent departure from types or rules in nature, is that the common chipping sparrows, or "haw-birds," have been known to build on the

ground, though they usually build several feet above it, in a bush, hedge, tree, or vine.

There is little of interest to keep us in the hot fields on a warm day in the last week of May, and I pass on to the meadows. On their borders, in the fields where the longest grass grows, is a nest which you must hunt long for before finding—that of the bobolink. In the elm-tree is the jolly male, in his summer livery of black, buff, and white, and singing as if he could not contain himself. Still caroling, he spreads his wings and drops into the grass. We can not see from here what he is doing; he may be whispering to his plainly colored mate, or he may be feeding. Long before we are near enough to surprise him, could we do so under any circumstances, he springs up, and sings as if he asked us to stand and listen. Looking for his nest in this wide field is like searching for a needle in a haymow. Should the female suddenly rise within ten feet of us, she may have wandered from her eggs for a moment, finding her mate inattentive in providing her with food, or she may have tried to deceive us by stealing from them through the grass, and flying up at a distance; but no, she has staid at the post of danger until the last minute, 'twixt hope and fear, and springs up at our feet. There, in a little hollow, which has been warmly bedded, and over which the long grass waves, lie four grayish or greenish eggs, mottled with dark brown. Look at them quickly, and then let us go to the meadows.

As we splash through the wet places, and jump the ditches, a general chatter arises, and half a dozen blackbirds with brilliant red patches on their wings present themselves. These are the males; but there is a female, who leaves her nest every minute, returning immediately, and who betrays its position by her anxiety. She is plainly colored, streaked, and much smaller than the male. Her nest, in this hummock, happens to be cup-shaped, and carefully finished with fresh-looking bits of dry stalks and grasses. The eggs in it are pale blue, with dark spots and scrawls. I have said, in the last sentence, "happens to be" so and so, because, of other swamp blackbirds' nests in the same meadow, some are probably lined with rootlets, some with hairs, and others are built in bushes. If we extended our examination to other meadows in different localities, we should find great variety in positions, structure, and material. Some specimens from bushes are composed partly of sticks; others, from the sea-shore, are made chiefly from sea-wrack or eel-grass. Mr. Maynard describes one built in a tree, fifteen feet above the ground, and pensile like that of the golden robin or hang-bird. Not only do surrounding circumstances produce an effect every where, but individual birds vary in their architectural skill or care. Moreover,

work is often begun late, and, being hurried through, is done badly; on the other hand, leisure often causes nicety, and even unnecessary labor.

That refrain of plaintive whistles which we now hear comes from the meadow-lark in that tree; he has a bright yellow breast with a black crescent on it, and some white feathers in his tail. Now he leaves the tree, and flying across the meadow with quivering wings, drops into the grass; but his nest is probably in that dry patch where the land begins to slope back toward the farms. I can not undertake to say that we

plused by the caution and cunning of the architects. You will facilitate your work by scattering cotton-wool, horse-hairs, straws, string, worsted, and cloth where they will attract the attention of the birds about you. Put them on your lawn or on the piazza vines, and watch them. A robin comes to carry off the string, and having used up what you have provided, and liking the material, attacks a long piece wound round a stake, and supporting a gladiolus. By persistent effort he frees a part of it, but the harder that he pulls at the rest, the tighter he ties the knot around the stake, and the



GOLDEN-CROWNED WREN'S NEST.

shall find it by going there, for the meadow-lark's nest is usually hidden beneath an archway of the long, dry, and tangled meadow-grass. So completely is it often concealed, that you can find it only by frightening the sitting female suddenly, and making her fly up from the archway. Then, by exploring carefully, you may catch sight of the eggs, which are white, with brown and lilac spots. Were not the birds so common, I should not in all probability have been able to present you with a description of their retreats, or, if I could, should feel very proud of doing so at first-hand; and any beginner may justly take pride in discovering one of them. The best way to find nests is to watch a bird while building; in that way, moreover, you are sure to see them in their best condition, and to know when the eggs are fresh. It requires patience; but you see the workers return again and again to the same spot, and a little closer inspection usually completes your knowledge, though you may sometimes be deceived or non-

string is becoming entangled with his legs; he fights twenty minutes, and then gives it up. Sparrows pick up hairs and straws from the lawn, and warblers come to the vines for cotton-wool, passing fearlessly within three feet of your chair; then they come back to break off little twigs and to peel off shreds of dry bark from the honeysuckle. A pair of golden robins—the male with black and orange, the female with yellow and duller black—come for string, worsted, and thread; but beware of them, for they are thieves. Leave your knitting under the tree there for five minutes, and it is gone; you will find it a week later, a part irrevocably woven into the hanging nest, and a part dangling with the needle in it. The weaving is so cleverly done that you wonder whether the orioles haven't used your needles. Not at all, madam; I defy you to produce with your implements such a piece of work as these birds have produced with their bills. Successful experiments have been made by supplying



BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER'S NEST.

the orioles, in the tree where they are occupied, with bright silks and worsteds, which they employ altogether, if liberally provided, so that a very gay and party-colored nest may swing in your orchard where you can see it from the house. Wilson says that an old lady, to whom he showed an oriole's nest in which a piece of dry grass, thirteen inches long, was passed through thirty-four times, asked him, half in earnest, if the birds couldn't be taught to darn stockings.

Let us go back to the meadows, and, leaving these, enter into the adjoining swamp, where I shall show you several objects worth seeing. We might find in this swamp nests of several species, but the ground is so wet and the brambles so thick that I will only show you two that I found just completed two or three days ago. We shall come to one by following this path along the brook-side. Of the warblers there are many who build on the ground in or near wet places, but only one of these is common, at least in a large part of the United States—the little Maryland yellow-throat. The male, who is eying us saucily from that thicket, is olive-green above, with more or less bright yellow beneath, and has a black patch which covers his forehead and the sides of his head, inclosing his eyes. You will often see him on road-sides. The female is duller above, paler be-

neath, and has no black. Her nest, a few steps further on, owes its attractions to the surroundings. Beside it is the brook, on which the sunlight plays, as it breaks through the bushes on the other side. Around it are grasses to conceal it, and behind it is a cluster of tall, graceful ferns. Behind the ferns is a young tree that spreads its branches over the whole. How much mysterious life is in the group, especially in those four little eggs lying together, all white, one unmarked, one spotted with brown, one speckled with lilac, and one marked with both! Such is the variety which we often find in one nest. In the nest of a hawk I have found two eggs, one almost pure white, and another buffy, with dark brown blotches. But the mother before us asks us to pass on, and to discuss these phenomena where she shall not be disturbed.

In that open spot, bathed in sunlight, on that knoll by the bushes, sits another bird on her eggs, her soft reddish-brown back in contrast to the surrounding green. It is the Wilson thrush. The little yellow-throat, when we intruded, hopped about us, expressing her anxiety openly; but the thrush disappears quietly into the bushes, disclosing behind her a very pretty picture. Her nest, made of dead leaves, strips of grape-vine bark, and dry grasses, and lined with a few hairs, is set in a bank of rich dark green moss; in it are four light blue eggs; above it is a little plant with bright red berries. All the colors in the picture are so strong and yet delicate, all the forms



YELLOW WARBLER'S NEST.

so graceful, that I am tempted to stand here gazing much longer than I ought. Birds' homes vary in attractiveness like those of men, and before leaving the swamp I will show you another Wilson thrush's nest. Here it is, set among the dead leaves, near the foot of a tree. I need hardly point out to you its comparison with the other; the situation is quite cheerless, and the nest is coarse. You may attribute this, as you please, to laziness, indifference, want of taste, inexperience, or to necessity and difficulties. The contrast is striking, and is one of the innumerable illustrations of the infinite variety in nature.

I shall now direct your steps toward a dry, hilly tract of low oaks, birches, and bushes, which is called the "scrub"—a place where but few years ago stood a forest of pines. There we are likely to find nests of only two kinds on the ground (unless we find one of the ruffed grouse), and of these the eggs are often very closely alike. The birds belonging to them are both about the size of the robin. The brown thrushes have long tails, and are bright reddish-brown above, and beneath white, with dark streaks on the breast. There is nothing remarkable in their nests, but the conduct of the females is often surprising, particularly when their nests are in bushes (being almost always on or near the ground), for these birds are peculiarly at home in shrubbery. Though habitually rather shy, yet they are sometimes very bold when sitting. More than one young collector must have had the experience of being a little frightened when, literally hissing, they have refused to leave their nest, and much startled when, on being attacked, they have flown at him with vehemence. Such conduct, however, is rare, and of course causes no danger. Mr. Allen mentions the nest of a brown thrush found in the West at an unusual height from the ground, because built beside a river which was often flooded suddenly and heavily. The bird or its ancestors profited by experience. This perhaps illustrates how types may be lost. If birds, for instance, of any species are driven by unfavorable changes into a tract of country with very uniform characteristics, they soon adapt their habits to their surroundings, perhaps losing marked traits. This question will be considered again, in reference to the swallows.

The towhee buntings, also called che-winks and ground-robins, do not behave like the brown thrushes, but usually conceal their nests. Sometimes a place is chosen where dead leaves and switches have accumulated, and either partly under the leaves, or actually in a pile of brush, the nest is built so as to escape all notice of the passer-by. At other times the nest may be found at the foot of some bush more openly

situated. Near it stays the black and white male, with patches of chestnut red on his sides, turning over the decayed vegetation about him, and uttering his characteristic "towhee," or perching in some bush to sing his simple song. If we disturb his mate, he will make his appearance immediately, and utter his saucy cries of distress. We will leave him and go to the woods.

In the pine grove we may find several pretty nests on the ground—among others, that of the little black and white creeper, with its delicately colored eggs. The one by far of most interest is that of the oven-bird, or wagtail. You at once ask, Why called "oven-bird?" You will better understand when I show you the nest which I have found, an exceptionally fine specimen. Here it is, among the dry pine needles at the foot of a little knoll. It is built on a slope, and is roofed. This sounds strangely; but overhanging it is a net-work of pine needles and dry grasses built out from the slope, and this roof gives it the appearance of an old-fashioned oven, at the same time concealing it on three sides. It is a wrong belief that the open side (when there is any roof) is always toward the south; it is as often toward the east; and convenience of situation apparently influences the builders as much as considerations of heat and light. Without me, I fear that you would not have seen this nest, even though you had stepped within six inches of it. As you came by, you would have seen a small bird, with greenish back and tail, and an orange crown bordered by dark stripes, fluttering along the ground. Half in eagerness and half in pity, you would have followed, as she led the way, always just out of reach. Suddenly she would have disappeared or flown off, and you would have thought her conduct strange until you realized that you had been fooled by a bird. Experience will soon teach you, when you suddenly see a bird before you in seeming pain and distress, not to pay her any attention, but to look about you, without wandering three feet from the spot where you first saw her. You will then find her nest, probably, unless she has stolen from it some distance before showing herself; then the case is quite hopeless. The partridge, or ruffed grouse, is another deceiver. To be sure, she leaves her nest under the log there, with its nine brown eggs, with an honest and startling whir; but when the proud mother is with her chicks, she is cunning enough to outwit many a man who thinks himself clever. The variety of her ruses makes them doubly successful. Sometimes when surprised she feigns lameness, and tries to decoy the intruder away; sometimes she bristles up, and attacks him by pecking at his toes, then suddenly flies off. In either case the young have the good sense or instinct to hide in

the grass or dead leaves about them until they hear the whining call of their mother, when they gather about her once more. The partridge is so earnest in her efforts to distract one's attention, and her chicks so nimble in hiding, that both are likely to escape, even from a person who takes no pity on their distress.

Among those nests which are supported beneath are to be included those built on cliffs by certain birds of prey, such as the eyries of the eagles, and several kinds connected with buildings, as that of the robin sometimes is. In the bird-boxes we may find those of the martins and white-breasted swallows, with white eggs, and sometimes those of the bluebirds, with light blue eggs.

Far more pleasing than all these is the pewee's (or Phæbe-bird's) nest, which is usually placed on top of a pillar on the piazza, on a beam of a shed or bridge, or on the outside of a barn. The last which I examined was a semicircle in its outward shape, and was attached to the wall of a carriage-house, on the beam over the door. Its walls were composed of grasses, straws, etc., cemented together with mud. Inside was horse-hair, one of the commonest materials in bird architecture. The outside was the most artistic part, being thickly coated with green mosses. Another nest on a neighboring pillar was circular, and, like the first, contained white eggs.

Of the first class, the remaining nests are built in trees or bushes; and here the range is so wide that I can only present a few typical specimens. Some are saddled to a bough, others are placed in a fork, and others in a crotch.* The materials are either simply upheld, are plastered to their supports, or are wound round them. The least artistic are the nests of sticks. Many hawks and owls build these more or less clumsily, and often rudely, in evergreens, where two or three branches leave the trunk together. Crows and blue jays build very similar structures, though much neater and more carefully lined, that of the blue jay being very much smaller, and placed nearer the ground. Both the fish-hawk and bald eagle usually build enormous nests, chiefly of sticks, in the top of a tree near water. They repair these year after year by adding to them, and often get together a large cart-load of stuff. In contrast to these, the cuckoos put together a few twigs in a bush, vine, or low tree, and often lay their eggs on a platform which seems almost too frail to support them. You can easily see the bluish eggs through the bottom. So indifferent are the cuckoos to architecture that I have known one to lay

her eggs on a cotton rag which was caught in the thorns of a barberry bush. Occasionally one builds a substantial and hollow structure for her young, but such cases are very rare.

The thrushes' nests have already been spoken of in earlier numbers of this Magazine; the robin's nest is the coarsest of them, though in substance a fair type of the others, built in trees, except that the others have a greater variety of material, and most often no mud. If you are not familiar with the robin's work, I can safely leave you to study it by yourself. You can easily find a specimen in some apple-tree which will show you what "plaster-saddling" is. The other method of saddling is exhibited very perfectly in the nest of the wood-pewee and that of the humming-bird. The latter is exquisite. Inside, its diameter or width is only about three-quarters of an inch, but it now holds two white eggs, and by-and-by must be the nursery for two young. Of its shape and immediate position you may judge by the accompanying picture. I have usually found it in an oak or orchard tree within fifteen feet of the ground. The walls are composed of the finest materials which the vegetable kingdom offers—down, silk from seed wrappers, and hair-like fibres; the coarsest among them are bits of sweet-fern. Outside, it is thickly coated with lichens, which the male sometimes amuses himself by putting on after the female has laid her eggs. It is very substantial. I have had photographed for the engraver a specimen which I found in March; it has suffered surprisingly little from nine months' exposure to weather. The protective resemblance to surroundings seen in the humming-bird's nest is better exemplified in that of the wood-pewee. This nest is much larger, though shallower in proportion to its diameter (of two or three inches). It is built in a grove on a moss-covered limb, and is so coated with lichens as to resemble exactly a knot or protuberance of the limb itself. I have seen some so ingeniously made that they could not be detected as nests from the ground when the birds were not on them. The eggs in these artistic structures are very pretty, being creamy or buff, with a few large spots of brown and lilac.

Nearly all our smaller birds, excluding the swallows, build a fresh nest every year. In doing so they spend from one day to a month, a week being the average time. In many ways it is unsatisfactory to watch them at work, it being almost impossible to obtain a position where you do not disturb the birds, but can see exactly how they use their materials. The females are generally the chief, and sometimes the sole workers. The beginning of their labors is the most puzzling part to us, and perhaps to them.

* By "saddled" I mean fastened to the back or upper part of a limb. A "fork," as the term is here used, is a horizontal division; a "crotch," the point where upward branches separate.

It is sometimes accomplished by laying sticks, twigs, or straws across from branch to branch; sometimes by placing a clump of material in the bottom of a crotch or in a fork, and at other times by winding strips of bark, fibres, etc., around the neighboring twigs. What is then added is pressed or twisted into position with the bill. The inward shape is preserved, and toward the end perfected by the breast as the female turns round and round. Materials are sometimes brought a mile, but ordinarily are gathered near their destination. It is very pretty to see warblers taking fresh caterpillars' silk from the new nests; but sometimes a rather ghastly effect is produced by the caterpillars themselves being carried off with their silk, and by their corpses being left to dangle about the nest for which they have been sacrificed. A majority of our smaller birds have four or five eggs in one set, sometimes having two or three different sets in one season, and lay them from day to day. The males usually undertake a part of the incubation, feed their sitting mates, and cheer them by singing, sometimes singing at night. Even males with such dangerously bright colors as the scarlet tanagers occasionally relieve their mates during the daytime. The common period of incubation is from ten days to a fortnight.

The homes of the tree-nesting finches and fly-catchers, those of the tanagers and waxwings, I must pass over. Those warblers who build in bushes and trees excel as architects, the last artistic production of theirs which I remember to have seen being very



HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

neatly made of pine needles, and lined with the black fibres of a moss. I have had two photographed for the engraver, one of the common yellow warbler (*Dendraeca aestiva*), built in the crotch of a barberry bush, and one of the black-throated green warbler (*D. virens*), placed in a fork near the end of a pine bough. Both were built near Boston, and were finished about the 1st of June. They are composed as follows: that of the summer yellow bird of slender shreds of grass and fibres mixed with silky and woolly materials, besides a few bits of fine string, the whole being lined with a rich dun-colored plant down; the black-throated green's, of strips of thin bark, small twigs and stalks, pine needles, a few feathers, and bits of paper, being lined with black and white hairs, and with hair-like fibres, which are glistening yellow.

Of the pensile nests, the commonest are those of the Baltimore orioles, or golden robins (also called "fire-birds" and "hang-nests"), whose long pouches, four to eight inches deep, you must have seen in an orchard-tree or in an elm, for to an observant person they are often conspicuous objects in a village street, or even in a city park. They are often placed near the end of long drooping boughs, and are not easily got at from beneath, while above they are commonly protected by a canopy of leaves. They are so common, and have been so frequently figured and described, that I shall not dwell upon them. They are variously made up of grasses, fibres, thread, wool, worsted, yarn, string, and even cloth. The nests of the vireos are much less well known. They are pensile, rather cup-shaped, from one to two inches deep, and two or three wide inside, and are usually suspended from a fork. The linings are never very soft, but are often coarse. The eggs are white generally, with a few brown spots



WHITE-EYED VIREO'S NEST.

or speckles about the larger end. The commonest, that of the red-eyed vireo, is built from five to twenty feet above the ground. It is sometimes ornamented outwardly, but two or three typical specimens before me consist merely of strips of bark, such as that from grape-vines, somewhat coated with insects' silk, and are lined with pine needles. A very pretty one is made of white birch bark, and another of greenish-gray tree-moss. In contrast to the typical forms just mentioned is the larger and substantial nest of the yellow-throated vireo, often found in the orchard, and profusely covered outside with mosses and lichens held together by silk. It is one of the finest specimens of bird architecture that we have. The white-eyed vireo (*Vireo noveboracensis*) builds near the ground, usually in a bush or sapling, and often in a very open spot. Sometimes its nest, like that of the red-eyed vireo, is largely made up of paper from wasps' nests, or of newspaper, whence both species have been called "politician-birds." A very fine specimen, found in a birch about two feet from the ground, is shown on page 96. It is composed of fine vegetable shreds, caterpillars' silk, cocoons, and bits of dead wood, ferns, and leaves. Some vireos allow you to pass under their nests, or stand near them, without exhibiting alarm, and if robbed, remain near the spot, coming within a foot or two of your person. One has been known to remain on her nest when it was carried off from the tree. I have sometimes put my hand on sitting birds. I regret that I have not enough space left to describe at length the pensile nests which are globular; those built by the marsh wrens, of rushes (or the like, and usually mud), among marsh reeds or meadow-grasses; and those built of hanging moss in evergreens by the little blue yellow-backed warblers. There is on page 92 an illustration of a nest very rarely found, that of the golden-crowned wren (*Regulus satrapa*). It is composed chiefly of hanging moss, but is warmly lined with feathers.

THE PROFESSOR'S VICTIM.

"THERE is a mystery in that woman's life," said the professor—"a mystery that when I do think upon, I get what you Americans call a crick in the brain."

"Yes, professor," I said, meekly, although I had never in my life heard an American use the expression. But the professor went into altogether different society from that in which I was allowed to mingle, and I dare say they had a language of their own. I was merely a dress-maker. To be sure, I had good customers, and as many as I could well get along with, so that I had no occasion to put out a sign. Miss Winthrop was so glad of this. She said she didn't know how she could board with me if I kept a

sign at the door. It was bad enough for her to know how hard I worked, and what a wretched life I led; it was enough for her to pity me; it would be unendurable if the whole neighborhood should be called upon to extend me their sympathy. I think Miss Winthrop was mistaken. I am confident there were many people in our vicinity who would have been glad to have fared no worse than I. But Miss Winthrop had peculiar views about labor. I never contradicted her. The professor and she were wrangling always and forever. They never agreed upon any subject. He was there almost every day of his life. Miss Winthrop was studying at the Institute; but she was not a very ardent student, and used to be at home the most of the time, so that when the professor got through at the college and conservatory, he came generally direct to the house. It would have seemed strange and sad not to have seen him at least once in the twenty-four hours.

I remember that day so well. I had been more than usually perplexed in cutting and fitting. The left side of Miss Van Coot had to be padded all the way up to the shoulder, and in some unaccountable way I had mistaken the left for the right, so that when she put on the basque, I should have laughed if I had not cried. I was nervous and worked out, I suppose; and as she stood there, poor creature! not knowing what a spectacle she was, it was all I could do to keep the tears from rolling down my cheeks.

"I shall have to take it all apart, Miss Van Coot," I said. "It will take me at least an hour. You might as well get through your shopping, and come back again."

She went off in her carriage, and I began to rip out the stitches. The morning was cloudy and overcast; and as I got near to the window to see, I could not help thinking what a miserable world it was, when all at once a big shadow loomed up beside me, and a familiar voice cried out:

"Who is it has made thee to weep? Give me their bones that I may crack them."

And then I fell to laughing. Suddenly the morning seemed to be bright and beautiful, the form of Miss Van Coot shapely enough, if only I would not be stupid, and mistake the right side for the left. As for the professor, he was like a demigod made out of flesh and blood—a great deal of fine wholesome flesh and gallons of splendid blood. I could not help thinking, in my sordid way, that the professor's tailor, whoever he might be, was a wondrous lucky man; for nobody but those whose trade it is to puzzle and design for the human anatomy can have the least idea of how fearfully and wonderfully we are made. The professor was resplendent in a new raiment of some soft gray material that suited well his fine complexion and ruddy hair. In his but-

ton-hole were some fresh violets, for it was already early spring. He pulled the gloves from his plump white hands, and went in to the piano. It was open, just as Miss Winthrop had left it.

"Will she return to luncheon?" he said, running his fingers over the keys; and I thought as he spoke how nice it was to be the one "she" in that big generous heart.

"Yes, professor," I replied.

"Then I will stay," he said, and immediately I went to prepare his favorite pudding; and while I stirred the materials together he came out into the kitchen to talk about Miss Winthrop. Never by any chance when we were alone together did he talk of any thing else.

"I saw your tears," he cried, in his tragic way. "Were they because of Miss Winthrop? I should not at all wonder. Of all women, she is the most aggravating, the most unreasonable—"

"It was not Miss Winthrop," I said; "and you do not think all these disagreeable things that you say of her."

"I do—I do," he cried. "You think, now, that I am what you Americans call 'spooney' about her; but it is not that at all. I have only the puerility to be curious;" and then the professor went on to tell me that the mystery in Miss Winthrop's life gave him a "crick in the brain."

"At times," said the professor, "she is moody. She is what the French call *distrain*—she is plunged into a melancholy profound and touching. I tell you, my gracious Fräulein, there is a burden upon that woman's soul. Now what can it be?"

I did not reply. How could I? I had also noticed these periods of sadness and abstraction upon Helen's part, but how could I speak my heart out to the professor? How could I tell him that he was unconsciously trifling with Helen, making her happy at one time, only to render her the more miserable at another; that this capricious conduct of his was the cause of Miss Winthrop's melancholy? I did not dare be thus frank with the professor, for fear that he would go straight to Helen and tell her. He was like a child in impulse, and many a time, when I had unwittingly trusted him, he had unblushingly betrayed me.

Fortunately, Miss Van Coot came in. The professor went into the parlor and began to bang upon the piano with the fervor of an enthusiast. While I was trying on Miss Van Coot's basque, he poured out his whole soul upon the keys, so that Miss Van Coot fidgeted from one foot to the other, and at last tore herself away from me and sank upon a chair near the door.

"Let the dress go," she said. "I must listen. Oh, how beautiful it is! Who is he? Where did he come from? How magnificently he plays! How do you manage

to have an instrument like that? The high notes are perfect;" and she peeped through the crack of the door.

"Pardon me," I said, respectfully, for she was the best customer I had, "but in ten minutes I shall be done. The basque fits you to perfection. He is Professor Wagner, of the Grand Conservatory. He does indeed play wonderfully well. The instrument is not mine; it belongs to the professor, and he has hired it to a young Southern lady who is boarding with me. She is a pupil of the professor's."

"A pupil!" said Miss Van Coot, who had given herself into my hands again, a warm color creeping into her murky skin, her dull eyes kindling. "Then he will teach?"

"Yes, if—if— He will teach *you*, if that is what you mean; of course he will. I only meant that the professor's terms are very high."

"So much the better," said Miss Van Coot.

It was really wonderful how well the basque fitted her. One would certainly have thought that her left side was the same as her right; and Miss Van Coot was so pleasant a lady, it would have been a thousand pities if she had not been able to afford to have a skillful dress-maker, one who made her work a continual study. I was really all of this. It is no egotism to mention it. I was quite famous in my line of business, and was particularly successful in hiding any little awkwardness or defect in shape or carriage. I began by feeling sorry for those who were afflicted in this way, and determined, as far as in me lay, to ameliorate these little disadvantages. And the professor never would have known of this inequality of Miss Van Coot's if he had not, so to speak, tortured it out of me that unlucky morning.

When I had quite finished, and had gone to the door with Miss Van Coot, it so happened that the professor also came into the corridor by the parlor way. "I shall walk out a little," he said to me, "until she returns." And at that moment he reached the top of the landing where stood my wealthy customer. Of course he lifted his hat from off his splendid ruddy hair, and bowed his handsome head, and waved his plump white hand for her to pass on before him. A lady was always honored with all this gesticulatory distinction by the professor, whosoever she might be. Miss Van Coot, with one eager, devouring look upon him, went on to her carriage, from which she looked again; but as for the professor, he went on his way unmindful, humming a little roundelay under his breath, and holding his head high in the air. But when he came back again, luncheon was not quite ready, Miss Winthrop had not come, and nothing would do but he must know why he had found those foolish tears in my eyes that morning.

"It was Miss Winthrop," he said. "You need not try to shield her. I know her, to my cost. She is arrogant; she is without heart; she has said that which has cut thee to the soul."

"Nonsense, professor," I said, quite off my guard. "It was only that I made a stupid mistake in Miss Van Coot's basque. She has to be padded all the way up the left shoulder."

"Gott in Himmel!" cried the professor; and then I saw my imprudence.

"It is nothing," I said, "when one can afford to have a skillful dress-maker."

But the professor leaned back in his chair and raised his hands to heaven. It was only natural that he should consider it a terrible misfortune—he whose physique was like that of the Apollo Belvedere.

"She has lots of money," I said.

"A silver mine will not buy her a new spine," said the professor.

"It will serve to make her own very presentable," I rejoined; "and, besides, she is so good and kind."

"Ah," he said, heaving a sigh from the bottom of his lungs, "that is better than all. She is honest, perhaps, and truthful. At least she will not, perhaps, lie, as you Americans say, as fast as the horse will trot. She will not promise to sit at your table at a certain hour, and then go away and give no further thought to the matter. There are some people whose spines may be all that is desirable, but their hearts, my gracious Fräulein, they are black to the core."

It was too bad that Helen did not come as she had promised. The professor did not fully get over his disappointment till he came to the pudding, which was fortunately as near perfection as a pudding can be.

His eyes grew less ferocious as he dallied with the flaky puffs, the fierce lines about his mouth gave way, a generous, benignant expression gradually beamed upon his face.

"And then," at last he said to me, "thou hast not only the spine without blemish, but the heart and the soul. Whatever thou undertakest to do, is done wisely and well. Gesegnete Mahlzeit, may the meal be blessed to thee! If thou wouldst be a saint in heaven, continue to be a good Hausfrau upon the earth."

Thanks to the pudding, he went upon his way rejoicing. When Helen came, it was soggy and ruined; but Helen was not very hard to please. A bit of toast, a poached egg, a morsel of any sort, particularly in the Lenten season, was all she would ask.

When I told her of the professor's displeasure, she laughed in that mocking, musical way of hers; but I thought there was a latent tenderness in its ring, and there was a melting look in her great black eyes, a tremulous sweetness about her mouth, that made me look at her again. She could wear

a Dolman with more grace than any one I ever saw; and just the little ruffle of cashmere lace about her neck, and the two creamy roses well down upon her hat, made her like some beautiful picture.

It was fully a fortnight before the professor came again to stay any time. He was very busy. Miss Van Coot had not only prevailed upon him to take her as a pupil, but he had consented to manage a *musical* for her at her house on the Avenue.

Miss Van Coot and the professor seemed to get on very well together. One morning that I went there to fit some trimmings upon the white corded silk I was making for her *musical*, I found the professor reading to her his translation of a tragedy from the German. Once in a while he would appeal to her judgment in the formation of a sentence, and although she would pause to criticise, she invariably agreed with his version in the end. So that he began to talk to me of Miss Van Coot as he had formerly of Helen.

And the night of the *musical*, to which I did not go—Miss Van Coot, in her kind way, invited me, but it was not expected that I would accept the invitation—that night Miss Van Coot looked very well indeed. I went to arrange her dress before the entertainment, and really Miss Van Coot looked almost handsome. The excitement had lighted up her heavy face, and although it was a risk, I never had better luck with any thing than I had with that corded silk polonaise. Miss Van Coot was so pleased with it that she was kind enough to send me home in her carriage, and the professor whispered, as he bade me good-by, "Thou hast done marvelously well; nobody would know but that her two sides were cast in the same mould." So that the professor seemed very well pleased with Miss Van Coot, and I feared more and more for my poor Helen's happiness. As the days went by, there seemed almost a spell upon her, and I would only have been too glad to have her make fun in her old way of some of the people about us, or hear her laugh, no matter how mockingly. The professor began vaguely to feel that she was changed, and watched her at times with a fretful curiosity, and again with touching tenderness. She began to be to him like a well-behaved child; she bore his sneers and revilings so meekly; she played to his order and sang for him without complaint the classical music which she professed to abominate; nor did she finish by galloping off into some extravaganza of her own. The professor became more and more uneasy and perplexed. He ceased to talk of Miss Van Coot. He tramped to and fro the length of the rooms, muttering to himself, sometimes turning impatiently upon his heel and walking out of the house.

One night they sat together, Helen and

the professor, in my pleasant parlor. The flat which I rented was next door to a big asylum up town, so that the grounds by which it was surrounded gave us the advantage of side windows, from which we could look over across the river. The full moon was climbing up into the sky; a few timid stars were faintly glowing there; the air had already the delicious languor of early summer; and Helen was beautiful. Her simple white robe of India muslin, with only some narrow Valenciennes on the flounces, had a better effect somehow than Miss Van Coot's new corded silk.

I was putting away the china in the middle closet, when the professor's fierce whisper reached me. His voice would only modify to a sort of muffled thunder or a piercing hiss.

"There is a mystery in your life," he said; "there is something weighing upon your heart. Tell me, then, what it is. I must—I will know."

To my surprise and alarm, I heard a stifled sob, a soft footstep, and in a moment Helen ran out to me.

"Tell him to go away," she said, putting her arms about me, and hiding her head upon my shoulder. "I can not stand it any longer. Tell him to go away."

She sobbed aloud, but held her head steadily down upon my shoulder, while her hands repulsed the professor, who endeavored to approach her. Scolding and soothing by turns, the poor professor was beside himself.

"Leave her for to-night," I said at last to him. "She will be better in the morning."

He endeavored once more to take her hand, was again repulsed, and picking up his hat, flinging his coat over his arm, he rushed down the stairs two at a time, and out of the house like a madman.

I got Helen to bed, and when I was about to leave her, she pulled me down to her and kissed me.

"You are a true lady, Susie," she said; "the truest I ever saw. You have no cruel curiosity. You mind your own business, dear, which is the very sublimest quality a human creature can possess."

What was my surprise in the morning to find Helen come out to breakfast with her bonnet on, wearing a neat travelling dress, and having the air of one who was about starting upon a journey!

"Don't be startled, Susie," she said; "I am going to the South. I am very unhappy, and I can stay here no longer; my trunk is already packed. You will find upon the card which I will give you my address in New Orleans. You have earned the right to my confidence, dear, and you shall have it. I will write to you."

How could I help being startled? I couldn't eat a morsel, but sat devouring with

my eyes that sweet, sad face which was to vanish so soon from me, perhaps forever.

"True to the last, Susie," she said, getting up from the table and straining me to her heart. "Not a word do you say, not a question do you ask. What a treasure of a woman you are! I verily believe there is not such another on the face of the earth."

Then she kissed me once more, put the card into my hand, and the carriage being at the door, her trunk was bumped down the stairs, and she and it whirled away in the twinkling of an eye.

I sat there stunned and stupefied I don't know how long, till I heard the professor's footsteps in the corridor. Even then I did not move, but called out to him to come when he rapped upon the door.

"I could not sleep," he began; "I have tossed and tumbled all the night through. I came early that I might find her. Where is she?"

"She is gone," I said.

"Gone!" he thundered. "To the Institute?"

"To the South—to New Orleans. It is all your fault," I cried. "You have broken her heart. She said she was so unhappy she could stay here no longer. She has gone; you will see her no more. You have lost her as well as I."

"Du lieber Gott!" cried the professor, and sank panting into a chair.

"Yes," I said, "it is your cruelty that has driven her away. She loved you."

"Did she say so?" said the professor, extending his hands to me piteously.

"Of course she didn't. How could she? You never gave her a chance. You were amusing yourself with Miss Van Coot. You did not care—"

"Allmächtiger!" roared the professor, who was only profane in his own language; "do not dare to say that! I *did* care. But there was a mystery that perplexed and troubled me. Why did she never speak of her family and friends? Why did she never tell of her early life? of the days which were past?"

"Because there was no necessity. It was nobody's business but her own."

"Bah!" cried the professor; "it was. It was your business and mine. I tell you there was something to be feared, to be dreaded. Saw you her hair, how it did curl and curl? And her skin was of that rich warm tint, like the pulp of a pomegranate. And her eyes—dost remember her eyes?"

"The most beautiful eyes!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," said the professor; "but opaque. I tell you, my gracious Fräulein, there was a taint in her blood, a mingling of the African there."

"Professor Wagner!" I cried, indignantly.

"And I," he shouted—"I loved her! Gott in Himmel, of course I loved her! But my blood has come down to me through the cen-

turies pure and undefiled. It is all that I have to boast of."

"Miss Van Coot has even more," I broke in. "She has condescended to tell me of her magnificent origin. Go to Miss Van Coot, Professor Wagner. Her blood is, if thin, of stupendous antiquity. She has already in your country a cousin who owns a principality. Make haste to get her, before he comes to her or she goes to him, for they have a fashion of marrying cousins—"

"Which is bad for their spines," groaned the professor. Then he turned to me, and the tears were actually in his poor eyes. "Come," he said, "you are vexed with me, and it hurts me to the heart. I can not afford to lose your friendship, which has been dear to me for so long. I will do what you wish. You say that she loves me. The good God knows that I am tired of this suspense. Well, I will marry her, then. There, now, art thou appeased? I will go after her to New Orleans, and bring her back to you. I will bring her back as my wife, and the conflict will be over."

"Oh, will you, professor?" I said, holding out my hands to him in delight, for I thought it was generous of him, considering every thing, and I fairly yearned for my poor Helen's happiness and his own.

"Yes, the sacrifice is made," he said, and heaved a heavy sigh. "Now let us think of the arrangements. It will be better for the first year that we shall board with you. She will be happier, and so will I. Can you hire the suit of rooms above? They are vacant, I believe."

"Yes, and they are beautiful," I said, clasping my hands with joy.

"Very well, then; I will see that they are properly furnished. You must have a good servant; you must not have too much care."

"Care!" I echoed. "It will be a delight, a pleasure." And the professor flung off his coat. I poured out some coffee for him, and we began to eat breakfast, for I had not tasted a morsel, and was comforted enough now to feel hungry.

A fortnight after, the rooms were complete, and the professor was to leave for New Orleans the next day. He was coming to take supper with me and bid me good-by that night, as the steamer started very early in the morning. I had made every thing I could think of to please him, and put a few pansies in my hair. The table looked wonderfully inviting. It was about dusk, and I expected him every moment, when the janitor's little boy came running in to me with a letter. I saw it was in a strange, fine handwriting, and thought it was some new customer; but as I read it, my blood rushed to my heart, for it was from Helen, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR SUSIE,—I have only time to tell you I am the happiest creature in the world. All those months

I was with you I had left my heart with a young person down here, who is the son of an abolitionist and a Quaker. My father is a fire-eater, if you know what that means, my dear; but he could not swallow the big bonfire of love that blazed between that young Quaker and me, so he sent me to the North, that my share of it should be cooled by your climate. But, if you remember, I did not see much of the climate. I was almost always in your cozy parlor, where the birds sang and the flowers bloomed, and the dear professor was so much like my own Edward that I could almost fancy they were one and the same—the ruddy hair, the same eyes of flashing blue, and his thee and thou brought back to me the sweet Quaker dialect. He had but the one fault—of which thou must cure him, my dear—a womanish curiosity that thou altogether art happily free from. It at last drove me away. I came home, like the prodigal, and my father gave me my Edward, the more readily that he was the best match in the county, and my father, though a fire-eater, is poor. My best love to thee and the professor, and I am always thine own
HELEN."

As I finished the last line the professor's footstep was on the stair; and as the night was warm and the door open, in he came, and found me, cold and petrified, with this dreadful letter in my hand.

"What is it?" he said, snatching the letter. "It is from New Orleans. Is she dead?"

"No," I said; "she is married."

And the professor read every word of that cruel letter of Helen's. Then he wiped his streaming brow, and I bent my head submissively, expecting a volley of imprecations and laments; but he said not a word, and presently sank into a chair, and looked out upon the western sky. A fresh breeze blew aside the curtains and lifted the hair from his beautiful white forehead.

My tears fell fast and heavily. I was so sorry for him I thought my heart would break.

"Weep not, little one," at last he said. "I think I have been a fool: is it not so?"

"No, no, no!" I cried, going over to him, and kneeling down by his side. "Oh, can you ever forgive me? Indeed, indeed, I thought it was so. I thought she *must* love, she could not help but love, you."

He looked down upon me and smiled, and patted my little red hand with his white and tapering fingers.

"What is to be done now?" he said. "The altar is ready, but where is the victim? How can the sacrifice go on?"

"There is Miss Van Coot," I said, timidly, "if you could bring yourself to be satisfied with her. She has houses and lands, and thousands and thousands of dollars in her own right; and she is very wise and learned, and a wonderful musician."

"Hold!" cried the professor; "why should this great and mighty lady condescend to become the wife of a poor professor? Hast thou not sufficiently fostered my foolish vanity? And what would become of the rooms above, upon which I have expended my time, my money, and my brain? You will own that they will not suit the fancy of Miss Van Coot?"

"Oh, they are so beautiful!" I cried, my

tears falling faster than ever. "The paper is so bright, the carpets are so pretty, the pictures so charming! There is a little rocking-chair there that is the dearest and most comfortable little chair in the world."

"Then keep it thyself, mein Herzchen," he said, in that low tender growl of his; and I began to tremble without knowing why, for he had bent his handsome head to mine, and gathered my hands in his. "Be thyself the victim! Thou hast long been my sympathizer and comforter. When I look back and think, imbecile that I have been, of all that thou hast done for me, and the

little I have done for thee, it is, as you Americans would say, like the handle of a jug, all on one side. It is as you put the padding upon poor Miss Van Coot's shoulder that morning. Listen, little one, to my commands. Thou shalt make no more gowns except thine own; thou shalt keep no boarder but thy husband. Come to my heart, mein Liebchen!"

And as I nestled there, a flood of glory beamed in from the western sky. I did not speak; my heart was full; and I thought there could be no happiness more beyond hope, or joy, or thought, in God's paradise.

POPULAR EXPOSITION OF SOME SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

PART IV.—THINGS THAT ARE INVISIBLE.

THE METHODS OF BRINGING PHANTOM IMPRESSIONS INTO VIEW.—THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF DIAMONDS AND SOME OTHER BODIES.

THERE are some surfaces on which if a shadow falls, it can be brought into view a long time subsequently.

A belief in the existence of the carbuncle, a stone supposed to have the property of shining in the dark, appears to have been current from the very infancy of chemistry. It gave rise to many legends among the alchemists, and early travellers relate marvellous stories respecting self-shining mountains and gems. Thus it was said that the King of Pegu wore a carbuncle so brilliant that if any of his subjects looked upon him in the dark, his countenance seemed as though it was irradiated by the sun; and that in a certain part of North America there was a mountain which illuminated the country for many miles, and served by its rays to guide the Indians at night. The story seems to indicate that the locality of this wonder was somewhere in the western part of Pennsylvania. Mr. Boyle relates that a Governor of one of the American colonies imparted this fact to him at a time when he was charged with the superintendence of those important settlements, and that an expedition had been dispatched to ascertain the facts correctly. It saw the shining wonder from afar, but the light diminished as the place was approached, and becoming at length invisible, the locality could not be determined with certainty.

These legends had for some time been passing into discredit, when Vincenzo Cascariola, a cobbler of Bologna in Italy, who had abandoned the mending of shoes for the purpose of finding the philosopher's stone, discovered his celebrated phosphorus, the Bolognian stone, or, as it was then designated, sun-stone (*lapis solaris*). He had seduced himself into the expectation that a heavy mineral he had met with—barium sulphate—contained silver, and in an attempt to

melt out that precious metal was astonished to see that the burned substance shone like an ignited coal in the dark. This was in the year 1602.

Some time afterward a Saxon of the name of Baldwin conceived the idea of obtaining the soul of the world by distilling in a retort chalk which had been dissolved in aqua fortis. In this extraordinary pursuit accident led him to observe that the substance he was working with possessed the quality of shining in the dark after it had been exposed to the light of the sun. The alchemist Kunckel, who relates the incident, tells us with gravity how he stole a piece of this substance on the occasion of a visit he made to Baldwin one night when that adept was trying to make his phosphorus shine by the light absorbed from a candle, and also from its image reflected by a concave mirror. In consequence of this theft, Kunckel succeeded in discovering what the substance was, and made known the method of its preparation.

The special condition under which these preparations shine in the dark was very quickly detected. Isidore, of Seville, speaking of the "lightning-stone," says, "Si sub divo positus fuerit fulgorem rapit sidereum." That condition is previous exposure to light.

The discovery of the elementary substance now known as phosphorus drew the attention of the cultivators of natural science to this singular property, and under the names of sun-stones, light-magnets, noctilucas, etc., various shining bodies were introduced. But the first truly scientific examination of the subject was made by Boyle, on the occasion of observing that a certain diamond belonging to Mr. Clayton, and subsequently purchased by Charles II., emitted light in the dark. Though he does not seem to have been aware of it, the fact itself was not new, for the alchemist Albertus Magnus says, in the thirteenth century, that he had seen a diamond which glowed when it was put into warm water. A diamond rubbed upon gold becomes beautifully luminous; as Bernouilli remarks, it

shines like a burning coal excited by the bellows.

The chief points ascertained by Boyle respecting the diamond were that it shone by friction with various bodies, and at the same time displayed electrical development; that it also glowed when warmed by a candle, the fire, a hot iron, or even when placed on the skin. Under the latter circumstances it exhibited no electricity, being unable to attract a hair held near to it. He also found that it would shine under water, various acid or alkaline liquids, or when covered with saliva, and that the glow was increased when the gem was put into hot water.

These results led to the conclusion that though under certain circumstances the light was accompanied by electrical development, as when friction had been used, there was no necessary connection between the two properties. The gem would shine without the least trace of attractive power.

Among substances endowed with this property, one of the best was discovered about a century ago by Canton. Still known as Canton's phosphorus, it is easily made by burning oyster shells in an open fire until they have become white; then, having pulverized them with about a quarter of their weight of flowers of sulphur, they are once more brought to a dull red heat in a crucible. This completes the preparation. A convenient mode of using the substance is to provide a piece of tin plate two or three inches square, brush over one side of it with gum or glue water, then dust upon it from a fine sieve some of the powdered phosphorus. In this manner a uniform white surface is procured, well adapted for experiments.

If on such a surface a key or other opaque object be laid, and it then be exposed for a moment to daylight, on carrying it into a dark room and removing the key, a spectral shadow will be seen, depicted in black, and its contour marked out by the brilliantly glowing phosphorus surrounding it. After continuing to shine for some minutes, the light gradually fades, and finally becomes extinct. If, this having been accomplished, the phosphorized plate be put away in a box or drawer where not a ray of light can reach it, and kept therein for days or even weeks, on exposing it in a dark room, on a plate of warm metal, the phantom shadow will emerge, perhaps even more strongly than at first.

A wonderful experiment, truly. Shadows, then, are not such fleeting, such fugitive things as poets say. They may bury themselves in stony substances, and be made to come forth at our pleasure.

The persistence of such surface phantoms may be strikingly illustrated by a simple experiment in which light is not concerned. If on a cold polished metal, as a new razor,

an object such as a small coin be laid, and the metal be then breathed upon, and when the moisture has had time to disappear, the coin be thrown off, though now the most critical inspection of the polished surface can discover no trace of any form, if we breathe once more upon it a spectral image of the coin comes plainly into view. And this may be done again and again. Nay, more, if the razor be put carefully aside where nothing can deteriorate its surface, and be so kept for many months, on breathing again upon it the shadowy form emerges.

Early in the last century two hypotheses were introduced for the explanation of the various cases of phosphorescence:

1. That phosphorescent bodies act like sponges to light, absorbing it, and retaining it by so feeble a power that very trivial causes suffice for its extrication. This was the view of Lémery, and was published in 1709.

2. That phosphorescence arises from an actual combustion taking place in the sulphureous parts of the glowing body. It is to be remembered that sulphur figured largely in the chemistry of those days. This was the hypothesis of Du Fay.

To this celebrated electrician we owe a very able investigation of the phosphorescence of various bodies, and especially of the diamond. He recognized the fact, overlooked by Boyle, that the gem must first be exposed to the light; and then, when taken into a dark place, it shines for a time, the light gradually fading away. But the glow can be re-established by raising the temperature, and an exposure of a single second to the sun is quite enough to commence the process.

To recognize feeble degrees of luminosity, it is necessary for the observer to remain in the dark until the pupil of the eye is quite dilated, and the impression of light to which the retina has been exposed is worn off. Du Fay gives a singular but very serviceable practical process. He recommends the experimenter to keep one eye bound up or closed for the purpose of observing in the dark, and to use the other in conducting his processes in the light. He remarks the curious fact that the eye which has been shut will not have the delicacy of its indications affected by that which has been exposed to the light.

In this manner Du Fay found that of four hundred yellow diamonds all were phosphorescent; but some that were white, or rose-colored, or blue, or green, were not. Nor was there any external indication by which it could be told whether any given one of these kinds would shine. He discovered, too, that the glow took place under various colored media, as stained glass, water, milk, but not under ink. He also made attempts

to compel the gem to preserve its light by enveloping it in opaque media, such as ink, black wax, etc., under the idea that the light could not get out, and concluded that he had partially succeeded, because in some instances the diamonds would shine after being so shut up for six or twelve hours. He verified Boyle's fact on the effects of hot water and heating generally, and carried his temperatures to far higher degrees, even above a white heat, finding that the stone had lost none of its qualities, for it would take light again when it was cold on a momentary exposure to the sun. He also investigated how far the glow was connected with electrical relations, and showed its perfect independence. He also greatly increased the list of phosphori, asserting that, so far from the quality being a peculiarity of the Bolognian stone, Baldwin's compound, the diamond, all solid substances except the metals, are phosphorescent when properly treated.

There is one point upon which Du Fay dwells that deserves more than a passing remark—the connection between phosphorescence and temperature. He proved that phosphori can not absorb light so well when they are warm as when they are cold, and that a rise of temperature always makes them disengage their light.

It is not my intention to relate in this paper the discoveries made by other experimenters in phosphorescence in the last century, or by Heinrich, the Becquerels, Biot, Poggendorff, Pearsall, and Ozann in this. I shall restrict myself to a narrative of my own contributions to the subject.

Respecting the phosphorescence of diamonds, I have recently had an opportunity of making a curious observation. A lady, a relative of mine, has a pair of ear-rings in which are set two large and beautiful gems, both of which phosphoresce after exposure to an electrical spark; she has also another pair in which both the diamonds in like manner phosphoresce. Judging from these four instances, one might regard this property as very common. Curiously enough, the necklace belonging to this set, containing thirty-eight stones of very fine water, has only one that will phosphoresce. This necklace would, therefore, lead us to reverse the conclusion to which the ear-rings had led us, and to infer that phosphorescing diamonds are comparatively rare.

We may, by making a judicious selection of the bodies which are to serve as our means of experiment, disembarass the inquiry of many of its complications. If we employ the Bolognian stone (barium sulphide) or Canton's phosphorus (calcium sulphide), or, indeed, any other substance liable to undergo chemical changes in the air, we introduce unnecessary phenomena, and can not

distinctly prove whether the shining is due to a direct combustion of the parts or to other causes.

Among selections that might be made, diamond and fluor-spar possess qualities rendering them very eligible for these purposes—unchangeability in the air and under water. Even between these there is a choice, for fluor-spar possesses all the good qualities of diamond. It might be said, considering the chemical relationships of diamond, that when it glows it undergoes a kind of surface combustion; but though direct experiments prove that this is not the case, it is much better to resort to fluor-spar, which is free from such an objection. It is absolutely incombustible. Besides, it can be obtained perfectly transparent or nearly opaque; it occurs of many tints of color; can be easily cut and polished. Its phosphorescent powers are very high; indeed, it yields, when properly treated, to no other substance, not even to Canton's phosphorus.

The specimens of fluor-spar employed by me were derived from many different sources, American and European. The color of the light they emitted was in some cases blue, in some green, in some yellow. Among them was an American variety of chlorophane of a pale flesh-colored aspect, translucent on the edges, and excelling all the others in the splendor of its light. It equaled the best Canton's phosphorus in power, yielding a superb emerald-green light when it received the rays of the sun or of an electric spark.

To what cause are we to attribute phosphorescence? What are the changes taking place in the glowing body?

We have already seen that more than a century ago two different answers had been given to these questions. Lémery supposed that bodies act toward light as they do toward heat, absorbing it, and then giving it out; Du Fay, that all phosphorescences are cases of combustion.

Before we can reach a decision there are evidently many preliminary points to be settled. If chemical changes between the glowing body and the air are disposed of, and the action is recognized to be of a purely physical or molecular kind, it is necessary to determine (1) whether there is any expansion or contraction of the shining body during its glow; (2) whether there is any structural change; (3) whether there is any evolution of heat along with the light; or (4) any development of electricity.

1. *Is there any change of volume in a phosphorescent body during its glow?*

A glass tube about two inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter was closed at its upper end by means of a plate of polished quartz, cemented air-tight. Immediately beneath the quartz the phosphor-

escent body was supported. Through a cork which closed the other end of the tube there passed a piece of thermometer tube bent on one side, and to it was affixed a scale. The arrangement was supported on a suitable stand, so that the quartz was uppermost, and at a little distance above it the spark from a Leyden-jar could be passed between a pair of stout iron wires maintained at an invariable distance, and thus produce phosphorescence in the body. It may be remarked that these effects of an electric spark do not take place well through glass, and hence a plate of quartz, which readily transmits them, must be used.

In Fig. 1, *a a* is the glass tube; *b b*, the plate of polished quartz; *c*, the phosphorescent body; *d d*, the cork closing the lower end of the tube; *e e*, the bent tube; *f*, its scale; *g g*, the iron wires connected with a Leyden-jar, and giving a spark. The index drop at *h* refers not to this, but to a subsequent experiment.

The large tube containing the phosphorescent body must be filled quite full of water, free from air, as also must be the thermometer tube to a given mark on its scale.

If an electric spark be now passed between the wires to make the phosphorus shine, it is clear that if there be any expansion or contraction of its volume, there will be a corresponding movement in the water of the thermometer tube.

On making the trial, and using in succession a crystal of violet-colored fluor-spar, a piece of flesh-colored chlorophane, and a mass of Canton's phosphorus, the result in all cases was negative; for, though these different substances glowed very brilliantly as soon as the spark passed, there was not the smallest movement perceptible in the index liquid of the thermometer tube.

With a view of estimating the delicacy of the means thus used for determining any change in the volume of the spar, the solid content of a piece of chlorophane was determined by weighing in water; also the value of each division of the scale was ascertained. The value of each such division was equal to $\frac{1}{1200}$ of the volume of the spar, and a movement equal to one-tenth of that value could have been detected.

It may therefore be concluded that a phosphorescent body, when at its maximum of glow, has not changed its volume perceptibly.

The conclusion thus arrived at is strengthened

by another mode of experiment. If change of volume be connected with this evolution of light, it might reasonably be expected that a sudden, severe, but equable compression, exerted on a piece of spar, the light of which is just fading out, would compel it to regain a portion of its brilliancy. A piece of chlorophane in that condition was placed in water contained in the apparatus known as Oersted's instrument for proving the compressibility of water, and which is described in most of the treatises on physics; but though, by suitably turning the screw, pressures varying from one to four atmospheres were suddenly put on the spar and as suddenly removed, no change whatever was seen in the glowing mass, the light of which continued steadily to die away.

In Fig. 2, Oersted's instrument for proving the compressibility of water, *a a* is the glass cylinder filled with water; *b*, the pressure screw; *c*, the phosphorescent spar or substance.

These experiments have a bearing on L  mery's theory. A mass of iron suddenly compressed grows hot; so, too, does atmospheric air. It would, therefore, not be unreasonable to expect that if a phosphorus acted like a sponge to light, and were thus pressed upon, it would yield up its light. But conceptions derived from the old theories of specific heat are perhaps scarcely applicable here.

When unequal pressure is applied, the result is different. A piece of chlorophane pressed by a forceps glows brightly; if crushed, the fragments sparkle like little fire-works as they fly through the air. If the spar be previously powdered, a shining is still produced, and when the pulverization is conducted in an agate mortar in the dark, bright eddies of light follow the track of the pestle. In these cases, however, the separation of the laminae of the crystal and the heat produced by friction probably determine the result. Canton's phosphorus did not shine when compressed or submitted to friction.

2. Does any structural change accompany the phosphorescence of bodies?

A flat piece of fluor-spar, polished on both sides, was placed in a polariscope, and a pair of blunt iron wires connected with a Leyden-jar were adjusted near the front of it, so that when the spark passed, a brilliant glow arose in the spar, which was at once viewed through the analyzer of the instrument. But though the experiments were made both by daylight and lamp-light, no kind of effect could be detected. Had any molecular change occurred, it could not have escaped notice.

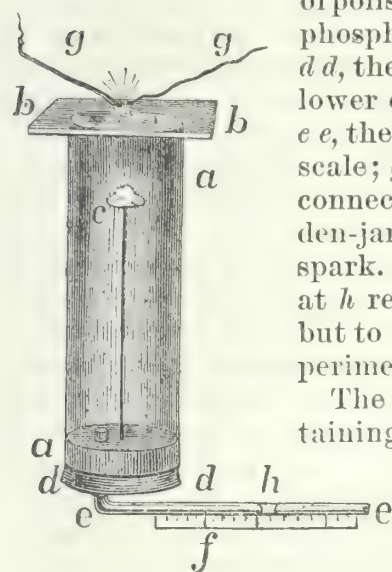


FIG. 1.

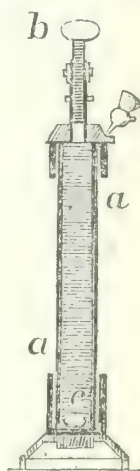


FIG. 2.

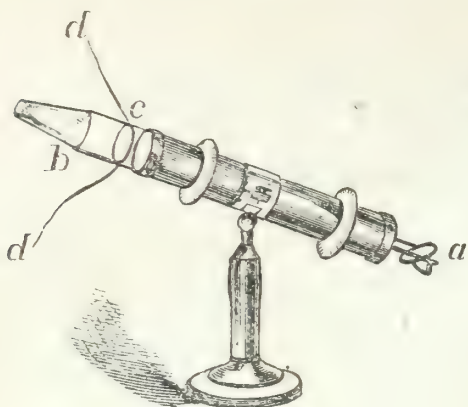


FIG. 3.

In Fig. 3, *a b* is the polariscope; *c*, the flat piece of fluor-spar; *b*, the analyzer; *d d*, the iron wires conveying the electric spark.

These experiments were first made by using as the analyzer a doubly refracting achromatic prism; they were, however, repeated with a Nicol, in which the eye is not disturbed by a bright image as in the other case. Having fixed the plate of polished fluor in the polariscope, it was readily perceived that it possessed naturally a structural arrangement, for there were cloudy spaces or lines in it which contrasted with the faint white light passing in the adjacent parts. It was also seen that this structural arrangement could be deranged in a transient manner, either by pressure or an unequal warming, as is well known of other bodies; but when a powerful electric discharge was passed near the spar, and a brilliant phosphorescence took place, no impression could be detected. Even when the iron wires rested on the spar, and the explosion passed over its surface, nothing was perceptible except along the line between the ends of the wires, where the surface was roughened or abraded by the force of the discharge.

But though these experiments with polarized light give a negative result, or, at all events, prove that a phosphorus when shining has its molecular condition so little disturbed that the change can not be detected in this way, there can be no doubt that if the means of testing were more delicate, such a change would be discovered, for many years ago Mr. Pearsall found that specimens of fluor, not possessing phosphorescence naturally, might have that quality communicated to them by repeated exposure to many powerful electric discharges, which also gave rise to a change in their natural color. Now there can be no doubt that such an alteration of tint implies an alteration of structure.

Besides the test by polarized light, there is another which may be resorted to for the detection of structural changes when they are merely superficial; it is the mode in which various vapors will condense. I described several such cases in the *Philosoph-*

ical Magazine for September, 1840, some time previously to the publications on the subject that were made by M. Moser. They were brought forward at that time as an illustration of the manner in which mercurial vapors condense on a daguerreotype plate and develop images which it has received. Proceeding on this principle, a large plate of fluor-spar, the surface of which was finely polished, was made to phosphoresce brightly along a given line determined by the ends of two iron wires, which served as a discharger for a Leyden spark, and were placed near to the polished surface. The spar was forthwith suspended in the mercurial box of a daguerreotype apparatus and kept there an hour. The mercury condensed upon it faintly in the manner it would have done on a daguerreotype plate, especially on and in the vicinity of those parts that were more immediately exposed to the spark. This, therefore, seems to prove that there is in these cases a molecular modification of the shining surface.

3. *When a phosphorescent body glows, does it likewise emit heat?*

A very thin bulb, half an inch in diameter, was blown on a piece of thermometer tube, and after being washed over with gum-water, finely powdered chlorophane was dusted on until it was neatly coated all over. A drop of water was then introduced into the tube to serve as an index. Although the instrument was very sensitive to heat, when the chlorophane was made to shine and emit a gorgeous emerald-green light by the passage of a powerful electric spark near it, no movement whatever of the index ensued. From this it would appear that the quantity of heat developed by phosphorescence must be very small.

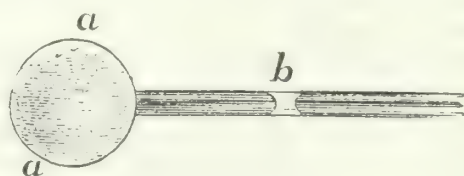


FIG. 4.

In Fig. 4, *a a* is the glass bulb covered with a coating of powdered chlorophane; *b*, a drop of water serving as an index.

A modification of this experiment, which, appeared to offer several advantages, was tried. The instrument represented in Fig. 1 was emptied of its water, and a single drop, *h*, put into the index tube. It was supposed that when the rays of the electric spark passed through the quartz and made the phosphorus shine, the air contained in the tube, warmed thereby, would expand, and a movement in the index liquid of the thermometer tube take place. But in several trials, in which different bodies—chlorophane, Canton's phosphorus, etc.—were employed, the results were uniformly negative;

for though these different substances glowed splendidly as soon as the spark passed, there was not the slightest rise of temperature perceptible.

A further attempt was made as follows: The disk of quartz being removed and replaced by a cork, through which a pair of iron wires to serve as a discharger passed air-tight, and descended to within a short distance of the phosphorus, sufficient time was allowed in various repetitions for the index liquid to come to rest. It was hoped that this form of experiment would have advantages over the preceding, because the discharging wires could be brought nearer to the phosphorus, and the effect take place without the intervention of the quartz. When the spark was made to pass, there was a great movement in the index tube, as in the instrument known as Kennersley's electrometer, but the liquid immediately returned to within a short distance of its first place; then a slow dilatation occurred, as though the air was gradually warming. Thus in one experiment the liquid stood at 24° , after the explosion it returned to 26° , and then there was a gradual dilatation to 32° .

To eliminate the various disturbing causes in this experiment, it was repeated many times, the spar being alternately introduced into the glass tube, and alternately removed. It was found that whenever the spar was present the gradual dilatation alluded to took place; but when the spar was not in the tube, instead of a dilatation, there was a gradual contraction until the index liquid recovered its original position.

From this it appears that *with the evolution of light there is a feeble extrication of heat.*

The quantities of heat thus liberated are so small, and the causes of error are so numerous, that I endeavored by other methods to obtain more trustworthy results. Thus I attempted to determine the surface temperature of a flat piece of chlorophane while phosphorescing, by means of the thermo-electric multiplier. The thermo-pile was placed in a vertical position, and the spar having been attached to a piece of wood, which served as a handle, intense phosphorescence was communicated by a Leyden spark, and the flat and shining surface instantly put on the upper face of the pile. But there was no movement of the astatic needles.

Then, taking the stone by its handle, it was touched with the tip of the finger for one second, and quickly placed on the pile. A prompt movement of the needles, amounting to four degrees, ensued. These experiments were repeatedly tried, and the results were uniformly the same.

It is to be inferred, therefore, that the quantity of heat set free during phosphorescence is very small, and that the surface of the chlorophane does not change its temperature by one-fourth of a degree; for had

it done so, the multiplier would have instantly detected it.

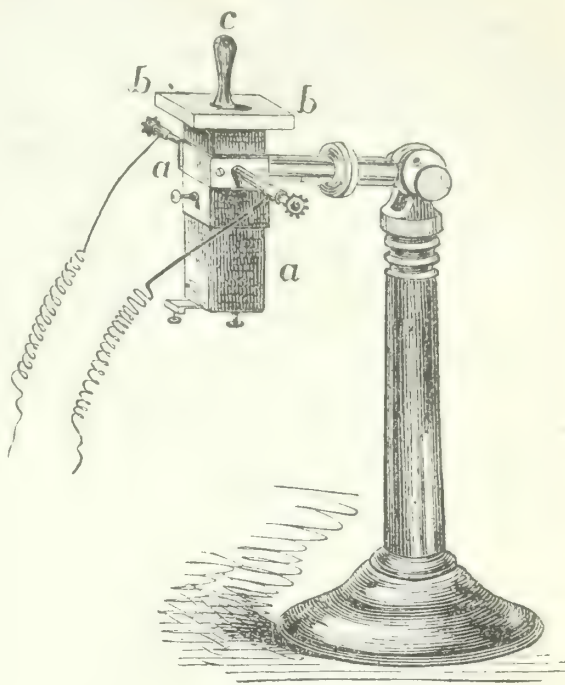


FIG. 5.

In Fig. 5, *a a* is the thermo-electric pile; *b b*, the plate of chlorophane; *c*, the handle.

4. *Is phosphorescence accompanied with a development of electricity?*

It has been stated already that the experimenters of the last century paid a good deal of attention to this point. Du Fay established the fact that though in many cases of phosphorescence there is a development of electricity, there are many others in which the light seems to be wholly unattended by any disturbance of that kind.

I have repeated some of these experiments, and with the same result, proper care being taken to avoid friction and other obvious causes of electrical excitement. Thus a flat piece of chlorophane, phosphorescing powerfully, was put on the cap of a very delicate gold-leaf electroscope, but no disturbance whatever was perceptible.

A large crystal of fluor-spar was made to phosphoresce brilliantly along a line about half an inch in length by passing the spark of a Leyden-jar between two blunt iron wires, the ends of which were that distance apart, and resting on the face of the crystal. Over this line of blue light, which was pretty sharply marked, and which lasted for several minutes, a fine hair was held. This would have been readily attracted and repelled by the feeblest excitation on sealing-wax, but in this case it wholly failed to yield any indication whatsoever.

In connection with the foregoing experiments, I may mention some miscellaneous facts. Some attempts were made to determine whether phosphorescent bodies in the field of a powerful electro-magnet would exhibit any change of property. Six Grove's

pairs were caused to magnetize a good electro-magnet; the power they could give to it would enable the keeper to support about half a ton. Between its polar pieces chlorophane, Canton's phosphorus, etc., which were made to glow by exposure to a Leyden spark, were placed. But it made no difference in the light whether the magnetism was on or not.

Phosphorescence is not communicable from one body to another. Having provided two polished plates of fluor-spar, one of them was made to glow by an electric spark, and the other was immediately put upon it. No communication of phosphorescence took place; the second piece remained perfectly dark.

Some authors state that fluor-spar does not become phosphorescent by exposure to the sun; but this remark does not apply to all varieties of it. Thus some chlorophane, which had been ignited in a glass tube till it had ceased to shine, was pulverized and again ignited in a platinum crucible. It emitted an emerald light. A slip of wood was now put on it to screen a part of its surface, and it was exposed to the sun for a few minutes. On ignition, it shone again finely, with a green light, the shadow of the wood being beautifully depicted. The same having been repeated a great many times, it appeared that the phosphorescence at last began to decrease, perhaps by frequent ignition causing a change.

A screen of yellow glass intervening between the sun and some powdered chlorophane prevented phosphorescence, but it took place through a plate of polished fluor-spar. When the light of an electric spark was used instead of the sunshine in this experiment, the fluor-spar prevented phosphorescence.

Determination of the absolute Quantity of Light emitted by Phosphori.—The first attempts I made for this purpose were conducted on the principle of comparing the stains formed on a daguerreotype plate by the phosphorus under trial, and by an oil lamp, receiving the rays from each on a concave metallic mirror eight inches in diameter and fifteen in focus. There were set, side by side, a small oil lamp, a piece of white paper illuminated by the lamp, and a fragment of chlorophane, arranging things in such a manner that the chlorophane might be illuminated by rays coming from a contact breaker worked by two Grove's pairs. The contact breaker was kept in action fifteen minutes,

and then, to prove the sensitiveness of the plate, the lamp was moved for one minute to a new position, and the experiment closed.

On developing, it was found that the impressions of the lamp had solarized, both that of fifteen minutes and that of one, proving that such a light in one minute is amply sufficient to change the plate to its maximum. Also the electric spark of the contact breaker was solarized, and the image of the piece of white paper beautifully given of a clear white; but the phosphorescing spar had made no impression, except from one portion where it had reflected the rays of the spark.

This experiment was repeated, using, instead of the contact breaker, a Leyden-jar; the result was the same.

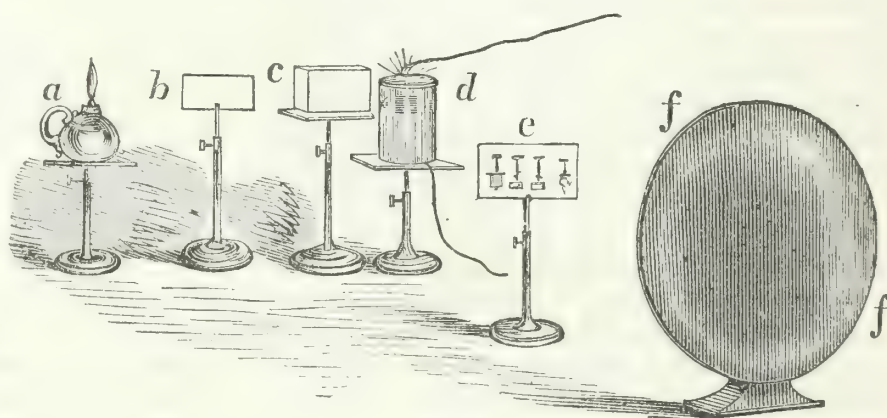


FIG. 6.

In Fig. 6, *a* is the oil lamp; *b*, the white paper; *c*, the chlorophane, cut and polished; *d*, the contact breaker with its wires; *f f*, the concave mirror. Its concavity faces the above-named objects, and reflects their images inverted and reversed on a sensitive plate, *e*. The mirror and sensitive plate are inclosed in a darkened box not shown in the figure.

Estimated, therefore, by the chemical effects they can produce, the light from chlorophane is incomparably less intense than that from a common lamp.

As the foregoing attempt to obtain photographic effects had failed, I varied the experiment as follows: In a Bohemian glass tube a quantity of chlorophane in coarse fragments was placed, sufficient to occupy about three inches in length of the tube. The reflecting camera with its sensitive silver plate was set in a proper position. When every thing was arranged, a spirit-lamp was applied to the chlorophane, which soon emitted a superb emerald light, and continued to do so for about two minutes. An oil lamp was then placed in front of the camera for five seconds. On developing, the image of the lamp flame came out, but no trace whatever of the chlorophane could be detected. Thus it appears that the splendid green light emitted when the spar is heated is at least twenty-four times less intense than the light emitted by a small oil flame.

But as it is known that green light is not very efficient in changing a photographic silver surface, I made trial of the optical method of Bouguery, described in the first of these papers. The particulars of this experiment may be found in the original memoir in the *Philosophical Magazine*, February, 1851. Its result was that *the intrinsic brilliancy of phosphori is very small; a fine specimen of chlorophane, at its maximum of brightness, yields a light three thousand times less intense than the flame of a very small oil lamp.*

How could we, then, expect to measure the heat of phosphorescence? The radiant heat of the little oil lamp here employed at such distances would require a very delicate thermometer to detect it. Is it likely, then, that we could detect that of a source three thousand times less intense?

The Effects of Heat on Phosphorescence.—It has been already observed that the effect of heat in promoting the disengagement of light is an old discovery. Albertus Magnus remarked it in the case of a diamond plunged into hot water.

I found that if a yellow diamond placed upon ice be submitted to the sun, and then brought into a dark room the temperature of which is 60° , for a time there is a glow, but presently the light dies out. If the diamond be now put into water at 100° , it shines again, and again its light dies away. If next it be removed from that water and suffered to cool, and then be re-immersed, it will not shine again; but if the water be heated to 200° , and the diamond be dropped into it, again it glows, and again its light dies away.

The connection between phosphorescence and temperature may be instructively illustrated as follows:

Suppose that three yellow diamonds, *a*, *b*, *c*, have been simultaneously exposed to the sun, *a* being kept at 32° , *b* at 60° , *c* at 100° , and that they are then simultaneously removed to a bath of water at 100° in a dark room; it will be found that *a* emits a bright light, *b* shines more feebly, and *c* scarcely at all. From this it appears that *the quantity of light a substance can retain is inversely as its temperature.*

This principle furnishes the explanation of a multitude of facts. Thus Du Fay discovered that the Bolognian stone shines brighter when exposed to the sky than to the sun. In the latter case the temperature rises, and the quantity of light retained is less. Under violet and other glasses, stained with such colors as impede the warming effect, phosphorescence is even more vivid than when no glass has intervened. On the same principle we have an explanation of Du Fay's apparently successful attempt to prevent the escape of light from diamonds by putting them in ink or covering them

with black wax. When removed from the ink and brought into the air, they became somewhat warmer—perhaps the touch of the finger aided the effect—and a corresponding quantity of light was set free.

But though temperature is a controlling, it is not the only, condition involved. If it were, phosphorescence after insolation should occur only after a rise of temperature. The fundamental fact of the whole inquiry proves to us that a glowing body can retain more light in presence of a lucid surface than it can in the dark.

Is not this fact analogous to what we meet with in the exchanges of heat? A substance can retain more heat in presence of a hot body than a cold one. The brilliancy and quantity of light to which a phosphorus is exposed goes very far to determine the intensity of the subsequent glow. Thus I found that a piece of chlorophane exposed to one spark of a contact breaker shone feebly, but if it had received one hundred sparks, its light was very vivid; and it has long been known that in delicate phosphori a certain degree of luminosity can be communicated by the moonbeams, a more intense one by lamp-light, and one still more brilliant by the sunshine or a Leyden spark. This, therefore, leads to the conclusion that *the quantity of light a phosphorus can receive is directly as the intensity and quantity of light to which it has been exposed.*

With respect to the moonbeams, I have succeeded in obtaining an image of that satellite on Canton's phosphorus, by the aid of a concave metallic mirror.

The various facts herein cited indicate that when a ray of light falls on a surface, it throws the particles thereof into vibration. An examination of the action of the differently colored rays dispersed by a prism shows that in general the greater the frequency of vibration of the impinging ray, the more brilliant is the phosphorescence.

We may, therefore, in the explanation of phosphorescence, abandon expressions derived from the material theory of light, and assume that whenever a radiation falls upon any surface, it throws the particles thereof into a state of vibration, just as in the experiment of Fracaster, in which a stretched string is made to vibrate in sympathy with a distant sound, and yield harmonics, and form nodes. Such a view includes at once the facts of the radiation of heat and the theory of calorific exchanges; it also offers an explanation of the connection of the atomic weights of bodies and their specific heats. It suggests that all cases of decomposition of compound molecules under the influence of a radiation are owing to a want of consentaneousness in the vibrations of the impinging ray and those of the molecular group, which, unable to maintain itself, is broken down under the periodic impulses

it is receiving into other groups, which can vibrate along with the ray.

If a hot body, *a*, be placed in presence of a cold body, *b*, the theory of the exchanges of heat teaches that the temperature of the latter will steadily rise until equilibrium between the two takes place. The molecules of *a* communicate their vibratory movement to the ether, and this in its turn imparts an analogous movement to the molecules of *b*. For, as the ethereal medium is of vastly less density than the vibrating molecules, each of these oscillations will produce in it a determinate wave, which is propagated through it according to the ordinary laws of undulations, in such a way that the ether would be in repose after the wave had passed, were it not for the recurrence of the continuing vibration of the molecules. At each vibration the molecules of *a* lose a part of their *vis viva*, by the quantity they have communicated to the ethereal wave, the intensity or amplitude of the wave becoming less and less as this abstraction of force is going on. But the ether being of uniform density and elasticity throughout, each of its particles communicates the whole *vis viva* it has received to the next adjacent, and would instantly come to rest were it not again disturbed by the vibrations of the material molecules. These elementary considerations show how it is that a wave of sound passes through the air, or of light through the ether, and the particles of those media come instantly to rest; but a hot body or a vibrating string persists in its motions, which only undergo a gradual decline. If the vibrating molecule was in a medium of the same density, it would impart to it all its motion at once, and in the same way that a heavy molecule gradually communicates its motion to the ether, so in its turn does the ether to other systems of molecules.

Upon these principles we may explain the phenomena of phosphorescence. From a shining body undulations are propagated in the ether, and these, impinging on a phosphorescent surface, throw its molecules into a vibratory movement. These in their turn impress on the ether undulations; but by reason of the difference of its density compared with that of the molecules, they do not lose their motion at once; it continues for a time, gradually declining away and ceasing when the *vis viva* of the molecules is exhausted.

When a phosphorescent surface is exposed to the luminous source, it necessarily undergoes a rise of temperature, and the cohesion of its parts is diminished, but after its removal from that source, as the temperature declines and radiation goes on, the cohesion increases, and a restraint is put on those motions.

Now let the phosphorus have its tempera-

ture raised, and the cohesion of its molecules be thereby weakened, and the restraint on their motions abated. At once they resume their oscillations, and continue them to an extent that belongs to the temperature used. When this has passed away, a still higher temperature will release them once more, and the glowing will again be resumed.

What would be the result if we could cause the surface of a mass of water on which circular waves are rising and falling to be instantaneously congealed? It might be kept in that condition for a thousand years, and then, if instantaneously thawed, the waves would resume their ancient motion from the point at which it was arrested, and it would now go on to its completion.

So with these phosphori. Exposed to light of a suitable intensity, their parts begin to vibrate; but the freedom of those motions is interfered with by their cohesion. Amplitude of vibration must always be affected by cohesion, and if the ray be removed and the temperature be permitted to decline, the restraint becomes greater and greater, and they pass into a condition somewhat like that which has just been illustrated. It matters not how long a time may intervene, rise of temperature will enable them to resume their motions.

These principles give an explanation of all the facts we observe. We see how it is that as we advance from one temperature to another the phosphorus will resume its glow, and that there is, as it were, for every degree a certain amount of vibratory movement that can be accomplished, or, to use a different phrase, a certain amount of light that can be set free. It also necessarily follows that different solids will display these motions with different degrees of facility, and hence shine for a longer or shorter time, and with lights of different intensities.

But in liquids and gases, which want that particular condition of cohesion characteristic of the solid state, and the parts of which move freely among each other, phosphorescence can not take place, for it depends on the influence that cohesion has had in restraining the vibratory movements.

Further, the condition of opacity does not permit phosphorescence to be established. The exciting ray can not find access to disturb the interior layers of the mass, and even if it did, and phosphorescence ensued, how could we expect to be able to discover it through the impervious veil of the superficial layers? The light of the most brilliant phosphorus can not be seen through the thinnest gold-leaf. Its intensity is vastly too small. These are the reasons that no one has ever yet succeeded in detecting phosphorescence in metals and black bodies.

It will be gathered from this explanation that I am led to believe that all the facts

of phosphorescence can be fully explained on the principles of the communication of vibratory motion through the ether; that as upon that theory an incandescent body maintained at incandescence would eventually compel a cold body in its presence to come up to its own temperature by making its particles execute movements like those of its own, so the sunshine or the flash of an electric spark compels a vibratory move-

ment in the bodies on which its rays fall; that these vibrations are interfered with by cohesion in the case of solids, but that they are instantly established and almost as instantly cease in the case of liquids and gases; that reducing the cohesion of a solid by raising its temperature permits a resumption of the movement; and that the condition of opacity, whether metallic or otherwise, is a bar to the whole phenomenon.

A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ZOE was the first to speak, or rather to gasp. "Why do you come here?"

"Because *you* are here."

"And how dare you come where I am?—now your falsehood is found out and flung into my very face!"

"I have never been false to you. At this moment I suffer for my fidelity."

"You suffer? I am glad of it. How?"

"In many ways; but they are all light, compared with my fear of losing your love."

"I will listen to no idle words," said Zoe, sternly. "A lady claimed you before my face; why did you not stand firm like a man, and say, 'You have no claim on me now; I have a right to love another, and I do?' Why did you fly?—because you were guilty."

"No," said he, doggedly. "Surprised and confounded, but not guilty. Fool! idiot! that I was. I lost my head entirely. Yes, it is hopeless. You *must* despise me. You have a right to despise me."

"Don't tell me," said Zoe: "you never lose your head. You are always self-possessed and artful. Would to Heaven I had never seen you!" She was violent.

He gave her time. "Zoe," said he, after a while, "if I had not lost my head, should I have ill-treated a lady and nearly killed her?"

"Ah!" said Zoe, sharply, "that is what you have been suffering from. Remorse. And well you may. You ought to go back to her, and ask her pardon on your knees. Indeed, it is all you have left to do now."

"I know I ought."

"Then do what you ought. Good-by."

"I can not. I hate her."

"What, because you have broken her heart, and nearly killed her?"

"No; but because she has come between me and the only woman I ever really loved, or ever can."

"She would not have done that if you had not given her the right. I see her now; she looked justice, and you looked guilt. Words are idle, when I can see her face before me still. No woman could look like that who was in the wrong. But you—guilt made

you a coward: you were false to her and false to me; and so you ran away from us both. You would have talked either of us over, alone; but we were together: so you ran away. You have found me alone now, so you are brave again; but it is too late. I am undeceived. I decline to rob Mademoiselle Klosking of her lover; so good-by."

And this time she was really going, but he stopped her. "At least don't go with a falsehood on your lips," said he, coldly.

"A falsehood!—Me!"

"Yes, it is a falsehood. How can you pretend I left that lady for you, when you know my connection with her had entirely ceased ten months before I ever saw your face?"

This staggered Zoe a moment; so did the heat and sense of injustice he threw into his voice.

"I forgot that," said she, naïvely. Then, recovering herself, "You may have parted with her; but it does not follow that she consented. Fickle men desert constant women. It is done every day."

"You are mistaken again," said he. "When I first saw you, I had ceased to think of Mademoiselle Klosking; but it was not so when I first left her. I did not desert her. I tore myself from her. I had a great affection for her."

"You dare to tell me that! Well, at all events, it is the truth. Why did you leave her, then?"

"Out of self-respect. I was poor, she was rich and admired. Men sent her bouquets and bracelets, and flattered her behind the scenes, and I was lowered in my own eyes: so I left her. I was unhappy for a time; but I had my pride to support me, and the wound was healed long before I knew what it was to love, really to love."

There was nothing here that Zoe could contradict. She kept silence, and was mystified.

Then she attacked him on another quarter. "Have you written to her since you behaved like a ruffian to her?"

"No. And I never will, come what may. It is wicked of me; but I hate her. I am compelled to esteem her. But I hate her."

Zoe could quite understand that; but in

spite of that she said, "Of course you do. Men always hate those they have used ill. Why did you not write to *me*? Had a mind to be impartial, I suppose?"

"I had reason to believe it would have been intercepted."

"For shame! Vizard is incapable of such a thing."

"Ah, you don't know how he is changed. He looks on me as a mad dog. Consider, Zoe: do, pray, take the real key to it all. He is in love with Mademoiselle Klosking, madly in love with her: and I have been so unfortunate as to injure her—nearly to kill her. I dare say he thinks it is on your account he hates me; but men deceive themselves. It is for *her* he hates me."

"Oh!"

"Ay. Think for a moment, and you will see it is. *You* are not in his confidence. I am sure he has never told *you* that he ordered his keepers to shoot me down if I came about the house at night."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Zoe.

"Do you know he has raised the country against me, and has warrants out against me for forgery, because I was taken in by a rogue who gave me bills with sham names on them, and I got Vizard to cash them? As soon as we found out how I had been tricked, my uncle and I offered at once to pay him back his money. But no! he prefers to keep the bills as a weapon."

Zoe began to be puzzled a little. But she said, "You have been a long time discovering all these grievances. Why have you held no communication all this time?"

"Because you were inaccessible. Does not your own heart tell you that I have been all these weeks trying to communicate, and unable? Why, I came three times under your window at night, and you never, never would look out."

"I did look out ever so often."

"If I had been you, I should have looked ten thousand times. I only left off coming when I heard the keepers were ordered to shoot me down. Not that I should have cared much, for I am desperate. But I had just sense enough left to see that, if my dead body had been brought bleeding into your hall some night, none of you would ever have been happy again. Your eyes would have been opened, all of you. Well, Zoe, you left Vizard Court; that I learned: but it was only this morning I could find out where you were gone: and you see I am here—with a price upon my head. Please read Vizard's advertisements."

She took them and read them. A hot flush mounted to her cheek.

"You see," said he, "I am to be imprisoned if I set my foot in Barfordshire. Well, it will be false imprisonment, and Mademoiselle Klosking's lover will smart for it. At all events, I shall take no orders but from you.

You have been deceived by appearances. I shall do all I can to undeceive you, and if I can not, there will be no need to imprison me for a deceit of which I was the victim, nor to shoot me like a dog for loving *you*. I will take my broken heart quietly away, and leave Barfordshire, and England, and the world, for aught I care."

Then he cried; and that made her cry directly.

"Ah!" she sighed, "we are unfortunate. Appearances are so deceitful. I see I have judged too hastily, and listened too little to my own heart, that always made excuses. But it is too late now."

"Why too late?"

"It is."

"But why?"

"It all looked so ugly, and you were silent. We are unfortunate. My brother would never let us marry; and, besides—Oh, why did you not come before?"

"I might as well say, Why did you not look out of your window? You could have done it without risking your life, as I did. Or why did you not advertise? You might have invited an explanation from 'E. S.,' under cover to so-and-so."

"Ladies never think of such things. You know that very well."

"Oh, I don't complain; but I do say that those who love should not be ready to reproach; they should put a generous construction. You might have known, and you ought to have known, that I was struggling to find you, and torn with anguish at my impotence."

"No, no. I am so young and inexperienced, and all my friends against you. It is they who have parted us."

"How can they part us, if you love me still as I love you?"

"Because for the last fortnight I have not loved you, but hated you, and doubted you, and thought my only chance of happiness was to imitate your indifference: and while I was thinking so, another person has come forward; one whom I have always esteemed: and now, in my pity and despair, I have given him hopes." She hid her burning face in her hands.

"I see; you are false to me, and therefore you have suspected me of being false to you."

At that she raised her head high directly. "Edward, you are unjust. Look in my face and you may see what I have suffered before I could bring myself to condemn you."

"What! your paleness; that dark rim under your lovely eyes—am I the cause?"

"Indeed you are. But I forgive you. You are sadly pale and worn too. Oh, how unfortunate we are!"

"Do not cry, dearest," said he. "Do not despair. Be calm, and let me know the worst. I will not reproach you, though you

have reproached me. I love you as no woman can love. Come, tell me."

"Then the truth is, Lord Uxmoor has renewed his attention to me."

"Ah!"

"He has been here every day."

Severne groaned.

"Aunt Maitland was on his side, and spoke so kindly to me, and he saved my life from a furious bull. He is brave, noble, good, and he loves me. I have committed myself. I can not draw back with honor."

"But from me you can, because I am poor and hated, and have no title. If you are committed to him, you are engaged to me."

"I am; so now I can go neither way. If I had poison, I would take it this moment, and end all."

"For God's sake, don't talk so. I am sure you exaggerate. You can not, in these few days, have pledged your faith to another. Let me see your finger. Ah! there's my ring on it still: bless you, my own darling Zoe—bless you;" and he covered her hand with kisses, and bedewed it with his ever-ready tears.

The girl began to melt, and all power to ooze out of her, mind and body. She sighed deeply, and said, "What can I do—I don't say with honor and credit, but with decency—what *can* I do?"

"Tell me, first, what you have said to him that you consider so compromising."

Zoe, with many sighs, replied: "I believe—I said—I was unhappy. And so I was. And I owned—that I admired—and esteemed him. And so I do. And then of course he wanted more, and I could not give more; and he asked might he try and *make* me love him; and—I said—I am afraid I said—he might, if he could."

"And a very proper answer, too."

"Ah! but I said he might come every day. It is idle to deceive ourselves: I have encouraged his addresses. I can do nothing now with credit but die, or go into a convent."

"When did you say this?"

"This very day."

"Then he has never acted on it."

"No, but he will. He will be here to-morrow for certain."

"Then your course is plain. You must choose to-night between him and me. You must dismiss him by letter, or me upon this spot. I have not much fortune to offer you, and no coronet; but I love you, and you have seen me reject a lovely and accomplished woman, whom I esteem as much as you do this lord. Reject him? Why, you have seen me fling her away from me like a dog sooner than leave you in a moment's doubt of my love: if you can not write a civil note declining an earl for me, your love is not worthy of mine, and I will begone with my love. I will not take it to Mademoiselle

Klosking, though I esteem her as you do this lord; but, at all events, I will take it away from you, and leave you my curse instead, for a false, fickle girl that could not wait one little month, but must fall, with her engaged ring on her finger, into another man's arms. Oh, Zoe! Zoe! who could have believed this of you?"

"Don't reproach me. I won't bear it," she cried, wildly.

"I hope not to have to reproach you," said he, firmly; "I can not conceive your hesitating."

"I am worn out. Love has been too great a torment. Oh, if I could find peace!"

Again her tears flowed.

He put on a sympathizing air. "You shall have peace. Dismiss *him* as I tell you, and he will trouble you no more; shake hands with me, and say you prefer *him*, and I will trouble you no more. But with two lovers, peace is out of the question, and so is self-respect. I know I could not vacillate between you and Mademoiselle Klosking or any other woman."

"Ah, Edward, if I do this, you ought to love me very dearly."

"I shall. Better than ever—if possible."

"And never make me jealous again."

"I never shall, dearest. Our troubles are over."

"Edward, I have been very unhappy. I could not bear these doubts again."

"You shall never be unhappy again."

"I must do what you require, I suppose. That is how it always ends. Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Zoe, it must be done. You know it must."

"I warn you I shall do it as kindly as I can."

"Of course you will. You ought to."

"I must go in now. I feel very cold."

"How soon to-morrow will you meet me here?"

"When you please," said she, languidly.

"At ten o'clock?"

"Yes."

Then there was a tender parting, and Zoe went slowly in. She went to her own room, just to think it all over alone. She caught sight of her face in the glass. Her cheeks had regained color, and her eyes were bright as stars. She stopped and looked at herself. "There now," said she, "and I seem to myself to live again. I was mad to think I could ever love any man but him. He is my darling, my idol."

There was no late dinner at Somerville Villa. Indeed, ladies, left to themselves, seldom dine late. Nature is strong in them, and they are hungriest when the sun is high. At seven o'clock Zoe Vizard was seated at her desk trying to write to Lord Uxmoor. She sighed, she moaned, she began, and

dropped the pen and hid her face. She became almost wild; and in that state she at last dashed off what follows:

"DEAR LORD UXMOOR,—For pity's sake forgive the mad words I said to you to-day. It is impossible. I can do no more than admire and esteem you. My heart is gone from me forever. Pray forgive me, though I do not deserve it; and never see me nor look at me again. I ask pardon for my vacillation. It has been disgraceful; but it has ended, and I was under a great error, which I can not explain to you, when I led you to believe I had a heart to give you. My eyes are opened. Our paths lie asunder. Pray, pray forgive me, if it is possible. I will never forgive myself, nor cease to bless and revere you, whom I have used so ill.

"ZOE VIZARD."

That day Uxmoor dined alone with his mother, for a wonder, and he told her how Miss Vizard had come round; he told her also about the bull, but so vilely that she hardly comprehended he had been in any danger: these encounters are rarely described to the life, except by us who avoid them—except on paper.

Lady Uxmoor was much pleased. She was a proud, politic lady, and this was a judicious union of two powerful houses in the county, and one that would almost command the elections. But, above all, she knew her son's heart was in the match, and she gave him a mother's sympathy.

As she retired, she kissed him, and said, "When you are quite sure of the prize, tell me, and I will call upon her."

Being alone, Lord Uxmoor lighted a cigar and smoked it in measureless content. The servant brought him a note on a salver. It had come by hand. Uxmoor opened it, and read every word straight through, down to "Zoe Vizard;" read it, and sat petrified.

He read it again. He felt a sort of sickness come over him. He swallowed a tumbler of port, a wine he rarely touched; but he felt worse now than after the bull-fight. This done, he rose and stalked like a wounded lion into the drawing-room, which was on the same floor, and laid the letter before his mother.

"You are a woman, too," said he, a little helplessly. "Tell me—what on earth does this mean?"

The dowager read it slowly and keenly, and said, "It means—another man."

"Ah!" said Uxmoor, with a sort of snarl.

"Have you seen any one about her?"

"No; not lately. At Vizard Court there was. But that is all over now, I conclude. It was a Mr. Severne, an adventurer, a fellow that was caught out in a lie before us all. Vizard tells me a lady came and claimed him before Miss Vizard, and he ran away."

"An unworthy attachment, in short?"

"Very unworthy, if it was an attachment at all."

"Was he at Vizard Court when she declined your hand?"

"Yes."

"Did he remain, after you went?"

"I suppose so. Yes, he must have."

"Then the whole thing is clear: that man has come forward again unexpectedly, or written, and she dismisses you. My darling, there is but one thing for you to do. Leave her, and thank her for telling you in time. A less honorable fool would have hidden it, and then we might have had a Countess of Uxmoor in the Divorce Court some day or other."

"I had better go abroad," said Uxmoor, with a groan. "This country is poisoned for me."

"Go, by all means. Let Janneway pack up your things to-morrow."

"I should like to kill that fellow first."

"You will not even waste a thought on him, if you are my son."

"You are right, mother. What am I to say to her?"

"Not a word."

"What, not answer her letter? It is humble enough, I am sure—poor soul! Mother, I am wretched, but I am not bitter, and my rival will revenge me."

"Uxmoor, your going abroad is the only answer she shall have. The wisest man, in these matters, who ever lived has left a rule of conduct to every well-born man—a rule which, believe me, is wisdom itself:

'Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte est pour le sot; L'honnête homme trompé s'éloigne, et ne dit mot.'

You will make a tour, and not say a word to Miss Vizard, good, bad, nor indifferent. I insist upon that."

"Very well. Thank you, dear mother: you guide me, and don't let me make a fool of myself, for I am terribly cut up. You will be the only Countess of Uxmoor in my day."

Then he kneeled at her feet, and she kissed his head and cried over him; but her tears only made this proud lady stronger.

Next day he started on his travels.

Now, but for Zoe, he would on no account have left England just then; for he was just going to build model cottages in his own village, upon designs of his own, each with a little plot, and a public warehouse or granary, with divisions for their potatoes and apples, etc. However, he turned this over in his mind while he was packing; he placed certain plans and papers in his dispatch-box, and took his ticket to Taddington, instead of going at once to London. From Taddington he drove over to Hillstoke, and asked for Miss Gale. They told him she was fixed at Vizard Court. That vexed him: he

did not want to meet Vizard. He thought it the part of a Jerry Sneak to go and howl to a brother against his sister. Yet, if Vizard questioned him, how could he conceal there was something wrong? However, he went down to Vizard Court; but said to the servant who opened the door, "I am rather in a hurry, Sir: do you think that you could procure me a few minutes with Miss Gale? You need not trouble Mr. Vizard."

"Yes, my laud. Certainly, my laud. Please step in the morning-room, my laud. Mr. Vizard is out."

That was fortunate, and Miss Gale came down to him directly.

Fanny took that opportunity to chatter and tell Mademoiselle Klosking all about Lord Uxmoor and his passion for Zoe. "And he will have her, too," said she, boldly.

Lord Uxmoor told Miss Gale he had called upon business. He was obliged to leave home for a time, and wished to place his projects under the care of a person who could really sympathize with them, and make additions to them, if necessary. "Men," said he, "are always making oversights in matters of domestic comfort: besides, you are full of ideas. I want you to be viceroy with full power, and act just as you would if the village belonged to you."

Rhoda colored high at the compliment.

"Wells, cows, granary, real education—what you like," said he. "I know your mind. Begin abolishing the lower orders in the only way they can be got rid of—by raising them in comfort, cleanliness, decency, and knowledge. Then I shall not be missed. I'm going abroad."

"Going abroad?"

"Yes. Here are my plans: alter them for the better, if you can. All the work to be done by the villagers. Weekly wages. We buy materials. They will be more reconciled to improved dwellings, when they build them themselves. Here are the addresses of the people who will furnish money. It will entail travelling; but my people will always meet you at the station, if you telegraph from Taddington. You accept? A thousand thanks. I am afraid I must be off."

She went into the hall with him, half bewildered, and only at the door found time to ask after Zoe Vizard.

"A little better, I think, than when she came."

"Does she know you are going abroad?"

"No. I don't think she does, yet. It was settled all in a hurry."

He escaped further questioning by hurrying away.

Miss Gale was still looking after him, when Ina Klosking came down, dressed for a walk, and leaning lightly on Miss Dover's arm. This was by previous consent of Miss Gale.

"Well, dear," said Fanny, "what did he say to you?"

"Something that has surprised and puzzled me very much." She then related the whole conversation, with her usual precision.

Ina Klosking observed quietly to Fanny that this did not look like successful wooing.

"I don't know that," said Fanny, stoutly. "Oh, Miss Gale, did you not ask him about her?"

"Certainly I did; and he said she was better than when she first came."

"There!" said Fanny, triumphantly.

Miss Gale gave her a little pinch, and she dropped the subject.

Vizard returned, and found Mademoiselle Klosking walking on his gravel. He offered her his arm, and was a happy man, parading her very slowly, and supporting her steps, and purring his congratulations into her ear. "Suppose I were to invite you to dinner, what would you say?"

"I think I should say, 'To-morrow.'"

"And a very good answer, too. To-morrow shall be a *fête*."

"You spoil me."

"That is impossible."

It was strange to see them together; he so happy, she so apathetic, yet gracious.

Next morning came a bit of human nature—a letter from Zoe to Fanny, almost entirely occupied with praises of Lord Uxmoor. She told the Bull story better than I have—if possible—and, in short, made Uxmoor a hero of romance.

Fanny carried this in triumph to the other ladies, and read it out. "There!" said she. "Didn't I tell you?"

Rhoda read the letter, and owned herself puzzled. "I am not, then," said Fanny: "they are engaged—over the bull; like Europa and—I forget who—and so he is not afraid to go abroad now. That is just like the men. They cool directly the chase is over."

Now the truth was that Zoe was trying to soothe her conscience with eloquent praises of the man she had dismissed, and felt guilty.

Ina Klosking said little. She was puzzled too at first. She asked to see Zoe's handwriting. The letter was handed to her. She studied the characters. "It is a good hand," she said; "nothing mean there." And she gave it back.

But, with a glance, she had read the address, and learned that the post-town was Bagley.

All that day, at intervals, she brought her powerful understanding to bear on the paradox; and though she had not the facts and the clew I have given the reader, she came near the truth in an essential matter. She satisfied herself that Lord Uxmoor was not engaged to Zoe Vizard. Clearly, if so, he would not leave England for months.

She resolved to know more; and just before dinner she wrote a line to Ashmead, and requested him to call on her immediately.

That day she dined with Vizard and the ladies. She sat at Vizard's right hand, and he told her how proud and happy he was to see her there.

She blushed faintly, but made no reply.

She retired soon after dinner.

All next day she expected Ashmead.

He did not come.

She dined with Vizard next day, and retired to the drawing-room. The piano was opened, and she played one or two exquisite things, and afterward tried her voice, but only in scales, and somewhat timidly, for Miss Gale warned her she might lose it or spoil it if she strained the vocal chord while her whole system was weak.

Next day Ashmead came with apologies. He had spent a day in the cathedral town on business. He did not tell her how he had spent that day, going about puffing her as the greatest singer of sacred music in the world, and paving the way to her engagement at the next festival. Yet the single-hearted Joseph had really raised that commercial superstructure upon the sentiments she had uttered on his first visit to Vizard Court.

Ina now held a private conference with him. "I think," said she, "I have heard you say you were once an actor."

"I was, madam, and a very good one, too."

"*Cela va sans dire*. I never knew one that was not. At all events, you can disguise yourself."

"Any thing, madam, from Grandfather Whitehead to a boy in a pinafore. Famous for my makes up."

"I wish you to watch a certain house, and not be recognized by a person who knows you."

"Well, madam, nothing is *infra dig*. if done for you; nothing is distasteful if done for you."

"Thank you, my friend. I have thought it well to put my instructions on paper."

"Ay, that is the best way."

She handed him the instructions. He read them, and his eyes sparkled. "Ah, this is a commission I undertake with pleasure, and I'll execute it with zeal."

He left her, soon after, to carry out these instructions, and that very evening he was in the wardrobe of the little theatre, rummaging out a suitable costume, and also in close conference with the wig-maker.

Next day Vizard had his mother's sables taken out and aired, and drove Mademoiselle Klosking into Taddington in an open carriage. Fanny told her they were his mother's sables, and none to compare with them in the country.

On returning she tried her voice to the

harmonium in her own antechamber, and found it was gaining strength—like herself.

Meantime Zoe Vizard met Severne in the garden, and told him she had written to Lord Uxmoor, and he would never visit her again. But she did not make light of the sacrifice this time. She had sacrificed her own self-respect as well as Uxmoor's, and she was sullen and tearful.

He had to be very wary and patient, or she would have parted with him too, and fled from both of them to her brother.

Uxmoor's wounded pride would have been soothed could he have been present at the first interview of this pair. He would have seen Severne treated with a hauteur and a sort of savageness he himself was safe from, safe in her unshaken esteem.

But the world is made for those who can keep their temper, especially the female part of the world.

Sad, kind, and loving, but never irritable, Severne smoothed down and soothed and comforted the wounded girl; and, seeing her two or three times a day—for she was completely mistress of her time—got her completely into his power again.

Uxmoor did not reply.

She had made her selection. Love beckoned forward. It was useless to look back.

Love was omnipotent. They both began to recover their good looks as if by magic; and as Severne's passion, though wicked, was earnest, no poor bird was ever more completely entangled by bird-lime than Zoe was caught by Edward Severne.

Their usual place of meeting was the shrubbery attached to Somerville Villa. The trees, being young, made all the closer shade, and the gravel-walk meandered, and shut them out from view.

Severne used to enter this shrubbery by a little gate leading from the meadow, and wait under the trees till Zoe came to him. Vizard's advertisements alarmed him, and he used to see the coast clear before he entered the shrubbery, and also before he left it. He was so particular in this that, observing one day an old man doddering about with a basket, he would not go in till he had taken a look at him. He found it was an ancient white-haired villager gathering mushrooms. The old fellow was so stiff, and his hand so trembling, that it took him about a minute to gather a single fungus.

To give a reason for coming up to him, Severne said, "How old are you, old man?"

"I be ninety, measter, next Martinmas-day."

"Only ninety?" said our Adonis, contemptuously; "you look a hundred and ninety."

He would have been less contemptuous had he known that the mushrooms were all toad-stools, and the village centenaire was

Mr. Joseph Ashmead, resuming his original arts, and playing Grandfather Whitehead on the green grass.

CHAPTER XXV.

MADemoiselle KLOSKING told Vizard the time drew near when she must leave his hospitable house.

"Say a month hence," said he.

She shook her head.

"Of course you will not stay to gratify me," said he, half sadly, half bitterly. "But you will have to stay a week or two longer *par ordonnance du médecin*."

"My physician is reconciled to my going. We must all bow to necessity."

This was said too firmly to admit a reply.

"The old house will seem very dark again whenever you do go," said Vizard, plaintively.

"It will soon be brightened by her who is its true and lasting light," was the steady reply.

A day or two passed with nothing to record, except that Vizard hung about Ina Klosking, and became, if possible, more enamored of her and more unwilling to part with her.

Mr. Ashmead arrived one afternoon about three o'clock, and was more than an hour with her. They conversed very earnestly, and when he went, Miss Gale found her agitated.

"This will not do," said she.

"It will pass, my friend," said Ina. "I will sleep."

She laid herself down and slept three hours before dinner.

She arose refreshed, and dined with the little party; and on retiring to the drawing-room, she invited Vizard to join them at his convenience.

He made it his convenience in ten minutes.

Then she opened the piano, played an introduction, and electrified them all by singing the leading song in "Siebel." She did not sing it so powerfully as in the theatre; she would not have done that even if she could; but still she sang it out, and nobly. It seemed a miracle to hear such singing in a room.

Vizard was in raptures.

They cooled suddenly when she reminded him what he had said, that she must stay till she could sing Siebel's song. "I keep to the letter of the contract," said she. "My friends, this is my last night at Vizard Court."

"Please try and shake that resolution," said Vizard, gravely, to Mesdemoiselles Dover and Gale.

"They can not," said Ina. "It is my destiny. And yet," said she, after a pause, "I would not have you remember me by that

flimsy thing. Let me sing you a song your mother loved; let me be remembered in this house, as a singer, by that."

Then she sang Handel's song:

"What though I trace each herb and flower
That decks the morning dew;
Did I not own Jehovah's power,
How vain were all I knew."

She sang it with amazing purity, volume, grandeur, and power; the lustres rang and shook, the hearts were thrilled, and the very souls of the hearers ravished. She herself turned a little pale in singing it, and the tears stood in her eyes.

The song and its interpretation were so far above what passes for music that they all felt compliments would be an impertinence. Their eyes and their long-drawn breath paid the true homage to that great master rightly interpreted—a very rare occurrence.

"Ah!" said she; "that was the hand could brandish Goliath's spear."

"And this is how you reconcile us to losing you," said Vizard. "You might stay, at least, till you had gone through my poor mother's collection."

"Ah! I wish I could. But I can not. I must not. My Fate forbids it."

"'Fate' and 'destiny,'" said Vizard, "stuff and nonsense. We make our own destiny. Mine is to be eternally disappointed, and happiness snatched out of my hands."

He had no sooner made this pretty speech than he was ashamed of it, and stalked out of the room, not to say any more unwise things.

This burst of spleen alarmed Fanny Dover. "There," said she, "now you can not go. He is very angry."

Ina Klosking said she was sorry for that; but he was too just a man to be angry with her long: the day would come when he would approve her conduct. Her lip quivered a little as she said this, and the water stood in her eyes: and this was remembered and understood, long after, both by Miss Dover and Rhoda Gale.

"When does your Royal Highness propose to start?" inquired Rhoda Gale, very obsequiously, and just a little bitterly.

"To-morrow at half past nine o'clock, dear friend," said Ina.

"Then you will not go without me. You will get the better of Mr. Vizard, because he is only a man; but I am a woman, and have a will as well as you. If you make a journey to-morrow, I go with you. Deny me, and you sha'n't go at all." Her eyes flashed defiance.

Ina moved one step, took Rhoda's little defiant head, and kissed her cheek. "Sweet physician and kind friend, of course you shall go with me, if you will, and be a great blessing to me."

This reconciled Miss Gale to the proceed-

ings. She packed up a carpet-bag, and was up early, making provisions of every sort for her patient's journey: air-pillows, soft warm coverings, medicaments, stimulants, etc., in a little bag slung across her shoulders. Thus furnished, and equipped in a uniform suit of gray cloth and wide-awake hat, she cut a very sprightly and commanding figure, but more like Diana than Hebe.

The Klosking came down, a pale Juno, in travelling costume; and a quarter of an hour before the time a pair-horse fly was at the door, and Mr. Ashmead in the hall.

The ladies were both ready.

But Vizard had not appeared.

This caused an uneasy discussion.

"He must be very angry," said Fanny, in a half whisper.

"I can not go while he is," sighed la Klosking. "There is a limit even to my courage."

"Mr. Harris," said Rhoda, "would you mind telling Mr. Vizard?"

"Well, miss," said Harris, softly, "I did step in and tell him. Which he told me to go to the devil, miss—a hobobservation I never knew him to make before."

This was not encouraging. Yet the Klosking quietly inquired where he was.

"In there, ma'am," said Harris. "In his study."

Mademoiselle Klosking, placed between two alternatives, decided with her usual resolution. She walked immediately to the door and tapped at it; then, scarcely waiting for an instant, opened it and walked in with seeming firmness, though her heart was beating rather high.

The people outside looked at one another. "I wonder whether he will tell *her* to go to the devil," said Fanny, who was getting tired of being good.

"No use," said Miss Gale; "she doesn't know the road."

When la Klosking entered the study, Vizard was seated, disconsolate, with two pictures before him. His face was full of pain, and la Klosking's heart smote her. She moved toward him, hanging her head, and said, with inimitable sweetness and tenderness, "Here is a culprit come to try and appease you."

There came a time that he could hardly think of these words and her penitent, submissive manner with dry eyes. But just then his black dog had bitten him, and he said, sullenly, "Oh, never mind me. It was always so. Your sex have always made me smart for— If flying from my house before you are half recovered gives you half the pleasure it gives me pain and mortification, say no more about it."

"Ah! why say it gives me pleasure? My friend, you can not really think so."

"I don't know what to think. You ladies are all riddles."

"Then I must take you into my confidence, and, with some reluctance, I own, let you know why I leave this dear kind roof to-day."

Vizard's generosity took the alarm. "No," he said, "I will not extort your reasons. It is a shame of me. Your bare will ought to be law in this house; and what reasons could reconcile me to losing you so suddenly? You are the joy of our eyes, the delight of our ears, the idol of all our hearts. You will leave us, and there will be darkness and gloom, instead of sunshine and song. Well, go; but you can not soften the blow with reasons."

Mademoiselle Klosking flushed, and her bosom heaved; for this was a strong man, greatly moved. With instinctive tact, she saw the best way to bring him to his senses was to give him a good opening to retreat.

"Ah, monsieur," said she, "you are *trop grand Seigneur*. You entertain a poor wounded singer in a chamber few princes can equal. You place every thing at her disposal; such a physician and nurse as no queen can command; a choir to sing to her; royal sables to keep the wind from her, and ladies to wait on her. And when you have brought her back to life, you say to yourself, She is a woman; she will not be thoroughly content unless you tell her she is adorable. So, out of politeness, you descend to the language of gallantry. This was not needed. I dispense with that kind of comfort. I leave your house because it is my duty, and leave it your grateful servant and true friend to my last hour."

She had opened the door, and Vizard could now escape. His obstinacy and his heart would not let him.

"Do not fence with me," said he. "Leave that to others. It is beneath *you*. If you had been content to stay, I would have been content to show my heart by halves. But when you offer to leave me, you draw from me an avowal I can no longer restrain, and you must and shall listen to it. When I saw you on the stage at Homburg, I admired you and loved you that very night. But I knew from experience how seldom in women outward graces go with the virtues of the soul. I distrusted my judgment. I feared you, and I fled you. But our destiny brought you here, and when I held you, pale and wounded, in my very arms, my heart seemed to go out of my bosom."

"Oh, no more! no more, pray!" cried Mademoiselle Klosking.

But the current of love was not to be stemmed. "Since that terrible hour I have been in heaven, watching your gradual and sure recovery; but you have recovered only to abandon me, and your hurry to leave me drives me to desperation. No, I can not part with you. You must not leave me, either this day or any day. Give me your

hand, and stay here forever, and be the queen of my heart and of my house."

For some time la Klosking had lost her usual composure. Her bosom heaved tumultuously, and her hands trembled. But at this distinct proposal the whole woman changed. She drew herself up, with her pale cheek flushing and her eyes glittering.

"What, Sir?" said she. "Have you read me so ill? Do you not know I would rather be the meanest drudge that goes on her knees and scrubs your floors, than be queen of your house, as you call it? Ah, Jesu, are all men alike, then; that he whom I have so revered, whose mother's songs I have sung to him, makes me a proposal dishonorable to me and to himself?"

"Dishonorable!" cried Vizard. "Why, what can any man offer to any woman more honorable than I offer you? I offer you my heart and my hand, and I say, do not go, my darling. Stay here forever, and be my queen, my goddess, my wife!"

"YOUR WIFE?" She stared wildly at him.

"Your wife? Am I dreaming, or are you?"

"Neither. Do you think I can be content with less than that? Ina, I adore you."

She put her hand to her head. "I know not who is to blame for this," said she, and she trembled visibly.

"I'll take the blame," said he, gayly.

Said Ina, very gravely, "You, who do me the honor to offer me your name, have you asked yourself seriously what has been the nature of my relation with Edward Sevrerne?"

"No!" cried Vizard, violently; "and I do not mean to. I see you despise him now; and I have my eyes and my senses to guide me in choosing a wife. I choose you—if you will have me."

She listened, then turned her moist eyes full upon him, and said to him, "This is the greatest honor ever befell me. I can not take it."

"Not take it?"

"No; but that is my misfortune. Do not be mortified. You have no rival in my esteem. What shall I say, my friend?—at least I may call you that. If I explain now, I shall weep much, and lose my strength. What shall I do? I think—yes, that will be best—you shall go with me to-day."

"To the end of the world!"

"Something tells me you will know all, and forgive me."

"Shall I take my bag?"

"You might take an evening dress and some linen."

"Very well. I won't keep you a moment," said he, and went up stairs with great alacrity.

She went into the hall, with her eyes bent on the ground, and was immediately pinned by Rhoda Gale, whose piercing eye, and inquisitive finger on her pulse, soon discovered

that she had gone through a trying scene. "This is a bad beginning of an imprudent journey," said she: "I have a great mind to countermand the carriage."

"No, no," said Ina; "I will sleep in the railway and recover myself."

The ladies now got into the carriage; Ashmead insisted on going upon the box; and Vizard soon appeared, and took his seat opposite Miss Gale and Mademoiselle Klosking. The latter whispered her doctress: "It would be wise of me not to speak much at present." La Gale communicated this to Vizard, and they drove along in dead silence. But they were naturally curious to know where they were going; so they held some communication with their eyes. They very soon found they were going to Tad-dington Station.

Then came a doubt—were they going up or down?

That was soon resolved.

Mr. Ashmead had hired a saloon carriage for them, with couches and conveniences.

They entered it; and Mademoiselle Klosking said to Miss Gale, "It is necessary that I should sleep."

"You shall," said Miss Gale.

While she was arranging the pillows and things, la Klosking said to Vizard, "We artists learn to sleep when we have work to do. Without it I should not be strong enough this day." She said this in a half-apologetic tone, as one anxious not to give him any shadow of offense.

She was asleep in five minutes; and Miss Gale sat watching her at first, but presently joined Vizard at the other end, and they whispered together. Said she, "What becomes of the theory that women have no strength of will? There is Mademoiselle *Je-le-veux* in person. When she wants to sleep, she sleeps; and look at you and me—do you know where we are going?"

"No."

"No more do I. The motive power is that personification of divine repose there. How beautiful she is with her sweet lips parted, and her white teeth peeping, and her upper and lower lashes wedded; and how graceful!"

"She is a goddess," said Vizard. "I wish I had never seen her. Mark my words, she will give me the sorest heart of all."

"I hope not," said Rhoda, very seriously.

Ina slept sweetly for nearly two hours, and all that time her friends could only guess where they were going.

At last the train stopped, for the sixth time, and Ashmead opened the door.

This worthy, who was entirely in command of the expedition, collected the luggage, including Vizard's bag, and deposited it at the station. He then introduced the party to a pair-horse fly, and mounted the box.

When they stopped at Bagley, Vizard suspected where they were going.

When he saw the direction the carriage took, he knew it, and turned very grave indeed.

He even regretted that he had put himself so blindly under the control of a woman. He cast searching glances at Mademoiselle Klosking to try and discover what on earth she was going to do. But her face was as impenetrable as marble. Still she never looked less likely to do any thing rash or in bad taste. Quietness was the main characteristic of her face, when not rippled over by a ravishing sweetness; but he had never seen her look so great, and lofty, and resolute, as she looked now; a little stern, too, as one who had a great duty to do, and was inflexible as iron. When truly feminine features stiffen into marble like this, beauty is indeed imperial, and worthy of epic song; it rises beyond the wing of prose.

My reader is too intelligent not to divine that she was steeling herself to a terrible interview with Zoe Vizard—terrible mainly on account of the anguish she knew she must inflict.

But we can rarely carry out our plans exactly as we trace them—unexpected circumstances derange them or expand them; and I will so far anticipate as to say that in this case a most unexpected turn of events took la Klosking by surprise.

Whether she proved equal to the occasion, these pages will show very soon.

CHAPTER XXVI.

POIKILUS never left Taddington—only the "Swan." More than once he was within sight of Ashmead unobserved. Once, indeed, that gentleman, who had a great respect for dignitaries, saluted him; for at that moment Poikilus happened to be a sleek dignitary of the Church of England. Poikilus, when quite himself, wore a mustache, and was sallow, and lean as a weasel; but he shaved and stuffed and colored for the dean. Shovel-hat, portly walk, and green spectacles did the rest. Grandfather Whitehead saluted. His reverence chuckled.

Poikilus kept Severne posted by letter and wire as to many things that happened outside Vizard Court; but he could not divine the storm that was brewing inside Ina Klosking's room. Yet Severne defended himself exactly as he would have done had he known all. He and Zoe spent Elysian hours, meeting twice a day in the shrubbery, and making love as if they were the only two creatures in the world; but it was blind Elysium only to one of them—Severne was uneasy and alarmed the whole time. His sagacity showed him it could not last, and there was always a creeping terror on him.

Would not Uxmoor cause inquiries? Would he not be sure to tell Vizard? Would not Vizard come there to look after Zoe, or order her back to Vizard Court? Would not the Klosking get well, and interfere once more? He passed the time between heaven and hell; whenever he was not under the immediate spell of Zoe's presence, a sort of vague terror was always on him. He looked all round him, wherever he went.

This terror, and his passion, which was now as violent as it was wicked, soon drove him to conceive desperate measures. But, by masterly self-government, he kept them two days to his own bosom. He felt it was too soon to raise a fresh and painful discussion with Zoe. He must let her drink unmixed delight, and get a taste for it; and then show her on what conditions alone it could be had forever.

It was on the third day after their reconciliation she found him seated on a bench in the shrubbery, lost in thought, and looking very dejected. She was close to him before he noticed; then he sprang up, stared at her, and began to kiss her hands violently, and even her very dress.

"It is you," said he, "once more."

"Yes, dear," said Zoe, tenderly; "did you think I would not come?"

"I did not know whether you could come. I feel that my happiness can not last long. And, Zoe dear, I have had a dream. I dreamed we were taken prisoners, and carried to Vizard Court, and on the steps stood Vizard and Mademoiselle Klosking arm in arm; I believe they were man and wife. And you were taken out and led, weeping, into the house, and I was left there raging with agony. And then that lady put out her finger in a commanding way, and I was whirled away into utter darkness, and I heard you moan, and I fought, and dashed my head against the carriage, and I felt my heart burst, and my whole body filled with some cold liquid, and I went to sleep, and I heard a voice say, 'It is all over; his trouble is ended.' I was dead."

This narrative, and his deep dejection, set Zoe's tears flowing. "Poor Edward!" she sighed. "I would not survive you. But cheer up, dear; it was only a dream. We are not slaves. I am not dependent on any one. How can we be parted?"

"We shall, unless we use our opportunity, and make it impossible to part us. Zoe, do not slight my alarm and my misgivings; such warnings are prophetic. For Heaven's sake, make one sacrifice more, and let us place our happiness beyond the reach of man."

"Only tell me how."

"There is but one way—marriage."

Zoe blushed high, and panted a little, but said nothing.

"Ah!" said he, piteously, "I ask too much."

"How can you say that?" said Zoe. "Of course I shall marry you, dearest. What! do you think I could do what I *have* done for any body but my husband that is to be?"

"I was mad to think otherwise," said he; "but I am in low spirits, and full of misgivings. Oh, the comfort, the bliss, the peace of mind, the joy, if you would see our hazardous condition, and make all safe by marrying me to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Why, Edward, are you mad? How can we be married, so long as my brother is so prejudiced against you?"

"If we wait his consent, we are parted forever. He would forgive us after it—that is certain. But he would never consent. He is too much under the influence of his—of Mademoiselle Klosking."

"Indeed, I can not hope he will consent beforehand," sighed Zoe; "but I have not the courage to defy him; and if I had, we could not marry all in a moment, like that. We should have to be cried in church."

"That is quite gone out among ladies and gentlemen."

"Not in our family. Besides, even a special license takes time, I suppose. Oh no, I could not be married in a clandestine, discreditable way. I am a Vizard—please remember that. Would you degrade the woman you honor with your choice?"

And her red cheeks and flashing eyes warned him to desist.

"God forbid!" said he. "If that is the alternative, I consent to lose her—and lose her I shall."

He then affected to dismiss the subject, and said, "Let me enjoy the hours that are left me. Much misery or much bliss can be condensed in a few days. I will enjoy the blessed time, and we will wait for the chapter of accidents that is sure to part us." Then he acted reckless happiness, and broke down at last.

She cried, but showed no sign of yielding. Her pride and self-respect were roused and on their defense.

The next day he came to her quietly sad. He seemed languid and listless, and to care for nothing. He was artful enough to tell her, on the information of Poikilus, that Vizard had hired the cathedral choir three times a week to sing to his inamorata; and that he had driven her about Taddington, dressed, like a duchess, in a whole suit of sables.

At that word the girl turned pale.

He observed, and continued: "And it seems these sables are known throughout the county. There were several carriages in the town, and my informant heard a lady say they were Mrs. Vizard's sables, worth five hundred guineas—a Russian princess gave them her."

"It is quite true," said Zoe. "His mother's sables! Is it possible?"

"They all say he is caught at last, and this is to be the next Mrs. Vizard."

"They may well say so, if he parades her in his mother's sables," said Zoe, and could not conceal her jealousy and her indignation. "I never dared so much as ask his permission to wear them," said she.

"And if you had, he would have told you the relics of a saint were not to be played with."

"That is just what he would have said, I do believe." The female heart was stung.

"Ah, well," said Severne, "I am sure I should not grudge him his happiness, if you would see things as he does, and be as brave as he is."

"Thank you," said Zoe. "Women can not defy the world as men do." Then, passionately, "Why do you torment me so? why do you urge me so? a poor girl, all alone, and far from advice. What on earth would you have me do?"

"Secure us against another separation, unite us in bliss forever."

"And so I would if I could; you know I would. But it is impossible."

"No, Zoe; it is easy. There are two ways: we can reach Scotland in eight hours; and there, by a simple writing and declaration before witnesses, we are man and wife."

"A Gretna Green marriage?"

"It is just as much a legal marriage as if a bishop married us at St. Paul's. However, we could follow it up immediately by marriage in a church, either in Scotland or the north of England. But there is another way: we can be married at Bagley, any day, before the registrar."

"Is that a marriage—a real marriage?"

"As real, as legal, as binding, as a wedding in St. Paul's."

"Nobody in this county has ever been married so. I should blush to be seen about after it."

"Our first happy year would not be passed in this country. We should go abroad for six months."

"Ay, fly from shame."

"On our return we should be received with open arms by my own people in Huntingdonshire, until your people came round, as they always do."

He then showed her a letter, in which his pearl of a cousin said they would receive his wife with open arms, and make her as happy as they could. Uncle Tom was coming home from India, with two hundred thousand pounds; he was a confirmed old bachelor, and Edward his favorite, etc.

Zoe faltered a little: so then he pressed her hard with love, and entreaties, and promises, and even hysterical tears; then she began to cry—a sure sign of yielding. "Give me time," she said—"give me time."

He groaned, and said there was no time

to lose. Otherwise he never would have urged her so.

For all that, she could not be drawn to a decision. She must think over such a step.

Next morning, at the usual time, he came to know his fate. But she did not appear. He waited an hour for her. She did not come. He began to rage and storm, and curse his folly for driving her so hard.

At last she came, and found him pale with anxiety, and looking utterly miserable. She told him she had passed a sleepless night, and her head had ached so in the morning she could not move.

"My poor darling!" said he; "and I am the cause. Say no more about it, dear one. I see you do not love me as I love you, and I forgive you."

She smiled sadly at that, for she was surer of her own love than his.

Zoe had passed a night of torment and vacillation; and but for her brother having paraded Mademoiselle Klosking in his mother's sables, she would, I think, have held out. But this turned her a little against her brother; and, as he was the main obstacle to her union with Severne, love and pity conquered. Yet still Honor and Pride had their say. "Edward," said she, "I love you with all my heart, and share your fears that accident may separate us. I will let you decide for both of us. But, before you decide, be warned of one thing. I am a girl no longer, but a woman, who has been distracted with many passions. If any slur rests on my fair name, deeply as I love you now, I shall abhor you then."

He turned pale, for her eye flashed dismay into his craven soul.

He said nothing; and she continued: "If you insist on this hasty, half-clandestine marriage, then I consent to this—I will go with you before the registrar, and I shall come back here directly. Next morning early we will start for Scotland, and be married that other way before witnesses. Then your fears will be at an end, for you believe in these marriages; only, as I do not—for I look on these *legal* marriages merely as solemn betrothals—I shall be Miss Zoe Vizard, and expect you to treat me so, until I have been married in a church, like a lady."

"Of course you shall," said he; and overwhelmed her with expressions of gratitude, respect, and affection.

This soothed her troubled mind, and she let him take her hand and pour his honeyed flatteries into her ear, as he walked her slowly up and down.

She could hardly tear herself away from the soft pressure of his hand and the fascination of his tongue, and she left him, more madly in love with him than ever, and ready to face any thing but dishonor for him. She was to come out at twelve o'clock, and walk into Bagley with him to betroth herself to

him, as she chose to consider it, before the stipendiary magistrate, who married couples in that way. Of the two marriages she had consented to, merely as preliminaries to a real marriage, Zoe despised this the most; for the Scotch marriage was, at all events, ancient, and respectable lovers had been driven to it again and again.

She was behind her time, and Severne thought her courage had failed her after all: but no: at half past twelve she came out, and walked briskly toward Bagley.

He was behind her, and followed her. She took his arm nervously. "Let me feel you all the way," she said, "to give me courage."

So they walked arm in arm; and, as they went, his courage secretly wavered, hers rose at every step.

About half a mile from the town they met a carriage and pair.

At sight of them a gentleman on the box tapped at the glass window, and said, hurriedly, "Here they are *together*."

Mademoiselle Klosking said, "Stop the carriage:" then, pausing a little, "Mr. Vizard—on your word of honor, no violence."

The carriage was drawn up, Ashmead opened the door in a trice, and la Klosking, followed by Vizard, stepped out, and stood like a statue before Edward Severne and Zoe Vizard.

Severne dropped her arm directly, and was panic-stricken.

Zoe uttered a little scream at the sight of Vizard; but the next moment took fire at her rival's audacity, and stepped boldly before her lover, with flashing eyes and expanded nostrils that literally breathed defiance.

A FEAR.

Oh, what is happiness, when fear
Starts like a pale unbidden ghost
That steals across the banquet-hall,
And spills the draught we long for most!

For when I look at her it comes,
The fear that she may leave us soon—
So perfect in the morning light,
How can the blossom last till noon!

The soft and shining baby hair
Seems but a nimbus round the brow;
The sweet amazement of the eye
Asks what they do in heaven now.

I marvel what they do there, too,
Without her in that far still land:
I tremble lest I turn and see
Great angels in the sunbeam stand—

Great angels, whose departing wings
Shall spread a shadow on the air,
Since having earth so bright, I fear
Heaven be not heaven without her there!

GARTH:*

A Nobel.

CHAPTER XXI.

FERMENTATION.

THREE days before Christmas there was again a gathering round the broad kitchen hearth of Urmhurst. Cuthbert sat in the centre of the group, the high dark back of his chair rising above his clear pale face, which became more transparent and spiritual-looking every day. The brightness of his eyes, however, and the indomitable cheerfulness of his bearing did much to counteract the impression which his bodily frailty tended to produce. Elinor sat next to him, and then came Golightley, Mrs. Tenterden, and the parson. The last two had of late contracted a genial partnership with each other, the chief object of which seemed to be to discuss people and events of years long gone by.

On the opposite side of the fire-place sat Madge and Garth, and Nikomis was in her old place, which none but she might occupy. The laboring oar of the conversation was in the hands of the elders of the party; indeed, as Mrs. Tenterden was just observing, the young people, who had every reason to be lively and talkative, were as sedate and laconic as a Quaker meeting, and thereby, she supposed, brought upon herself and others the reproach of garrulity. "However," she added, "I've got something to tell you, daughter, that I expect will set the tongues of all of you a-going. I shall tell you what Christmas present I mean to give you. Or maybe I'll let you all guess—that 'll be better;" and the kind lady chuckled comfortably and folded her statuesque arms.

But the subject appeared to be a so difficult one that, after several unsuccessful attempts had been made, Mrs. Tenterden was fain to lift the veil herself. "Why, how stupid you all are! I'm going to give her the money that is got back from our robbers when they are caught. She would have had it when she was married, at any rate, and maybe I'd as well call it a dowry as a Christmas present; only, as Christmas came before the wedding, and life is so uncertain, I thought I'd better lose no time."

The parson rewarded this sally with his customary stentorian "Haw! haw! haw!" but several members of the company appeared to think it more impressive than amusing. Elinor, however, replied, with a smile and with heightened color,

"I shouldn't have minded waiting, particularly. A Barmecide dowry is as good one time as another, though life is so uncertain."

"What a pity the robbers, or one of them, could not have heard you, Aunt Mildred!" remarked Madge. "I'm sure he would have gone straight off and brought you the money."

"My good fathers!" cried Mrs. Tenterden, with a shudder, and glancing over her shoulder, "I'd

rather never have the money than that the awful creature himself should bring it to me!"

"Even robbers are men, and repentant robbers are not a bad sort of men," said Garth.

"If one of them could have heard you say that, he would have thanked you," was Golightley's observation.

"Since we are discussing such splendid donations," said Cuthbert, "I may as well tell Garth that unless some authenticated claimant puts in an appearance before the allotted period has expired, I shall give him Urmhurst and fifty thousand dollars."

"If we could only manage to prove that the claimant was one of the robbers, and shut him up in prison for life, you might both of you look forward to a fortune," laughed Madge.

"I shouldn't care for the claimant's money, even if he were a convict," Garth answered. "Well, the only Christmas present I have to make is a proposal that we should all go down to the lake on Christmas-eve and skate. We will make a great affair of it. There shall be the biggest bonfire that was ever seen, and all the village, besides ourselves, shall be there to see it. There is a full moon on that night, and if the ice is only in good condition, it ought to be as successful a picnic as any of the parson's."

This suggestion met with general approval. "As to that about the ice, though," said Golightley, leaning forward and stroking his mustache. "Is there good reason to suppose that it is all that it ought to be in view of such an occasion? Any body been down there lately?"

"I don't think there can be any doubt; this snow fell before the lake froze. However, we might go down and see."

"Happy thought, by George!" exclaimed Golightley. He jumped up and looked out of the window. "It's a superb night. What do you say to some of us wrapping up warm and starting down there to-night? Look at that moon!"

"Mercy, Golightley, you'd catch your death!" cried Mrs. Tenterden. But some of the others favored the idea; and finally the four lovers, as Mrs. Tenterden called them, resolved to go. While Madge and Elinor were putting on their cloaks and hoods, Garth went out and harnessed a horse to the double sleigh. There was a weak place, which had never been properly mended, in one of the runners; but he trusted to luck that it would not break down, and so drove round to the door. The three waiting there got in, and they all started off with much noise and festivity. The moon shining upon the snow made the woods as light as day, and the road had been sufficiently trodden to render the sleighing easy. They reached the lake without accident, and when Garth had tested the thickness of the ice, and found it safe, they drove slowly out upon it toward the little islet at the mouth of the cove.

"By George, that ice beats my experience! eh, Garth?" said Golightley. "It's like driving on air. Upon my word, I can see the stones at the bottom—ten feet at least."

"How thick is the ice?" asked Elinor.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"About nine inches," replied Garth. "I never saw it so smooth and fine as this. It seems to be just as good all over."

"Where shall we have the bonfire?" asked Madge.

"On the nose of the island, so that it can be seen all over the lake, and far down the river besides. We can stable the horses in the shed which I believe is still standing there, and cook and eat our dinner in the midst of warmth and comfort."

They came to the island, and passing round the little promontory, the great panorama of valley, lake, and river lay before them. The river had been dammed lower down, and had overflowed its banks to the breadth of half a mile; and this polished pathway, like a black mirror twenty miles long, glistened in its white setting of snow, lonely and silent, further than the eye could follow it. But further still, Wabeno showed his faint outline against the sky, looking like the mighty ghost of a mountain that had ceased to exist save in tradition.

"I wish I had my skates here!" exclaimed Madge. "It's perfect now; day after to-morrow will not be so fine as to-day."

"Do you know how to skate, Elinor?" asked Garth.

"Hardly at all; but it seems as if I could learn any thing such a night as this."

"And I—since nobody will say it for me—I am the fortunate purveyor of this delectation," observed Golightley. "Remember it in my favor, friends, whenever you have occasion to think ill of me."

"One can not carry a December night about in one's mind *all* the time, Uncle Golightley," retorted Madge, maliciously. "But you do know how to skate, Elinor; at least you have a lovely skating suit, and I have been making one to look exactly like it."

"So that one of you will be mistaken for the other! Ha! I suspect a plot," said Golightley, laughing. "By-the-bye, Garth, what became of your friend Selwyn? Is his business so pressing that he can not postpone it for a treat like this?"

"He may be here; he is mysterious in his movements. Professor Grindle, too, sent me word a day or two ago that he should try and spend Christmas-day with us. But we must be getting home, since we have no better bonfire than the moon to warm us."

He turned the horse as he spoke; but the animal slipped, and in recovering itself, brought its hind-hoof in contact with the infirm sleigh runner, breaking it beyond all present remedy. It therefore became necessary that at least two of the party should walk home, and after some discussion it was arranged that those two should be Elinor and Golightley. The sleigh was drawn under cover of the shed, and when Garth had led the horse to the main-land, he mounted, Madge put her foot on his and sprang up behind him, and they rode away through the glimmering forest.

Elinor took Golightley's arm, and for a little while they walked on in silence; for Golightley was not so imperturbable a wooer as he had once been, and his audacity seemed even less when he was alone with his mistress than in company. This subdued bearing had been very grateful to Elinor;

yet it was not of a kind that might have led her to suspect him of a decline in his affection toward her, but rather the contrary. For though never obtruding himself upon her, or attempting any thing in the way of personal magnetism, as he had not spared to do in the earlier stages of their acquaintance, he had a way of silently watching her when he thought she was unaware of it, of divining and fulfilling her wishes while they were yet in embryo, and of receiving her words with an undemonstrative reverence that was flattering, because so evidently sincere. Nay, he was a trifle too subservient for her taste, for she was not a nature that feels it delightful to condescend, and often she found herself trying to force him into a stronger and more independent attitude toward her than he was himself inclined to assume. She was doing her best to like him, and by dint of resolutely shutting her eyes to all that might tend to discredit him, and magnifying every thing that made in his favor, she could almost anticipate something like success. She would have defended him against any detractor; and when he unwittingly spoke or acted against what seemed to her his best presentment, she was ready to defend him against himself.

At last he broke the silence by saying, with something of a nervous tremor in his voice and laugh, "By-the-bye, Elinor, an odd idea that of Mildred's about your dowry, wasn't it? Ha! ha!"

"The Barmecide dowry? Well, it may turn out a reality."

"What should you say, now—this is only one of my eccentric fancies, you know—but what should you say if some strange chance were to bring you that dowry, and at the same time were to—ha! ha!—were to—"

"Were to what?"

"Well, say, were to leave me a beggar?"

"How do you mean?"

"What if I were a beggar, now—by my voluntary act—and you were the possessor of eighty thousand pounds?"

"Wait a moment," interrupted Elinor, speaking with the perfect distinctness of utterance that always characterized her when excited. "I would rather talk of something else. You have never told me where you were going to take me after we are married."

"I shall not have the right to decide. I shall be your dependent, my dear Elinor, living on your bounty, and even owing my personal liberty to—"

"Golightley, did you hear what I said? I thought if you liked Europe better, I should prefer it on some accounts too. We might come back afterward, you know, if we didn't like it. Don't you think so?"

"Elinor, I—by George, I love you too well—I love you more than any thing! I wouldn't speak of my crime but for that. If you could believe how I repent—if you could forgive me!"

"Is it such a crime to love me?" said Elinor, laughing sharply, and turning her face away from the spectacle of his too manifest agitation. "How can you ask me to forgive you for repenting of that? I wish you would answer my question about Europe. I think my mother would like it better."

"My God! don't make it so hard for a poor devil, Elinor. You'll never forgive me, and that's why you won't hear me. Elinor, the guilt of that robbery—"

"Stop! stop! stop!" She clung to his arm and pressed her forehead against his shoulder. They were both trembling with excitement; but after a few moments Elinor steadied her nerves by main force, and said, in a husky tone, "Will you come home now quietly? Remember we are going to be married. I have not asked for any thing to be told me. But if any thing is said, it could not be unsaid. I'll walk home alone. I think you must have been drinking."

It was an appeal—a final desperate expedient for remaining blind and deaf. But intense as her will to restrain the confession was, Golightley was now too much unmanned to be restrained. What was in him to say must out; and when Elinor heard him laugh hysterically at her impugment of his sobriety, she felt the uselessness of further opposition. She quitted his arm abruptly, and moved onward, haughty and cold.

"If I only could get you to see what my life has been, how one phase has developed into another," said Golightley, walking beside her in his wretchedness. "By George! it has seemed as if destiny had always had a spite against me. I can say truly that I've always meant well. But I believe my very gifts—my peculiar fineness of perception and all that—have helped lead me wrong. If I'd been of such clay as other men, I should have done well enough."

"Don't speak as if I knew any thing, if you please. I know nothing. Tell me what is the matter in as few words as you can, since you've begun. I would not have listened to it from any body else."

But it was hard for him to speak plainly, when it came to the point. The crookedness of a lifetime made itself felt. He must hesitate and temporize on the verge of his gulf, though longing to plunge headlong.

"You know my gift for finance; of course every body knows that; but it was a gift with a curse on it. I could make any body's fortune but my own. Well, then—where was I? Oh! when I got acquainted with poor dear John and all of you, you know what he thought of me, how he believed in me? And, by George! the good that he saw in me was there, though there was bad mixed in with it, of course. Well, I wouldn't take charge of the money, though dear old John asked me to time and again; and though I knew that, it being Mildred's, and Mildred and I brother and sister, even if John had given it me out and out, it would have been in the family all the same."

"Did you—steal—this money?" asked Elinor, slowly, stopping and facing him, but with her eyes downcast.

He glanced round at her with a blanched, wretched look, his hand feeling about the side locks of his hair, and wandering down over his beard. "It seems a terrible thing to say that," muttered he. "But, upon my word, I've never had a moment's peace of mind or self-respect since then. But I haven't told you what—ha! ha!—what the lawyers call the extenuating circumstances. Oh, Elinor, so help me God, there are extenuating circumstances! It was that scoundrel Flint that got me into it."

"You stole your friend's money, who loved you and trusted you! What must I believe next? Ah, dear me!" She still spoke with lagging utterance, and the last words were a heavy sigh. Then, though with manifest effort and shrinking,

she raised her head and made her eyes rest upon him. It was a look even more terrible to give than to sustain. For it seems evident that Golightley did not appreciate the worst aspect of the crime he had committed. He regarded it as an offense against morals, against good taste, and, more deplorable still, against respectability. He was miserable at the loss of his prestige in the eyes of the world and of Elinor; and what most poignantly affected him was the shame involved in the actual process of confession. When that was over he would expect to feel better. But if every thing had turned out comfortably, if his guilt had never been brought to light, and he had been able to play the part of benefactor and philanthropist with the proceeds of his thievery, neither his heart nor his conscience would have been disturbed. And finally, that the knowledge of his degradation might give pain to Elinor deeper than he was himself capable of feeling had never occurred to him.

"I had expected," said he at last—"I had expected, Elinor, that you'd at least give me credit for having spoken out before we were married. If you knew what my love for you has grown to be lately! I didn't know, frankly, what the capacities in me for loving were till within the last month. And yet I risk your loss, by George!"

"What credit did you expect for speaking out?" inquired Elinor, with a sudden kindling of indignation. "You were a coward to speak out. You ought sooner to have died than insult me by confessing your deformity. If you had been true to the evil you had chosen, I might have had a kind of respect for you. But there is no manliness about you. You confessed only because you feared I should find you out in some other way. It was cowardly and dastardly and insulting. I would have listened to no evidence but yours. You thought I was as treacherous as you; but you have thrown away the only trust that any one will ever have in you."

"Destiny is against me, or this would be none of I," said Golightley, with a kind of reckless bravado.

"I ought to thank you, though," Elinor went on, not heeding him in her passionate preoccupation. "I can believe myself now—I was right in detesting you from the first moment I ever saw you. You were as contemptible as you looked. I am glad you are a criminal—I am glad! At least I am free now."

"My God, Elinor, can you never forgive me? Can't you care for me a little still?"

She stopped again, and gazed at him with that strange uneven glance that was yet so direct and disconcerting, and there was a kind of smile hovering about her beautiful lips that compelled Golightley to realize his degradation as no frown could have done. "That doesn't seem reasonable, Mr. Urmson. You are not very lovable. I don't know how to care for a person who has spoiled my life, and taken away my self-respect, and forced me to believe evil good and good evil. Did you think that the better I knew you, the better I should like you? I know that you first asked me to marry you because you were afraid that the thought of your crime might inconvenience you unless you did something to palliate it, and you wanted to use me as the balm to your conscience. After you had stolen your friend's money, you thought you would steal me for your

wife, so that you might say no such great harm had been done after all. Did you never think that only a very bad woman would not be degraded by marrying you? I haven't a very high opinion of myself, but I am worth a better compliment than that."

"If you only knew what you're worth to me! It isn't merely to make me happy, you know, but it would be saving a human soul. Only you can do it; and I'm not too far gone to be saved—by George, I'm not!"

"I have a soul too," returned Elinor, the sarcasm passing from her voice and expression, and a wistful melancholy taking its place. "You have taken away the freshness from it already, and if we lived together, it would lose whatever else it has worth preserving. It could not help you that I should be destroyed, and it is not right I should let myself be destroyed for nothing. Loving me can not save you, nor my loving you—"

"Ah, well, so be it!" interrupted Golightley, shrugging his shoulders, with a short empty laugh. "If it comes to loving the Lord and keeping His commandments, I presume I'm done for. So be it! I'll disappear. You may think less despitefully of me some day, when things come to be known that are not known now. Heigh-ho!"

"Poor creature! who will pity him if I do not?" thought Elinor to herself, compassionately. Fortunately her sense of justice was too keen and true to allow of her being entrapped into yielding too much to the gentler sentiment. But she felt that, somehow, the very fact of her having suffered such indignity at his hands had given him a claim upon her. Providence had ordained that their paths should cross; ought she not to do what she could that the meeting might not have been entirely for evil?

"I will not think despitefully of you," said she, "though I shall never be what I might have been if I had never seen you; and we must always be apart after this. If hoping and caring that you should do well will be of any good to you, I may help you so far. You said you had given back all you had taken?"

"All that the—ha! ha!—the other scoundrel hadn't done away with."

"Is it true that he has proofs against you?"

"He won't have them long. I've bargained with him, and he'll surrender them in consideration of a check for ten thousand pounds."

"How can that be if you have given it all back to us?"

"Well," replied Golightley, "I didn't intend to have troubled you with the details; but the long and short of it is that the check won't be paid when he presents it."

"Do you mean that you are going to cheat even your accomplice?" exclaimed Elinor, with irrepressible disgust.

"Ah, well, you can deliver me up to the majesty of the law, if that'll make you happier. I deserve it, of course. But my being eaten up won't save Mr. Flint."

"You need not misunderstand me so," said Elinor, flushing indignantly. "I wish no harm or punishment to either you or him. But there shall be no more cheating. You have not yet given him the false check?"

"It still lacks my indorsement. When he hands me the letters—"

"If the letters can not be got from him in any

other straightforward way, he must be honestly paid for them. Since the money is mine now, I shall pay him."

"My dear Elinor! my dear Elinor!" exclaimed Golightley. Her proposal seemed to have taken him completely by surprise; it changed his recklessness to an emotion that brought tears to his eyes. "I— No, no; my safety is not worth that sacrifice."

"Money is not what I care most for," returned she, a little coldly. "You asked me to sacrifice myself a few minutes ago. But you must not think I do this only on your account; it is for Mrs. Tenterden and your brother as well. They would not wish to see you—in prison!"

"Oh, Elinor, if you could have said it was partly for your sake too! But no; let it go—no one will care. I will refuse Flint the check, and he may keep the letters and do his worst. I have a grain or two of pride somewhere about me still, by George! I won't accept your noble and generous offer."

"I shall never be likely to ask another favor of you. Please not to refuse this. You have no right to refuse it."

"If you would only say it mattered a snap of the finger to you what became of me!" broke forth Golightley, with real passion. "You are so cold to a poor devil that loves you; you make him know he has affections, only to freeze him when he's at your feet. A drop of warm human charity would give him life to feel your justice."

Elinor began to tremble and catch her breath. "I do not wish to be uncharitable and cold," she said, brokenly. "I am all alone. I have no one to defend me. I must defend myself in the best way I can. God gave me my life, and I try to keep it pure and good. I am afraid to do as I am. It is only because I am so weak that I seem so hard. I would be kind, and help people if I could."

Golightley passed his hand across his face and groaned. "I shall find out all I've lost some day," he muttered. "Be cold again, Elinor. By George, I can't stand your kindness! I'm only flesh and blood."

"You'll let me do that?" she asked, hurriedly and timidly. "Where is he? How can I get to him?"

Golightley considered with himself a while, and then said, "He can't be got at just at present. You never can tell exactly where to find a fellow like that. Selwyn and his detectives are on the look-out for him, and he has to keep close. But I shall have to meet him in about a week, and then we can arrange the affair."

There was something odd and embarrassed in his manner as he made this speech, insomuch that Elinor was not entirely free from misgiving. "You do not promise," she said.

"Ah—well, the truth is, I—ha! ha!—I was afraid you might not—"

"I will believe your promise."

"I thank you," said he; then, clearing his throat, and attempting to recover the jaunty air which he had sometimes affected, "Be the oath recorded. Given life and liberty, your commands shall be obeyed. Of course if I should turn up dead and buried within the next six days, you'd let me off, eh? Ha! ha!"

"I shall believe you," repeated Elinor, gently; "and I thank you too."

They were standing, facing each other, a few paces apart; and now there was a short silence. It was broken by Golightley.

"I sha'n't be able to get away from here till after this affair is settled," said he, clearing his throat again; "but I presume there won't be any more *tête-à-tête* for us, so I'll say 'addio' now. Good-by, Elinor Golightley: may I have been the only pitfall in your path!"

Elinor's sad lips could utter no words; but after a moment's hesitation, she drew her slender hand from her muff and held it out to him. He stepped quickly forward and took it between both his; but, as if resolved to outdo himself on this final occasion, he did not offer to kiss it. In a few seconds he relinquished it, and walking onward, left Elinor alone. But as she followed in the same direction, she caught glimpses of him ever and anon at the turnings of the path beyond, where he waited to see that she did not lose her way. But when the forest became more open he disappeared, and she reached home solitary.

Never before had Elinor so greatly felt the need of some friend to whom she might tell her trouble, who would sympathize with and counsel her, and never had she been so isolated. Mrs. Tenterden, Cuthbert, Garth, Madge, all were alike impracticable: whether any of them suspected the truth about Golightley she knew not; but she must wait until the end came, when and whatever that might be. Meanwhile her thoughts gave her no peace; the night passed almost sleeplessly, and when at length day confronted her, she felt that it was to be endured rather than lived through.

Though she had not loved the man who had so disgracefully failed her, yet he had occupied a lover's place, and whatever gentle emotions had visited her heart, she had felt it in duty bound to train toward him, striving with faithful desire to render her observances so generous that they might in time become spontaneous and sincere. Thus Golightley had represented something real to her, though himself a sham; and when he suddenly ceased to exist (as far as her intents and purposes were concerned), she was as a vine robbed of its support, which, though perhaps but an infirm wooden post, had nevertheless stood in the stead of a column of marble. The delicate tendrils of her nature groped after something which might fill the place of what had been lost. It seems a mistake to suppose that those whose affections have undergone rude treatment are less susceptible to new influences immediately than after some time has elapsed. The forlornness of recent abandonment calls out more urgently for comfort than that which time has injured to its condition. Elinor, possibly, had never been in a mood so accessible to the enterprise of a true and ardent lover as when she walked out to take the medicine of air and exercise on the morning following her interview with Golightley.

The road she took led toward the river, and thence along the bank to the lake. After walking a mile or so, Elinor came in view of a little hut or shed roughly constructed of logs and bark; smoke was issuing from a primitive sort of chimney at one end, and before the door a man was standing with a cigar in his mouth. Upon hearing her step on the snow he turned quickly, and

immediately began to make joyful gestures of greeting. As Elinor got nearer, she perceived that it was Jack Selwyn.

"Good-morning, princess!" exclaimed he. "Permit me to rejoice that you have dispensed with your retinue this morning. You were out in full force on the pond last night. Yes, I was there," he added, smiling at Elinor's look of surprise; "but five is almost as poor company as three, you know."

"Why do you stay here? We thought you were hundreds of miles away."

"I've only been here a few days. Will you come in and take a look at my palace? I have always looked upon you as the princess in the fairy tale, and wanted to be the fairy prince. Come in—it's very jolly."

Elinor followed him in with a brighter expression on her face than had been seen there of late: Selwyn had the happy faculty of raising people's spirits. The tiny interior was odorous of pine resin; a log was burning in the rude fireplace, and Jack, with great ceremony, offered her a seat on the wood-pile. "This is an adaptation of a hut Garth built ever so long ago, when he was making a birch canoe, which he afterward took down the rapids. I find it very comfortable. It's a convenient place to study the formation of ice in."

"Why don't you come to Urmhurst?"

"Well, for reasons. Changes are in the wind. I'll be able to tell you soon."

"I have heard it all. It is I that must tell you some things."

Jack stared. "What do you know?"

"I know who robbed us. Golightley himself told me on the way home from the lake. And he has given back all he had."

"Golightley told you! and given it back, has he?" repeated Jack, catching up his knee and biting his mustache thoughtfully. He glanced sharply at Elinor, as if to see what temper she was in.

"You mustn't feel too much cut up about it," said he. "I didn't know whether I ought to tell you before or not. I did give you a sort of hint once, you know. But do you know quite what a scamp the fellow was? Did he tell you that the thousand pounds he borrowed of John Tenterden were the means which enabled him to commit the robbery? and that—"

"I did not ask him; I had rather not know," interrupted Elinor, coloring.

"Well, I think you owe it to yourself and other people to hear," returned Jack, resolutely. "If you go off with the idea that although he weakly let himself be ensnared to evil, still there's a good deal to be said in his favor, you'll be doing injustice to him, and to us, and to yourself. Now the fact is that never was a meaner and more treacherous theft committed than this. Golightley took advantage of confidential disclosures John had made to him, and of letters John had written, to forge an order on his bankers for the purchase of some half million dollars' worth of South American mining shares. Then he and his partner in business—Mr. Flint by name, and Sam Kineo by nature—contrived very ingeniously to depreciate the stock so far that, what with the thousand pounds Golightley borrowed, and some other odd lendings, they were actually able to buy it all in. Then the false reports were corrected,

and the stock, being really sound; rose like a rocket, and they realized at whatever figure they pleased. Luckily Kineo, by some petty felony, had put himself definitely within reach of the law; and if we can only catch him, and get hold of the proofs of the forgery and conspiracy which he has, we can have them both in State-prison in no time."

Here Jack, who had spoken as fast as possible in order to avoid interruption, paused and twirled his fur cap. "I'm glad that's off my mind, at any rate," he added, as Elinor sat silent. "Many's the time it's made my very bones ache to keep it in."

"I was in no danger of thinking too well of him," observed Elinor. "But they are neither of them to go to State-prison. I am going to get the proofs from Kineo and burn them."

"The deuce you are! I mean, how?"

Elinor explained briefly. Jack listened with the keenest attention.

"You don't really mean to throw away ten thousand pounds on that—trash!" he exclaimed.

"It will not be thrown away."

Jack bit his mustache and frowned. He had his own convictions on this subject, but he was wise enough to take up another topic of conversation instead of trying to make Elinor adopt his views. "Oh, that little villain of a Madge Danver!" murmured he, laughing. "What a wild-goose chase she did send me on!"

"Then Madge did know something about this?" exclaimed Elinor. "I couldn't help thinking she must sometimes."

"Bless your heart, princess, she was an arch-conspirator all the way through. She understood the whole matter long before I did, and took counsel with herself deliberately as to whether Golightley, Kineo, or myself were her most eligible partner. But she quarreled with Golightley, and in me she was disappointed; so I fancy Kineo is to be the happy man. He certainly will be, if you carry out your fell purpose of buying the proofs of him."

"Oh! are you sure that— I don't think I understand."

"Well, I can't myself believe, small as is my reverence for Master Golightley, that her hold upon him was other than threatening him with an exposure," said Jack, hesitating a little, while his cheeks reddened. "There must be a limit to the worst human depravity."

"But I mean," said Elinor, blushing too—"I mean—about Garth?"

"Oh, we're safe in calling that match off, at all events. But her whole affair with Garth has always been a sort of mystery. Mr. Urmson thinks she loves him, after a fashion of her own. I sometimes agree with him, and sometimes not; but however that may be, she has evidently given up all idea of marrying since somewhere."

"Does Garth love her?" asked Elinor, in a low voice.

"He has bullied himself into believing it," returned Jack, with a laugh. "But when she runs away and leaves him, he will soon find himself face to face with the fact that I warned him of years ago, when we were at college—that he is married to his painting, and that any engagement outside of that would be bigamous."

Elinor got up from the wood-pile and stood for a few moments with her hands hanging folded

and her eyes on the fire. Then, with a sigh, she moved toward the door.

"Madge must not do such a thing," she said, turning to Jack with troubled eyes. "It would be too sad, after all that has happened. If she wants to go to Europe, and see beautiful things and great people, she shall go with mother and me. She can be as gay and fashionable as she pleases. I'm sure it's natural she should wish to be, she is so brilliant and beautiful. I will speak to her to-morrow."

"You'll find that a more extravagant charity than the other," ventured Jack, twisting his mustache, and eying her gravely.

"I shall like it the better, then," returned she, with a passing smile. "This money seems to have had a curse upon it so far; I don't need it, and I should be glad enough if I could do a little good with it, after so much harm. I don't want to be rich; I should like to live by my music."

She stepped across the threshold and out into the sparkling snow and sunshine. Jack took his courage in his hands and followed her.

"Princess Elinor," said he, "why should you lavish all your bounty on the rogues, and leave the poor honest men out in the cold?"

"Only the rogues seem to need it," she answered, smiling again.

"No, for then I would be a rogue; and I'm not. I've been a good-for-nothing all my life, but I have always revered good women, and told the truth to every body. Don't you think you could give me something too?"

"I'm afraid I have nothing for you," said Elinor, startled.

"Look here! I don't want ten thousand pounds, nor to be gay and fashionable at your expense; I only want the greatest treasure on earth, and that's you. I love you with all my heart and soul. I always have loved you, and I never loved any other woman. Elinor, say you'll be my wife. I believe I could make you happy. I will make you happy."

"I can not—oh, I can not!" said she, trembling and looking away. "I never can be married. I think I should hate the man I married, even if I had loved him before; marriage has seemed such a sad thing to me since I looked forward to it at all. It seems like going to prison."

"But it shall be coming out of prison to be my wife. And I know it was wrong to ask you so soon after all this fuss. But I won't be impatient; I'll give you forever to think it over in. At least as long as that fellow in the Bible did—seven—months, wasn't it?"

Elinor laughed nervously, digging with the point of her foot in the snow.

"I won't try to persuade you on the grounds of the difference it would make to me," continued Jack, "because that would keep me talking all the seven months. But you should be as much mistress of the world as a man who has seen the world, and worships whatever part of it you stand upon, can make you. By-and-by, even if you didn't find much of any thing to admire in me, you would have associated so many jolly things with me that at last you'd count me in as one of them, almost without meaning to. Do say, at least, that you won't begin by saying no."

It was not easy wholly to resist such pleading, not the words so much as the manner of it. Jack was so immensely in earnest, so heart and soul

in what he was saying, his face and voice expressed so much more than his sentences, and the concentrated energy of his will made itself so strongly felt, that Elinor, though she had been all No when he first opened the subject, could not at once say no when he had ceased. And why should she say no at once? The ardor and utterness of his devotion touched her, coming at the moment of her greatest loneliness. No doubt the marriage would give her a scope and freedom of life which she might not easily attain otherwise; and perhaps, also, it offered opportunities for generosity and unselfishness which a solitary existence would lack. Why say no at all?

Again, she had not been called upon for an immediate positive answer, one way or the other. She was to be allowed time to question and examine the new idea on all sides, and to decide upon it at leisure. All that was asked of her now was not to say no. She had always liked Jack, the impact of whose vigorous and manly nature was an infinite relief after the clamminess of Golightley. And Jack had, unconsciously, used one argument which had sunk more deeply into Elinor's heart than any of his deliberate ones: "Garth is married to his painting." Then what need for Elinor to be oversolicitous about her destiny?

All this time Jack's bright hazel eyes were searching her face, which was turned downward. She lifted it, and their glances met. Jack drew himself up like a soldier before the enemy. The color sprang to his cheeks.

"But you do not know me," said she, faintly.

"I love you! I could not say 'I know you' if we'd been married a century. There would still be a thousand new—lovelinesses to learn."

"You say too much. I have nothing to give you. I do not love you, and I know I never can. It would spoil a true friendship if you try to make it any thing more."

"No, no. Whatever you do, don't think of friendship!" exclaimed Jack, with great earnestness. "There never yet was a true friendship between a man and a woman. But just stand still and let me love you. Don't move."

"I don't know that it's worth while for me to care how I am disposed of; but that's an ungracious thing to say. I like you so much that—I feel sure we were not meant for each other."

"But don't say no; whatever you do, don't say no." He came one entreating step nearer.

"I won't say it, then, now. But," she added, hurriedly, for the passionate delight that leaped into Jack's eyes frightened her, "I'm afraid it will make it harder for you and me if it has to be said hereafter. But you shall at least know something of me, and then, perhaps, you will thank me for not having said yes."

"I am only afraid that one of us will die, for this is too good to be true. Oh, Elinor, Elinor, Elinor! No, don't be frightened. I mean to be as subdued and circumspect as a duenna. But a duenna may kiss your hand just once. Elinor, don't you think seven weeks would be long enough?"

"Oh no, Jack," she said, panting and turning pale, and there was genuine dismay in her eyes and voice. "Remember this is not a promise—not an engagement."

"No, of course not. But it was only by accident that I said seven months. You know those Bible fellows lived hundreds of years."

Elinor could not help laughing, though there were tears on her eyelashes; and so they parted for that time.

Early in the afternoon of this same day Madge came to Urmhurst. Garth had gone out. She went up to the garret without making her presence known to any one below stairs, and did not re-appear for more than an hour. She was pale, but there was extraordinary brilliance in her eyes, and a deliberation and stateliness in her movements, such as might indicate a great bracing up and dilation of the spirit within. On the upper landing she met Golightley, who accompanied her to the lower floor with his customary affability. At the foot of the stairs they paused.

"There is an enterprising air about you this afternoon, Miss Maggie," remarked he. "Are any fresh projects in suspense?"

"None that concern me, Uncle Golightley. But I believe Mr. Kineo would like to see you."

"Ah! I presume he desires to rid himself of those—ah—documents, doesn't he?"

"From what he said, I don't think he means to give them to you until after he is quite sure that they can be of no further use to him."

"H'm! He doesn't expect me to— By-the-bye, it's dismally cold out here, and staircases have ears. What if we step into the kitchen for a few minutes?"

No one was in the kitchen. Madge leaned up against one side of the fire-place, with her foot on the brass andiron; Golightley half leaned, half sat, on the table, and caressed his face thoughtfully.

"If Sam has become so cautious—or has taken such cautious advice, Miss Maggie—as to mistrust my good faith, I fear we can't make a trade. It would be impossible for me to draw ready money myself, because I'm shadowed, and couldn't get away to the city. As to my giving information before he has time to get safe out of reach, or any thing of that sort, if he is ass enough to believe it, he simply cuts his own nose off. And I certainly am not going to let him keep those documents until he has cashed the check and got out of the country."

"Probably he wouldn't expect any thing so unbusiness-like, Uncle Golightley. But might not some compromise be made? What if he were to hand the letters to some one here, who would give them to you on receiving word from him to do so?"

"Ha! ha! an excellent idea; the only objection to it being the difficulty of finding a common friend of both parties—one whom I could trust to hand me the documents when Sam sent him word, and whom Sam could trust to keep them from me until leave was given to surrender them."

"Yes; but I think," said Madge, glancing at her companion out of the corner of her dark eye—"I think Mr. Kineo has found such a person."

Golightley stopped caressing his cheeks, and put both feet to the floor.

"Who is it?"

"It's Garth, I believe."

"You believe it's—*Garth*?" He took a long breath, and retained it for several seconds, his chin thrown up and his brows drawn together. "Well, I don't," he affirmed at last, bringing his hands together with a clap, and walking to the opposite side of the hearth.

"I was afraid you wouldn't," returned Madge, with a light laugh. "You think Garth is so stupid. But you may change your mind some day. At all events, Garth knows all about your affairs and Mr. Kineo's. And he has been to see Mr. Kineo in the wigwam, and has made all arrangements for him. It is on his account that Garth will have the skating party to-morrow. Mr. Kineo will be able to skate down the river in the evening without any body's noticing. And it is Garth who will keep your documents for you, Uncle Golightley."

"When does Mr. Kineo propose to hand them to him?"

"Oh, Garth has had them for several days."

"If that be the case," rejoined Golightley, after a pause to recover himself, "I may take the liberty to keep my money in my pocket. I begin to think it's Mr. Kineo who is stupid."

"Not quite so stupid as that," answered Madge, laughing again. "Garth paid him fifty thousand dollars in bank-notes for the documents; and you will give him the check you would have given Sam, and more too, perhaps."

"H'm! Upon my word, this is interesting. By George, Garth is coming out!"

"You see, Garth found out, among other things, that Sam was the heir to the Eve legacy; so he was able to offer him the money, and Professor Grindle sent it to him. It all came out very nicely, didn't it?"

"Has Garth got the certificates of the heirship?" demanded Golightley, with an eagerness he could not wholly disguise.

Madge smiled and shook her head. "Mr. Kineo wants to feel that he can always prove his right to call you uncle. He is the most affectionate nephew I ever saw; more so than Garth, I'm sure."

"Ah! *belle dame sans merci!* You don't leave me a loop-hole, do you? Not one—not one—not one! H'm! Now I suppose you will forthwith marry Garth and settle down here quietly. He, of course, had no impolite questions to ask as to how you had become so well informed on all these knotty points, and as to your reasons for not confiding in him until now?"

"There was no need to ask such questions, Uncle Golightley," answered Madge, serenely. "He knows that what knowledge I had came to me accidentally through my intimacy with Nikomis, and that I had not told about it because I hoped things might be arranged somehow so that the family name need not be disgraced. Garth trusts me perfectly. Why should he not? I suppose Elinor Golightley trusts you?"

Possibly this last stab had more effect than Madge imagined; it may have determined Golightley in a course of action as to which he had hesitated until then. He made no reply, however, though his face twitched and grew whiter than before. But later in the afternoon, as he walked alone toward the lake, he repeated to himself more than once, "There is one loop-hole, Miss Maggie; just one."

Although Golightley had never actually been checked in his movements, he was well aware that all his goings and comings were observed, and he even had a tolerably accurate idea as to where he might be likely (should he be disposed thereto) to meet the watch-dogs of the law face to face. He

was not, however, aware that Selwyn himself was in the neighborhood; and it was therefore a surprise to both of them when they encountered one another in one of the wood paths between the village and the junction of the mill-stream and lake.

"A cold afternoon, Jack. I think we shall have fine weather to-morrow, though. I'm glad you've returned from your trip in season to join our party on the ice."

"Well, Master Golightley, I hadn't made up my mind whether or not to go."

"I don't think we shall be able to do without you. Have you heard the latest developments of this robbery business?"

Jack looked at him attentively, wondering whether the man could be meditating some evasion even at this stage of affairs. "I'm open to instruction," said he.

"It's a philosophic virtue," observed the other, "to know when you're beaten; and I'm free to admit that I have been, pretty thoroughly. But even philosophers have their weaknesses, and mine is, not to get the kickings that belong to other people in addition to my own. Now our friend Sam Kineo, *alias* Flint, who is (as you are probably aware by this time) on a visit to his grand-mamma in the attic at Urmhurst, proposes to start for foreign parts to-morrow evening, with ten thousand pounds ready money in his trouser pockets."

"Aha! I conceive you, Sir. You gave him this money in exchange for—"

"Well guessed—well guessed!" interrupted Golightley, with his empty little laugh; "but you are out for once. Very likely that's what I intended to do, but I was forestalled. I haven't got the documents, and somebody else—my nephew Garth, namely—gave him the money. The money, of course, is the Eve legacy of which you have heard, and which was the last scrap of Urmson property extant, after my ravages. Garth, being desirous of saving the family honor, and all that sort of thing, dumps it into Kineo's pocket, receives the inconvenient papers, and recommends my fellow-outlaw to be off as fast as his skates can carry him."

"That's news, certainly. Where did you pick it up?"

"From the young lady who, as I take it, is to share the rewards and dangers of Mr. Kineo's future career—unless, indeed, she has contrived a way to outwit him as well as the rest of us. She imparted the information to me, you understand, on the assumption that self-interest weighed a few ounces more in my balance than was actually the case. By-the-bye, I may as well tell you that some few weeks ago I paid in to the account of the lady who was to have been my wife the sum of eighty and odd thousand pounds. It's all I had, except enough to—keep me in gloves and cigarettes for a month or two."

The tone and manner of Golightley's reference to Elinor smote Jack with compassion. In his preceding utterances had been perceptible only the jaunty bravado which strove to disguise, however poorly, the wretched squalor of exposed rascality. But when he mentioned her who, to him as well as to Jack, was the first and dearest of womankind, his voice had become hoarse, and the haggard lines in his face had seemed to deepen. "If he really loved her," thought Jack, "to

have lost her is punishment enough for meaner crimes than his. God knows how far I am from deserving her myself!"

"Look here!" said he, aloud, planting himself face to face with his interlocutor; "I don't see but what you deserve some credit for this hint. Of course it gratifies your spite to block Kineo's little game, and I suppose you rely on Garth not to use the proofs against you. Still, you are risking something, and I've no right to suppose that your chief motive is not to save your brother and Garth their fifty thousand dollars. And I'm sorry for you, anyway! What do you mean to do with yourself if you get out of this scrape?"

"Ah, well—*absit invidia*, my dear Jack, but I may be allowed to remark that that's my own business."

"I know; but I had a reason for asking. Confound it! look here; I've got a lot more money than I know what to do with. What do you say to my shipping you off to Australia—my people have a place of business there—and putting you in the way of making a good living, if you'll work a little for it? You can make a new man of yourself there, in every sense of the word. What do you say?"

"It's kind of you, Jack, by George! But I hardly think I'm up to any thing of that kind now. The fact is, I've done so much of that sort of thing—campaigning about at other fellows' expense, you know—that I'm tired of it. I don't seem to have the stuff in me; talent enough, but it don't seem to work out in the right way. No, I'm afraid I shouldn't do your introduction any credit. I'm pretty well tired out—I'm pretty well tired out."

"Oh, while there's life there's hope," returned Jack. But he could not help acknowledging to himself that Golightley's words were true; every thing about him testified to an exhaustion of moral and mental resources almost beyond hope of remedy.

"Well, think it over," he added, "and we'll speak of it again next week. Probably we'll be able to let Kineo off, with a caution or two, when we've made him hand back the legacy; so he won't stand in your way. I shall like to give you a lift if I can."

Golightley stood silent a little while, staring abstractedly first to one side and then to the other, and settling and resettling his eyeglasses on his nose. Then, appearing suddenly to recollect himself, he lifted his hat to Jack, and said, abruptly,

"Till next week, then. What was it? Ah, yes—kind of you—devilish kind, by George! Next week, then. By-by, Jack. *Auf wiedersehen*, as we said in Germany." And so, waving his hand, he passed on.

Jack continued his walk in the opposite direction, pondering over what had passed. "Poor devil!" murmured he; "there doesn't seem to be much left of him."

"But to think of dear old Garth, my genius, whom nobody ever suspected of awakening from the reveries of imagination and idealism, actually making a practical man of affairs out of himself, and concocting a plot for bringing things right, without saying a word to any body! Well, no doubt he might beat any of us at our own game if he chose to set his mind to it. The plot would have worked, beyond a doubt, but for the incalculable contingency of Golightley's butting against

himself. I shouldn't wonder, too, if Garth punched my head well for interfering with it; but it won't do to let that half-breed pickpocket get clean off with the fifty thousand, even if he did tell some lies about who his mother was.

"Look here! Of course Garth can have no suspicion of Madge's rascalities? No; these geniuses, who can see through stone walls if they only fix their eyes on them, can be blinder than dead men when they choose not to see. She could make him believe what she liked about herself with half a word. And, after all, there's nothing definite against her; nothing to be sworn to—only to be sworn at. Ha! ha! ha! By Jingo! it's a shame for me to be giggling here about these things; but I'm so confoundedly happy on my own account, I should giggle at a funeral! Well, if Miss Madge will only start on an elopement with that scamp, it will at least have the good effect of proving even to the satisfaction of—Hullo! behold him!"

In fact, Garth came suddenly into view, walking rapidly, with his head down, and making cuts at the snow before him with his stick. He was close to Selwyn before becoming aware of him.

"Jack! I thought you were in Canada?" They shook hands.

"Who told you I was in Canada?"

"Madge."

"Did she tell you who sent me up there?"

"Well, it was to keep you out of mischief," said Garth, with a smile.

"That means she has told him some lie," thought Jack, thus accounting for his friend's light treatment of the matter. "Well, probably I might be quoted as a busybody without a monstrous distortion of the truth."—"You wish me back there, then?" he demanded, aloud.

"No; you can save me trouble. Sam Kineo is to escape to-morrow night. You can keep your men out of the way better than I can; so do it."

"Ha! my lord is imperious. Will he deign to remember that I serve not his interests, but those of his betters?"

"I have the means of unloading that wretched uncle of mine to the uttermost farthing. I shall do substantial justice, without the injustice of publicity."

"Listen to the autocrat! Might your slave petition for a guarantee?"

"Take my word, Jack."

"The sublime assurance! I wonder if there's any single thing in the world that Garth Macchiavelli Urmson does not know? Methinks not one."

"I know that you and I are of one mind on this matter, and that I am in a hurry. You'll be on the lake to-morrow?"

"I know that it's lucky for you I happen to be in an extraordinary good humor; and I won't be on the lake to-morrow. If I'm to put my men, as you call them, on a false scent, it's but common decency that I should go with them. And—hold on! I must tell you why I'm in a good humor, lest you should attribute my behavior to poltroonery. Elinor Golightley has half promised, or maybe three-quarters, to do—what do you think?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"We have hit upon the one thing he didn't know! Why, to be my wife. Oh! interested at last, are you?"

The expression of Garth's face and his entire

bearing had, almost in a moment, undergone a great though indescribable change. His lips parted; his eyes seemed to grow smaller; he leaned heavily on his walking-stick. But before Jack could speak again, he said, slowly,

"I never was more surprised. I don't know any thing for which I ought to be more glad." He held out his hand. "I didn't know that she and my uncle were parted yet. Jack, I'm glad for you with—all my heart!"

With the last words he gripped Jack's hand so forcibly that his friend winced and exclaimed, "You've got your muscle back, if not your cordiality. But as for that other affair, you know she never cared for him; and I, happening by good luck to come upon her at the right moment—Oh, Garth, dear old curmudgeon and friend of my youth, I am so happy! *Absit invidia*, as your uncle says, but you'll never be so happy as I am! No man ever will or was. Of course, you know, she hasn't promised, and thinks she never can, and all that; and, mind you, I wouldn't have breathed a syllable to any one except you about the affair; but—oh, do be enthusiastic, can't you? I would for you."

Garth laughed, stretched his arms and shoulders, and yawned. But when he saw a slight shade of disappointment on Jack's handsome face, he said, with that marvelous deep-toned tenderness which he rarely threw into his voice,

"I feel your happiness so much; that's why I don't say more, Jack. You know I was always a dumb beast. But you can not say so much for yourself as I can feel for you."

They parted, each going his way. Jack was appeased.

"Can the same Creator have made that man and his uncle?" he muttered to himself, admiringly.

CHAPTER XXII.

ICE AND FIRE.

THE morning of Christmas-eve was fine and cold; great white clouds drifted across the pale blue sky; indeed, the heavens presented so warm and summery an appearance that it was astonishing to find the earth snow-covered.

Elinor and Golightley were established in the back seat, Garth sitting in front with Madge to drive. The other sleigh held Mrs. Tenterden and the parson, together with a pile of baskets and hampers. "I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Tenterden, as she bundled into her place; "what a pity Mr. Selwyn isn't here! He'd enjoy it so, and he's so lively."

At this the parson began to chuckle and rumble. "The young man would be lonely, ma'am. All the lasses are taken up, so far as I see, eh?—haw! haw! ho!"

Elinor looked down in painful embarrassment. When changes have been rapid and violent, they seem in the immediate retrospect like a dream. Was Golightley really no longer her betrothed? Was it possible she had listened to Jack, and half yielded to him? Or if so, why must the old forms and appearances, which now contained no life or truth, still be observed? Mrs. Tenterden and the parson represented the conservatism of society, before which all individual emotions and tumults must be still. They saw things according to ap-

pearance, not essence; and for their sakes what was real must be stifled and disguised. In the forms of life, it must always be the most shallow-minded and short-sighted who control.

At length they were ready to start, and as they drove away, Cuthbert stood in the doorway and waved them an adieu, while Nikomis's dark visage appeared in the background. Even Sam Kineo crawled stealthily to the attic window and peeped forth upon them; and when they were out of sight, he returned briskly to the wigwam, and began to prepare for his own part in the day's drama. Sam's star was once more in the ascendant.

Meanwhile the party arrived without accident at the lake, and found all the small boys of Urmsworth and a good part of the elders there before them. Garth sent off the boys in every direction in quest of fire-wood, and within half an hour there was such a bonfire on the nose of the islet as had seldom been seen before. The horses were now stabled in the shed, and Mrs. Tenterden and the parson were provided with an ample furniture of blankets and buffalo-ropes, and a luxurious position on the warmest side of the fire. Garth attended to the fastening on of the young ladies' skates: they were both dressed alike, in silvery gray trimmed with scarlet; and wide as was their divergence in feature and character, one might easily have been mistaken for the other at a hundred yards' distance, or in the dusk. Madge, however, was a highly accomplished skater, while Elinor was only able to perform the simplest evolutions. When Garth was ready, he and Madge skated off together, to the admiration of all beholders, and after making the circuit of the pond, they paused at the river opening to take breath. Presently Madge said,

"Garth, will you take my hand now, and skate down there, away and away, as far as we can see, ever so far beyond Wabeno; and then get on board a ship and sail to Europe—oh, Garth! and live there—will you do that with me?"

"If we had Sam Kineo's fifty thousand dollars, we might."

"What if I did have it here in my pocket!"

Garth was gazing absently at the distant mountain as she spoke, and did not turn to look at her. "Do you know," he said, after a while, "if Kineo had kept away till the 1st of January—a week from now—that money would have reverted to me? and then it might really have been in your pocket, and we might really have gone sweeping down there on our way to Europe!"

"Then I wish he had never come! Garth, it is not too late. You have the proofs. Let the thieves be taken; it would be right; and then we should be free! Will you, Garth Urmsen?" She spoke under such evident excitement that Garth's own heart caught fire. It was not too late, indeed. Public opinion, justice, and the law would bear him out. And he and Madge would be free; they needed freedom. How easy to grasp it!

But Garth had chosen his course when his brain was cool, and despite the intoxicating influence of the woman by his side, he held to his purpose.

"I won't do it, Madge!" he said, harshly and abruptly. But the harshness was not for her, but for his own infirmity.

"You always think of every body but me," she

said, while a shadow fell over her vivid face. "Heigh-ho! Well, let us go back to the fire. You ought to be at work catching your fish."

They skated back to the islet slowly and in silence; and for the next two hours Garth was busy cutting holes in the ice, setting lines, and pulling up perch and pickerel. A big kettle had been provided in which to cook the chowder, and every body had some hand in its preparation. By this time as many as a hundred people were scattered about on various parts of the lake, and a dozen rival cooking establishments had been set up. When the chowder was ready it was handed round in tin cups, to be eaten with iron spoons. Garth took his seat by Elinor, and they chatted together about diverse indifferent matters, until he said,

"I saw Jack Selwyn yesterday. He is the only friend I ever made, and he tells me secrets he would tell no one else. He told me what I was glad to hear, both for your sake and his."

"He did not say that we were—"

"No, no; he didn't magnify his hopes. I hope you'll find it possible to be kinder to him than you think you can be now. He loves you; and when you know him better you can't help loving him."

Here there was an interruption, and Elinor was left to herself. That Garth should have congratulated her on her new relations with Jack, affected her oddly. It was as if some one from whom, by a desperate effort, she had escaped, had suddenly come before her, serene and kind, and given her joy on the success of her attempt. She wondered whether he would have spoken so calmly had he known what others knew about Madge, and was angry to find herself so wondering. Perhaps he did know: evidently he was aware of his uncle's guilt, and if of that, why not of other things? But no—it was impossible. Moreover, had not Elinor herself promised to do all in her power to save Madge from the worst that was feared for her? and if that were accomplished, might not she and Garth be reunited even before they were separated, all be well with them, and Elinor the cause?

Elinor got impulsively to her feet and looked about her. Madge was some way off upon the ice, teaching a small boy the mysteries of the outside edge. Elinor came up to them and said,

"Won't you give me a lesson now?" and took her hand.

Madge looked surprised and on her guard, but offered no objection, and they skated away together. "You see it's very easy," observed Madge; "but I suppose you don't have so many chances to skate in Europe."

"Not many. Would you like to go to Europe?"

It was several moments before Madge answered, "I mean to go—some day."

"But would you like to go soon—with us?"

"Does your future husband approve of that invitation?" asked Madge, after another pause, letting go Elinor's hand, and sliding on with a wavy motion beside her.

"I meant with me and Mrs. Tenterden. I shall not be married. I have not told you that we have recovered most of our fortune."

Madge wheeled about and looked in Elinor's face. "So Jack Selwyn has let out his secret, has he?"

"It was Golightly himself who told me, Madge."

Madge laughed softly. "But what a funny invitation! Is it to part Garth and me? or is Garth to be of the party? or—would not Garth do without me?"

Elinor flushed with indignation, and half resolved to leave Madge to her fate. But her better will still overcame resentment.

"I thought you might like to see the world before you were married. We could introduce you to all the things and people that would give you most pleasure. You should go where your beauty and talent would be most acknowledged. It would be better than for you to go in—in almost any other way."

"But why do you ask me?" repeated Madge, coldly.

"Because you are a woman, and I am a woman. And no other woman knows what I know about you—what I found out by chance. I want to be a sister to you, if you will let me. I have felt what it is to be alone and in trouble—and in temptation. I longed for some one who would speak to me and be kind to me; and though I can do so little for you, Madge, still, if you can believe that I speak from no selfish motive, you may help me to do something."

Madge's expression abated something of its hardness and incredulity as she met Elinor's eyes. "You have never seemed friendly to me before," she said.

"I know it; I was always thinking of my own troubles; and you never seemed to need a friend before. I do wish to be your friend now."

Madge cast down her eyes and was silent. Suddenly she asked, without looking up, "Ought I to marry Garth?"

Elinor hesitated. She felt that Madge was testing her sincerity. But she could not prevaricate, even to gain her end. "Not unless you love him," said she.

"Let us skate on," said Madge, holding out her hand again. After a while she continued: "You do seem honest; and if you are honest, you are very kind. But you must not think I would do any thing foolish—put myself in any one's power. Perhaps I don't mean to marry Garth; but then I know now what I did not know a month ago—that he does not care for me. He would marry me from a sense of duty—which I hate. I don't expect to die of a broken heart about it; and yet I don't believe there's another man in the world as well worth loving as Garth Urmson. Don't forget I said that, Elinor. But I'm not fit for him. He is all that I admire in a man, but he is so much more besides that my part is crowded out of sight. So I should be happier with a lesser man, one more like Jack Selwyn, perhaps; only Jack happens to hate me—maybe he has reason to—and to be in love with somebody else. Can you guess with whom?"

She smiled as she put the question, and continued immediately: "But don't have him. Elinor, I thank you for having wanted to do me a kindness, and, in return, I'll tell you a most precious secret. Garth Urmson loves you, and has loved you ever since he first saw you. You must do the rest."

With the last words Madge curved gracefully aside on a smooth arc, and was gone.

The sun had set amidst a splendid wilderness of gold and crimson, scarlet and green; and as

the moon rose, dusk came on apace. The great bonfire was soon the centre of illumination; its red light flooded the ice, and the shadows of those who stood near it stretched out in dark rays until they were blended with the outer gloom. To those who sat around it and looked forth, the skaters who glided past and away again seemed like strange spirits come from another world to be visible for a moment in the light of this, and then to vanish for evermore. And as the night deepened, the unseen world grew vaster and more mysterious to the imagination, until the great roaring bonfire seemed none too great or too brilliant, since it was the only source of life and warmth left to mankind.

At length a request was made that Elinor should sing; so she stood beside the fire, with her hands folded in her muff, and sang one of those sweet, pathetic ballads that delight uncultivated ears as well as those which know true music. As she sang, a circle of auditors collected in a semicircle on the ice before her, leaving a wide open space between her and them, and every sound except the singer's voice was hushed.

Suddenly, in the momentary pause which followed the last verse, a new and strange figure swept upon the scene, as wild in his attire and motions as any night goblin of fairy lore. In figure he was tall, symmetrical, and graceful, and his lithe proportions were well set off by the close-fitting, fur-trimmed suit he wore. Round his waist was wound a long scarlet scarf, whose fringed ends waved out as he moved, and there was a bunch of scarlet feathers in his black fur cap. His black hair hung below his ears; his face was swarthy, and appeared, in the uncertain light, to possess a sombre and saturnine kind of beauty. Such an apparition had never been seen on that lake before; and the semicircle of auditors, now spectators, with one accord, widened out, so as to leave him ample space in which to cut his strange fantastic capers.

And certainly it can seldom fall to the lot of human eyes to behold such unearthly gambols as were here displayed. The mysterious skater seemed to be superior to the ordinary laws of gravitation. Freedom and boldness were scarcely terms to describe the graceful recklessness with which he tossed himself to and fro, in and out, now backward, now forward, weaving inextricable patterns, and wheeling out swift circles, all with such inimitable poise, ease, and finish as if he could lean upon the air and be supported by it. Meanwhile the red fire-light and the black shadow played over him so bewilderingly as to render any deliberate scrutiny of him impossible. He was a half-supernatural presence to many who saw him; to the questions whence he came or wherefore, there was none to return a reply.

"Good mercy! what is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Tenterden.

"The champion skater of the world," replied Garth, who had been watching the exhibition with an expression between a smile and a frown. "Would you like me to present him to you?"

"Good gracious alive!" cried the lady, folding her arms over her breast with a shudder of dismay; "it would scare me out of my life. Why, I would as soon think of being introduced to a mountebank in a circus."

While this short conversation was going on, Elinor, who had remained standing precisely

where she had first taken up her position, saw Madge press through the outer ring of on-lookers, and beckon to her with head and hand. Fearful of she knew not what, she quietly slipped aside, and skirting along the outside of the groups, came at length to the point at which Madge had appeared. But Madge was no longer there. At the same time she noticed that the unknown skater had brought his evolutions to an end, and had vanished as suddenly as he appeared.

At last, not without a certain pressure of anxiety in her heart, she returned to the fireside, after nearly a quarter of an hour's absence. The parson was telling some vastly humorous story, to which Mrs. Tenterden was listening with chuckling good nature; Garth had gone to the shed to give the horses a feed of hay, and Golightley was sitting with his toes to the blaze, apparently half asleep. An air of comfort and security dwelt upon the scene, entirely inconsistent with any apprehension of danger; and Elinor allowed the parson to bring his story to a conclusion, and to bellow forth more than one peal of Homeric laughter at it, before she alluded to her misgivings.

"I've been looking every where for Madge," she said to Mrs. Tenterden. "Have you seen her lately?"

"Madge? Why, yes, to be sure I have," replied the good lady. "I saw her out there not five minutes ago; and she's been in sight, off and on, ever since that horrid black creature went away."

Greatly relieved, Elinor sat down on a buffalo-robe, and realized for the first time how tired she was. Ten more minutes passed away. All at once a thought flashed into her mind that brought her to her feet as lightly as though fatigue were a thing unknown. Garth had just left the horses and was coming toward her. She beckoned to him, and led him out a little way on the ice.

"Have you seen Madge lately?" she asked.

"I saw her just before I went to feed the horses," he answered.

"Who was that—who was skating here?"

"Oh, the champion skater of the world," he said, smiling.

"Tell me if it was Sam Kineo?"

Startled by the vehemence of her manner, Garth admitted that it was. "But it is to be a secret," he added. "It must have been his foolhardy vanity that made him show himself in that way. The understanding was that he was to slip off as privately as possible."

"I'm afraid something has happened," said Elinor, with an irrepressible trembling. "You know Madge's dress and mine are alike; I'm afraid you mistook me for her. I looked every where for her and could not find her. I'm afraid—"

"Well, I guessed you couldn't be Miss Danver this time," said a voice close beside her. "I guess even she couldn't skate quick enough to be back here 'fore I was."

"Have you seen Miss Danver?" asked Garth, with a singular gentleness in his tone.

"Yes, but she's 'way off by this time, I guess," replied the small boy, sticking his hands in his pockets and tucking his chin inside the fold of his tippet. "I see her and that skater chap with the red feathers in his cap; they was goin' it, I tell you, 'way down there along the river."

He scrambled away, and the eyes of Garth and Elinor met. "Shall you take any one with you?" she asked.

"No; if I can't do it alone, no one need help. Say nothing. Better get the people to go home. I sha'n't be back for two hours—perhaps more. Good-by, Elinor."

"Good-by. God help you, Garth!"

She stood listening to the ring of his flying skates until the sound died away; then she returned to the fire, faint and sick at heart.

The sky was overcast with great clouds, between the rifts of which the moon looked forth at intervals, and flooded the valley with cold radiance. Garth, as he went skimming with long sweeps toward the south, peered with intense gaze into the gray night ahead, but the alternations of light and shadow rendered it especially difficult to distinguish objects at a distance. It was unlikely that he would see those whom he pursued until he was close upon them, and the overflow of the river having broadened it to nearly half a mile, he had to guard against the chance of passing them.

As he sped onward, his mind busied itself with a review of his relations with Madge from their first beginning. If, as seemed certain, she was a willing companion of Kineo's flight, the plot must have been arranged, in some form or other, long ago. They must have been in communication not only since the half-breed had been concealed at Urmhurst, but during the years of his absence abroad; and if so, then their intimacy even in childish days must have been far closer than Garth had ever imagined it to be. In that fight of his with Kineo—could it be that Kineo, and not he, had been in the right? Recalling each one of Madge's well-remembered looks and words on that occasion, they now appeared under a new aspect. Had she been false even then? Had he been made a fool and a laughing-stock all his life long? The blood burned in his cheeks at the thought, and his eyes sought fiercely through the gloom. The hour of reckoning had come. He flew onward like the very spirit of retribution, and the hollow ice resounded beneath his steel-shod feet.

Until now he had not considered how he would deal with them when overtaken. Would Madge, having taken this step, return at his command? Would Kineo easily relinquish her? Garth clinched his hands and his teeth, and all the imperious, relentless temper of the hot-hearted Urmsons throbbed within him. Vengeance was his—he would repay; or if God's, then was he God's chosen instrument. There should be no parley nor pity now; there had been too much already. Kineo had gone to the end of his tether; his punishment should be quick and final. Madge had tempted mercy until there was no mercy left; she should not die, but he would hold her up to the shame and scorn which were her due. As Garth swept forward with heightened speed, he cursed the icy miles that hindered his revenge. He felt in his belt, where hung the small sharp ice-hatchet with which he had that morning cut holes for fishing. It was his only weapon, but it was enough. His purpose was deadly enough without a weapon. Any other man than Garth would have said, "Either I or my enemy must perish;" but Garth did not admit the alternative. The might of his anger

made him invulnerable and irresistible. He could not perish until he had worked his will. Had not his forefathers, one and all, defied fate, as he defied it now, and conquered?

But what had they conquered, and what had the conquest gained them? Had not Garth's own father warned him? In their victories they were cursed! Had all his boyish struggles and self-discipline brought him only to this? Were his mother's love and trust to be thus justified? Had he dreamed that night beside the spring to no better purpose than now to cast aside the sad and fatal lesson of the Urmson generations, and stain himself, likewise, the last of his race, with blood? Should that old murderous demon triumph over him as it had triumphed over the rest, and make the blot which had thus far marred their name eternal? As he cleft his way onward through the cold still air, two spirits seemed to move beside him, on the right hand and on the left. One wore the mien and features of that old Puritan ancestor whose hands had laid the granite threshold of Urmhurst above the sachem's grave; his chin seemed bloody from a recent wound, and the black frown that lowered over his eyes rendered more sinister the grin which twisted back his lips. The other spirit showed the lineaments of Garth's mother.

How, then, did he know that Madge had been always and altogether false to him? Had she, at least, never striven to be true? And if so, had he been always blameless for her ill success? That very afternoon she had urged him, with a vehemence which now he could understand, to take her hand, and accompany her on that same journey which to-night she was beginning with a different escort. Beyond a doubt she had hesitated in her purpose even so lately as this, and had needed only sympathy and encouragement to draw back. But he had answered her curtly and ungraciously. And if he had been unsympathetic then, how many times had he been so before? Those years of his in Europe—were they guiltless of what was happening now? And those long months of dullness and delay since his return, in which he pattered between action and inaction, right and wrong—during that time how many golden opportunities to woo and win her had slipped away! Could he not have been man enough to be at once all that she desired and all that he desired for himself? If not, was it wonderful that Madge, vivid and restless, should have fled from one so paltry, selfish, and one-sided? He had worn her out and driven her away even while hugging himself for his virtue in keeping faith with her when his heart called him elsewhere. Did he well, then, to be angry because the cup himself had filled was held to his lips?

Onward still he swept, and the pace must have quickened, for the grim spirit of the old Puritan was now outstripped. Blessed be the miles of barren ice that had hindered his revenge! Nor were they barren, since they had brought forth this fair fruit in him. He loosened the hatchet from his belt, and swinging it from right to left, sent it whizzing and spinning far across the glassy surface. "I'll succeed, if God pleases," he muttered, aloud. "Let the devil's part go." It was better to save than to avenge; but Providence knows many ways of saving, and that which seems the speediest is not always so where wayward human souls are concerned.

Nearly an hour had now gone by, and the moon, looking down through a cloud rift upon the long-drawn icy surface, saw three figures hastening along it, two in advance, and one pursuing, and the space between pursuer and pursued grew constantly less and less. At length the latter, being within about a quarter of a mile of an old wooden bridge, came to a stand-still, and the man knelt to repair the buckle of his skate strap, which had just given way. The woman, after watching him impatiently a while, threw herself down on the ice near by, and looked back toward the place whence she came. Suddenly she crouched low, laying her ear against the frozen surface; then she started to her feet, with a low exclamation. She had heard the ring of steel approaching fast. The man, too, arose, with a fierce curse, crippled, one skate in his hand.

"Give me the money—quick!" said he; "it's you they're after."

There was not time. The pursuer was upon them. As he emerged out of the gray indistinctness, he struck the heel of his skate into the ice with a harsh grinding sound, and halted between them, breathing deep, his forehead beaded with sweat.

"I'm come for you, Madge."

She stood silent, mechanically clasping and unclasping her hands. Her companion, after glancing up the river to see whether no one else were following, took his stand in front of her.

"It's man to man here," said he. "We'll settle it now, Garth, once 'nd for all; and she'll stick to the winner."

Garth moved round him without answering. "Come, Madge," he repeated. She only shrank a little backward, still silent.

"Just you let her alone," said Kineo. "It's me you've to do with. She's always been my girl: only 'mused herself with you till I was ready for her."

"Be off!" growled Garth, suddenly turning his face upon him. "You liar!"

"He tells the truth, Garth," Madge said. "He kissed me that day at the picnic, years ago, though I denied it. And that night you ran the rapids I was going with him, only seeing you changed my mind. But I sha'n't change any more; I shall not come back. You needn't be anxious about me, nor regret me. I'm glad you know me for what I am at last. I liked deceiving you at first, but I'm tired of it now. I'm going where I can be my real self."

There was no passion in the girl's tone, but a fatal apathy, as of one with whom all moral struggle was definitely over. She did not avoid Garth's look, but rather sought it with a kind of listless directness that was appalling. The truth that she had spoken, ugly though it was, had the power inherent in all truth. Madge had never been stronger than at this moment of frank degradation.

Garth had no argument to offer; he could only put forth his will, of the strange force of which he himself was, perhaps, but partially aware. "You must come," he said to her, with the quietness of intense resolve; and though she still shrank away, he glided forward and put one hand upon her wrist.

As soon as she felt his touch all strength seemed to ebb away from her; she sank down on the ice, and bowed forward, relaxed and nerveless. Her very eyelids drooped, as though heavy

with drowsiness. Vigorous as she had been to escape, she was powerless to move one step in return. Garth could stop her flight, but his will could not compel active obedience. It could deaden, but not vivify.

He knelt beside her and strove to rouse her, but she only murmured indifferently, turning away her face. Then Kineo, who had watched the scene with an interest sufficient to restrain him from taking part in it, laughed jeeringly.

"You let that woman alone now, Garth Urmsen," said he, "and get up 'nd defend yourself like a man, or, by the devil, I'll brain you where you are!"

"I told you once to be off!" returned Garth, looking up at him grimly.

There was a ring of menace in his tone, yet he had made no threatening gesture. But with a sudden snarl of rage, the half-breed raised the skate which he had been holding in his hand, and dashed it in Garth's face. The sharp edge of the steel struck his chin and cut a deep gash there. He leaped up and closed with his antagonist. Then Madge sent forth a wild scream, and started to her feet likewise.

In a moment the men reeled and fell, Garth uppermost. Kineo groped savagely for his knife; Madge saw and snatched it, and put it into Garth's hand. He poised it over Kineo's throat for an instant, but then tossed it away. There were shouts, and a resounding of the ice from the direction of the bridge. Madge held her breath to listen: it was Selwyn's voice; and yonder they came—three of them. Quick as thought she turned to Garth, who was still holding down his half-stunned and breathless enemy.

"Don't let me be shamed before them," she said, hurriedly. "Let me go back alone, and be there before you. Then no one need know. Garth, may I?"

The men were approaching; there was no leisure to deliberate. "Yes."

She lingered yet a moment. "Say you forgive me!"

He looked at her without speaking; his face was ghastly, smeared with blood, but she fancied she saw what she asked for in his eyes. She had asked for it; yet in that very petition had lurked the deepest and last deceit of all.

When Selwyn came up, Garth and Kineo were alone. The former rose and looked at Jack angrily. "Is this what you promised?" demanded he.

"I took pains not to promise. But—is this the whole convoy?" He indicated Kineo with his foot.

"This is all."

"Why, then," exclaimed Jack, cheerfully, though not until after a moment's pause for consideration, "so much the better. Truss him up, boys."

"Let him go," said Garth. "I am responsible."

"I'm not going," said the half-breed, with sullen malignity. "You've put up this job between you. You meant to let me off after the woman 'd cleared out with the money. I'm not going. I'll let 'em hear who I am, 'nd what I know. You've got me, 'nd now you'll keep me."

"Oh, any thing to oblige you, if you're sensitive about it," returned Jack, with a laugh; and the prisoner was secured accordingly.

Madge had skated northward a quarter of a

mile; then she swerved to the left, and in a few hundred yards reached some low clumps of bushes on the verge of the ice. Behind these she crouched down and waited. By-and-by the little group came past, Garth in the rear of all, moving heavily and wearily. She watched him with wide-open, straining eyes, until he had faded into the shadow of night and out of her sight forever. Then she arose, and skimmed swiftly back toward Wabeno, and toward the great world, which she loved so well, beyond.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BROTHERS.

SHORTLY after Garth's unnoticed departure from the lake, Golightley had roused himself from his semi-stupor before the fire, and without speaking to any one of his intention, had set out for Urmhurst. There was a kind of solemn alertness in his bearing, very different from his general manner during the past few weeks. He seemed to take pains not to let any of the wintry beauties of the night escape him: several times he paused to watch the clouds drift across the moon, or to mark the black tracery of the branches against the sky. Once he picked up some snow, and having made it into a snow-ball, aimed it at the trunk of a pine-tree, repeating his efforts until he hit the mark. He took off his hat, and let the night air blow upon his forehead, and at two or three points of his route he stopped to look around him, as one might do who wished to impress upon his memory a scene he expected not to see again.

Two of the Urmhurst windows were alight—that of Cuthbert's study and of the kitchen. Peeping through the latter, Golightley saw an oil-lamp burning on the table, but the room was empty. He passed round to the back of the house, and entering noiselessly, took a candle from the dresser, lighted it, and descended into the cellar. Picking his way amidst the barrels and rubbish which encumbered the floor, he came to the wall at the southern end, and was about to loosen some bricks, when the sound of steps overhead made him pause. The next moment he had concealed himself behind some empty barrels, and put out his candle. Nikomis was coming down the cellar steps.

The old Indian came hobbling along, lamp in hand, and stopped at a place about ten feet from where Golightley was hidden. Mumbling to herself, she took up some boards from the floor, and groped beneath them, her breath showing mistily on the frosty air as she stooped and muttered. Having laid hands on what she wanted—a bundle of papers, apparently—she replaced the boards, and hobbled away again. Golightley waited until he had heard her steps cross the kitchen and pass out of it, and then he relighted his candle, lifted the boards, and saw, in the hollow underneath, the old pewter warming-dish which he had concealed in the sachem's grave more than twenty-five years before. He opened it eagerly, and there was the triangular parchment, with its seven broken seals. Nikomis had discovered it in its former hiding-place years ago, and had transferred it to this *cache* of her own, where it would have been forever lost to Golightley had he not happened to be a witness to the Indian's opportune revelation.

He put the parchment in his pocket and crept back to the kitchen, and thence to the upper floor. Nikomis and Cuthbert were conversing in the study; Golightley stood still on the landing for a minute or two, debating with himself whether or not to enter and bid his brother good-night. He finally decided against it, and went into his own room—Eve's old chamber—on the other side of the passage.

A cheerful fire was burning on the hearth, evidence of Cuthbert's kindly forethought. Golightley stood before it, and taking out the parchment, held it toward the blaze. Just as the flame reached it, however, he snatched it back again. This performance he repeated several times, apparently daring himself to burn it outright; but his daring not being at the sticking-point, he finally abandoned the idea, and laid the parchment on the table. He then threw off his clothes, bathed himself from head to foot, and arrayed himself again in elaborate evening costume, finishing by scenting his handkerchief and drawing on his neatest pair of patent-leather boots. This done, he sat down at his table, took out writing materials, and wrote rapidly for more than an hour.

Cuthbert had spent the afternoon in his study, looking over and arranging the manuscript pages of his history. The work, the labor of a lifetime, was still incomplete, and no one who had beheld its author's emaciated figure could have doubted that it must, so far as he was concerned, remain so.

"It's been a failure in the same way my life has been," he murmured to himself. "There are good passages in it, and the plan of it was not altogether amiss; but Heaven hasn't thought it worth while to furnish me with such odds and ends as alone could have rendered it an effective and intelligible whole. As it is, it had better perish—the manuscript, I mean. Ah me! why didn't I concentrate all my wisdom in some *Æsopian* fable about mice or chimney-swallows, which children might have learned by heart, and sages have quoted three thousand years from now! That had been a worthier fruit of sixty years, methinks, than a handful or two of ashes. Well—here goes!"

With these words, he took the thick pile of manuscript from the table and placed it, not without a certain half-playful reverence, amidst the burning logs of the fire-place. Then, with his cheek upon his hand, and an occasional smile stirring the corners of his mouth, he sat watching until the busy flame had mastered every page of the famous history. "That was easily done," he said at last. "If all mistakes and shortcomings could but be so comfortably rectified! If free murder and suicide were not immoral, what a blessing they would be!"

"And now I should be having my business interview with Nikomis," he continued, after a long interval of still meditation. "She must receive new evidences of my claims to witchcraft, though she could hardly expect me to be more than formally unconscious of her precious grandson's presence here, and of the cause of it. But it's amusing how all these good people walk on tiptoe and lay their fingers on their lips when I appear, in order to spare me the pain and shock of knowing secrets which I divined long before they did. And I solemnly accept my *rôle* of deaf, dumb, and blind! But I must declare myself now, since a

week hence Master Kineo, though he were the most deserving young man alive, would be too late for his legacy. I trust the old lady has been provident enough to keep the marriage and baptismal certificate, and that she'll be reasonable enough to see that an inconvertible annuity is the only chance of preventing my unlucky nephew's wealth from plunging him into worse mire than he wallows in now—if there be worse! But I must make Garth promise to take him in charge, and put in a guiding, helping, or restraining hand as chance and opportunity may require.

"My beloved old Hottentot! I think I see a possible way out of the woods for him. He shall not marry naughty Madge; indeed, I think she herself is neither quite naughty nor quite unselfish enough to let him. But when I have let out the vials of my anger and exhortation upon the head of that most shameful and unhappy brother of mine, then Elinor will be free; and if Garth can not manage the rest, he is more faint of heart than I take him to be.

"But poor, vain, feeble, pathetic Golightley! what shall become of him? If my life could be of any service to him, he were most welcome. But that is absurd. Yet what a pity it seems that, since the only thing I can hope successfully to achieve in this world is a speedy getting out of it, I should be unable to benefit any one thereby! I have no fortune to bequeath, no forlorn hope to head; I'm not even in any body's way, except my own. Well, well, I won't grumble; I'll be my brother's friend until this flesh has melted, for I fear he won't find many to take his part after I am gone.

"Ah me! now comes my pain again. What a thorny path is this that brings me to thee, my own gentle Cotton Martha!"

While Cuthbert was passing his dark hour of physical anguish, Kineo was having his final interview with Nikomis, in the course of which he made use of every argument, threat, and persuasion that he was master of to induce her to reveal to him the hiding-place of his certificates, but in vain. At length, time being of value and physical coercion impracticable, he was fain to give up the attempt for the time, promising himself to renew it at some more favorable occasion; and, after all, he had the money, which was something. When, therefore, Cuthbert and Nikomis spoke with one another, a few hours later, it was to issues somewhat different from what the former had anticipated. They did not hear Golightley come in; but the new aspect of affairs made Cuthbert so anxious to see him at once that at length, by way of beguiling his suspense, he crossed the passage and opened the door of Eve's chamber. Nikomis had followed him.

Golightley was standing in the middle of the room, with his back to the door. He was clad in full evening dress. On the table beside him were some written papers, neatly arranged, and an open parchment. In his hands he held some object. Cuthbert could not at first see what it was, but instinctively he glanced up at the wall above the fire-place. Captain Neil's old pistol was missing from its accustomed place.

Golightley raised the weapon, his left hand grasping the barrel, while his right was on the lock. The muzzle was aimed at his breast.

"Brother!" cried Cuthbert, and hurried desperately forward.

With a great start, as of one whose nerves had been wrought up almost to the pitch of madness, Golightley turned partly round, and at the same moment his thumb tightened convulsively on the trigger. The pistol exploded; the ball grazed his own shoulder and buried itself in Cuthbert's heart. And Cuthbert, with only a sigh as of a tired child dropping asleep, fell forward on his face, never to suffer pain of mind or body any more.

Elinor, Mrs. Tenterden, and the parson had driven home from the lake in the latter's sleigh, and he, after wishing them both a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year, had left them at the door of the Danvers' cottage. But Elinor could not rest; and after Mrs. Tenterden had recalled and found amusing every incident which had come under her observation during the day, and had then gone comfortably and peacefully to bed, Elinor put on her jacket and hood, left the house, and walked swiftly along the white woodland path to Urmhurst.

Garth, on arriving with Selwyn and others at the lake, had found it deserted; so on the supposition that Madge must have accompanied Mrs. Tenterden and Elinor home, he separated from the party, who were bound for the village, and struck off through the woods alone. Thus it happened that he reached the porch of Urmhurst almost at the same moment with Elinor. They stood hand in hand an instant; then both asked the same question:

"Where is she?"

Garth's fingers relaxed their hold, and his arm dropped to his side. He saw the truth instantaneously. "Oh, Madge!" he muttered, in a dull tone, "I trusted you—for you asked my forgiveness!"

Before Elinor could speak or entirely comprehend, a sharp, violent noise from within the house smote upon their ears. Garth raised his head slowly. "Who is in this house?" said he.

"Your father and Nikomis, and—perhaps Golightley," replied Elinor, trembling.

"Take my hand. Will you come?"

She could reply only by a tightening of her slender clasp. Garth threw open the heavy door with a kind of fierceness, and they went in. "It may be nothing," said he. But when they reached the foot of the stairs, an invisible warning met them—the faint odor of burned powder. Garth halted a moment, and Elinor heard him take his breath between his teeth; then they went up together and stood on the threshold of Eve's chamber.

Nikomis was sitting on the floor, with Cuthbert's head on her knee, and parted back the gray hair from his forehead with her dark knotty fingers. His eyes were half closed; Elinor and Garth knew at once that he was dead. Golightley, in his evening dress, leaned against the table. He held the pistol by the barrel in his left hand; with his right he was tremulously adjusting his eyeglasses. His expression was of stupid annoyance—nothing more. On the quiet air still hung a thin veil of smoke.

Garth relinquished Elinor's hand and came forward, fetching his breath with a slight gasp at each respiration. He stood facing Golightley for what seemed a long time without a word or gesture. At length he extended one arm, and waved the open hand toward his uncle, as if mutely to attract his attention.

Golightley stared at him blankly at first. Then he moved himself uneasily, and said, in a voice that had no substance in it, and yet was not a whisper,

"The clumsiest thing! I should have oiled the lock. I was very nervous, and his coming in and speaking suddenly made me jump. I missed myself, by George, and—"

His glance, wandering restlessly about as he spoke, lighted at this point upon the solemn whiteness of the dead face, and became fixed there. The pistol slipped from his hand and dropped heavily to the floor. He stood upright, and seemed like a man awakening. Suddenly he tossed up his hands, and quavered out, piteously, "I killed him! Oh, my brother! He's dead. The only man that would have forgiven me! I shall never be forgiven now!" He knelt down by the table and laid his head upon it, sobbing.

Garth had not yet moved from his position, or spoken. But Elinor, having brought a cushion and put it beneath Cuthbert's head, and drawn Nikomis and Golightley silently from the room, came and stood before him, with such a look of divine sympathy and compassion as Garth never saw on any human face but hers. "Your father would have forgiven him; and you will forgive him—soon!" said she.

"Thank you," he answered, replying to the spirit rather than to the words. Her eyes brightened through the tears that stood in them; and thus she left him, alone.

On New-Year's Eve there were three friends of Garth's sitting round the kitchen fire, and discussing the events which had lately taken place. It was morning; breakfast had just been taken, and Garth had gone up stairs to make his final preparations for a journey.

"I'm not likely to tell him so," observed Jack Selwyn, taking up his knee between his clasped hands, "but I don't mind telling you, professor, that I'm entirely against the whole idea. In the first place, he won't find her; then, if he does, she won't come back with him; and finally, if she does come back with him, it will only make them both worse off than they are now."

"I think he is right to go, whatever happens," said Elinor. "He could never rest until he knew there was no more hope. And if he should succeed, Jack, you would not say then that it was the worse for them."

"Ay, ay, Miss Elinor, I'm of your mind," said Professor Grindle, folding his arms, and nodding his thick eyebrows at her approvingly. "It's well each man and woman of us should do our best and utmost before leaving any thing to our Creator. That's what my dear friend Urmson's plan was through life; and he was the worthiest man I ever knew."

"I think Garth will be up with him, though, before he's done," remarked Jack. He looked at Elinor as he said it, and she rewarded him with a smile. But the smile, after he had meditated upon it for a while, cost him a sigh.

"What about that scamp Kineo?" inquired the professor, after a pause. "There was not evidence to convict him on that charge, I understood."

"Not on that charge—no; for Garth, having paid ten thousand pounds for the proofs, seems to have thought himself entitled to burn them;

and it's my opinion he lit the bonfire on the lake with them. But the devil does sometimes attend to his own; for Mr. Kineo, having been locked up on a three months' sentence in Haverhill jail for a petty felony committed a year ago, undertook to make his escape, and being forcibly remonstrated with by one of the jailers, he so mauled the poor man that he died yesterday morning; and that will be manslaughter, and fifteen years, at the very easiest. I can't help being rather pleased, by-the-way, at Miss Madge's having got off so neatly with that legacy of his; it must have inflicted a bitter pang upon his manly heart; and since Garth wouldn't have condescended to touch the lucre under any circumstances, there's no great harm done so far as that goes."

"But the other—Golightley—is going to Australia, I'm told."

"Something of that sort, I believe," said Jack, indifferently. Elinor looked up and smiled again, and this time Jack blushed.

"'Tis a strange thing, if it be true; but I believe," continued the professor, musingly, "that if any thing can redeem that poor wretch's soul, it will be his having slain his brother at the moment when he sought his own life. And Cuthbert, I'm well assured, would willingly have laid down his life for such an end. Indeed, it was a blessed release to him in any case. With that disease he had, he could have held out but a few months more, and died in lingering pain at last. But, as it was—just one heart throb, and then—rest." The professor's throat swelled, and his eyeglasses became misty.

"But I shall never forgive that—" began Jack, but checked himself at a grave look from Elinor, and the next moment Garth came in. He held a fold of papers in his hand, and wore a long top-coat, with a cape to it. Standing by the fireplace, facing them all, his square, impressive visage and figure filled the eye of the beholder and satisfied it, as a portrait by Rembrandt might do, only that Garth was no portrait, but a reality.

"Before I go," said he, "I want to tell you what I found in this letter, which my uncle wrote in his chamber on Christmas-eve. I read it for the first time this morning. You remember, Elinor, that ghost story he told us here the first night he came? It was a veiled confession, characteristic of him. The parchment he really found and hid as he described then. It was the marriage lines of Maud Golightley and Brian Urmson, dated at Jamestown, in 1781. Their marriage was a secret one. You know what followed, and how each heard of the other's death, and each married again; but the second marriages were no marriages, and the children of them—my father and Mrs. Tenterden—were illegitimate."

"Ay, that explains what I never comprehended till now," interposed Grindle, throwing one knee across the other: "why Maud should have left her home and her people, after so many years, to seek out a man who had caught her maiden fancy, and whom she'd never seen or heard of since. But her being actually his wife—ay, that's another tale. But proceed, Sir; let's have the rest of it."

"It's worth telling only as it bears on my uncle. Maud, when she came North, left her fortune to her illegitimate daughter Mildred; and

my grandfather Brian, when he made his first will, bequeathed his property to my father. Maud had always kept her first marriage lines; but she and Captain Urmson agreed never to speak of that which would discredit their innocent children. However, Maud died somewhat suddenly, and the marriage lines were lost and forgotten, until my uncle found them, and learned, as he writes here, that the inheritance of Urmhurst belonged by right to him, and not to my father.

"And then, instead of either confronting the captain with the record or burning it up, he hid it, not intending to make any use of it, so far as he knew, but enjoying the secret sense of power it gave him. Probably he hadn't the courage to challenge his father face to face; besides, his intentions were always good; but if ever a man paved hell with such things, he did. He lived brooding over his secret, and growing more and more sly and deceitful and hypocritical every day, and he lost all habit of frank speech and thought. It's piteous to think of."

"His Doppelganger. Poor Golightley!" murmured Elinor.

"Yes; poor fellow! Well, then, when the captain read his will to him and Cuthbert, giving him but ten thousand dollars, he said to himself, 'If I had my rights, it would all be mine.' But even then he did not speak out, but went off with his money to England, never meaning, as he writes here, to ask for more. But when he got into difficulties abroad, he thought, 'If I write to my father that I know his secret, he would send me money rather than Cuthbert should know. I'll do it this once.' It was that letter which put Captain Brian in such a rage; but the money was sent; and so it went on year after year, my uncle deteriorating more and more, because he had, as he puts it here, found an honest way to be dishonest.

"Now you can see how it would be, Elinor, when he and Mr. and Mrs. Tenterden met. 'All this fortune rightly belongs to me,' he thought, 'for I am my mother's only legitimate son; she defrauded me in giving it to Mildred.' Of course property can be bequeathed as the testator chooses; but there was just enough fanciful justice in his claim to make a scoundrel of him. He dallied with the thought, and afterward (when it came to that) with the temptation, until—well, you know how it ended. But I think the man ought to be deeply pitied, not condemned. There's no spectacle more pathetic than that of a poor wretch busily smearing his soul with such sophistries all his life long, and finding out at last that what he fancied was an elixir against harm was the most fatal of poisons."

"I think there must have been times when he partly realized that himself," observed Elinor. "You know he said of himself, in his story, that his sin was so subtle as to vanish beneath a direct look, or put on the appearance of a virtue; the only thing that betrayed the cloven hoof was the doubt—which he never could quite get rid of; and that the Doppelganger, while ostensibly his best friend, was really vitiating his soul all the while, and would at last destroy him."

"Well, there may be a white spot left somewhere on his moral carcass yet—I hope there is, with all my heart!" exclaimed Jack. "I should have liked him better, though, if he had burned up those marriage lines, when he made up his

mind to try another world, and never said any thing about them."

"He could not bear to die without having put his poor excuse before the world, so that it might do him such poor justice as he could claim. And he writes here that he did try to burn it that night, but his heart failed him. Well, I didn't mean to make so long an address; but you know what I mean."

With these words, Garth thrust the folded papers into his pocket, meeting the eyes of each of his three friends in turn, and in all he read the silent acknowledgment of his appeal. "Now I'm going," he said, after a pause.

He shook hands with the professor and with Jack, who, after the manner of men, tried to make the heartiness of their gripe compensate for the barrenness of their parting words. But Elinor said, "God help you, Garth!" as she had said it in the fire-light on the frozen lake a week before.

As he stood under the porch a few minutes afterward, the jingling of sleigh-bells was heard, and the venerable parson drove up. He had officiated at the funeral the day before, and was come this morning on purpose to see Garth off. He had, however, entirely forgotten both these circumstances during his drive through the cold sunny air.

"What, Garth lad! where are you off so early!" he bellowed forth, in his most jovial thunders. "Going courting, I suppose, eh? ho! ho! ho! Well, you'll find her at the cottage, I suppose; though, now I think of it, I've not seen Maggie for the last day or two. Well, good luck to ye, dear lad, and a happy New-Year! Oh, ay! you young folks think all your New-Years will be happy ones; but I guess you'll be none the worse off for an old man's blessing, whether or no, eh? haw! haw! haw!"

And with that mighty laugh and Godspeed in his ears, Garth started on his quest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

NINE months later Garth was packing his trunk in his hotel room in Paris, when a card was brought up, and the person whose name it bore was but a few steps behind.

"Garth, dear old boy!"

"Jack!"

"What are you doing there?"

"I'm starting for Vienna. How long have you been over here?"

"Not long. Why to Vienna?"

"I've not found her here, but—"

"I know you haven't."

Garth looked up.

"Because I found her myself yesterday," added Jack. "I say, don't look at a fellow that way, old man. I've done you no harm."

"Does she know I am here?"

"Yes. She's been playing hide-and-seek with you, Garth. You'll never meet her. She won't see you—that's the long and short of it."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know where she is now; and I wouldn't tell you if I did!"

Garth's face slowly darkened; but Jack, with

tears springing to his eyes, came and sat on his knee, and threw one arm across his shoulders.

"Just listen to what I've got to say, will you? and don't break my heart by sticking that cursed obstinacy of yours in the face of God's providence! I tell you there are some things no man can do, and this is one of them. Look here! the—confounded woman's married!"

"Is that the truth?"

"I shall tell you no lies, Garth Urmson. Of course she's married, man! She's not such a fool as— As to who her husband is, that's of devilish small consequence; some infernal Dutch baron or other. She's living a life you'd as well not inquire into; but it might have been worse. She has what she bargained for; if she don't like it, it's a pity. She's the finest woman on the Continent, past the ghost of a doubt; but—well, she wishes you to leave her in peace. You can't do any thing—you simply *can not*!"

Garth sat long, gazing straight before him, his hand clutching amidst the hair that clustered on his head, as Selwyn had so often seen him do, when deep in thought, at college. At length he said, scarcely audibly,

"Well!"

"I'll step out on the balcony and smoke a cigar while you're—unpacking that trunk again. Then I've something else to tell you."

"No, I don't need to be alone to tear myself for rage and disappointment," said Garth, holding him back with a smile. "I've done my best; now I give it up, and there's an end of it. May God bless her!"

"Amen! though she is the devil!" muttered Jack.

"I can guess what your other news is, my dear fellow," continued Garth, pleasantly. "You're going to be, or perhaps are already—"

"Let me tell my own news, will you? I'm engaged!"

"Is that your idea of news?"

"It is news. I'm engaged—not to Elinor Golightley, mind you."

"Selwyn—"

"Let's look at him. Is he most shocked or pleased? Shocked, of course. Well, the name of the new young lady is Bellona, Goddess of War! You've heard of her; we used to read poetry about her in college."

"Jack, tell me what you mean."

"Well, I don't know that it's much to my credit," said Jack, with rather a sad laugh; "but it's this way. Elinor Golightley is beyond me. She strikes notes I can never reach, tiptoe as I will; and if the love I've felt for her can't make me reach them, why, nothing will. I give it up, as you say. She said to me nine months ago, 'You don't know me; you shall have the chance to know me, and then—' I should be a selfish brute, and a fool too, if I married her. I'm not generally given to running myself down, but she's beyond me—and beyond any man I know—except one."

Garth covered his eyes with his hand. Jack continued:

"I was a blind donkey not to have seen it from the beginning. But for the Golightley muddle I think I should have seen it. She loves you, and has always loved you. You love her, and have always loved her. You were born and grown for each other. Bless you, my children! This is ir-

regular and premature, of course, and, as Aunt Mildred would say, I'm perfectly scandalized, my good fathers, I do think in my heart—well, did you ever, now! Garth, shake hands."

All this gay rattle could not blind Garth to the brave reality beneath it. He knew that his friend was making for him the dearest sacrifice that friends can make; and though he had discovered on that night of death at Urmhurst that a sympathy and mutual comprehension existed between him and Elinor, such as can exist only between those whose spirits are tuned to the same great pitch of love, yet he blenched at the thought of taking the bread of life from the mouth of this too generous recusant.

"I'm too deep in debt already, Jack," said he, shaking his head. "I can't take such a gift even from you."

"That will do very nicely in the way of graceful embarrassment and deprecation. Now go in and win! Take her from Mrs. Tenterden, if you're so delicate about your old friend. Or, if you do really prefer to go back to your stuffy old studio without leaving a card at the Grand Hotel, number one hundred and twelve, why, of course, you must please yourself. As for me, I'm going to buy a red shirt and be off to my general in Italy forthwith. A hero's death or victory!"

So one day Garth found himself in a large room, all mirrors, gilding, and French furniture, waiting for some one to appear.

She entered at last, with that wide throwing open of the door that had always characterized her, and was somehow not incompatible with a nature in so many ways reserved and shy. They shook hands. Some commonplaces passed. Elinor's hand had felt cold when he touched it, and her face wore that distant and almost haughty expression which he knew so well, and loved because he knew it.

"Is Mrs. Tenterden well?"

"Yes; she'll be down in a minute."

She had taken her seat on one of those comfortable little gilded French chairs, and was pressing her slender hands one upon another on her lap. But a hero is not to be defeated by a French chair. Garth walked across the polished floor and stood in front of her. She glanced up in fear—in that sweetest of all fears that no pen can ever describe. He said:

"Then I have only a minute to tell you that I love you. I want to tell you so with my whole life."

It was as awkward as most impromptu love speeches. Elinor drooped and hung her head. Garth bent and kissed her cheek, which flamed pink as the kiss came. Then she put her hand in his, and rose and looked him in the eyes. What were French chairs or the world to them!

Mrs. Tenterden did not come down for at least a quarter of an hour. That must have been a long time, for it was enough to make Elinor and Garth all over new in; and yet a short time, for they had not seen to the bottom of one another's eyes. Elinor's first words were (just before Mrs. Tenterden entered),

"Dear Jack! I love him, Garth!"

Garth, strange to tell, kissed her for those words. But such is friendship, and such is love!

THE END.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ON a late beautiful spring afternoon the Easy Chair rolled itself into the suburbs for a stroll. There were every where the signs of the advance of a great city and the pathetic forlornness of the municipal frontier. Pleasant country-houses, spacious, rambling, with broad piazzas and gardens and lawns, had been apparently suddenly overtaken by streets and stone sidewalks and lamps. There were the rattle and shriek of the incessant railway trains near by. Tall factory chimneys smoked and machinery hummed and steam-whistles blew all around the quiet old houses. The contrast gave them a kind of conscious life. They seemed to be aware of the incongruity of their character with the new neighborhood. They had a helpless air, as if nothing remained but submission to division into regular building lots and the absolute extinction of rural seclusion and charm. There was the impression of a faint and futile struggle between city and country, in which, indeed, for a moment the excellence of each was lost, but the result of which was not doubtful. As the Easy Chair pushed on, it saw in fancy the old pastoral peace and retirement of the places when they were indeed in the country. It recalled the noted men of that older day who sought here relaxation and repose. There was the placid river, on which no restless steamer foamed, but only silent sloops drifted or careened. Yonder were the leafy coves under the wooded and rocky banks, from which the Indian had but recently paddled his canoe. No railroad harmed the virgin shyness of the shore. It was El Dorado, Arcadia, the land of Goshen. It was the home of peace, of plenty, of content.

Such a poet, such a painter, is idealizing memory on a spring afternoon in the suburbs. It seemed so gross a wrong that sidewalks and gas lamps and factory chimneys and steam-whistles should invade and devastate the tranquil fields that indignant imagination filled them as fact with all the fancies that tranquil fields suggest. Doubtless in the closets of those quiet houses there were the bones of plenty of old skeletons. Those spacious, sunny rooms were the scenes of the familiar domestic tragedies against which not the most romantic of country-houses can shut the door. Up those steps have swayed and hesitated the doubtful feet of the oldest son, heir of precious hopes and child of fervent prayers, hesitating and lingering at hours long past midnight, watched for and waited for by the mother's heart that breaks but does not falter. In that broad hall, on the brightest of May mornings, the daughter of the house has stood, radiant as the day, and crowned with orange blossoms. There have met the hopes and joys of youth, the tears and blessings and farewells of older years. The pretty pageant filled the house, and faded slowly and utterly away. The old house has known, too, the solemn shadow that falls on every house. It seems to regretful memory the abode of unchanging delight. But from that door the slow procession moved, and those whose hospitable smile and word had hallowed every room returned no more. They are gone, the bride, the parent, the friend; "they are all gone, the old familiar faces," the age, the society, the politics, the interests. They are all gone. Why should not the house go too?

It was early spring, and the Easy Chair, looking up, saw half a dozen kites flying in the air. A little further, and laughing girls were skipping rope. Boys were spinning peg-tops and playing marbles and driving hoops. The boys and girls who lived in the quiet old country-house did the same a hundred years ago. They flew kites and drove hoops, and that little bride skipped rope and carried dolls. The age, the society, the politics, the interests, were very different. They are, indeed, all changed. But tops are changeless, marbles are immortal, and so are boys and girls. They know nothing of the old house over which the Easy Chair becomes pensive. They belong to the new time, which demands its demolition.

It is some years since a noted man said to the Easy Chair, "Remember, the one thing that all people want to hear about is, other people." The constant stream of personal memoirs that pours from the press, and the singular interest which each excites, seem to justify the remark. The noted man himself believed what he said. He practiced what he preached, and wrote and printed all kinds of personal gossip, until it appeared that nothing else seemed to him very important. The exaggerated interest attached to the details of a disappearance like that of a late Mayor of New York illustrates the same taste. Of course if a conspicuous citizen mysteriously vanishes from among men, the press most properly raises the alarm. But when he is found, the press knows very well that the public would like to know all the reasons and the circumstances, and the probabilities of the future. Is the secret of this universal interest in personal memoirs and descriptions and details merely the sympathy of men with men? Is it that nothing human is foreign to us, or that history and biography are distrusted as flattered or incorrect portraits? Or is it that we like gossip "pure and simple," as children like candy and cookies?

It is certain that the conversation of morning calls and reading clubs and dinner and tea tables tends to personal criticism and narration; and no books are more entertaining and popular than diaries and autobiographies, provided they are not philosophical, but abound in descriptions of persons and personal relations. It would be unfair to condemn this as altogether trivial. The interest with which the mask of Shakespeare is regarded is the sign of the earnest desire to know the truth of Shakespeare's personal appearance. A photograph of Milton or Chaucer would be invaluable. For it is the prerogative of genius to hallow every thing which is personal to it with the subtlest charm. We can not have a mask of Chaucer nor a photograph of Spenser; but could they have had a Boswell, we should all be grateful. That delightful book is still as fresh and captivating as a novel. But it is the book of a gossip. It is the most charming of personal memoirs; and if it is beneath the dignity of history, so much the worse for history.

There is always a question, however, when an autobiography is published, whether the unreserved and possibly unjust personal criticisms of other people should be made public, or whether they should be restrained by a person who is still

responsible to other persons and to public opinion. This is a question of the judgment and good sense of living persons; for a man might write an autobiography so plainly unjust to himself, as well as to others, that even his express injunction for its publication after his death should be disregarded. The same discretion must determine the decision when the reasons are similar, if not precisely the same. When A and B are dead, but when their families survive, why should the private opinion of A, formed forty or fifty years previously, that B was a scoundrel, be published? What possible result can there be but pain to worthy people? The answer to this question must be the same that the Easy Chair gave in considering the hard words of contemporaries in the diary of John Quincy Adams. To omit invective and sarcasm and extravagance would be to omit Mr. Adams. The question in such a case is not of softening the words, but of printing them precisely as they were written. If nothing more than the gratification of a gossiping curiosity is to be gained by publishing, in his own words, John Quincy Adams's opinion of Daniel Webster, then it should not be published to the pain of his kindred and friends. But very much more is to be gained. We have the opinion of one illustrious contemporary of another whom he had the capacity and opportunity to study, and such opinions are indispensable to a correct judgment of men and the consequent conduct of life.

When a man's life becomes public, that is, when he becomes distinguished and conspicuous, there is a public interest in him which has its rights no less than private affection. Public morality then demands that the truth about him should be known. If, for instance, he has worn a mask, and a cold and selfish Catiline has assumed the patriotism of Arnold Von Winkelried, the witness who knows, or who thinks he knows, should be heard. For it is more important to the general welfare that the character of such a man should be disclosed than that the feelings of his descendants should be spared. Nor will this principle tend to the writing of autobiographies overflowing with vitriol upon fair and sweet fames. For every person whose opinion would have any influence upon reputation or renown knows that he is himself upon trial in his own diary. The one thing sure to be seen and known is the character of the author, and the instance would be very exceptional in which he would destroy his own name in order to stain that of another. The diary of John Quincy Adams, for instance, confirms the general impression of himself which his whole career and all testimony had established, and in nothing more than in the tone in which he describes other public men.

Here, then, is a key to the deep and universal interest in personal memoirs, letters, and diaries, that they are the sincere testimonies to the actual character and significance of famous people. Readers who wish to be deceived will avoid them. Those who prefer pleasing and traditional fancies to facts will dislike them. But if Washington had a hot temper, and swore at Monmouth, and was severely punctilious, and had not fully mastered the spelling-book, who would not know it, and who would reverence him less? If Franklin was canny beyond the Yankee, and conformed to the morals if not to the costume of the gay

French capital, who would not know it? Who would wish to respect Gambrinus as a saint or Pan as an ascetic? Who deliberately loves a lie? We certainly do not wish to have heroes and saints under false pretenses.

In reading the diaries and letters and memoirs, it is easy to see how indispensable their information is to an accurate and just estimate even of persons supposed to be known. If any man of recent times lived in the public eye, it was Macaulay. He wrote in the reviews; he was a member of Parliament; he was at all the breakfasts and dinners. If a lucky loiterer in London breakfasted with "old Rogers," he met Macaulay; if he dined at Holland House, he met Macaulay. People had "made up their minds" about him and his character. But the delightful memoir by his nephew, with the letters, has given us in some very important respects a new Macaulay. This omnivorous reader and brilliant historian never read Carlyle's *French Revolution*; and the heart of this supposed cold and worldly old bachelor was an exhaustless fountain of sweet domestic affection, of rollicking love of children, and of a simple and humane humor. The book, upon the most conclusive evidence, revises the general judgment. How invaluable, also, as side lights upon a necessarily conspicuous person, are the glimpses of King William the Fourth of England in the Greville *Memoirs*, or those of the household of Metternich in the Ticknor *Memoirs*. Bagehot says—and says, without doubt, truly—in his interesting book on the English Constitution, that there is really profound loyalty in England, and that there is a very general popular conviction that the Queen is the ruler of the realm. This feeling is the relic of the mystery that doth hedge a king. But it does hedge him. It is the sentiment by which royalty is strong. It is that feeling, and not a politico-philosophical dogma of a permanent executive, that keeps the king on his throne. But how the glamour of the mystery fades and dissolves before the photograph of Greville! His diary becomes an element of political history.

The fair question about a diary left by a noted person or by any person, with or without instructions, is simply whether it shall be published or suppressed; not whether its opinions and descriptions of others shall be touched and toned and modified and cut out to suit supposed sensibilities or to save the reputation of the author. It is a wholesome moral police that people should be taught the responsibility of distinction. They should know that when they become objects of attention and interest and description they are to be peculiarly circumspect in manner and conduct, and as their portraits will constantly be drawn unconsciously to themselves, their position and action must be those of which they will not be ashamed. This will cultivate personal consciousness in no other way than it is fostered by all self-discipline, and it will restrain the vanity and self-indulgence which distinction sometimes produces. The "chiel amang ye takin' notes" is a very useful personage, if we only have faith that he will "prent" them.

A WORTHY gentleman, who lives out of town, was amazed the other day by being suddenly asked, "Who runs your village?"

All the pride of a suburban citizen, who hears

birds in the morning instead of milk-men, flashed in his eye as he replied, "Nobody."

"Ah! then you don't have Philharmonic concerts."

"No, Sir," was the lofty reply; "and no other rural community has Philharmonic concerts."

"There's where you're mistaken," was the lively answer; "and it comes of living in a village that is not properly 'run.'"

When the other gentleman asked if "running" was indispensable to Philharmonic concerts, he was answered that in every little community there must be some leader in every direction of activity or interest, or nothing would be done. There is a certain amount of "running" power latent in every rural neighborhood. This may "run" away with the neighborhood into all kinds of follies and abuses, or it may stimulate and lead it to the most desirable and delightful results. But the "running" power must be more or less highly developed in some few persons, or, good lack! quoth the earnest gentleman, you'll not only not run, but you'll stagnate.

The earnest gentleman, whose name was Rusticus, proceeded to say that his neighborhood had suffered a good deal from some of the more familiar and unpleasant results of this spirit of "enterprise," as it is called. It was perpetually designing boulevards and spacious avenues, and bent upon enhancing the value of every body's property by making it a corner lot by an infinite multiplication of streets. It was always striving to "attract capital" to the neighborhood, to "stimulate activity," and to draw population. It planned to dispose of quagmires and bleak hill-tops under salvos of Champagne corks and the hospitality of free lunches and bands of music. Mysterious allusions to the charms of that vicinity, to its ease of access, and to its freedom from all the heats, mosquitoes, and chills and fevers that usually infest suburban communities, appeared from time to time in the columns of city newspapers. Meanwhile this form of the "running" power ran the neighborhood into debt, and left it toiling through deep and direful mud in the spring, and was responsible for such swearing as has not been heard since the army was in Flanders. There were jobs of every kind on all sides, and the public welfare was maintained only by a constant fight with the spirit that was trying to "run" the village.

Now, said Rusticus, behold the obverse of the medal. Behold the advantage of the same spirit directed to the most delightful results. It is true that in all communities and enterprises some one must lead the way. Sam Adams directs the Boston Mohawks to the tea ships. John Adams is the Colossus of Independence. Columbus sticks fast to his new route to India, and reveals a continent. If, now, in your village, continued Rusticus, addressing his friend, there were some generous and intelligent musical enthusiast, for instance, who had such faith in his own faculty that he scorned enterprises that "do not pay," who saw around him plenty of people willing to enjoy if the way could but be opened, but no one of whom would open it; some one who had energy, resolution, and organizing power—why, you would have Philharmonic concerts in your sleepy old village, and you and your friends would all be on the committee, and you yourself would be selling tickets, and turning out in the evening in a white cravat, and putting on white gloves, and

handing beautiful *prime donne* up to the platform, and clapping and encoring vociferously, and pitying the unenterprising villages that have no Philharmonic concerts.

The listener beamed approvingly, as if the picture pleased his mental eye.

Then, Sir, you would have the most exquisite chamber music, duets, quartets, quintets, sextets, septets, octets; you would have the music of Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Schubert, Chopin, Meyerbeer—the old masters of the orchestra and the new virtuosi upon the piano, the violin, and the violoncello. Instead of making a journey to the city and passing the night, and putting yourself to such trouble and expense that the prospect would dismay and deter you, you would merely take a pleasant walk after your domestic dinner, and with your neighbors and friends hear the most delightful music, and return quietly to your own fireside.

A man who "runs a village" in this way is a public benefactor. He is an invaluable citizen in his community. For he sees that all the conditions of success in enjoyment are present in it except the cardinal one of impulse, and he supplies the impulse. The particles are all ready to crystallize if there were only the necessary motion, and he gives it. And it is by no means a mere sentimental service that he renders, if by that word be meant something unreal and incalculable. The other type of the man who "runs" a village supposes himself to be especially "practical" because he opens new roads where the old are impassable from neglect. When the village has not money enough to keep itself in order, he increases the area to be kept in order, without supplying the money to pay the expense. His excuse is that "improvements" enhance the value of real estate, and that a man who does not wish to multiply corner lots and increase the value of real estate is an aristocratic nuisance. But measured by this real-estate standard, the promoter of good music and of pleasant public assemblies in a neighborhood is one of the most practical of men. The value of suburban property depends in a degree upon the character of the neighborhood, its advantages and conveniences. Surely, then, the citizen of a village who furnishes occasions of delightful neighborly meetings, who supplies to the villagers those pleasures the want of which prevents a great many people from becoming villagers, attracts them into the country. He is a magician, a Pied Piper of Hamelin who plays his wondrous pipe, and willing converts dance enchanted after him. A man who provides Philharmonic concerts for a suburban village no less improves the value of its property than he who at the public cost devastates secluded pastures with boulevards and makes roads where nobody wishes to travel.

Rusticus avers that he knows a village not a thousand miles from New York which is properly "run," because it has the enthusiasm, the energy, and the taste to procure and enjoy such music. He declares that he has heard as charming chamber music as any citizen could have heard in the city during the last winter. He does not deny that he and his friends should not have had the rare enjoyment except for the devotion of one man. "But you see," he says, with great complacency, "that is the very superiority of our vil-

lage. We have the man who knows how to run it. And luckily for you, my friend, there are two or three houses in the village still to let."

THE great disaster at St. Louis, the burning of the Southern Hotel, with the frightful loss of life, undoubtedly confirms a very general conviction that our hotels are very insecure. No one but the most hardened guest can ascend flight after flight of stairs in a hotel, or mount by the elevator to the upper stories, without a sinking of the heart and a vague terror. As he surveys the long and blind passages, and the narrow staircases, and thinks of them filled with suffocating smoke, the gropings in darkness and confusion—all the circumstances, indeed, which the St. Louis fire presented—his first impulse upon reaching his room is to see how he can escape. Every thing is inflammable. There is nothing really fire-proof in the building. It is peculiarly exposed to fire, and there is no provision of adequate means of escape. This is probably true of most of the great hotels in the country. They are considered dangerous risks by the insurance companies, and the catastrophe at St. Louis will probably direct attention to them, as the awful burning of the Brooklyn Theatre aroused general anxiety in regard to halls and play-houses.

It must not be forgotten that while these great hotels are, in regard to their structure, very much what they used to be, all the modern improvements and inventions which make them much more "magnificent" make them also very much more insecure. The largest group of hotels in the country—those at Saratoga—are less dangerous only because they are occupied in the summer, when there are no fires but in the kitchens, because the nights are very short, and because, from the nature of life at a watering-place, there are constant wakefulness and observation. But if those huge caravansaries were winter houses, and in the long winter night, when every room was crowded, a fire should break out, the consequences would be appalling. The general structure of the houses, as of all other houses, is very much what it was fifty years ago. But as they have increased in extent and height, the modern inventions of matches, furnaces, gas, elevators, have been developing, and each one of them is a fresh exposure. The matches are strewn every where through the rooms, and a careless step, a thoughtless dropping, may fire the train. The furnace flues pervade the house, and are necessarily beyond observation, although the proved sources of danger. The gas is every where close to the match, and often near to the window drapery. And, more recently, the shaft of the elevator is found to be a flue through which fire and smoke can fill every floor.

But while the risks of hotels have been thus constantly multiplying, the defenses have not increased accordingly. The Southern Hotel at St. Louis was one of the large and finely appointed houses of the country. Doubtless it was "magnificent," and amply furnished with all "improvements"—except that of means of escape and safety in the event of a peril that is always menacing. But if a small part of the money that had been spent in magnificence had been devoted to security, the catastrophe would have been averted. There is no especial blame to be urged in this instance. There are hundreds of hotels in the country at this moment exposed to the same dan-

ger, and they all, doubtless, have the same general provisions for safety—provisions which have been shown to be absolutely insufficient. There is always risk, indeed, in every ordinary dwelling-house. But the general conditions make the difference between the hotel and the ordinary house. Now fire was very probable in the Southern Hotel, as it is in every other hotel. If fire broke out in the middle of the night, at the very hour when this fire occurred, what means of escape were provided for those who slept under the roof or on the higher floors? The same general means, unquestionably, that are provided in all great hotels. But are they adequate? The terrible result at St. Louis is the answer.

The remedy is obvious. Whether public opinion will require it to be applied is not so clear. Yet the law requires sufficient fire-escapes on every tenement-house in the city. Is human life less precious in a hotel? Why should not the law require of every hotel means of escape from every floor so ample and simple as virtually to render such disasters impossible? The public right of self-protection, which justifies the laws in regard to safety in erecting buildings, and those that affect theatres and steamboats and railroads, would authorize the most stringent measures in regard to hotels and the methods of building. The height of such structures, the materials for stairways and walls, the details of escapes, are as properly subjects of legal direction as the inspection of steamboat boilers or the strength of the walls of houses. The law properly supervises the safety of public conveyances. It should, with the same reason, take charge of the safety of public houses.

This would require a public determination upon which no man can surely count. Undoubtedly the same money that now erects splendid hotels could build safe hotels. But the splendor would be sacrificed. If any community, however, should be willing to do this, it is ours, which is, in truth, a travelling public. The traveller seeks rest and comfort at his inn. But the vital element of comfort is security; for if there be a lurking sense of danger, the utmost ease is but an appearance, not a fact. Damask sofas and Turkey carpets and Champagne and salmon and spring beds do not produce comfort if there be peril in the air. If the American traveller prefers to take the risk as inevitable, the St. Louis catastrophe will be occasionally repeated. If, on the other hand, he chooses to be secure, he can make himself so.

WHEN Oliver Goldsmith died, the poor old women whom he had befriended sat upon the staircase outside of the little room in the Temple in which he lay, lamenting a friend whom they should see no more. He had always little money to give. His alms were kind words and sympathy and encouragement, and now and then doubtless a "cheering glass." He died destitute and miserable. "Your pulse," said his doctor, "is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," replied Goldsmith. He owed money. "Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds," said Dr. Johnson. Johnson loved him, and spoke of him for years with tender sadness. Burke loved him, and burst into tears when he heard of his death. Reynolds loved him, and when the news was

brought to him, he laid his palette aside. "The Club," of the most famous men in England, lamented him. But there, on the staircase of Brick Court, sat "women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him whom they had come to weep for—outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable."

There is no incident in his pathetic and, as seen in the light of his "Traveller," his picturesque life which is more touching than this. The great men knew his genius and his wit and his heart, but these poor women knew his heart alone. Can there be any truer test of character than that which the little story conveys? The man who loves children and whom children love is sure to be a man of sweet and lovely nature. We should really know more of men if we were able to try them by such tests. Nothing more truly revealed the essential quality of the character of the late Joseph Wesley Harper than the incident mentioned when he died, that at a time of great apparent misfortune the domestics in his household came weeping lest they must go, and asking to remain at whatever wages. A man might face heavy blows of disaster or vast good fortune with unblenching eyes, but he might well be unmanned by such a tribute. It is his home and his neighborhood that measure the man. He can not play a part to them. In public, before the world, he is on parade. Two make conversation possible, but three are an audience. What every man would like to know of his hero is his impression upon those who intimately know him, and those from whom he can receive no favors. Do his children love him? Do those whom he employs trust him? When he dies, will his poor neighbors grieve, and his neighborhood feel that it has lost, not a large tax-payer, but a friend?

The influence of men who are so lamented is most subtle and pervasive. There are men whose commanding and brilliant powers arrest the attention of mankind. They blaze and glitter before the astonished world like the girandola at St. Peter's, or the cold and remote splendor of the northern lights. There are men who entertain and amuse, whose death eclipses the gayety of nations. There are others who pierce and disclose the secrets of nature most jealously guarded, who change the current of human thought and reverse old creeds and standards. These men amaze and delight. They are renowned and hon-

ored. They remain in histories and in their own writings, and are a permanent possession of the race. But the men of whom we speak, and whose influence is so fine and wide, affect human character and elevate human life by revealing the sweetness and the worth of human nature. They make us all more charitable, more patient, more trusting. They are often the most retiring of men, and known only to a very small circle; but they are not less benefactors than the most renowned.

Such a man was the late George W. Jewett, who was killed by the terrible explosion in Burling Slip in New York. His occupation was that of a manufacturer and merchant, and he was very successful in his business. He lived quietly upon Staten Island, and took no part in public affairs except those of his village. To his neighbors he was simply a modest, unobtrusive, kindly citizen. But their feeling when he died was the test of the man in his general neighborly relations. Those who knew him somewhat more closely felt the charm of that essential kindness which brought the homeless women weeping to the chamber of Goldsmith when he was dead. Unconsciously, contact with a gentle and generous nature deepens and confirms confidence in all men, and corrects that cynical distrust which constantly produces the evil that it suspects. No man knows or measures his real influence. And the wise old saying that no man must be called happy until his death has a richer meaning than that he can not tell until then all that may befall him. Death openeth the gate to good fame, says Bacon; and to such men as we are considering, no happiness could be greater or purer than the general affection for them which death discloses, and which is the measure of the quality of their influence.

On the bright, gusty day in early spring that Mr. Jewett was buried, the rich and the poor stood together in and around his house, and their mingled and sincere regard and sorrow were the earnest in him of that quality of manhood which is more than genius and fame and learning and riches and authority. There was no sermon, as there were no flowers. Any kind of ostentation, any word of the affectionate and natural praise of such a moment, would have seemed an invasion of the manly modesty in which his life had been wrapped. But if a sermon had been seemly, its text should have been, "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

Editor's Literary Record.

Russia (Henry Holt and Co.), by D. MACKENZIE WALLACE, is not a book of travels. Mr. Wallace went to Russia in March, 1870; he remained there until December, 1875, nearly six years. He spent the winter months in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Yaroslavl, the summer months in journeying. This period of residence was followed by a still further accumulation of materials by correspondence after his return to England. Thus his work affords not the impressions of a traveller, who gets glimpses, and gives external pictures; it embodies the conclusions of a student who has taken the time to give the labor to a real and genuine study of the life which the tourist merely sees, but does

not and can not thoroughly comprehend. A single illustration may suffice, by giving the reader a notion of his method, to give also a notion of the thoroughness of his work. Mr. Wallace desired to acquire the Russian language, and for this purpose to put himself beyond the reach of French and German; he therefore exiled himself from St. Petersburg, took up his abode in one of the provinces, made the acquaintance and friendship of a priest, was taken ill, sent for a Russian "feldsher," and thus made a threefold study of Russian language, Russian religion, and Russian science. His studies in this province of Novgorod alone occupied several months. We know of no

author, not excepting Hepworth Dixon, who has made so thorough a study of Russian life and character as Mr. Wallace, or whose work is so well worthy the careful study of any one who desires to know the character of this curious people, who are apparently about to exercise so important an influence on the destiny certainly of Europe, and perhaps of Asia, and who in the impending conflict between Christianity and Mohammedanism are put forward by the course of events in the forefront of the battle. Mr. Wallace does not follow a chronological order, but he uses his own experiences to illustrate the various phases of Russian life, and while his book is not in form a diary, it possesses the personal interest of personal experience.

We have heretofore, in the body of the Magazine, given our readers some idea of Lieutenant CAMERON'S *Across Africa* (Harper and Brothers). He started from the eastern coast, traversed the continent from east to west, meeting the body of Livingstone while on his journey. An excellent map accompanies the volume, which is also fully illustrated from sketches taken *en route*. The author's style is severely simple. His book is chronological in order, and is little more than a report of what he saw and experienced. He attempts no fine descriptions, and stops for no philosophizing. In truth, his work appears to be in large measure a transcript of his notes made while travelling. It is a valuable addition to the library of African travel, which has already grown into such considerable proportions.—There is nothing to indicate the date of the present American edition of Lord DUFFERIN'S *Letters from High Latitudes* (Lovell, Adam, Wesson, and Co.). The trip which he describes was taken in 1856. Lord Dufferin is unmistakably a sailor by nature. Yachting is to him a very different recreation from that of the pleasure sailors in Long Island Sound. He left the coast of Great Britain the 1st of June; he returned the middle of September. In the mean time he had visited Iceland, Jan-Mayen, Northern Norway, and Spitzbergen. He had worked his way in and out among floating floes of ice, which, with an adverse wind, might at any moment have crushed his little boat. He had sailed through storm and fog, and made his way without a pilot into the uninhabited harbor at Jan-Mayen, and the almost equally dangerous harbor at Hammerfest. He had danced with the Icelandic ladies, camped among the Geysers, and called on the Lapps. The hazard of his adventures apparently added as much to his enjoyment of them as it has added zest to his book. His descriptions are particularly good, especially his coloring, which is brilliant. The volume is a capital one for summer reading.—There is no danger of too many books on Palestine, for each new tourist gives us, if not new information, at least a new aspect of a land which is as many-sided as the sacred life that makes the most bare and barren of countries the most beautiful and interesting to Christian hearts. Rev. ALBERT ZABRISKIE GRAY'S *Land and the Life* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) consists of nine chapters, not so much descriptive of the land and its sites, as meditations upon them and suggested by them. The author's purpose is neither historical, geographical, nor theological; it is rather meditative. But the meditations are those of a modern American preacher, not of an ancient recluse—genu-

ine, not imitative. It is valuable rather as a book of Sunday reading for the home circle than as an addition to our positive stock of knowledge concerning a land which has been explored and studied by others much more thoroughly than Mr. Gray had the opportunity, or perhaps even the desire, to explore.—Mr. J. D. B. STILLMAN'S *Seeking the Golden Fleece* (A. Roman and Co.) carries the reader back twenty-five years ago; and that is a long way back. The voyage to California was made round Cape Horn. California itself was a wild country, whither the gold magnet was just beginning to draw the population that have since made it what it is. Among the early Argonauts was Mr. Stillman. His book is the record of his voyages thither and back, and of his pioneer life while there. One is impressed with the fact that it is a collection of valuable material, but that the author has either been careless or unskillful in the use of it. The book is in the form of a diary, and apparently is little more than a transcript of the notes of travel made at the time from day to day. Only about seventy pages are devoted to California life; the rest are occupied with the journeys. The incidents of pioneer life are suggested rather than described. To the Argonauts of California, to whom it is dedicated, the book will be a pleasurable reminiscence. To other readers it will be somewhat tantalizing from its fragmentary character.

The second volume of VAN LAUN'S *History of French Literature* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) carries on the history from the classical Renaissance, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, to the end of the reign of Louis XIV., in the beginning of the eighteenth. Among the prominent authors treated are Ronsard, Malherbe, Corneille, Pascal, Richelieu, Descartes, Molière, La Fontaine, Boileau, Racine, Bossuet, Fénelon, Massillon, and Bayle. Some idea of the author's range may be gathered from this simple list of names. It includes the stage at the one extreme, the pulpit at the other, and all ranks and classes of literature between the two. The author's work is remarkably colorless—perhaps too much so. His apparent intensity of purpose to present an impartial history prevents him from giving vividness to his character portraits. He tells us something of the lives of the great writers, something of their work, and quotes a few illustrative passages from their writings. But we miss that brilliant drawing by which M. Taine, in his *History of English Literature*, makes of every author a grand portrait, possibly not always true, but certainly always striking. Nevertheless, Van Laun's work is probably to be the history of French literature for the English student of the future.

He Will Come, by STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun., D.D. (Mucklow and Simon), is correctly described on the title-page as "meditations upon the return of the Lord Jesus Christ to reign over the earth." The author holds the same views respecting the second coming of Christ as are entertained by the evangelist Mr. Moody; his book is largely composed of a skillful marshaling of Scriptural testimony; he enters into no critical discussion, but assumes the literal and natural meaning of the words; his pages are infused with that peculiar charm which belongs to genuine spiritual experience; and while his treatise will not be at all conclusive to those who are accustomed to interpret the prophecies of a future coming spiritually, it will give even to them a respect for a doctrine

which possesses apparently so much power to inspire Christian life and Christian hope.

Princeton has been so long a synonym for every thing that is conservative in theology, that novelty coming from that town is novel indeed. No man will deny the merit of novelty to the curious speculations in the treatise of Rev. JOHN MILLER, entitled *Questions Awakened by the Bible* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). These questions are the following: Are souls immortal? Was Christ in Adam? Is God a Trinity? Mr. Miller's answer to each of these questions is not that of the orthodox churches generally. He believes that the soul is not immortal, that it dies with the body, but that after a period of sleep both body and soul will rise again to live forever. He believes that Christ was in Adam, in the same sense in which the whole human race was in Adam; that accordingly He was under "original sin," whatever that may be; that accordingly He needed a ransom, and was ransomed through His own sufferings. He disbelieves in the church doctrine of the Trinity, holds to the perfect divinity of Christ as God manifest in the flesh, but repudiates the doctrine of three persons in one God as unscriptural and unphilosophical. He writes with great frankness, and while his theology will not in this age make any great excitement outside of his own denomination, it can hardly fail to provoke a keen discussion among his own co-presbyters. Apart from the ecclesiastical aspects of the treatise, it is curious and interesting as an indication of the general break-up of the old-time forms of thought, and the increasing independence of mental action in the church on all questions, even the most fundamental. It is only right to add that Mr. Miller writes in a thoroughly Christian spirit, without bitterness, sarcasm, or dogmatism.

The Apologies of Justin Martyr, with an Introduction and Notes, by Professor B. L. GILDERSLEEVE, of the Johns Hopkins University (Harper and Brothers), is a piece of thorough work that deserves cordial recognition not only from professed theologians, but from all students of classical philology. To the theologian, who seeks to trace at first-hand the historic development of the Christian church, Justin is indispensable, for it was given to him to grapple with the subtlest heresiarchs of the early days—with Marcion and Valentinus—while about him revolve some of the most momentous problems of Christian tradition. Chief among these may be mentioned the doctrine of the Trinity, the nature of the sacraments, the order of the Christian church, and the "burning question" as to the establishment of the canonical Gospels; for on Justin's acquaintance with the fourth Gospel hinges the fierce controversy which has brought into being a great historical school. So nice is his testimony on all these points that he is confidently quoted by partisans the most irreconcilable, each disputant allowing the genuineness of the Apologies, and all according due meed of reverence to the utterances of an honest and courageous spirit that quailed not in the presence of imperial dignities, but spake the truth with noble frankness, and finally sealed his devotion to his Master with his blood. Thus it is that Irenæus and Tertullian did not hesitate to borrow largely from his writings, that the more polished fathers of the fourth century did not disdain to imitate passage after passage from the rugged

apologist of the second, while to-day he is triumphantly brought forward as a conclusive witness by Keim on the one hand, by the author of *Supernatural Religion* on the other.

All this and much more to the purpose has been brought out with rare literary skill and tact by Professor Gildersleeve in his "Introduction," which is well worth the perusal of the general reader, who may have neither time nor inclination to go seriously into Justin's tenets or stylistic peculiarities.

It is to these last that Dr. Gildersleeve mainly addresses himself, adopting Thirlby's motto, *Nobis semel constitutum est controversias theologicas non attingere*, and thus, very properly in a text-book, subordinates questions theological to questions historical and grammatical.

Few critics, save Winer and Bunsen, have had aught but unmeasured censure for the style of the Apologies. They have sneered at its negligences of syntax, its bewildering parentheses, and sighed with erudite sorrow over the decadence of the Greek language of the time. In the present volume the peculiarities of Justin's language have been brought to the test of classic usage, and Dr. Gildersleeve, with a wealth of parallel which evidences clearly enough his thorough German training, shows conclusively that much of this criticism is traditional, false, and superficial.

Time and again, strong in his scholarship, he delivers ugly blows at English and Continental scholars, who have sought to "emend a corrupt text by impossible forms and unheard-of syntax," and in so doing has found opportunity to expound with great force and clearness the leading principles of model Greek syntax. Especially noteworthy is his masterly discussion of negative and hypothetical sentences, wherein he lays down more than one compact canon not to be found in the grammars; while every student of Greek, who knows somewhat of the difficulty of the subject, will thank him for the nice discrimination displayed in the matter of synonyms. To the Apologies Dr. Gildersleeve has added the famous "Epistle to Diognetus," which can not be Justin's, yet is commonly included in his works, and which Bunsen declared to be "indisputably, after Scripture, the finest monument we know of sound Christian feeling, noble courage, and manly eloquence."

The book is marked by notable typographical accuracy, and American teachers may be congratulated on possessing a patristic text-book which, so far from working injury to the classical training of their pupils, is eminently fitted, by placing in juxtaposition the divergences of later Greek from the Attic model, to give additional delicacy and grasp to their scholarship.

Dr. M. L. HOLBROOK's little treatise on *Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Headache*, is decidedly useful for its purpose. He who attempts to doctor himself, it is true, is likely to have a fool for a patient, but it is also true that in instructing the laity how diseases may be avoided, the physician is performing a duty equal if not paramount to the exercise of his healing art in curing existing maladies. The object of Dr. Holbrook is rather prevention than cure. His declaration that for sick headaches all pills and powders are useless is too sweeping, and some of his statements concerning the liver and its derangements, as being the fountain-head of ills, require qualification, but,

barring these blemishes, the book is a very useful one, and affords many hints as to the conduct of the body, which, if obeyed, would certainly reduce the particular ills which, in the interest of humanity, he seeks to abate.—“Harper's Half-hour Series” is a novelty in book-making. It is a series of small books in paper binding, printed in a clear, readable type, easily carried in the pocket, and in a form convenient for reading in the cars, the station, or the hotel. The themes are both grave and gay. Among the volumes already published are *Tales from Shakspeare*, by CHARLES and MARY LAMB, a well-known classic, and a capital introduction to the study of Shakspeare; ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S *Christmas at Thompson Hall*, a very amusing brochure, a light comedietta, quite unlike Trollope in conception, but very like him in execution; *When the Ship comes Home*, by the authors of *The Golden Butterfly*, a story of the sensational, or rather of the intensely dramatic, school, but so short that the sensationalism has no tendency to pall upon the taste in reading; and *The Turks in Europe*, by E. A. FREEMAN, quite the best and clearest presentation of the Turkish question that we have seen, answering with a cogent simplicity the three questions, who and what are the Turks? what have the Turks done? and what is to be done with the Turks?—We hope that the “Art at Home Series” (Porter and Coates) is an indication not only of an awakened interest in home decoration, but of the beginning of a general taste and culture. The books are small, inexpensive, simple in style, and easily mastered. They will not make the reader an artist, but they may at least be expected to give him the conception of the truth that there is such a thing as art. They will not endow with good taste a native barbarian, but they may at least afford to him a hint that there is possible unity in a room, or even in a house, and prevent him from leaving his wall-paper to one man, his frescoing to a second, his mantel to a third, and his furniture to as many minds as there are articles. The first volume, *A Plea for Art in the House*, by W. J. LOFTY, is chiefly devoted to furniture and furnishing. The second volume, *Suggestions for House Decoration*, by RHODA and AGNES GARRETT, is chiefly occupied with hints respecting decoration proper, that is, papering, painting, and draperies. It is a book only of suggestions, and its discussion of the all-important question, “What will it cost?” is not sufficiently specific to be altogether satisfactory.

We are heartily glad to see another of Mr. ROLFE'S plays of Shakspeare—*Macbeth* (Harper and Brothers). We hope that its appearance indicates that he intends to complete this edition of Shakspeare, or at least publish in succession all the most important plays. Having had some experience of the value of this edition for parlor readings, this Literary Recorder feels an unusual degree of confidence in recommending it as by far the best edition for use in the school-room or the social circle.—*The Cooking Manual* (Dodd, Mead, and Co.), by JULIET CORSON, is a book of small pretensions and considerable value. It is a little volume of 150 pages, intended to give certain very simple directions for furnishing healthful and palatable meals within the reach of all housekeepers. It is designed rather for the cook in the kitchen than for the mistress in the parlor. Some excellent general directions on different table subjects are

given, such as soup, fish, *entrées*, etc., accompanied with special and generally simple and inexpensive receipts. The motto on the title-page gives an idea of the spirit and purpose of the book: “How well can we live if we are moderately poor!” Miss Corson is the head of the New York Cooking School, and is fitted both by study and practice to answer this important question.—Porter and Coates re-issue an edition of HARRIET MARTINEAU'S *History of England from the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century to the Crimean War*. We see no indications of any revisions or alterations since the edition of 1863. It is comprised in four volumes, and it covers a period of English history not covered, we believe, by any other analogous work.

The Sun-Maid (Harper and Brothers), by the author of *Artiste*, is a pleasant story, and is properly characterized by the author as a “romance.” The course of the story carries us into three countries—England, Spain, Russia. The differences of character and temperament are, however, more strongly marked than the differences of race. Though the course of true love does not run smooth, it comes to a placid and happy conclusion; and though the chance that brings Sir Gilbert to the death-bed of Zophée's husband is one of a kind that rarely or never occurs outside of romances, its improbability is not intruded upon the attention of the reader. The author displays very marked power in description, as, for example, in his picture of the coming storm of snow on a Russian steppe.—*Lorley and Reinhard* (Henry Holt and Co.) is one of AUERBACH'S novels, and, like all Auerbach's, the vehicle for the expression of some philosophy in very suggestive poetic forms. These little gems that glitter in every chapter, and that might almost be taken from their connection and brought together in a column of wise sayings without losing their significance or their beauty, form a chief charm of the book. The story is throughout sorrowful: a tragedy almost unrelieved by healthful, happy love or hope; a story of love, of estrangement, of death. The curtain falls on the sentence: “Carnation and rosemary bloom on the grave of Lorley and Reinhard.”—*Pine Needles* (Robert Carter and Brothers), by the author of the *Wide, Wide World*, is a benevolent false pretense. You take it up expecting to get a story. You find what amounts to a translation of Pastor Harm's stories of mission work, with interpolations, questionings, and explanations in the circle in which it is read. Its object is to afford a little historical and a considerable religious instruction in an attractive form, and in so far as this endeavor ever is or can be successful, it succeeds. To those readers who relish instruction in guise of a story we heartily recommend *Pine Needles*.

MARK TWAIN'S *Scrap-Book* (Slote, Woodman, and Co.) is what Burnand would call a “happy thought.” It saves sticky fingers and ruffled pictures or scraps. It is simply the application to a scrap-book of the principle long in vogue in the self-sealing envelopes. The pages are prepared with gum, and are prevented from adhering by tissue-paper between the sheets. As the scrap-book is used, the tissue-paper is taken out, the page has simply to be moistened, and the scrap or picture pressed on. Neither paste nor gum-arabic is required by the user. It is a capital invention, especially for children, to whom the ordinary scrap-book is a never-ending source of delight.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—On March 2, Palisa, of Pola, discovered an asteroid, which may be *Camilla*, or it may be 173. In the English journals 172 is credited to Borelly, of Marseilles, on February 5. If this is correct, 171, by Perrotin, January 10, was neither *Frigga* nor *Medusa*.

The directorship of the *Sonnenwarte*, at Berlin, has been offered to Kirchhoff. He has declined it, and it will for the present be under the charge of a committee of direction, whose members are Kirchhoff, Förster, and Auwers.

Professor Young has accepted the chair of astronomy at Princeton. He will have a large telescope at his disposal.

Dr. Konkoly, of the O'Gyalla Observatory, in Hungary, has recently communicated the result of his observations on the spectra of 160 fixed stars to the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. The bright bands in the spectrum of *Beta Lyrae*, found by Vogel in 1871, and previously by Secchi, are now wanting.

Hind publishes in the *Monthly Notices, R. A. S.*, a corrected orbit of *Alpha Centauri*, including Lord Lindsay's recent measures among the data; and Marth gives, in the same journal, means of computing an ephemeris of the satellites of Uranus.

The same number contains further speculations by Brett on the "specular reflection" of Venus, the main idea of which is that Venus reflects the sunlight from a vitreous envelope, much as a thermometer bulb would do. Mr. Brett suggests to observers of the next transit of Venus the propriety of looking in the globe of Venus for a reflected image of the earth, which will appear as a "minute nebulous speck of light." Mr. Brett has probably not considered that this "nebulous speck" would be less than one-fiftieth of a second of arc in diameter. Considering the difficulty of seeing Venus herself when very close to the sun, the hope of carrying out the provisions of this plan is rather a forlorn one, particularly as the light of this "speck" is diminished by reflection, and is to be seen close to a bright background.

Lassell also contributes a note on the relative space-penetrating powers of his telescopes and the Pulkova refractor.

The Strasburg meridian circle (by Repsold) is completely finished, and will be used for at least a portion of the coming opposition of Mars.

The Durchmusterung of the stars in the path of Mars, undertaken by Schönfeld, is not yet completed, on account of the extremely bad weather which has prevailed. Winnecke will publish a list of stars for observation, however, similar to that just given by the Astronomer Royal.

The eighteen-inch refractor for Strasburg has had several objectives made for it by Merz, among which a choice must yet be made, and until then work on the mounting is stopped.

A new observatory has been founded at Lyons, France, of which André has been named director.

The observatory at Kiel is now in its new building, and has lately received a new refractor, by Steinheil, of eight inches aperture. Its meridian circle is engaged in a Durchmusterung of stars less than 10° N. P. D.

The reductions of the transit of Venus observations are going on vigorously at Greenwich. All

the local time observations are completed, and the altitude and azimuths of the moon for longitude also—an immense task.

Lord Lindsay has printed Vol. I. of the publications of the Dun Echt Observatory. It is *A Summary or Index of Struve's Double-Stars*.

No. 3 of the publications of the Cincinnati Observatory has just been published by Professor Stone, the director. It contains the measures of 166 double-stars.

In the *Popular Science Review* for January, 1877, Mr. Proctor has an article on the condition of the larger planets, in which he maintains the great heat of these bodies, in opposition to the views expressed by Vogel in his memoir on the spectra of the planets, which obtained the prize of the Copenhagen Academy.

Peters, of Clinton, notes a striking similarity between the orbits of *Gerda* (122) and *Urda* (167), their elements being alike except in one point. They move in one orbit about the sun, in the same periodic time, but are about 180° apart.

Secchi publishes a list of 444 colored stars from Schjellerup's list and his own observations, with notes on their spectra, etc. It is noteworthy (and little known) that Sir William Herschel recognized the essential differences of the first three types of Secchi so early as 1798. (See *Phil. Trans.*, 1814.)

Nyrén, of Pulkova, has published an important paper on the position of the equinox for 1865.0, derived from observations of the sun made with the Pulkova transit instrument (Wagner) and vertical circle (Döllen and Gylden). The deduced position of the equinox differs by $+0.064''$ from that assigned by Greenwich observations, by $+0.055''$ from Pulkova (1845), by $+0.011''$ from Paris, and $-0.002''$ from Washington.

Houzeau, of Brussels, has presented to the Belgian Academy a Uranometry of nearly 6000 naked-eye stars, which was constructed by him during a residence of thirteen months in the West Indies. It is presumed that this work will shortly be published, when a more detailed notice of it will be given.

Barraud, of London, has contrived a new control for clocks, to be used with the Greenwich hourly signals, by means of which a clock having any *hourly* rate less than ± 2 m. can be kept right.

Mr. S. C. Chandler, of New York, gives in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 2119, the results of his observations in 1875 on twenty-five variable stars. Anomalies have been detected in the light curve of *R. Sagittae* which point out the necessity of further examination. This series is noteworthy as being the only one made in the United States (we believe) since Masterman's, published in Gould's *Astronomical Journal*.

From the Cordoba Observatory we learn that the reductions of the zones are in a forward state. All observations are reduced to the middle of the field in both co-ordinates in duplicate. The reduction to 1875.0 is completed for 700 zones out of the 754; Δt , c , and n are computed for all the zones, and two-thirds of the refractions are completed. In February the work of printing the first meteorological volume commenced. The plates for the Uranometry are two-thirds done, and in

general the depression of business in the Argentine Republic has not affected the work of the observatory so seriously as was feared by its friends.

Lord Rosse has a note on the *Merope* nebula in *Nature*, No. 384. The same number has an abstract of a lecture on navigation by Sir William Thompson. A historical account of Tycho Brahe (with a portrait) appears in the same number.

Dr. Koch, of the Leipsic Observatory, has published a micrometric investigation of the cluster G. C. 1712 for his inaugural dissertation. It contains an interesting *résumé* of previous work of this kind.

Block, of Odessa, publishes auxiliary tables for the azimuth of *Polaris*, for use with Döllén's method of time determinations.

The luminous spot on Saturn by which Hall, of Washington, determined the rotation time of the ball, was seen by Monckhoven, of Gand, December 6, at 22 h. 15 m., sidereal time, to be about central.

Ertborn, of Antwerp, publishes in the Bulletin of the Belgian Academy a series of observations on spots on Venus.

The Navy Department is printing an important paper on the rates of chronometers as affected by temperature, by Lieutenant-Commander C. H. Davis, U.S.N.

Meteorology.—The meteorology of the Libyan Desert forms the subject of the second volume of Rohlf's expedition. The editor, Dr. Jordan, finds that the diurnal barometric range is unusually large. The daily range of temperature is 24° ; the mean relative humidity at 2 P.M. is 17 per cent. Half an inch of rain fell in February—a matter of rare occurrence.

Mr. Buchan has received from the Royal Society of Edinburgh the Macdougall-Brisbane gold medal for his paper on the diurnal oscillations of the barometer.

An early copy of the report of the Treasury committee at London upon the working of the British Meteorological Office has been received during March. It recommends that ocean meteorology be transferred to the Admiralty, that the annual grant be increased, and that some aid be given to scientific investigations, as also to the Scottish Meteorological Society; also that the Council in future assume more entirely the control of the office. The report makes a Blue-book of 216 pages, the whole thoroughly indexed, and forming a valuable *résumé* of the present state of practical meteorology in England. The very voluminous evidence published by the committee shows that unfortunately none of those whom they consulted entertain any enlarged or advanced views of meteorology as a dynamical or physical study. In this respect, possibly, the evidence of Professor Airy is most interesting. He testifies that, in his opinion, meteorology can not be called a science, because as yet we have scarcely taken a step from causes to effects; that, in order to develop the science proper, there are needed more observations from more numerous stations throughout the world, by means of which to construct daily weather maps. He also points out the necessity of studying the viscosity of the air, the diffusion of vapor, the radiation of heat, and other physical properties which require experimental investigations; that, in short, what we want is a theory to apply to what we observe in the atmosphere. He is evidently loath to accord

to meteorologists that privilege of accumulating observations which astronomers have so freely enjoyed during the past five thousand years. Had the Treasury committee called to their councils some other witnesses than those they did, they could easily have been furnished with those well-established theories that have already been recognized as the basis of the true deductive science. We have ourselves for some years past urged the establishment among our American colleges of special schools and physical laboratories devoted to meteorology. These should, on the one hand, train up the experts needed as advisers to large business interests and in the army Signal-office, and, on the other, should contribute to the development of that deductive science concerning which so little seems to be known by the witnesses who testified before the Treasury committee, but which is none the less recognized by most of those who actually make the official weather predictions in Europe and America.

Dr. Buff, of Giessen, describes a method by which he attempts to make the thermo-electric pile an important meteorological instrument. He claims that it enables us to measure the greater part of that portion of the sun's rays which has not yet been converted into sensible heat. Dr. Buff's method of operating consists in exposing both ends of the pile to the temperature of the air when the needle assumes its zero position. The upper end is then exposed to any portion of the sky, when, of course, the needle indicates heat or cold, according to the position of the sun and condition of the sky. If now a plate of glass is held as a screen to this exposed end, it cuts off all rays of low refrangibility, and the needle returns partially, but never during the daytime entirely, to its zero. With a perfectly clear sky, and without the glass screen, the radiation of the exposed end caused, for instance, an indication of -50° , but protected by the glass screen, an indication of $+10^{\circ}$. On another day the blue heavens gave -30° , the glass screen $+20^{\circ}$, and the clouds $+50^{\circ}$. The ends of the pile are covered with lamp-black, whose radiation is nearly the same as that of the green leaves, and the instrument, therefore, gives a just idea of the range of temperatures to which leaves are subject. It is a most important instrument to those engaged in investigations bearing on the growth and distribution of plants, as well as to the physical meteorologist.

In *Physics*, we note this month several valuable papers. Romilly has communicated to the French Physical Society the results of his experiments on the use of a jet for aspirating and condensing gases. He finds, 1st, that the jet should be placed at a distance from the receiving tube equal to about four times the diameter of this latter tube; and 2d, that the conical opening of 6° given by Venturi for water is the best angle for air also. The first point is proved by finding that a gasometer is filled in two minutes forty seconds when the jet is placed in the interior of the receiving cone, in eight seconds when it is withdrawn a little from this cone, and in three seconds when it is removed four times the diameter of the cone. If a cone of 8° be substituted for the Venturi cone of 6° in the above experiment, sixteen seconds is required; and twenty-four seconds is necessary if only an opening in the thin walls of the vessel is used. Moreover, Romilly

finds that the maximum effect is not obtained when the jet is central. The point of maximum effect varies with the distance between the jet and cone, the locus of these points constituting an ellipse.

Frankland has presented to the Royal Society a paper on the transport of solid and liquid particles in sewer gases—a subject of great hygienic importance in reference to the zymotic and other germs whose presence is necessary to the development of epidemic diseases. In one experiment Frankland placed a solution of lithium chloride in a shallow basin, acidulated it with hydrochloric acid, and dropped in fragments of white marble. The effervescence carried off the lithium particles, and colored strongly the flame of a Bunsen burner held at the upper end of a paper tube five inches in diameter and five feet long, held vertically above the basin. A tin tube three inches wide and twelve feet long was placed above this, and the burner held over it, with the same result. The paper tube was then lengthened to nine and a half feet, and the amount of lithium present in the current seemed to be quite as great as before. The author concludes, 1st, that fresh sewage, through a properly constructed sewer, is not likely to be attended by the suspension of zymotic matters in the air of the sewer; 2d, that if the sewage be allowed to stagnate, the evolution of gas results, and the breaking of gas bubbles on the surface projects liquid particles into the air, and is a potent cause of the suspension of zymotic particles in the air of the sewer; and 3d, that it is of the greatest importance that foul liquids should pass freely and quickly through sewers and drain pipes.

Lootens has studied the phenomenon of air motion in organ pipes. By means of little pith propellers he has shown the existence in the pipe of cyclonic currents rising on one side of the pipe and falling on the other, the air producing them being that portion of the current which enters the pipe. If the pipe does not speak, this portion mixes with the other portion of the air by which the pipe is blown; but if it does speak, this cyclonic current does not mix with the other one, but takes a direction on issuing notably more inclined. These results being directly connected with the vibration of the walls of the pipe, the author concludes that this intermittent current, whose vibrations are determined by the walls of the pipe, acts the part of the perforated plate of a siren.

Ridout has described a simple burner for obtaining a very sensitive flame at feeble gas pressures. A tube five inches long and five-eighths inch wide is closed at one end by a perforated cork, through which slides a piece of tube one-eighth inch wide and six inches long, having the inner end drawn to a jet one-sixteenth inch wide. The inner tube is pushed up, the gas issuing from it lighted, and the tube slowly drawn down. A long steady flame is obtained which is quite sensitive. By arranging two such jets, and connecting the gas tubes with a horizontal tube in which is a drop of water, any difference of pressure is readily shown; lighting one jet causes motion toward the other side, as also does shortening the flame by noise.

Stoney and Moss have experimented to determine the relation of the force which moves the radiometer—and which they call "Crookes's force"

—to the tension of the residual gas, and the influence of variations in the distance between the reacting surfaces. They find that with a residual tension of five millimeters there is a reaction through a space of at least ten millimeters; that at distances of twenty to eighty millimeters the force seemed to vary inversely as the tension; and that it appeared to be nearly independent of the distance when the tension exceeded twenty millimeters. They observed, moreover, sensible deviation from the law of inverse squares at most of the tensions.

Wilson has proposed a simple mode of showing convection currents in liquids. A glass cell with flat sides has a brass tube in a depression in the bottom, which communicates with a steam supply. The tube is surrounded with a jelly containing aniline red, which is insoluble in cold water. On filling the cell with water, and blowing steam through the tube, the jelly dissolves, and colored currents stream up from below.

Guthrie has observed the curious fact that while a crystal of alum or a saturated solution of salt, when introduced into the Torricellian vacuum, depresses the mercurial column to a less extent than water, a solution of size, gum-arabic, or of any colloid depresses it to precisely the same extent. Hence water has different vapor densities in its different states of combination, which the author is now engaged in measuring.

Govi has suggested a mode of varying the focus of a microscope without touching the instrument or the object, and without altering the direction of the line of vision. This is effected by interposing between the object and the objective a glass tank with plane parallel top and bottom, in which some liquid is placed. The height of the surface is varied by means of a suitable plunger.

Thalen has published the results of a joint investigation made by Angström and himself (but not published till after the former's death) upon the spectra of the metalloids, an excellent abstract of which by Schuster appears in *Nature*. They believe it extremely improbable that any lines present in a spectrum at a lower can disappear at a higher temperature. The electric spark and the actions it may cause are carefully studied, and applied to elucidate the carbon spectrum.

Boisbaudran has given, in a plate illustrating an extended paper on gallium, an excellent representation of the spectrum of this metal, together with all the other elemental lines which are found in the same vicinity.

Becquerel has examined carefully the ultra-red portions of the spectrum, using the principle of phosphorescence for the observation of this region.

Duboseq has contrived some simple and novel optical projection experiments. By means of a lens, the image of a small round hole is thrown on a screen; between the lens and the screen an Amici direct-vision prism is placed, capable of rotation about its axis. On rotating, the spectrum is circular, red within, violet without. Using polarized light and a double-image rotating prism, the extraordinary image describes around the ordinary as a centre a luminous ring, crossed by a black line parallel to the plane of polarization. The experiment may be varied by interposing a plate of quartz.

In *Chemistry*, Hermann has made an extended investigation on the tantalum group of metals, has established the existence of ilmenium as a

distinct element, and has discovered a new metal in this group, which he calls *Neptunium*, and which has an atomic weight of 118. The mineral in which the metal was detected was columbite, from Haddam, Connecticut.

Berthelot has examined experimentally the assertion of Schönbein that, in presence of alkalis, the nitrogen of the air is oxidized to nitrous compounds by ozone. Both oxidation of phosphorus and the silent electric spark were used to produce the ozone. But while he confirmed Schönbein's statement that nitrous compounds are formed in presence of oxidizing phosphorus, the author could not obtain evidence of the oxidation of the nitrogen by the ozone.

Wright has made a careful study of the alkaloids contained in the aconite family of plants. He finds in the roots of *A. napellus* the well-crystallized aconitine; though sometimes roots purchased for those of this species yield a bitter inert base, which he calls piraconitine. An uncrystallizable base is probably also present. The alkaloid of *A. ferox* is quite unlike aconitine, and is called pseudaconitine by Wright. He suggests that the numerous uncrystallizable products said to have been obtained from aconite were produced in the processes of extraction used.

Microscopy.—Signori Lauri and Terrigi have been conducting a series of experiments upon the so-called Campagna marsh poison. They find in the endochrome of algæ growing on the Campagna and Pontine marshes minute dark granules, belonging to the group of pigmented *sphærobacteria* of Cohn (*Bacterium brunneum* of Schröter), and yielding *Monila pencillata* of Fries on cultivation, and which appear to be identical with the "pigment granules" present in the liver, spleen, and blood of persons who have suffered from malarial diseases; and by cultivating such granules from a human liver Lauri obtained a *Zoogloea*. On the basis of these observations, the prevalence of malaria at certain seasons is explained by the immense numbers of *sphærobacteria* in the air, rising from the dead and decaying algæ as the waters sink in the marshy pools, and which, swept hither and thither by the wind, excite malarial diseases when they penetrate into the human body.

The *Bacteria* of Denmark have recently been studied by Dr. Eugene Warming, and an abstract of his paper upon them is given in the *Journal of Botany*, December, 1876. [All along the Danish coast there is found, during calm weather, a red coloration of the water close to the shore, chiefly due to *Bacterium sulphuratum*, under which name are united a number of forms, appearing, 1, as spheres (*Monas vinosa*, E.); 2, as roundish bodies with constriction and granules at the ends (*Monas warmingii*, Cohn); 3, like *Monas vinosa*, but crowded with sulphur grains (*Monas erubescens*, E.); 4, long, narrow, cylindrical, and filled with sulphur grains (*Rhabdomonas rosea*, Cohn); finally, the series is closed by a spiral form. Besides these, many other species are pretty fully described.

Dr. Bessels, of the *Polaris* expedition, has given the name *Protobathybius* to a form which is considered as allied to the simple *Monera*, being drop-like masses of protoplasm, even without a nucleus, and discovered in Smith Sound; it is extremely doubtful whether this is an organism; possibly it may be only a portion of the jelly-like secretion which is produced so abundantly in the deep-water growths of the diatomaceæ.

In some researches on *Filaria hematica*, made by MM. Gatch and Pourquier, and published in *Comptes Rendus*, December 27, 1876, they found these worms in the blood of the fetus of a bitch whose heart was filled with them, but they do not explain how they traversed the double walls of the placenta in order to pass from parent to offspring.

Dr. Wallich, in the *Annals of Natural History* for February, states that certain of the so-called diatoms found by the *Challenger* expedition, and described and figured in the Proceedings of the Royal Society under the name of *Pyrocystis*, do not bear the slightest affinity to diatoms, or any thing else than true oceanic *Noctiluca*.

The anniversary address of H. C. Sorby, president of the Royal Microscopical Society, delivered February 7, is mainly devoted to the application of the microscope to geology. The object-glasses used must be of comparatively small angle, *e. g.*, a one-eighth of 75° ; large angles are positively detrimental, not only causing the object to be almost if not quite invisible, from the absence of any dark outline, but the focal point of such lenses is so near their front surface that it is quite impossible to penetrate sufficiently deep down to see the minute fluid cavities in the centre of grains of sand, or to reach the fine particles lying on the surface of the glass slip below the thickness of balsam necessitated by the presence of large grains of sand.

Anthropology.—An ethnographical museum has been opened in Helsingfors, in Finland, an anthropological society has been founded in St. Petersburg, and the fourth congress of Russian archæologists will be opened August 12 at Kazan.

Professor Flower commenced on March 9 a course of public lectures before the Royal College of Surgeons, on the "Comparative Anatomy of Man." The lectures are with reference to the anthropological bearings of the subject.

The January number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* contains papers on skulls from Mallicollo and Vanikoro; on the Nicobar Islands; on D'Alberti's expedition to New Guinea; on the South-sea Islanders; on the name Mediterranean as applied to the Aryan races; and on the physical features of the Laplanders.

Matériaux for January has communications on explorations in Vézère, Certosa, Herlufsholm (Denmark), a review of Swedish antiquities, and a rich collection of news and correspondence.

M. Quatrefages has published, in Paris, a new work on anthropology, entitled *L'Espèce Humaine*.

Zoology.—The coloring matters of various animals, and especially of deep-sea forms dredged by the *Challenger*, are described by Mr. Moseley in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*. During the voyage of the *Challenger* he made a continued series of observations with the spectroscope on the coloring matters of various invertebrate animals. The colors were examined spectroscopically in almost all cases in which an animal presented marked coloration, but usually further attention was only paid in those instances in which a spectrum presenting isolated bands was obtained, such coloring matters being of most immediate interest, because they are able to be readily identified.

Mr. Moseley's remarks, in the same paper, on phosphorescent animals are interesting. Very little if any light can penetrate from the surface

of the sea to depths such as 1000 or 2000 fathoms. Nevertheless, several facts show that at these depths light of some kind exists. Some deep-sea animals are entirely destitute of the eyes possessed by their shallow-water congeners, and appear, like the blind cave animals, to rely on touch alone, being provided with specially long antennal hairs or fine rays for the purpose of feeling. Professor Wyville Thompson and Dr. Carpenter have suggested that phosphorescent animals form the source of light in the deep sea. Mr. Moseley seems to adopt this rather absurd view, and he adds that "it seems certain that the deep sea must be lighted here and there by greater or smaller patches of luminous Alcyonarians, with wide intervals probably of total darkness intervening. Very possibly the animals with eyes congregate around these sources of light."

The fresh-water rhizopods, a favorite subject of inquiry, have been studied with great care by Hertwig, Lesser, and Bütschli. An abstract of their works has been given by Mr. Archer in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, the third part appearing in the January number.

It appears that tape-worms may occur abundantly in the intestines of rabbits, as stated by Mr. G. J. Romanes in *Nature*. This is an unexpected fact, since the rabbit is purely a herbivorous animal. The fact is explained by Mr. R. D. Turner in a letter to *Nature* (February 15), who says: "I would suggest that the tape-worm referred to by Mr. G. J. Romanes is like the *Bothriocephalus* of man, perhaps a species of the same genus. This is not supposed to have a cystic state, but to be developed from a ciliated embryo taken into the system in raw or badly cooked vegetables which have been watered by sewage from cess-pools, in which the eggs will remain alive for months. In the same way the eggs of the rabbit's tape-worm probably remain in the animal's droppings till set free in rain as ciliated embryos. As the rabbit feeds on the vegetation watered by such rain, there is no difficulty in understanding how the embryos would reach his alimentary canal."

Mr. H. N. Moseley, naturalist on board the *Challenger* during her three years' cruise, has given an account of two new and remarkable species of deep-sea Ascidians. One of them, *Hybythius calycodes*, was brought up from the North Pacific from a depth of 2900 fathoms. It is stalked and cup-shaped, and is believed to be allied to *Boltenia*. It differs from that genus, however, in possessing a series of cartilaginous plates symmetrically developed in the soft test. The second species, *Octanemus bythius*, was brought up from a depth of 1070 fathoms. It is star-shaped, with eight rays. The gill sac is nearly absent in it, and the usual gill net-work entirely so. Muscular prolongations of the tunic run into the curious conical protuberances of the test. The nucleus is contracted and small, like that of *Salpa*. This singular species is believed to be without living allies.

Professor Semper has published an interesting volume upon the supposed homologies in the structure of articulated animals and vertebrates. With how much success his thesis has been sustained remains to be seen.

A notable essay on median and paired fins, by James K. Thatcher, with many illustrations, appears in the Transactions of the Connecticut Academy.

Professor D. S. Jordan and H. E. Copeland's check list of the fishes of the fresh waters of North America has been completed, and is published in the Bulletin of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences.

Mr. Frank Buckland has stated that "a salmon [*Salmo salar*?] does not breed every year, but every three years." He has not brought forward any facts in support of this view, but this is his impression. An anonymous writer in *Nature* for March 1 considers, as the only unsolved problem in connection with the habits of the salmon, whether the same fish spawns annually, once in two years, or once in three years.

Eleven new species of birds from Duke of York Island and adjoining parts of New Ireland and New Britain have been described by Mr. P. L. Selater.

Botany.—We have to record in botany the appearance of the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth reports of the botanist of the State of New York, Mr. Charles H. Peck, containing several plates of fungi; a paper on the "Tree in Winter," by Frederick Brendel, M.D., and one on "Parasitic Fungi," by T. J. Burrill, in the Bulletin of the Illinois Museum of Natural History; and a paper on the flora of Ann Arbor and vicinity, in the Proceedings of the Ann Arbor Scientific Association.

In *Hedwigia* are mycological papers by Niessl and Körnicke, and in *Flora* Dr. J. Müller describes some Mexican lichens.

The *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* contains papers of unusual interest. Bescherel'e gives an account of the bryology of the French Antilles. Durin has an article on the "Transformation of Crystallizable Sugar into Cellulose Products," and on the office of sugar in vegetation. He finds that there are ferments which have the property of converting crystallizable sugar into cellulose and glucose, and he regards the cellulose of plants as the product of the decomposition of sugar. He also shows the important part which calcic carbonate plays in the cellulose fermentation, and its uses in vegetation. Dehérain and Vesque publish their researches on the respiration of roots. They arrive at the following results: first, that it is not only necessary that the leaves of living plants should have access to air, but that the roots themselves should find free oxygen in the soil; secondly, that the absorption of oxygen by the root is accompanied by only a feeble evolution of carbonic acid; thirdly, that this evolution of carbonic acid is a phenomenon attending the circulation of gas in the plant, not a product of decomposition of any organ. Vesque, in an article reviewing a paper by Geleznov on the "Water in the Stems of Ligneous Plants," finds that in plants where the wood is drier than the bark, what he calls the transpiratory reserve does not exceed a fixed limit; where the wood is moister than the bark, the transpiratory reserve is inexhaustible. There are some trees in which at some seasons the bark is moister than the wood, and at other seasons just the reverse. Bureau and Poisson examined the soil from a cave in Mauritius, and although it was of a yellow color, it was found to consist not of sulphur, but of fern spores, probably of some of the *Cyatheæ*.

Professor P. Van Tieghem, of the École Normale, has been elected a member of the French Academy, in the place of the late Professor Bronghniart.

Botanical science has met with a great loss in the deaths of Professor William Hofmeister, of Tübingen, and Professor Joseph De Notaris, who died at Rome. The former will be remembered as the author of a classic work on the develop-

ment of the higher cryptogams, and of a work on the structure of the vegetable cell. He is to be succeeded by Professor Schwendener, of Bale. Professor De Notaris was a fertile writer on bryological and mycological subjects.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of April.—President Hayes's Southern policy has been carried into effect. On the 22d of March a cabinet meeting was held, and it was determined to invite Governors Hampton and Chamberlain to come to Washington in order that the views of each might be fully considered. The invitation was accepted. On the 2d of April an order was issued by the President for the evacuation of the South Carolina State-house by the United States troops, the withdrawal to take place on the 10th. In the mean time a Commission was appointed, consisting of Judge Charles B. Lawrence, of Illinois, ex-Governor J. C. Brown, of Tennessee, General Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, General John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, and Wayne M'Veagh, of Pennsylvania, to visit Louisiana and to consider and report to the President what were "the real impediments to regular legal and peaceful proceedings under the laws and Constitution of the State of Louisiana, by which the anomalies in government there presented may be put in course of settlement without involving the element of military power as either an agent or make-weight in such solution." The instructions to the Commission contemplated also effort on their part—if the obstacles to any other solution should prove insuperable—to "accomplish the recognition of a single Legislature as the depository of the representative will of the people of Louisiana." This latter object was accomplished, and on the 19th of April the Commission was able to inform the President of the existence in Louisiana of a valid Legislature with an undisputed quorum. On the 20th, the President issued an order for the withdrawal of the United States troops from the Orleans Hotel, in the vicinity of the building used by Governor Packard as a State-house. This order was carried into effect on the 24th. The withdrawal of Federal troops in South Carolina and Louisiana involves the overthrow of the governments in those States which were supported by the Republican party. The Louisiana Legislature, April 24, almost unanimously elected Judge H. M. Spofford United States Senator.

The State election in Rhode Island, April 4, resulted in the success of the Republican State ticket.

President Hayes has authorized the expenditure of \$904,000, under the direction of the Chief of Engineers, for the improvement of rivers and harbors.

By direction of the President an order was issued, April 10, for the removal of the United States troops from the Territory of Alaska.

A bill prohibiting pool-selling on horse-races was passed by the New York Senate, April 24.

John D. Lee was shot, March 23, at Mountain Meadows, as a punishment for the massacre perpetrated at that place twenty years ago.

The depression of trade in Germany has assumed serious proportions.

Prince Bismarck has received a few months' leave of absence from his official duties. He consents to remain in office, being represented during his absence by Herr Hofmann, in the Department of Home Affairs, by Herr Von Bülow in the Department of Foreign Affairs, and by Herr Camphausen in the Prussian cabinet.

General Von Moltke, in the German Parliament, April 24, stated that the French military budget exceeded the German by 150,000,000 francs a year, exclusive of extraordinary grants. He declared that, much as he desired peace, he did not believe in it.

The Russian invasion of Turkey has been determined upon. The protocol—inviting the Porte to consolidate pacification by replacing its armies on a peace footing, and by putting in hand, with the least possible delay, the reforms necessary for the tranquillity and well-being of the provinces—was signed at London by the great powers on the 31st of March. The Porte's reply to the protocol was delivered April 10, defiantly rejecting foreign interference in the internal affairs of Turkey. Since that date both Turkey and Russia have been energetically preparing for war. It is reported that a secret alliance exists between Russia and Persia. Russian troops crossed the Pruth April 23, and occupied Jassy and Bucharest. War was declared by Russia on the 24th. On that day the Czar's manifesto and Prince Gortchakoff's circular were published, both throwing the responsibility for war upon Turkey. Seventeen thousand Russians entered Roumania on the night of the 23d.

DISASTERS.

March 27.—The Staffordville reservoir, on the east branch of the Willimantic River, in the north-east part of Connecticut, gave way, causing great destruction of property.

April 11.—Burning of the Southern Hotel, in St. Louis, Missouri. Fifteen lives lost.

April 13.—Burning of the steam-ship *Leo*, from Savannah for Nassau. Three passengers and eighteen of the crew supposed to be lost.

OBITUARY.

April 3.—In New York city, Captain Frederick Lahrbush, of the British army, supposed to be one hundred and eleven years of age.

April 8.—In New York city, the Rev. William A. Muhlenberg, D.D., aged eighty years.

April 11.—In Baltimore, Maryland, Ross Winans, the distinguished machinist and inventor, aged eighty years.

March 26.—A cable dispatch announces the death, in England, of Walter Bagehot, author of *Lombard Street* and other financial and political works.

Editor's Drawer.

A N Episcopal clergyman in Connecticut relates a couple of incidents aptly illustrating the embarrassments under which gentlemen of the cloth are often placed, provided they are gifted with a keen appreciation of the humorous. Every one has felt a tendency on occasions of solemnity to laugh at the slightest incident calculated to provoke mirth, and the worthy rector of — parish shares this feeling in common with his lay brethren. From his elevated position of course every movement among his hearers is noticeable, and he confesses that it often requires an effort to preserve a sedate countenance when witnessing the tricks of restless urchins or the actions of eccentric individuals.

The instances to which he refers as particularly amusing were due to the presence of dogs, which appear to have an unaccountable liking for churches. During the early part of the services on a Sunday in Lent, a saucy-looking, frisky little cur slipped along up the main aisle, and encountered a hat just outside of one of the pew doors. He first smelled of it cautiously, then nosed it around for a moment, and finally, picking it up in his mouth, shook it vigorously. By this time several persons had their eyes on the dog, and the sexton came tiptoeing up the aisle in pursuit, while the owner of the hat seized his cane and poked at the animal. Finding his situation uncomfortable, the cur trotted leisurely up the aisle to the platform, thence along to and down a side aisle, shaking the hat all the way with evident satisfaction. The sexton summoned assistance, and an energetic but quiet chase was organized, so as not to disturb the services, to which, however, few in the congregation were now giving attention. Nearly every face in the house was either lighted up by a smile or distorted by a grin, and the clergyman had a hard struggle to restrain his emotions as he witnessed the clever way in which the dog again and again dodged his pursuers, still clinging to the hat, which was by this time only a wreck of its former self. Finally, the cur made his escape through an opened door, and order was restored. But the climax, for the clergyman at least, came a moment later, when, in continuing his reading, he encountered a warning reference to dogs—Matthew, xv. 26. In running his eye down the page he fortunately detected it before the words came to his lips, and like a flash the thought occurred to him that to read this, after what had happened, could not fail to provoke merriment both on his own part and that of his hearers. As the best course out of the dilemma, therefore, he skipped the objectionable sentence, and none of his hearers suspected the true reason of his strange expression of countenance and faltering tone at the time. He had conquered, but not wishing to endure a second trial, gave the sexton rigid orders for the future concerning dogs.

Only a few weeks afterward, however, and while the affair above related was still fresh in his memory, another adventure of the same nature occurred. A country couple came into the city to be married, and the service was performed in the church. Accompanying the couple was a brother of the bridegroom, who brought a dog with him, the groom having one also, and both having escaped the notice of the sexton. The

brother seated himself in a front pew, and undertook the task of keeping both dogs quiet. At first they were in the aisle, but eventually the brother lured his own dog into the pew, and placing the animal's head between his knees, held him fast. Then he endeavored to entice the other into the pew by snapping his fingers softly and uttering low whistles, all of which the clergyman could not avoid noticing. The stray animal would come as far as the pew door, but then, seeing the scrape in which his companion had become involved by overconfidence, would turn tail and trot away. Then followed a renewal of the whistling and finger-snapping, until at last the clergyman could endure it no longer, and cutting the ceremony as short as possible, fled to a side room where he could give vent to his feelings. He says that since these two affairs he has never ventured to proceed with a service when a dog was any where in sight, for it would be impossible for him to keep his mind concentrated on his duties.

MR. OSCANYAN, in his book *The Sultan and his People*, tells the following anecdote of a Turkish physician, whose prescriptions and method of treatment will interest practitioners in New York:

A person exceedingly ill of typhus fever called in one of these medical gentlemen, who, although he considered the case quite hopeless, prescribed for his patient, and took his leave. The next day, in passing by, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was not dead. "Dead! No; he is much better." Whereupon the doctor proceeded up stairs to obtain the solution of this miracle. "Why," said the convalescent, "I was consumed with thirst, and I drank a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage."

"Wonderful!" quoth the doctor. And out came the tablets, on which the physician made this inscription, "Cured of typhus fever, Mehemed Agha, an upholsterer, by drinking a pailful of pickled cabbage juice."

Soon after, the doctor was called to another patient, a yaghlikgee, or dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, suffering from the same malady. He forthwith prescribed "a pailful of pickled cabbage juice."

On calling the next day to congratulate his patient on his recovery, he was astonished to be told the man was dead. The Oriental Æsculapius, in his bewilderment at these phenomena, came to the safe conclusion, and duly noted it in his memoranda, that "although in cases of typhus fever *pickled cabbage juice* is an efficient remedy, it is not, however, to be used *unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer.*"

THE following was caught by the writer on the street of a quiet Western village: It was the evening of a damp and chilly day, one of the thoroughly uncomfortable days not uncommon in those parts in April or November, which give to the reflections of even a healthy and vigorous-minded man a somewhat "sober coloring." Two boys—one of a delicate frame, thin and pale face, perhaps ten years old, and with the air of a newcomer in the place; the other younger by several years, of stout build, ruddy and cheerful face—

have met seemingly for the first time, and are talking brokenly.

YOUNGER BOY (*evidently interested in his new acquaintance*). "Where do you live?"

OLDER BOY (*with a vacant, melancholy look into the street*). "I don't live."

"What do you do?"

"I board."

HOW DEACON BROWN CONVERTED THE EDITOR OF THE WATERLOO "AVALANCHE."

GENERAL JEFFERSON SNAUGHTER was just the man to edit a paper in a frontier town. He had seen some hard service in the Confederate army; had knocked about the country generally since the war; was a graduate of the Charlottesville University; could write a clever article on subjects of which he was utterly ignorant; played a stiff game of poker; and was essentially a fighting man, having, if report spoke truly, killed three or four personal friends in the course of a somewhat limited residence in Texas.

When he arrived at Waterloo last May, and

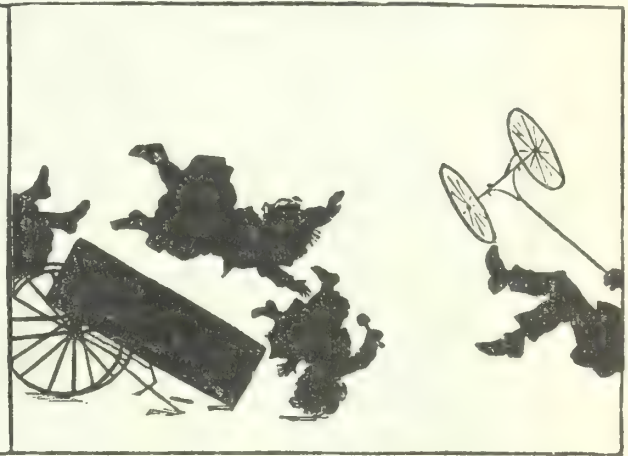
But General Jefferson Snaughtier was one of the men who never forget and never forgive. The very first number of the *Avalanche* contained a scorching leader devoted to the good deacon, and scarcely a day passed but that holy man was in some manner vituperated in the columns of Waterloo's only paper. Now Deacon Brown, a leading member of the church, was much respected and loved by his fellow-citizens. He drove a thriving business as a wholesale and retail liquor dealer, on the corner of Washington and Myrtle streets. On week-days his store was a favorite resort for his brother church members, and a sort of club for the towns-people generally.

Previous to the establishment of the *Avalanche* all the foreign and domestic news was disseminated among the inhabitants of Waterloo from this centre.

The violent attacks on Deacon Brown daily printed by General Snaughtier were much commented on in Waterloo. Scarcely any one approved of them, and yet nobody dared to take such a desperado to task. General Snaughtier



CHIVALROUS YOUTH. "Now then, Ladies, sit steady, please, and away we go. One!—two!!—



"Three!!!"

announced his intention of starting a daily paper, every body was charmed.

Waterloo had no end of drinking saloons and gambling houses, two churches, and a telegraph office, but no paper. As General Snaughtier stalked about town in leather breeches and Wellington boots, a Mexican sombrero on the top of his head, and a bright red sash around his waist, his silver spurs ringing at every step, he struck the whole population of Waterloo as a man singularly fitted to adorn the editorial chair.

The general was in search of a suitable building in which to start the Waterloo *Avalanche*.

Deacon Brown, the most important and by far the richest man in Waterloo, owned a row of brick stores on the west side of Washington Street, between Myrtle and Spruce Streets. One of these General Snaughtier desired to rent, but the deacon declined to lease without receiving a quarter's rent in advance.

"Sir-r-r!" said Snaughtier. "Do you know who I am? Pay in advance, indeed! I never, in the whole course of a somewhat checkered life, have been asked to pay in advance, and I certainly shall not begin now."

The deacon, one of the mildest and most gentle of men, felt very much embarrassed, and stammered out—for he suffered from an impediment of speech—"N-n-no offense, I ho-ho-hope, general."

was the only survivor of four brothers, who all "died in their boots," leaving bloody records behind them. The third brother, Colonel Randolph Snaughtier, it will be remembered, came to his death at the hands of Major-General Brown while engaged in a "quiet" game of cards summer before last at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, Virginia. The tragic occurrence was much talked of at the time. All this was well known at Waterloo.

The good deacon paid no attention to the calumnies in the *Avalanche*, which increased in violence. Elder Roberts had endeavored to talk the matter over with him in a friendly way, hoping to induce the deacon to hold out the olive-branch, and thus put an end to the general's attacks, which, it was feared, might end in personal violence on the part of Snaughtier. But all he could elicit from the deacon was this: "The g-g-general is a ch-ch-child of wrath, but I do-do-don't consider him a da-da-dangerous man."

Thus matters stood till the beginning of July, when Snaughtier, in an editorial on the religious revival of Moody and Sankey, took occasion to speak as follows: "We know no one more in need of the religious ministrations of these good men than that precious old scoundrel Deacon Brown. Even whiskey won't revive him. He has tried that for the last twenty-five years. If the whiskey he has

drunk during this period could be collected together, it would form a lake sufficiently large to drown the entire congregation who have been so long deluded, cheated, and gulled by this precious deacon—this toddy-soaked old hypocrite."

At about eleven o'clock of the day on which

cing out, with a fierce bull-dog look. "Well, Sir-r-r, what can I do for you, Sir-r-r?"

"No-no-nothing, general; I me-me-merely wished—"

"Come, come, Sir-r-r, make it short; I can't stop here all day listening to your stuttering."



this article appeared, Deacon Brown walked into the office of the *Waterloo Avalanche*, and asked the small boy in charge whether General Slaughter was at leisure. No, the general was engaged, and could see no one. The deacon modestly took a chair, saying, "I'll wa-wa-wait."

In about half an hour the general came boun-

"Yes, ge-ge-general, I'll make it as shor-shor-short as po-po-possible." And taking the morning's paper from his pocket, he pointed to the obnoxious article, and asked the general if he wrote it.

"Of course I did. What of it?"

In less than two seconds the deacon had the

general by the back of the neck; and drawing a stout rawhide from his pocket, laid it on with such vigor that the general screamed and roared for quarter. When he thought he had punished him sufficiently, the deacon jerked him into one corner of the office, saying, "I have ma-ma-made it as short as po-po-possible, general, but when you are mo-mo-more at leisure, and can spare me a few mo-mo-moments, I shall be happy to renew this co-co-conversation."

The news spread through Waterloo like wild-fire, and the deacon's friends crowded to see and congratulate him. But they were fearful of the vengeance of General Snaught, and begged the deacon not to venture upon the street unarmed. Deacon Brown would not encumber himself with either bowie-knife or revolver. He smiled pleasantly, and said, "The ge-ge-general is a ch-ch-child of wrath, but I do-do-don't consider him a dangerous ma-ma-man."

All this happened on Tuesday. On the following Sunday morning, greatly to the surprise of Waterloo, Deacon Brown and General Snaught were seen to emerge from the former's house, and proceed arm in arm in the direction of the church, where the general sat in the deacon's pew, joined heartily in the singing, listened to the sermon with the deepest attention, and gave liberally to the collection.

The conversion was effectual.

WHISTLING IN HEAVEN.

You're surprised that I ever should say so?
Just wait till the reason I've given
Why I say I sha'n't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven;
Then you'll think it no very great wonder,
Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40;
We had come from our far Eastern home
Just in season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of the winter should come;
And we lived all the while in our wagon,
That husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to stand; and the clearing
And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted,
And husband must journey for more;
And the nearest place where he could get them
Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be absent
At least a whole night and a day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors,
And the nearest was more than a mile,
And we hadn't found time yet to know them,
For we had been busy the while;
And the man who had helped at the raising
Just staid till the job was well done;
And as soon as his money was paid him,
Had shouldered his axe and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started.
I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;
For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
And braver ones might well have feared,
For the wild wolf was often heard howling,
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Josey,
And all the day long sat and cried,
As I thought of the long dreary hours
When the darkness of night should fall,
And I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call!

And when the night came with its terrors,
To hide ev'ry ray of light,
I hung up a quilt by the window,
And, almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred,
When suddenly, far in the distance,
A sound as of whistling I heard.
I started up, dreadfully frightened,
For fear 'twas an Indian's call;
And then very soon I remembered
The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
I thought, were he coming for ill,
He'd surely approach with more caution—
Would come without warning and still.
Then the sounds coming nearer and nearer,
Took the form of a tune, light and gay,
And I knew I needn't fear evil
From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
Then came a peculiar dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
An axe in the top of a stump;
And then, in another brief moment,
There came a light tap on the door,
When quickly I undid the fast'nings,
And in stepped a boy, and before

There was either a question or answer,
Or either had time to speak,
I just threw my glad arms around him,
And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
Then I started back, scared at my boldness,
But he only smiled at my fright,
As he said, "I'm your neighbor's boy, Elick,
Come to tarry with you through the night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
And made up our minds where he'd gone,
And I said to the rest of our people,
'That woman is there all alone,
And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
And though she may have no great fear,
I think she would feel a bit safer
If only a boy were but near.'

"So, taking my axe on my shoulder,
For fear that a savage might stray
Across my path, and need scalping,
I started right down this way;
And coming in sight of the cabin,
And thinking to save you alarm,
I whistled a tune, just to show you
I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am, at your service;
But if you don't want me to stay,
Why, all you need do is to say so,
And should'ring my axe, I'll away."
I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
Just at thought of his leaving me then,
And his eye gave a knowing bright twinkle
As he said, "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there and told him
How terribly frightened I'd been,
How his face was to me the most welcome
Of any I ever had seen;
And then I lay down with the baby,
And slept all the blessed night through,
For I felt I was safe from all danger
Near so brave a young fellow and true.

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder,
Since such a good reason I've given,
Why I say I sha'n't care for the music
Unless there is whistling in heaven?
Yes, often I've said so in earnest,
And now what I've said I repeat,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

THIS, by Edmund Yates, is quite opulent:

"Lespes, the great barber of Paris, is in trouble. A year or so ago he obtained the order of Christ of Portugal—how, no man but himself, with perhaps one other, knows; but the administration of the Legion of Honor, which is su-

preme in these matters, would never suffer him to wear it. He nevertheless passed the ribbon through his button-hole, and he has just had to pay five hundred francs for that pleasure, in the way of a fine imposed by the Tribunal of Correc-



A BOWERY SKETCH FROM NATURE.

"Here y'are. Mushtarchers on'y fl' cents. Makes yer look like a real man!"

tional Police. His point is that those who made him a knight knew he was a barber, and that, having done nothing unworthy of either his new profession or his old one, the honor ought not to be taken away. He is, moreover, on the best terms with the court of Portugal, her Majesty the Queen having recently deigned to accept his humble offering of two bottles of the finest perfume. There is, however, some reason to believe that this friendly disposition of the crown is not shared by its representative at Paris.

"After all, what have you done for Portugal?" said a member of the embassy, to whom Lespes appealed, the other day.

"What have I done for Portugal? Have I not shaved you?"

THE Drawer has now and then published a few original specimens of sermonizing, such as the one entitled "He played on a harp of a thousand strings," and "His feet shall be like hen's feet," etc., but none of them had the fine humor of the following, by a Dr. Dodd, prebend of Brecon, to some under-graduates of Cambridge, who chanced to meet the reverend doctor a few miles from that town, and who insisted on his preaching to them on the word "malt" from the trunk of a hollow tree that stood close by. We may state that Dr. Dodd had made himself obnoxious to many of the Cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkenness. His impromptu discourse ran as follows:

"Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at a short warning to preach a short sermon, from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a slender congregation. Beloved, my text is 'Malt.' I can not divide it into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, it being but one; I must, therefore, of necessity divide it into letters, which I find it to be these four, M A L T. M, my beloved, is Moral; A is Allegorical; L, Literal; and T, Theological. The Moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore M, masters—A, all of you—L, listen—T, to my text. The Allegorical is when one thing is spoken and another thing is meant. The thing spoken of is malt; the thing meant is the juice of malt, which you Cantabs make, M, your master—A, your apparel—L, your liberty—and T, your trust. The Literal is, according to the letter, M, much—A, ale—L, little—T, trust. The Theological is according to the effects that it works; and these I find to be of two kinds: first, in this world; secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are in some, M, murder—in others, A, adultery—in all, L, looseness of life—and in some, T, treason. The effects that it works in the world to come are, M, misery—A, anguish—L, lamentation—and T, torment. And so much for this time and text. I shall improve this first by way of exhortation. M, masters—A, all of you—L, leave off—T, tippling; or secondly, by way of excommunication, M, masters—A, all of you—L, look for—T, torment; thirdly, by way of caution, take this: a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the ale-house's benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbor's scoff, a walking swill bowl, the picture



A COMICAL COMPLIMENT.

VISITOR. "I do declare, Mrs. Fondle, your child is really growing prettier than my own little beauty!"

of a beast, and the monster of a man. Now to," etc.

If all sermons were as forcible and yet as brief as this, there would never, we think, have been any occasion for Sydney Smith—who, by-the-bye, was canon of St. Paul's when Barham was minor canon.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ON A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY, SLEEPING.

Just now I missed from hall and stair
A joyful treble that had grown
As dear to me as that grave tone
That tells the world my older care.

And little footsteps on the floor
Were stayed. I laid aside my pen,
Forgot my theme, and listened—then
Stole softly to the library door.

No sight! no sound!—a moment's freak
Of fancy thrilled my pulses through:
"If—no"—and yet, that fancy drew
A father's blood from heart and cheek.

And then—I found him! There he lay,
Surprised by sleep, caught in the act,
The rosy Vandal who had sacked
His little town, and thought it play:

The shattered vase; the broken jar;
A match still smouldering on the floor;

The inkstand's purple pool of gore;
The chessmen scattered near and far.

Strewn leaves of albums lightly pressed
This wicked "Baby of the Woods:"

In fact, of half the household goods
This son and heir was seized—possessed.

Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught
The hand that reached, the feet that strayed;
And fallen in that ambushade
The victor was himself o'erwrought.

What though torn leaves and tattered book
Still testified his deep disgrace!

I stooped and kissed the inky face,
With its demure and calm outlook.

Then back I stole, and half beguiled
My guilt, in trust that when my sleep
Should come, there might be One who'd keep
An equal mercy for His child.

SNOW BANNERS OF THE CALIFORNIAN ALPS.

THE crown of the Sierra, decorated with streaming snow banners, was the most sublime storm phenomenon I ever witnessed in the Alps, far surpassing in plain, downright grandeur all the most imposing effects of clouds, floods, and avalanches.

The snow out of which these banners are formed is heaped most bountifully upon the Alps winter after winter, sometimes to a depth of twenty or thirty feet; but it does not come from the sky in the form of big feathery flakes, such as one sees in calmer and more temperate regions, seldom even in the form of complete crystals. For many of these starry blossoms fall before they are ripe, while most of those that do attain perfect development as six-petaled flowers glint against one another in their fall, and are broken into irregular fragments.

This dry, mealy, fragmentary snow is still farther prepared for the formation of banners by the action of the wind. For instead of at once finding rest, like that which falls into the tranquil depths of the forest zones, it is rolled over and over, beaten against bare, jagged rocks, and swirled in pits and hollows, like sand in the pot-holes of a river, until finally the keen crystal angles of the fragments are worn off, and the whole is reduced to dust.

Wherever strong storm winds find this light, well-ground snow dust in a loose condition, upon exposed slopes where there is a free upward sweep, it is tossed back into the sky, and borne onward from peak to peak in the form of banners or cloud-shaped drifts, according to the velocity of the winds and conformation of the slopes upon which they are deflected.

While thus flying through the dry, frosty air, a small portion makes good its escape, and remains in the sky as vapor, for evaporation never wholly ceases even in the most rigorous weather. But by far the greater part, after being driven into the sky again and again, is at length locked fast in firm, bossy drifts or in the wombs of glaciers, some of it to remain silent and rigid for many years ere it is finally melted into music, and sent a-flowing and singing down the mountain-side to the sea.

Yet notwithstanding the abundance of winter snow dust in the Alps, and the frequency of comparatively high winds, and the length of time that the dust remains loose and fully exposed to their action, the production of well-formed banners is, for causes we shall hereafter see, of quite rare occurrence. Indeed, during five winters spent in the Sierra, I have observed only one display of this kind that seemed in every way perfect. This was in 1873, when the

snow-laden Alps were swept lengthwise by a powerful norther. I happened to be wintering in Yosemite Valley at the time, that sublime Sierra stronghold, in which one may witness the creation of those forms of storm grandeur that are termed wonderful, almost every day—storms of sunshine, storms of snow, floods, avalanches, changing waterfalls, changing clouds. Yet even here the grand gala day of the north wind seemed surpassingly glorious.

I was awakened in the early morning by the rocking of my cabin and the beating of pine burs on the roof. Detached torrents and avalanches from the main wind-flood overhead were rushing wildly adown the narrow side cañons and over the rugged edges of the walls with loud-resounding roar, arousing the giant pines to magnificent activity, and making the entire granite valley throb and tremble like an instrument that was being played.

But afar on the lofty Alps the storm was expressing itself in still grander characters, which I was soon to see in all their glory.

I had long been anxious to study some points in the structure of the ice cone that is formed every winter at the foot of the main Yosemite Fall, but the blinding spray by which it is invested had prevented me from making a sufficiently near approach. This morning, however, the entire body of the fall was torn into gauzy strips, and blown horizontally along the face of the cliff, leaving the cone entirely dry. And while making my way to the top of an over-looking ledge to seize so favorable an opportunity of examining the interior structure of the cone, the peaks of the Merced group showed themselves over the shoulder of the South Dome, each waving a resplendent banner against the blue sky, as regular in form and as firm in texture as if woven of fine silk. So perfectly glorious a phenomenon of course overbore all other considerations, and I at once began to force my way out of the valley to some dome or ridge sufficiently lofty to command a general view of the main Alpine summits, feeling assured I should find them bannered still more gloriously. Nor was I in the least disappointed.

The side cañon by which I ascended was choked with snow that had been shot down in avalanches from the shelving walls on either side, rendering the climbing exceedingly difficult. But, inspired by the grand vision atop, the most tedious scrambling brought no fatigue, and in four or five hours I stood beyond the walls, upon a ridge eight thousand feet high.

And there, in bold relief, like a clear paint-

ing on the sky, appeared one of the most imposing spectacles the eye of man ever beheld. Alps innumerable, black and jagged, rising sharply into the azure, their bases set in solid white, their sides streaked with snow, like an ocean rock with foam; and from every summit, all free and unconfused, a streaming banner, from two to six thousand feet in length, slender at the point of

tempestuous roar; but you feel not its violence, for you are looking through a calm, sheltered opening in the woods, as through a window. There, in the immediate foreground of your picture, rises a majestic forest of silver-firs, blooming in eternal freshness, their foliage warm yellow-green, and the smooth snow cloth beneath them thick-strewn with their beautiful plumes. Be-



THE SNOW BANNERS.

attachment, then widening gradually as it extended from the peak, until about a thousand or fifteen hundred feet in breadth. The colossal cluster of peaks called "The Crown of the Sierra," and the majestic ranks marshaled along the axis to the north and south, Mounts Ritter, Lyell, M'Clure, the Matterhorn, with their nameless compeers, each with its own refulgent banner waving with a clearly visible motion in the sun-glow, with not a single lightning-bolt to mar the sublime simplicity of the wind tones, not a single cloud in the sky to mar the simple grandeur of the banners.

And now, reader, come with a clear mind for a few moments and fancy yourself standing on this Yosemite ridge, looking with your own eyes; for I assure you there is nothing to which I can point your attention within the whole range of Alpine phenomena that is more impressively sublime.

You are looking eastward. You notice a strange garish glitter in the air, and the gale drives wildly overhead with a loud

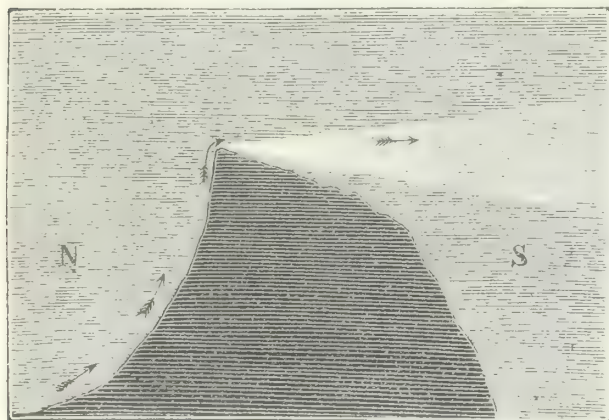
yond, and extending over all the middle ground, are sombre forests of pine interrupted by huge swelling ridges and domes; and just beyond the dark upturned edges of the forest you behold the clustered monarchs of the Alps waving their majestic banners. They are twenty miles away, but you would not wish them nearer, for every feature is distinct, and the whole is seen in its right proportions, like a well-hung picture on a parlor wall.

And now, after thus taking a full general view, mark how sharply the black snowless ribs and buttresses and precipitous summits of each peak are defined, excepting the portions veiled by the banners, and how delicately their sides are streaked with snow where it has come to rest in narrow flutings and gorges. Mark, too, how grandly the banners wave as the wind flood is deflected against their ample folds, and how trimly each is attached to the very summit of its peak, like a streamer at a mast-head. How smooth and silky they are in texture, and

how exquisitely their fading fringes are penciled upon the azure! See how close and opaque they are toward the point of attachment, yet so filmy and translucent toward the end, you see the peaks dimly beyond, as if looking through ground glass. Yet again observe how some of the longest belonging to the loftiest summits stream perfectly free all the way across the intervening notches from peak to peak, while others pass and overlap each other. And consider how every particle of this wondrous snow cloth is flashing out jets of light, like a diamond.

These are chief features of the picture as seen from the forest window, and it would still be a surpassingly glorious one were the whole of the fore and middle grounds, with their domes and forests, obliterated altogether, leaving only the black peaks, the white banners, and the blue sky on which they are painted.

Glancing now at the formation of snow banners in a general way, we find that the main causes of the wondrous perfection of those we have been contemplating were the favorable direction and great force of the wind, the abundance of snow dust, and the peculiar conformation of the peaks. It is



VERTICAL SECTION, NORTH AND SOUTH, THROUGH A SUMMIT PEAK.

essential not only that the wind move with great velocity to supply a sufficiently copious stream of dust, but that it shall come from the *north*. No perfect snow banner ever streams northward from the peaks of the Californian Alps. Had the gale to-day blown from the south, leaving other conditions unchanged, only a dull, confused, fog-like drift would have been produced; for the snow, instead of being spouted up at the tops of the peaks in a condensed current to be drawn out as streamers, would have been shed off around the sides and piled down into the glacier wombs. The regularity and distinctness of form observed in these banners is one of their most striking characteristics. Any one not possessed of the secret of their formation would naturally be led to guess that when the peaks were laden with loose snow, a sufficiently powerful wind driving over them from any direction would fill the sky with a fog of snow without any organization whatsoever; and this, indeed, is pretty nearly the effect produced by all the winds, excepting those from the north. And the cause of the peculiar action of the north wind is found in the peculiar conformation of all the main summit peaks in which the glacier wombs are laid. In general the north sides are concave, the south sides are convex or irregular; and this difference in form between the two sides was almost wholly produced by the difference in the kind and quantity of glaciation to which they were subjected. The north sides were scooped out by residual shadow glaciers of a form that never existed upon the sun-beaten sides.

It appears, therefore, without discussing the question *in extenso*, that *because the shadows of the Alps stretch northward, the residual glaciers stretched northward; and because the residual glaciers stretched northward, the snow banners stretch southward.*

THE WRECK OF THE FISHING BOAT.

PART I.

CAPE PORPOISE is a little fishing town:

Where the tide billow, which the Atlantic rolls
Foaming on reef and beach, glides rippling down
Through sinuous creeks and over shining shoals,
Floating a few light craft, upon the brown

Impassive ooze careened with slanting poles,
Or, reflux, leaves all slack and bare again.
It nestles on the rocky coast of Maine.

In their unchanging, ancient village hived—

Few drones in that compact community—
The hardy fisher-folk have wived and thrived,

Drawing a scant subsistence from the sea
Through many generations; and survived

Tempest and wreck, and dire calamity
Of war—French, English, Indian—and embargo,
And British cruisers catching crew and cargo.

Few drones, I said: there will be, now and then,

Some good-for-nothing idlers found amid
The best communities of bees and men;

Nor could Cape Porpoise ever quite get rid
Of such unthrifty fellows as Wild Ben—

A youth of shining talents, which he hid
In Scriptural earth of self-indulgent sloth—
Under a punch-bowl or a tavern cloth.

A natural boatman—nimble with the sail,

The oar, the seine; no lad more skilled than he
To calk a leak, splice rope, or brave the gale:

A very imp he seemed of the wild sea.
Handy to help, yet never within hail

When needed most; but he was sure to be
Off with his cronies somewhere, getting drunk
Over in Biddeford or Kennebunk.

Ben's father was a fisherman—Job Nelson.

He set the scape-grace to repair, one day,
The foremast step—or socket on the keelson—
Of their small craft, the *Lark*, moored in the bay.
“Do it right now,” he said, “and do it well, son,
Or the next blow will bear it quite away.
’Tis wrenched and parted; and I’m in no hurry
To risk dismasting in another flurry.

“I’ll put that catch of cod-fish on the flakes;
Then you must help me underrun the trawl.”
Ben from the shelf the saw and hatchet takes,
When round the cove he hears a comrade call;
To go with whom his task he soon forsakes,
Careless who mends the boat or helps to haul
The lines that night. Hatchet and saw are left
Upon the shore, hid in a rocky cleft.

The fish were put upon the flakes to dry;
Then Job, all ready for the voyage, looked round,
And searched the little sea-port low and high,
And called; but Ben was nowhere to be found.
’Twas only the wild loon that laughed reply,
Over by Redin’s Island—dreary sound!
That far, half-human call which sometimes mocks
The seeker for some lost one ’mid the rocks.

Ben’s father stormed, and gave him up at last,
But would not leave the trawl another day.
The afternoon and tide were going fast;
The *Lark* would soon be stranded where she lay.
“I wonder did the rogue secure the mast?
Whether he did or not, I can not stay;
I’ll take the tools and mend the step myself,
If need be.” But the tools had left the shelf.

Job Nelson raved, and on the absent one
Volleys of violent invective poured.
But goodwife Jane, who loved her wayward son,
Stood pale and quiet while her husband roared;
Then mildly said, “I’m sure he must have done
The task you bid, and left the tools aboard.
So say no more. I always like to go
And help you with the trawl, and that you know.”

The young ones were just coming in from school—
A girl of six, two boys of eight and ten;
A babe there was beside—as seemed the rule
In every house—of that sweet season when
Babes first begin to push a chair or stool:
A little brood much younger than wild Ben.
(Three others in the rocky hills were laid,
Where you would think a grave could scarce be made.)

The mother soon their simple supper spread,
And nursed her babe, and hastened to prepare
For sea, with more of pleasure than of dread,
And gave the infant to the others’ care,
And left them with their bowls of milk and bread,
And started; but went back and kissed them where,
Grouped in the open cottage door, they stood
To see her off, and charged them to be good.

Again, and still again—she knew not why;
But as she quickly turned to go, there gushed
A sudden tender torrent to her eye;
And over her a fearful feeling rushed,
As if some great calamity were nigh,
And that dear babe might nevermore be hushed
And comforted on her warm breast at night;
But soon she laughed such fancies out of sight.

“You’ll see us coming with the tide at dark,”
She promised them, and hurried to the pier,
Where Job already had his little bark;
And down the steep wharf ladder to the sheer
Groped with slow feet, and stepped aboard the *Lark*;
Then listened, as they pushed away, to hear
The happy children shouting from the door,
And watched until her home was seen no more.

The breeze was fair, the passage smooth and swift;
And huddled in the doorway, side by side,
The children saw the little vessel drift
Among the islands scattered far and wide,
Where broke the sea through many a foaming rift—
A feather wafted by the wind and tide
Away, away, to veer at last from sight
Round Folly Island, by Goat Island Light.

The children ate their meal of milk and bread,
And played at wreck and raft with bowl and
spoon;
And Job, the oldest, put the babe to bed;
Then, as the slow, full-freighted afternoon
Went down the west with wake all fiery red,
And over isle and inlet sailed the moon,
They waited for their parents, anxious-eyed,
To see them coming with the coming tide.



“WILD BEN.”

Pulse of the world! hoarse sea with heaving breath,
Swaying some grief’s great burden to and fro!
Fierce heart that neither hears nor answereth,
Sounding its own eternal wail of woe!
Punctual as day, unheeding life or death,
Wasting the ribs of earth with ceaseless throe;
Remorseless, strong, resistless, resting never,
The tides come in, the tides come in forever!

The tide came in, and flooded creek and cove,
And spread on marsh and meadow far away
Under the moon; and many a dim sail hove
Softly in sight, and gleamed along the bay,
And folded its pale wing, no more to rove;
And hearths were bright, and blithe from breeze and
spray
And chasing breakers, fathers, sons, and brothers
Went home to happy children, wives, and mothers.

The tide came in, and shoulder-deep the pier
Wallowed in waves that lapped and leaped and
glistened;
And still, to see one longed-for sail appear,
The lonesome little watchers gazed and listened
Until their fluttering hearts were filled with fear,
And beat against the bars like birds imprisoned.



"AND STILL THEIR LONG AND LONESOME VIGIL KEEP."

Their parents came not with the coming tide;
And now the hungry babe awoke and cried.

The others cried for sympathy or fright,
Till little Job assumed a manly air,
And brushed his tears, and said, "The moon is bright;
We'll hurry to the wharf to meet them there;
I'm sure by that time they will be in sight.
I'll carry Baby; Willie, you'll take care
That Sissy doesn't fall. Of course, you know,
It's the big catch of fish that keeps them so."

He soothed the babe, and tied his sister's hood,
And led them forth with childish words of cheer:
"Don't cry! you know she told us to be good!"
Then to the wharf, shuddering with cold and fear.
The tide was in; the steep wharf ladder stood
Plunged in the deep wide flood, which lashed the
pier,
And brimmed the bay, and gleamed among the isles,
And silvered shores and shoals for glittering miles.

But over all that bright expanse no sail.
The wind had freshened, and was blowing strong;
And well those little ones might quake and quail,
Harking to catch their father's cheery song,
To hear the waves instead, and rising gale:
No sound beside, but evermore the long
Roll of the thundering breakers far away.
The night was chill; it was the month of May.

They find a skiff careened upon the pier,
And into this the trembling wretches creep,
And cuddle close, eager for warmth and cheer,
And still their long and lonesome vigil keep,
Scanning the troubled waters far and near,
Till all but Job have cried themselves to sleep.
He wraps his shivering sister in his coat,
Then falls asleep himself, there in the boat.

PART II.

And now, half sobered from his late carouse,
Wild Ben went slowly sauntering up the street.
Thinking of home and wrath with sullen brows,
He sidled to the door with stealthy feet,
But stared amazed to find an empty house—
A lamp still burning in the window-seat,
Which Job had set, upon the seaward side,
To cheer his parents coming with the tide.

Ben glowered and growled, and searched both house
and shed,
Then stood and studied, in a sort of maze,
The vacant cradle and each empty bed.
The lamp flame, flickering to a dying blaze,
Leaped, quivered, vanished, and the moon instead
Poured through the quiet panes its haunting rays,
While in his flesh and stirring hair the youth
Felt a cold, curdling horror of the truth.

He from the cupboard brought a loaf and bowl,
And tried to eat; and cursed and swore a little,
To still the rising terrors of his soul;
But strove in vain to solve the fearful riddle.
Then like some conscious murderer, he stole,
From the deserted house. It was the middle
Of the dread night: the village slept; afar
The savage ocean roared on reef and bar.

The smacks, sails furled, and headed all one way,
Veered on the tide in the strong wind which drove
Now tempest-like athwart the little bay:

Only the *Lark* was absent from the cove,
And, tethered to the buoy where late she lay,
The dory reared and champed, as if it strove,
Frighted, to fly. Ben seemed to see and hear
In every object sight or sound of fear.

Then all his faults, the counsels he had spurned,
Thronged on his heart, like fiends, to chide and
mock.

The one bright eye of the lone light-house burned
Far off. What does it see on wave or rock,
Or in the burying surf? The tide has turned;
Back to their caves the wild, fleet waters flock,
White in the moon: to any craft outside,
Struggling for port, a fierce and tyrannous tide.

In his strange horror and bewildering fear
He seeks the landing, and discovers there,
In the old boat abandoned on the pier,
A living heap—Job's face, with tangled hair,
And in the moonlight on that face a tear;
He notes, beside, Job's little arms, half bare,
And, closely nestled, covered by his coat,
The others, all asleep there in the boat.

He saw the small breasts heave; he felt them breathe;
A shadow in the moonlight, dark and dumb,
He watched them for a moment from beneath
Remorseful brows, while every sense seemed numb
With inward agony; then gnashed his teeth.
Job staggered up—"Oh, father, have you come?"
But no kind father's eyes looked down on him;
Only his brother stood there, pale and grim.

"What are you doing, here so late at night?
Where's mother?" "Why, she went instead of
you.

Oh, Ben, I hope you did the mending right!
The tools were gone, and what could father do?"
Ben gave a groan; recoiling with affright,
The little boatman wakes his little crew;
And Ben, arousing from his stupor, tries
To quiet them with well-intended lies.

He launched a skiff, and, cursing smack and trawl,
Leaped in, and sent the trembling wretches home,
And rowed till on the outmost island wall
He saw the gathering surges burst and comb,
Loud-booming, and the angered sea was all
One awful waste of tumbling waves and foam:
No sail, nor any lonesome thing afloat,
Save him, in his own tide-borne, tossing boat.

Stoutly he pulled, and strained his eyes across
The running surf and restless rolling sea,
By Vaughan's low isle and lonely Albatross;
But only rock and ocean can he see.
Tumultuously the hoary waters toss
Their mighty plumes, careering endlessly;
And the beaked breakers with loud rustling wings
Flap on the reef like wild, infuriate things.

Ah, many a time as to a mad carouse
Had he rowed forth, to feel the rush, the thrill,
The towering surge come tumbling on his bows;
The boat, held firm by its bold rider's will—
The mind's electric presence, which endows
Even wood with life and senseless things with skill—
Rising triumphant, flinging off the wave;
Man the sole master, even the sea his slave!

But now there is a fury in his brain:
The frolic purpose and the joy are gone,
And but the practiced power and will remain.
Brows drenched with spray and sweat, wild-eyed
and wan,

He mounts the surges, resolute to gain
The open sea, and to the trawl pulls on;
Finds the long line of tossing floats still there,
But living object never any where.

But what is this the slow great seas uplift,
Weltering, low-sunken, glimmering in the dim
Sad rays of the drooping moon? A wreck adrift,
With heaving, wave-washed side turned up at him,
And through the gaping ribs a ghastly rift:
Some foundered boat capsized. His senses swim;
Madly he gazes round; on every side
Rolls billowy desolation wild and wide.

PART III.

'Twas now some hours since Job his lines had hauled,
Secured the captured fish, and dropped once more
His freshly baited hooks; while Jane, installed
As mate to her brave captain, prompt with oar,
Boat-hook, or bait to help him, scarce recalled
The doubts that shook her at the cottage door.
The hold well stored, the hatchway closed, the sails
Fill, strain, swell proudly, and the rushing rails

Sweep through the water, bowing to the bubbles,
Upon the cheery homeward tack at last.
The lucky fisherman forgets his troubles,
And hopefully he eyes the swaying mast
And sun-lit canvas, as the *Lark* redoubles
Her winged speed in the increasing blast;
And the glad mother turns across the foam
Her yearning gaze with tender thoughts of home.

Then, in the midst of pleasant talk, they feel
A sudden shock, a lurch, and hear a crash.
The staggering foremast, parted from the keel,
Drops slantwise down, and tears a hideous gash
In the *Lark's* side, through which the waters steal,
Rising about their feet with ominous splash,
As, pitching heavily, she lies, brought to,
And sinking, spite of all that Job can do.

And so the worst—far worse than aught he feared—
Had come to pass. Too terrified to speak,
Jane bailed the gushing water, while he cleared
The hatch, and strove to stanch the dreadful leak.
Still, as the cruel ice-cold waters neared
Her knees, her waist, she did not start nor shriek,
But bailed amidst the fish that swam about,
Till a great wave washed in, and they swam out.

She saw the escaping fish as in a dream,
And frantically still the bucket plied.
But now the vessel, settling on her beam,
Turned to the sky her glistening, splintered side:
This too she noticed; and in that supreme
Dread moment thought of many things beside—
Her home, her babes, three little hill-side graves,
And her and Job there struggling in the waves.

Fast to the wreck they cling; but every sea
Deluges them with waters deadly cold.
They sink, they rise, they gaze despairingly
Round the wide waste of waters to behold
Some sail; but only far-off sails they see,
Faintly suffused with pale ethereal gold.
Across the fluctuating gilded swells,
The sun is setting over York and Wells.

"Job, are we lost?" said Jane. "Cling for your
life!"

He cried; "I'll save you." Round the sunken deck
He swam, and cut the halyards with his knife,
And, working in the water to his neck,
Lashed spar to spar; then caught his sinking wife
Just as a great wave swept her from the wreck,
And drew her forth, half drowned, with streaming hair,
Upon his little raft, and lashed her there—



"AND SO THE DAY WENT DOWN UPON THE DEEP."

On the drenched canvas stretched, a dripping heap.
And still the sails descried were few and far.
And so the day went down upon the deep,
And the moon shimmered, and the light-house star
Penciled its ruddy beam across the sweep
Of wandering waters; while, with breast to spar,
Shaping his course to reach the nearest shore,
Job swam, and pushed his laden raft before.

"Oh, Job," said Jane, "I am so cold! I ache
In every bone. Dear Job, if I should die,
Be gentle with the children for my sake.
Oh, now I think, I wish to live, that I
May do my duty better. If you take
Another wife, I hope that she will try
To love our dear ones, and be kind to you.
Forgive poor Ben for what he failed to do."

"Don't talk of dying and of other wives
Quite yet," cries Job; "I'll get you safe to land."
But terribly and strongly as he strives,
Not all the might of manhood can withstand
The wrenching seas and sharp cross-wind that drives
The raft away toward some more distant strand.

Still, for a while he bravely struggles, loath
To quit the raft, which will not bear them both.

Off the dim cape of moon-lit Arundel
Slowly they drift, scarce fifty rods away,
Soon to be swept by wind and drenching swell
Helplessly on, across an open bay,
As Job, in fierce despair, foresees too well.

"Oh, Jane," he says, "there is no other way,
But I must leave you. I will swim ashore
For help. God help us!" He could say no more.

"I thought of that. If you are sure to reach
The rock and save yourself, I pray you, go.
But, oh," she said, "for *their* sake, I beseech,
Take care. The sea is terrible, you know,
On these sharp ledges." "There's a pebbly beach
Close in the point. I'll rest a minute. Oh,
Now must I leave you?" "Touch me first," said Jane,
"Dear Job, for we may never meet again."

So they touched hands upon the cold wet mast
With quick, convulsive pressure, and with wan,
Strange faces in the moonlight looked their last,
And said their last farewells—and Job was gone:

Forth from her side a slow dark object passed,
Tossed by the sweeping waves; and, drifting on,
She watched him from her raft, and held her breath,
And prayed, "O, save him, save him, Lord, from
death!"

She watched him sink, and mount, and disappear;
Then strained each aching sense to see him gain
The gray grim shore, his signal shout to hear,
Forgetting her own peril and sharp pain;
Broke from her bonds, half rising from her bier,
And gazed and shrieked and wrung her hands in vain,

She nears the spindle of the Fishing Rocks,
Where rise the boisterous deeps in dire turmoil,
And shake toward heaven their loosened silvery locks;
And now the reef-rent billows froth and boil
Around the rocking raft with violent shocks,
Thundering in endless onset and recoil.
Then dies the roar behind her, slowly dwindle
Foam-circled ledge and lonely moon-lit spindle.

Dying she seems; and, like one dying, sums
Her good and evil days in manifold
Visions of home and love; till life becomes



"MOTHER!—O GOD! YOU ARE NOT DEAD!"

In unimaginable wild distress—
Alone in the vast ocean's loneliness.

No answering shout, no dim emerging shape—
Or they are lost in the perpetual roar
Of waters and the formless glooms that drape
The solitary coast. And evermore
The raft is slowly drifting from the cape;
And still no dory from the inner shore
And long dark river pier, nor boatman's cry,
Brings hope that *he* is safe and help is nigh.

A dream of misery and mortal cold,
And mercifully pain itself benumbs
The sense of pain. And so the night grows old;
And, like a shuttle of the wind, which shifts
Sharply about, back toward the cape she drifts.

PART IV.

The night grows old, the moon is low, the stars
Drowse in the liquid depths of heaven. And now,
With hope reawakened by the missing spars,
Ben searches sea and shore, and drives his bow

Amidst the breakers of the rocks and bars,
 Darting with desperate speed his daring prow
 At any shape or shadow, which may be
 Shadow or shape he longs yet dreads to see.

He rounds the cape, from cove to cove he rows,
 And, as the moon is setting, comes at last
 To Old Fort Beach, which, half in shadow, shows
 A long low shape upon the shingle cast.
 Through tumbling kelp, rolled in the under-tow's
 Enormous foaming jaws that hold it fast,
 He shoots his skiff ashore, and stoops beside
 That long low shape left stranded by the tide:

A mass of spars and twisted ropes, still wet
 From the receding wave; with flecks of spume on
 The dark, drenched sail, and something darker yet—
 A shadow in the shadow, ghastly, human,
 Stretched on the raft. Mother and son met.
 Cold to the touch, appalling, droops the woman.
 He lifts her from the raft, and kneeling there,
 Bends over her in terror and despair.

"Mother!—O God! you are not dead!" He takes
 A rum flask from his coat in furious haste,
 And for the first time in his wild youth makes
 Wise use of its bad contents. At the taste
 She gives a little moan of pain, and wakes
 Slowly to consciousness of strong arms placed
 Around her, and a shadowy visage bowed
 Above her in a sort of dreamy cloud.

And for the first time in his life he prays
 To Heaven, to her, with mingled oaths, as if
 Profanity and prayer were kin. He lays
 Full half his garments on her in the skiff,
 And pushes off in the moon's faint last rays;
 And rows away by sombre cove and cliff,
 And on through flashing surge and shadowy air,
 Under the light-house lantern's streaming glare.

Meanwhile the little ones lie sunk in deep
 And restful slumber, till, with direful din,
 Which fills the house and wakes them from their sleep,
 A sudden headlong force comes bursting in.
 Staring with fear, upright the youngsters leap,
 And see what seems their brother Benjamin
 Bearing a great black burden on his arm
 In the gray dawn, and shouting loud alarm.

"Quick! for the doctor, for the neighbors, run!
 Mother is drowned!" Half naked, from the shed,
 With sobs of terror, speeds the oldest one.
 The others, wondering, whispering, "Is she dead?"
 Clasp their small hands, while the remorseful son
 Is getting her into their soft warm bed.

Too weak for words, she gives a pitying sigh
 And faint sweet smile, to hear her baby cry.

She had not thought that ever she should hear
 That cry again. And now she seems half blessed:
 Ben is so good, her little home so dear!
 Now, if she dies, she feels that this is best—
 To fold her palms with friends and kindred near,
 In her dear home, and then be laid to rest
 By gentle hands beside those little graves,
 And not to perish in the cold dark waves.

If only Job were safe! That thought again,
 With throbbing life's return, distracts her mind.
 The neighbors now come hurrying, earnest men
 And white-faced, eager women, all so kind.
 Some stay to serve the sick, and some, with Ben,
 Put forth in boats and scour the coast to find
 The missing man; while springs triumphantly
 The glorious sun from out the glorious sea.

Its far-off flag of smoke a steam-ship trails
 Across the fiery orb; and here and there,
 On the blue dome of ocean, tacking sails
 Darken and brighten in the purple air.
 Forgetting death and wreck and ruthless gales,
 The broad bright sea is marvelously fair!
 With quivering scales and panting side, lies curled
 The azure dragon round about the world.

Such beauty seems a mockery of their quest.
 The frolic waters well their secret keep,
 And hide grim death beneath a lovely breast.
 Down in the green recesses of the deep,
 Where, to and fro, in noiseless dark unrest,
 The slow mysterious plumes of sea-weed sweep,
 With upturned face and sightless, staring eyes,
 Beckoning with spectral hand, the dead man lies.

Five days they search in vain; upon the last,
 A farmer gathering sea-weed hears a yelp
 Of terror from his cur, and starts aghast
 At something hideous tangled in the kelp.
 Ox-goad and fork down on the beach are cast;
 And from the nearest farm runs ready help.
 'Tis done: the slow, unwieldy oxen start,
 With a dread burden oozing in the cart.

Beside the little graves is shaped another;
 Then the sad burial. Her own life scarce won
 From death, at home still lay the weak, wan mother;
 But with the children walked the oldest son,
 His hat plucked fiercely on his brow—their brother
 From that time forth, and father, both in one—
 Rage in his heart, and on his bowed soul set
 The thorny crown of sorrow, vain regret.



THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

IT may be safely asserted that in no section of the northern colonies were the loyalists so numerous or so influential, when the first mutterings of discontent were heard from rebellious Boston, as along the valley of the Mohawk. Many conditions conspired to make the cause of the crown popular and powerful there that were lacking to the more ancient settlements; prominent among them, the almost absolute power that Sir William Johnson had obtained over the hith-

his character, which, from its bluff, unassuming sociability and hearty generosity, was well calculated to inspire the attachment of an unlettered population, had also given to his opinions the force of legal authority among the white inhabitants of the valley. Their faithful, unwearied friend in peace, and their leader in war, his name was a tower of strength throughout Tryon County; and it was very natural that his opinions upon such a momentous question



THE SITE OF OLD FORT SCHUYLER.

erto hostile Iroquois and white settlers alike. He was the only white man who had any extended influence over the surrounding savages, who, without him, had been the cruel and relentless foe of the young communities, and his noble qualities and gracious deeds had completely won the hearts of the settlers.

By the Indians, not only of the Six Nations, but of further western tribes, he was regarded with the greatest veneration. Long association with him, and great respect for

as this should have great weight with them in forming their own.

But, unfortunately for the crown, whose interests, in common with those of his neighbors, he had upheld with such signal success, his services were abruptly terminated at the time when, most of all, they were needed. He died suddenly at Johnson Hall, Johnstown, June 24, 1774.

Neither his son, Sir John Johnson, his successor in title and estates, nor his son-in-law,

Guy Johnson, who succeeded to his office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs, possessed the same degree of moral power over the population of Tryon County, Indian or white, as had the late baronet. Sir John was far less popular, being morose and irascible in disposition, and with little knowledge of human nature. The new superintendent, also, was a man of small mental calibre and violent passions; and it was not long before the far-reaching influence that Sir William had wielded over the minds of the colonists was narrowed down by the incapacity of his successors to a sort of feudal domination over a few hundred tenants and immediate retainers.

By the aid of "Miss Molly," a Mohawk woman who had lived many years with the old baronet in an equivocal relation, and the strenuous exertions of her brother, Thayendanegea, better known to fame as Joseph Brant, they still maintained the ascendancy over the Indians that Sir William had exercised, though in a diminished degree. But the white settlers of the valley, consisting for the most part of Dutchmen who had pushed up the beautiful valley from Albany as far as Caughnawaga, and west of that point of Germans who had emigrated from the Palatinate in 1709, and settled upon the rich alluvial bottom-lands, known as the German Flats some ten years later, were ill disposed to submit to the haughty bearing of these new-fledged English aristocrats, who, with other country gentlemen of the same pattern, assumed a high and mighty style of dealing with the poorer colonists; and when the openly avowed sentiments of the rebellious New Englanders found their way across the Hudson and up the Mohawk, they met with hearty approval from these sturdy borderers, now thoroughly disgusted with any thing English.

The news of the massacre, as it was then termed, at Concord and Lexington, which spread through the colonies like wild-fire, threw the yeomanry of the valley into a fever of excitement. The Dutch nature, proverbially slow to anger, was stirred by this intelligence, and the injudicious reception of it by the Tory element at Johnstown, into an angry activity and impetuosity that no power could subdue. Meetings were called,



SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.

inflammatory speeches made, and committees of safety appointed in every hamlet throughout the settlements. One of these gatherings, held at Caughnawaga, was broken up by the Johnsons and a party of loyalists with some violence and considerable brawling; and immediately after, Sir John fortified Johnson Hall, and organized a body of Scotch Highlanders, to the number of one hundred and fifty, whom he armed to the teeth, with the intention of suppressing any further exhibitions of disaffection.

In the mean time the Provincial authorities became suspicious that Colonel Guy Johnson was using his official authority with the Indians to alienate them from the cause of their white neighbors, and to induce them to declare themselves unreservedly for the King. He had in January removed the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, a missionary among the Oneidas, who was a staunch patriot, and to whose influence is to be attributed the position taken by the Oneidas during the struggle, and the signal aid which they gave to the Provincial cause; and now positive proof came to the Albany committee's hands that he was inciting the Mohawks to violence. Apprehending some offensive action upon their part, Colonel Johnson left the valley quietly in June, and hastened to Ontario, accompanied by Brant and the two Butlers. Here a grand council was held with the western Indians, with flattering results; and after a few days' parleying with them, he started for Montreal, accompanied by an imposing delegation of sachems and warriors, which latter were upon their arrival persuaded to go into the service of King George.

The Whigs, who were now in a decided majority, had, during this time, been far from inactive. Their committees organized the people into militia, and took upon themselves the civil and military jurisdiction of Tryon County. They deposed the sheriff, a staunch and overbearing Tory, by name Alexander White, and appointed an equally ardent Whig in his place, Colonel John Frey. This White, intent upon showing his contempt for the Provincials, had arrested a rather boisterous patriot, by the name of Jacob Fonda, upon some trifling pretext,

and locked him up in the jail at Johnstown. The same night a mob of infuriated Whigs, under lead of Sampson Sammons, broke into the jail and released him; then, excited by their success, they trooped off to the sheriff's lodgings, to the number of fifty, and, noisily enough, demanded his surrender. White opened a second story window, and probably recognizing the leader of the expedition, called out, "Is that you, Sammons?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply, upon which White sent a pistol-ball whizzing uncom-

description could hope to the state of feeling existing in the valley settlements.

Early in the following year (1776) General Schuyler, then in command of the New York Department, being dissatisfied with the equivocal position of Sir John, who was living in a fortified castle, surrounded by 500 retainers, in much the style of a mediæval English baron, determined to probe his intentions to the bottom, and to that purpose marched upon Johnstown at the head of 3000 men. After some little diplomatic



NIGHT ATTACK ON THE TORY SHERIFF.

fortably near his head. This shot, the first one fired in the war of the Revolution west of the Hudson, was instantly returned by a rattling fire from forty or fifty muskets; but the sheriff escaped with a slight scratch on the breast. The doors were kicked in, but before the assailants could find White, the report of the cannon at the Hall was heard; and as it was a signal for the Highlanders to rally, the Whigs thought better of it, and retired. White was soon after sent a prisoner to Albany. This little incident is related as showing better than any lengthy

sparring and considerable lying on the baronet's part, the general compelled Sir John to surrender all the arms, ammunition, and military stores in his possession, and to disband his Highlanders. All the prominent Tories of the neighborhood were arrested, and having broken down all symptoms of rebellion to his complete satisfaction, Schuyler left Colonel Herkimer to look after the vanquished baronet, and returned to Albany.

But even this energetic measure did not suppress the spirit of disloyalty, or, as he called it, loyalty, that possessed Sir John.

He immediately began to employ moral suasion, since he was powerless to use other means; and soon General Schuyler found that he was, in violation of his parole, secretly instigating the neighboring Indians to hostilities, and was thus likely to work infinite mischief along the frontier. Determining upon vigorous measures at once, Schuyler immediately dispatched Colonel Dayton with a detachment to capture the troublesome baronet, and thus end the matter. But loyalist friends in Albany sent warning without delay; and as Colonel Dayton arrived at the easterly edge of the village, Sir John, with a large body of tenants and retainers, struck into the great northern forest, and fled for his life. Being miserably equipped and provisioned, they suffered terribly, and reached Montreal, after nineteen days of incredible hardships, in a most pitiable condition. Sir John's vast estate—with a single exception the largest ever owned by any one man in the colonies—together with the personal property which he left behind in his flight, were confiscated by the Provincial authorities, and subsequently sold at auction. Lady Johnson was removed to Albany as a hostage for the peaceful conduct of her husband.

Upon his arrival at Montreal, Sir John Johnson was commissioned a colonel in the British service, and raised a command of two battalions, recruited for the most part from those who had accompanied him in his flight or subsequently followed his example, which, under the name of the Royal Greens, did most bloody service in the very valley they once delighted to call their home.

After the baronet's flight the few remaining loyalists made no actual demonstrations; and though the Whigs by no means relaxed their vigilance, or forgot that they lived on a frontier that was at all times liable to sudden incursions from the savages, the valley for a time enjoyed something of its old-time quiet and peace. Soon, however, after the fugitive Tories had reached Montreal, rumors came down from Oswego, through the medium of traders and friendly Oneidas, that Sir John Johnson—than whom the Provincial cause had no more fierce and vindictive foe in the enemy's ranks—with his associates, Brant and

the Butlers, was contemplating an invasion of the valley at the head of a host of Indians and Tories, and that they had sworn to sweep through the valley like avenging demons, exterminating the settlements.

So strong became the impression that the little cluster of communities, which lay, totally defenseless, almost within the grasp of the hostile savages, had not seen the last of these vengeance-vowing Tories, that Congress directed General Schuyler to strengthen the defenses of the exposed valley with all possible speed. Accordingly, Colonel Dayton was sent up to Fort Stanwix, with orders to push forward the work of rebuilding that antiquated fortress with the utmost energy, as in case of an invasion it would be a most harassing obstacle to the enemy's progress.

This fort had been built early in the year 1758, during what is commonly known as the "old French war," by the English General Stanwix, and commanded the famous "great carrying place." The importance of its situation will be readily seen when it is remembered that the Mohawk was at that time the great western thoroughfare to the lake settlements and the Canadas. All the goods to be transported west from Albany were hauled in wagons as far as Schenectady; at this point loaded upon bateaux, and poled up the river to where Rome now stands—the site of Fort Stanwix. Here

the German settlers carried them across the country to Wood Creek, distant a little over a mile, where boats again transported them, by the way of Oneida Lake and Oswego River, to the great lakes. A curious old document, addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor of New York, bearing date of June 1, 1754, will serve to illustrate the difficulties under which commercial enterprise labored in those primitive times:

"We, the Traders (or Handlers) to Oswego, most humbly beg leave to remonstrate to your

Honour, the many hazzards and Difficulties We are Subject to in our passage thither from the ill treatment we meet with from the Indians (i e) in passing the Mohawks and Canajohary Castles, they Board our Battoes with Axes knives &c and by force take what Rum they think proper hooping and yelping as if they had Gloried in their depra-dations and threatening Murder to



COLONEL PETER GANSEVOORT.

any that oppose them: And on our Arrival at the great carrying place The Oneida Indians force our Goods from us at pleasure to carry over, and not content with making us pay a most exorbitant price for each Freight but rob us of our Rum, Stores and other Goods with a great deal of invective threatening language, and are generally so Numerous that we are Obligated to Submit to those impositions or run the risk of being Murdered and Robbed of everything we have; And to put their Schemes the better in Execution they force away the High Germans who generally attend with their Horses, that we may be under a Necessity of employing them and paying whatever they please to demand....."

From which it may be inferred that the licensed barbarians who, by their importunate cries and clutchings, transform our otherwise peaceful journeyings into fierce struggles for liberty at every station, are not, after all, a product of this enlightened age, but are only following in the footsteps of those unlettered, unlicensed porters of the forest.

Notwithstanding the labors of Colonel Dayton upon the dilapidated works, Colonel Peter Gansevoort, of the State line, when he assumed command of the fort in April, 1777, found it not only indefensible; but absolutely untenable; the only improvement accomplished by Dayton being a change in its name to Fort Schuyler. But Gansevoort set to work with a brave heart to better, if possible, his condition; and being soon after joined by Colonel Marinus Willett and his regiment, succeeded—hampered as he was by sickness, bad roads, lack of food, and a wofully incompetent engineer—in so renovating and strengthening the ruinously dilapidated old fortress as to be able to hold it, a few months later, defiantly and successfully through the progress of a long and rigorous siege.

During the summer of 1777 Colonel Barry St. Leger, contemporaneously with the descent of Burgoyne upon Northern New York, sailed from Montreal to Oswego, where he formed a junction with the Tories and Indians who, under the lead of Sir John Johnson and Joseph Brant (now a captain in the British army), had congregated in the vicinity of that place to the number of 1300 fighting men. From Oswego he started, at the head of a force of 1700 men, for the Mohawk Valley, by the water route, with the inten-

tion of crushing the rebellious element there, and thence marching down to meet Burgoyne at Albany.

This plan had been carefully prepared in London, and upon its successful issue the ultimate success of the British cause depended



JOSEPH BRANT.

in a very great degree. It was reserved for a few hardy, resolute farmers to circumvent this design, and to turn into a disastrous defeat what had been regarded by its sage authors as a most masterly movement, destined to meet with eminent and gratifying success.

The leaders to whom was intrusted the conduct of this expedition certainly did every thing within their power to bring it to its destination triumphant. St. Leger, the commander, was an officer of marked ability, enjoying a good reputation. Brant, who had charge of the savage allies, and whose counsels appear unmistakably in both the formation and attempted execution of the project, was beyond a doubt the ablest general and strategist that the Six Nations ever produced; the order of the invading host's march through the almost primeval wilderness shows not only the exercise of extraor-

dinary care and precaution, but a thorough and profound knowledge of the country and the peculiar character of the enemy they were about to attack.

On the morning of August 2, Lieutenant-Colonel Mellon, also of the State troops, arrived at Fort Schuyler with two bateaux of provisions and ammunition, guarded by a detachment of two hundred men. Both the soldiers and their addition to the fort's scanty stock of stores were heartily welcomed. The boats were unloaded, and their contents hastily conveyed to the fort; delay, indeed, would have been dangerous, for at the instant the last load reached the door of the stockade, the van of the approaching army broke through the edge of the forest, and so near to the bateaux that the captain in charge of them was taken prisoner. The following day witnessed the arrival of Colonel St. Leger with the remainder of his forces; and after a pompous summons to surrender, which was indignantly rejected, Fort Schuyler, short of ammunition, with 750 men and six weeks' provisions, was formally invested.

The intelligence of St. Leger's advance spread rapidly down the valley, and created every where among the Whigs the utmost consternation and excitement, supplemented almost instantly by a general resolve to protect to the uttermost their homes and families from the horrible results of an Indian conquest. Many remembered the sickening butcheries that followed the conquering French armies in the previous war—carnivals of blood and rapine which the French at least tolerated in their savage allies, and the records of which still make men shudder in horror and disgust. A repetition of these scenes the militia of the county determined, even with their lives, to prevent. Something akin to desperation was to be found in the eager response that met General Herkimer's prompt summons upon the militia of Tryon County. All doubts, fears, and sluggish apathies were forgotten at the approach of the invader.

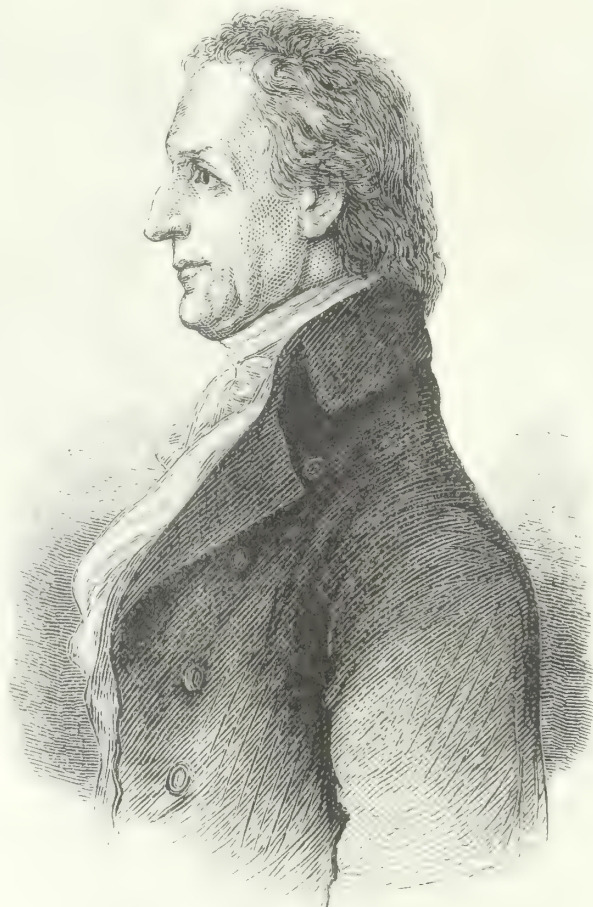
On the morning of the 4th nearly a thou-

sand men had assembled about Fort Dayton, a little stockade fort built the year before by Colonel Dayton upon a slight eminence some hundred and fifty yards from the site of the present court-house at Herkimer, and which had been selected by Herkimer as a place of rendezvous. Never had a more heterogeneous mass of men been gathered together in the valley of the Mohawk; for the most part sturdy, resolute, square-jawed farmers, clad, some few in uniform, the majority in homespun or leather, with tanned, rough faces, and alert, keen, sparkling eyes, rude in speech and bearing, gathered in little groups, with trusty flint-locks under their arms, and pipes in mouths, conversing excitedly in a jargon of villainous German and worse English. Scattered here and there through these knots of stalwart, burly borderers might be seen figures arrayed in blue and buff, with powdered hair, and thin, clear-cut features, white hands fringed with

whiter ruffles, and, clattering and clanking with each stride as with long straight swords and jingling spurs they flit about, uttering half-whispered words of command. These last are gentlemen of the county, and, as such, of vast importance—in their own minds. On the whole, there is small regard for discipline or authority existing in this motley, eager-talking crowd; to the contrary, magnified conceptions each of his own individual prowess and sagacity. But differ as they might in form of dress, in shape of weapons, in sense of subordination, these thousand settlers possessed in common a savage,

half-fiendish itching for the meeting face to face with their long-dreaded foe, for a glimpse of the whilom Tory neighbor over the sight of their old familiar flint-locks; for these uncouth men, a short time since peaceful, phlegmatic farmers, dwelling content upon the little oases they had wrought out of the wilderness, are now transformed into little else than savages, and are longing with all their souls for the approaching fray.

Words of caution, of sober advice, are not wanted here; are received at first in stolid,



MARINUS WILLETT.

sulky silence, then with loud-rising murmurs of disapprobation, which reach the ears of those in chief command. Within the inclosure of the little fort are gathered around a rude table some dozen officers, bus-

brow; on the contrary, very dark indeed. This impatient growling of his men, heard faintly from without, savors ominously of insubordination, of possible revolt. His officers are young, inexperienced, and full of



"LEAD US ON!"

ily discussing the task that lies before them. Behind them, pacing up and down with steady tread, is an elderly man, also in buff and blue, of tall stature and commanding mien, with cocked hat pulled down tight over his eyes, with lips firmly pressed together, thinking and listening deeply, stopping now and then to settle, with a quiet, decisive word, some vexed question, and again resuming his march, with a look of troubled responsibility upon his brave face that intensifies as the morning wears on, and which all his self-confidence and intrepid courage can not overcome or hide. This is General Nicholas Herkimer, a brave man and true, who for many years has served the cause of humanity faithfully; has for many years been a man of might in the valley settlements; has held innumerable councils with the Indians, and led many expeditions through forest defiles and dismal swamps after them when, in the judgment of the colonies, they stood in need of correction or chastisement; and now has, unwittingly, reached nearly the goal of his earthly labors. Through no pleasant means did the brave, bluff old patriot attain this goal. His way is any thing but clear to him now, as he paces with folded arms and perplexedly thoughtful

self-confidence; are apparently as eager as their men for instantaneous advance. Brave old Herkimer in his perplexity appeals to half-breed Thomas Spencer for support. A blacksmith of the Cayugas, this Spencer was, and for many years a staunch friend of the colonists. He it was that had first brought news of St. Leger's preparations, and he, more than almost any other, would have had influence—by reason of a certain rude, sinewy eloquence, and a reputation for thorough knowledge of Indian warfare—over the minds of the settlers in a calmer moment. But now he is powerless; all his wary words about caution and discipline, warnings of the terrible reputation of Thayendanegea and the strength of the foe, and finally his pleas for at least a scouting party in the van, and some degree of order in marching, are greeted by shouts of derision and loud cries of "Lead us on! lead us on!"

Herkimer, in despair, turns to the cluster of officers, but finds no support from them. One or two of the more elderly do indeed yield a vacillating sort of support, but are speedily silenced by the young colonels, now clamorous for action. Fearing that he may lose all control over this turbulent genie that he has evoked by any further efforts at

restraint, Herkimer gives a reluctant assent to the now almost universal demand. He and such other officers as are fortunate enough to possess horses spring into their saddles; the baggage wagon, covered by weak or lazy patriots, starts rumbling down the rough road; and with cheers of gratification the impatient rank and file shoulder their flint-locks, and in utter disregard for order, discipline, or any thing else save reaching their destination as quickly as possible, swarm around it, and trudge on impetuously.

The old road that led west from Fort Dayton was at best but a rude path through the wilderness, in many places almost impassable; and despite their hot-headed ardor, the advancing force travelled but slowly. They crossed the river at *old* Fort Schuyler (now Utica), and encamped the next day some six miles further on, a little west of the present village of Whitesborough. From this point General Herkimer sent forward an express, consisting of Adam Helmer and two associates, to apprise Colonel Gansevoort of his approach, and to concert measures of co-operation. Their arrival at the fort was to be announced by three successive discharges of cannon. The task assigned this trio was, as may be imagined, none of the easiest, since the intervening forests were filled with hostile Indians intent upon preventing any communication between the settlements and the beleaguered fortress. However, they succeeded in reaching the fort late in the forenoon of the 6th, and the concerted signals were immediately fired. General Herkimer's intention was to cut an entrance through to the fort, and arrangements for a sally were accordingly made by Colonel Gansevoort, with the purpose of diverting the enemy's attention from Herkimer's movements.

Unfortunately the old general had in forming this plan calculated without his host. On the morning of the 6th his men, who had been with difficulty persuaded to remain quiet during the preceding day, broke out into something very like mutiny. They declared that the express had in all probability been captured or murdered, and that the same fate was in store for them if they frittered away their time in idle waiting, while their brothers, fathers, and friends were starving in the fort only eight miles away. Their loud complainings alarmed the commander, and he hastily summoned a council of his more prominent officers, and laid the situation before them, with a view to determining upon some course of action. The officers are unanimous in their desire to press forward.

Among them we may see spruce young Colonels Cox and Paris, standing, slim and straight, glittering in the morning sunlight, not without a sense of their own dignity and local importance, wrathfully impatient

of the grave, sober dictates of their yeoman superior, and smiling contemptuously at his cautious prudence. Colonels Visscher and Klock, and others in authority, we see dimly in the meagre chronicles, grouped about, also with a tendency toward insubordination, or at best with a wavering respect for their commander's judgment. Here, too, is boisterous, burly Sampson Sammons, whose irrepressible love of liberty and brawls had long ago lifted him into notoriety and a quasi-leadership among the more adventurous of the settlers, and who is, we doubt not, heartily sick of all this talking and inaction. Before this council Herkimer gravely lays the situation, urges the impatient leaders to remain where they are until reinforcements can come up, or at least until the signal of a sortie shall be heard from the fort. In his opinion it was folly for a thousand illy equipped militia to attack an intrenched force of twice that number of well-armed troops and notoriously cunning Indians—the flower of the famous Six Nations.

His temperate words only added fuel to the flame. Colonels Cox and Paris angrily retorted that they had come to fight, not to watch others fight, and wound up by denouncing Herkimer to his face as a Tory and a coward. Suppressing his rising indignation, the old patriot replied, with forced calmness, that he considered himself placed over them as a father, and that he did not want to get them into any difficulty from which he would be powerless to extricate them. "You," said he, "who want to fight so badly now, will be the first to run when you smell burnt powder."

Swelling with virtuous wrath at this insinuation, the young officers hotly renewed their reproaches of senile cowardice and want of fidelity to "the cause," which this time met with an echo of approval from those around.

Thoroughly enraged at last, the stout old general, with flushed face and gleaming eye, cried, "March on, then!" In an instant, with a great shout, the troops grasped their arms, the camp was struck, and the little army rushed forward in the utmost confusion.

In the mean time, Colonel St. Leger, apprised by his scouts of the advance of the militia, had, very early on the morning of the 6th, dispatched Brant, with nearly all his Indians and a detachment of Johnson's Greens, with instructions to, if possible, prevent their farther progress, leaving to Brant's discretion the means to be employed.

The van of Herkimer's motley host was descending the steep slope of a ravine, some two miles west of Oriskany, in hot haste and disorder, when suddenly the guards, both front and flanks, were shot down, the forest rang with the sharp crack of musketry and

the blood-curdling yells of concealed savages, and in a twinkling the greater part of the division found itself hemmed in, as it were, by a circle of fire that mowed down the outer ranks like grass before a scythe. Thrown into almost irretrievable confusion by the suddenness of the attack and the flash and whirl of leaden lightning about their heads, dropping like leaves in the forest before the deadly precision of the enemy's aim, floundering, for the most part, knee-deep in the morass that, with the exception of a narrow log causeway in the centre, constituted the bottom of the ravine, and utterly unable to defend themselves from a hidden foe, it seems miraculous that the detachment escaped total annihilation. But all the devilish ingenuity of Joseph Brant—and surely he has left upon record no achievement more worthy of himself—was not a match for the dauntless courage and endurance of the brawny frontiersmen.

A portion of Colonel Visscher's regiment, which formed the rear-guard of the advancing force, was cut off from the main body by the precipitate action of the savages in closing the segment—left open at the road—of their circular ambuscade, and, as Herkimer had predicted, fled ingloriously from the field in headlong haste, led by their erstwhile courageous colonel. History takes a grim satisfaction in recording that they were pursued by Mohawks, and were punished much more severely than would have been the case had they stood by their comrades in distress.

But the environed militia, after the terrible shock of the surprise had passed away, exhibited an amount of bravery and intrepid self-possession that has seldom been equaled in our eventful history of forest fights, and that must go far toward atoning for their previous rash and reprehensible conduct. In this they were furnished a magnificent example by their general. The veteran was wounded in the early part of the action, while endeavoring to rally the scattered wits of his men, by a musket-ball, which, passing through and killing his horse, shattered his leg just below the knee. He was lifted at once from his fallen horse, and placed, at his own request, upon his saddle, propped against a beech-tree half-way up the western slope for support. In this situation he lighted his pipe coolly, and though the bullets were whistling about him, and men falling thick and fast within a few yards of his post, continued to direct the battle, giving his orders as calmly and collectedly as if on a parade ground.

After this butchery had gone on for some three-quarters of an hour, a brilliant idea occurred to Captain Jacob Seeber, which, upon his own responsibility, he instantly put into execution. He formed the remnant

of his company into a circle, the better to repel the attacks of the enemy, now closing in upon their victims. His example was immediately followed by the rest, and from that moment the resistance of the Provincials, hitherto confined to a desultory firing, became more effective. The change of tactics rendered some change necessary on the part of the enemy, and accordingly a detachment of Royal Greens charged upon the little band of patriots; the firing ceased, and as the bayonets clashed, the contest became a fierce death-struggle, hand to hand, foot to foot.

The Greens were for the most part fugitive loyalists from Tryon County, and consequently former neighbors of the militia-men. As no quarrels are so bitter as those of families, so no wars are so cruel and vindictive as those called civil. As they advanced and were recognized, all the resentments, hatreds, and grudges that long years of controversy and mutual injury had engendered burst forth in a perfect whirlwind of fury. The Provincials fired upon them as they drew nearer, and then, springing like infuriated beasts from their covers, attacked them with their bayonets and musket butts; or, each party throwing these aside, rushed at each other in a very delirium of passion, throttling, stabbing, biting, and, in many cases, literally dying in one another's embrace. This savage struggle was mercifully interrupted by a heavy thunder-storm, one of the severest of the season, which raged for over an hour, during which interval each party sheltered themselves as best they could, and studied their chances for success when its violence should abate. The militia-men intrenched themselves upon an advantageous piece of ground, and thus, formed in a circle, awaited a renewal of hostilities.

In the early part of the battle, the Indians, whenever they saw a gun fired from behind a tree by a militia-man, darted out and tomahawked him before he could reload. To put a stop to this harassing mode of warfare, two men were stationed behind a single tree, one only to fire at a time, the other reserving his fire until the confident savages rushed up as before. The fight was speedily renewed, and by these new tactics the Indians, who had been rendered less cautious than usual by a generous allowance of rum, were made to suffer severely, and soon showed signs of wavering.

At this juncture the loyalists put into execution a piece of strategy that nearly proved fatal to the patriots. It was the sending of a detachment of Greens, disguised as Continentals, from the direction of the fort, in the hope that they might be received as a timely re-enforcement from the garrison. This *ruse de guerre* at first deceived Lieutenant Sammons, who ran and told his captain, Gardenier, that a body of men was approach-

ing his company, with American hats, doubtless from the fort.

They continued to advance until hailed by Captain Gardenier, at which moment one of his own soldiers, seeing an old and long-absent acquaintance among them, ran

from his spear leveled the captor and liberated his man. Others of the foe then set upon Gardenier, of whom he slew one and wounded another. Three more of the disguised Tories now sprang upon him, and one of his spurs becoming entangled in



GENERAL HERKIMER DIRECTING THE BATTLE.—[SEE PAGE 179.]

to meet him with outstretched hand. The credulous warrior was instantly dragged into the ranks of the Greens, and informed that he was a prisoner; he, however, did not yield without a struggle, during which Gardenier, who had watched the action and its result, sprang forward, and with a blow

their clothes, he was thrown heavily to the ground. Still struggling with almost superhuman strength, both of his thighs were transixed to the ground by the bayonets of two of his assailants, while another was thrust at his breast. Seizing this with his left hand, by a sudden wrench he brought

its owner down upon himself, where he held him as a shield until one of his own men, Adam Miller, came to his rescue. As the Tories turned fiercely upon this new adversary, Gardenier rose half-way, and grasping a spear with his mangled hand, drove it like lightning into the side of his late *vis-à-vis*, killing him instantly. While this desperate struggle was going on, some of the militia-men called out to Gardenier, "For God's sake, captain, you are killing your own men!" He yelled back, "They are not our men; they are Tories. Fire away!"

Then, as the heroic captain was dragged from the clutches of the infuriated loyalists, a volley of musketry from the Provincials struck down thirty of them and nearly as many Indians. Through the leafy depths of the grand old forest rang again the clashing of steel, the roar of rifles, the hoarse, pitiful moanings of the down-trodden, writhing wounded, and, above all, the hideous yells of the enraged savages.

These last, finding their number sadly diminished, and being dismayed by the stubborn ardor with which the Provincials maintained their defense, now raised the retreating cry of "Oonah!" and fled in every direction, followed by frantic cheers and showers of bullets from the surviving patriots. As they leaped yelping through the woods, swiftly pursued by the unerring rifle-ball, the guns of the fort were heard booming in the distance. Dismayed in their turn by this unwelcome sound, the Tories precipitately followed their Indian allies, leaving the victorious militia in possession of the hard-earned field.

Thus ended one of the most hotly contested and, for the number engaged, the deadliest of the Revolutionary battles. Though victory crowned the desperate valor of the Provincials, it was to them perfectly useless, and was bought at a terrible price. Scarcely a farm-house was there along the valley that had not cause to mourn this bloody triumph, hardly a hamlet that left not the flower of its sinewy manhood to moulder in that dark, dank, blood-drenched morass. Of the thousand men that marched upon the enemy so confidently on that fatal 6th of August, only some third ever saw their homes again. Between three and four hundred lay dead upon the field when the sun went down; nearly as many more were mortally wounded, or carried into a captivity that, in those ruthless days, meant death in its most horrible form.

General Herkimer was carried in a litter to his house, some thirty-five miles down the valley, where, after lingering in pain for about ten days, he died from the effects of an unskillful amputation. Colonel Cox was shot down in the first volley from the ambushed Indians. Colonel Paris, who was a member of the colonial Legislature and a

volunteer officer, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and by them brutally murdered some days later. Major John Frey, whilom sheriff of the county, and a man of great courage and strength withal, was also captured by the savages. To the shame of the race, be it added, his brother, a furious Tory, ran at him when he was brought into the British camp, and was with difficulty prevented from butchering him on the spot.

Although no authentic statement exists, the loss of the enemy is believed to have been even more severe; the Indians, in particular, were roughly handled, having lost over a hundred warriors, among them several eminent sachems. The Provincials removed some fifty of their more slightly wounded comrades; the enemy's fallen were allowed to die of starvation and their wounds in the swamp. An American scout who crossed the battle-field some days after the battle, on his way to Fort Dayton, wrote: "I beheld the most shocking sight I had ever witnessed. The Indians and white men were mingled with one another just as they had been left when Death had first completed his work. Many bodies had also been torn to pieces by wild beasts."

During the heat of the combat in the ravine, Colonel Willett made a sally from the fort with a force of two hundred and fifty men. He drove in the enemy's advanced guard, and attacked the residue of Sir John Johnson's regiment with such headlong impetuosity that they fled for their lives, led by the baronet himself in his shirt sleeves. The victorious detachment rushed on to the Indian encampment, and hastily demolished it, firing with marked effect upon the few savages left in charge, who, at the first appearance of Colonel Willett—known among the Six Nations as "the Devil"—had fled precipitately. Wagons were hurried out from the fort, and twenty-one loads of camp equipage, clothing, cooking utensils, blankets, stores, etc., together with all the private property of the British officers—papers, plans, journals, five British flags, and Sir John's coat—were conveyed to the fort, while the brave little band held the dismantled encampment. As Willett was returning, Colonel St. Leger suddenly appeared with a considerable force on the opposite side of the river, just in time to receive an effective salute of bullets from the militia, who reached their stronghold without having lost a man, and with the satisfaction of having discomfited and despoiled their besiegers. The sun, sinking at the close of that sultry August day in crimson pomp behind the western pines, bathed in a flood of ruddy light five of St. George's crosses, flapping idly in the evening breeze, over the tiny forest fort, under a rude garrison-made ensign of stars and stripes.

Although the Provincials were technical-

ly victorious at Oriskany, they returned to their homes in any thing but triumph; they were totally unable to follow up their advantage or afford their beleaguered comrades any assistance. Relying upon that inability, and the ignorance of the garrison regarding the result of the battle, St. Leger immediately demanded the capitulation of the fort, threatening the devastation of the entire valley settlements by fire and sword and tomahawk if it was refused. Colonel Gansevoort rejected all his offers, somewhat ungraciously, as unworthy of a British officer or a gentleman.

On the night of the 10th, Colonel Willett, in company with Major Stockwell, started out, armed only with a spear, and with no blankets or provisions other than a small store of crackers and cheese, through the forest for the German Flats, which, after standing during the greater part of the first night motionless in a morass, subsisting for a day upon berries, and encountering the severest hardships, they reached on the afternoon of the 12th. Colonel Willett was deservedly popular in this vicinity, and the militia had begun to assemble again in great numbers in answer to his earnest appeal, when General Arnold, four days after Willett's arrival, reached Fort Dayton with a large force of troops, which had been dispatched by General Schuyler from Albany upon learning of Herkimer's disaster. Here Arnold, who, despite his reputation for rash, reckless bravery, understood the strength of the enemy better than did his unfortunate predecessor, determined to rest, either until re-enforcements from Albany should arrive, or the yeomen of the county had joined his standard in numbers sufficient to warrant a second attempt to relieve the fort.

In the mean time, St. Leger, despairing of obtaining bloodless possession of that stronghold, began pushing hostile operations with great vigor. He approached by sap to within 150 yards of the fort, and from this point began to throw shells into the inclosure. Their provisions daily exhausting, entirely cut off from all outside communication, ignorant of the large force that was assembling in the valley below for their relief, and remembering the horrible fate of the inmates of Fort William Henry, many of the garrison began to whisper ominously about a capitulation; and it is said that Gansevoort had resolved upon a desperate attempt to cut through the enemy's lines, when, without any apparent cause, the besiegers suddenly broke up their camps and retreated in great confusion. So hurried was their flight that they left their tents, together with nearly all their artillery and camp equipage; and the 22d of August, which had dawned upon a siege in full progress, and with every prospect of suc-

cess, ere its close, saw the British host leave the Mohawk Valley in headlong haste.

That the reader may understand this sudden movement, so mysterious and unexpected to the jubilant garrison, it will be necessary to go back to Fort Dayton, where we left Arnold restless and impatient under his self-imposed restraint. A party of Tories, meeting clandestinely at the farmhouse of a loyalist—by name Shoemaker—had been captured and imprisoned by Colonel Weston, at that time in command of the fort. The occasion of the gathering was the arrival of young Walter Butler from St. Leger's camp with copies of Sir John Johnson's last appeal to the loyalists of the valley. Butler and his associates were tried as spies by a court-martial of Arnold's, and condemned to die. Among those who found themselves in this predicament was a certain Hon-Yost Schuyler, one of the coarsest, most ignorant men in the valley, and generally regarded as little better than an idiot, yet, as the sequel will show, possessed of considerable shrewdness withal. His mother and brother, upon hearing of his misfortune, hastened to Fort Dayton, and implored the commander to spare him. The pathetic eloquence with which, in a frenzy of grief, the old woman plead for the life of her wayward son, who had added the crimes of a guerrilla to that of being a spy, would have moved a heart less stony than that she addressed. But Arnold, never very tender-hearted, was stern and inexorable, until a sudden idea occurred to him, in the execution of which this idiot could be used to excellent advantage. Accordingly he melted, and promised the overjoyed mother the life of her son, upon conditions. These were, that he should hasten to the British camp, and so alarm St. Leger as to induce him to raise the siege and fly. Hon-Yost gladly accepted the terms, and having made arrangements with some friendly Oneidas to aid him at the proper moment, set out at once on his mission, leaving his brother in prison as a hostage for his fidelity and success. He first presented himself among the Indians, who, moody and dissatisfied at their repeated losses, and angry at St. Leger for promising them an easy victory and abundant plunder, had convened a pow-wow for the purpose of considering the dubious enterprise in which they had been engaged, and who were in a suitable state of mind to catch eagerly at the news he brought them of Arnold's rapid approach. He pointed out the bullet-holes in his coat (carefully made by the Provincials before he left) as evidences of his own narrow escape; and when questioned by them as to the number of Arnold's force, he shook his head, and pointed mysteriously to the overhanging leaves. He was taken at once to St. Leger's tent, and gave to the colonel a

pitiful account of his trials, claiming to have escaped, while on the way to the gallows, through a shower of bullets, the marks

"They are coming! they are coming!" We can fancy the grim wink that was interchanged by these stolid, stately sachems as their com-



"THE OLD WOMAN PLEAD FOR THE LIFE OF HER WAYWARD SON."

of which he could see for himself. He asserted that Arnold was within twenty hours' march, at the head of 2000 regulars.

Meanwhile the Oneidas had arrived in the camp and spread a similar report, the effect of which was all that the most exacting Whig could desire. The Indians had long since become heartily sick of this besieging business, and eagerly seized upon this report as a pretext for decamping. In vain St. Leger stormed and swore, useless were the pleas and tears of Sir John; the savages had an answer pat—"the pow-wow said we must go," and go they did in utmost haste.

Furious at being so shamefully deserted, St. Leger reproached the baronet roundly for the defection of his copper-hued friends, while Sir John retorted by charging the former with an indifferent prosecution of the siege. Two sachems who were standing near put an end to the unpleasantness by yelling out, in a sudden paroxysm of terror,

manders rapidly threw together a few necessities, and, as the shout spread through the camp, gave a hasty order to retreat, and glided away in the gathering dusk, closely followed by their panic-stricken troops. The Indians, enjoying the terror and confusion of their allies, who threw away guns, knapsacks, and all else that impeded their flight, repeated the joke until the rabble reached Oneida Lake. Thence St. Leger hastened on to Oswego and Montreal.

Compared with the more extensive conflicts of the Revolution, that in defense of Fort Schuyler must appear insignificant; but as a desperate and heroic struggle—fierce and bloody beyond parallel—and as a terrible blow to the plans and prospects of the crown, it deserves, together with its heroes, famous and nameless, who laid down their lives before the invading foe, a prominent and enduring place in the chronicles of our forefathers' heroism.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

IT is not easy for an American to appreciate the feelings with which a reverential resident of the Old World is inspired by one of its grand abbeys, cathedrals, or basilicas. But he must be not only a devoted but a bigoted worshiper of the new who can be oblivious in Westminster Abbey of the peculiar and subtle influence which pervades what is, or at least claims to be, the oldest house of worship in Christendom—five centuries superior in the virtue of age to the basilica of St. Peter's at Rome. As he sits under this arched roof, surrounded by the

tering memories throng about him, a thousand voices join in response with his own—Protestant and Roman Catholic, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, monarchical and republican, Anglican and Norman, saintly and insincere.

For this marble pile, or at least some portion of it, has, as it were, nursed England from its very infancy. Like an aged grandam, who lives to an honorable decrepitude to see standing before her, in stalwart and noble manhood, the boy whom she has loved with tender affection, and over whose oft-



NORTH AMBULATORY AND CHANTRY.

noble dead who lie buried beneath the consecrated floor, and environed by the historic memories which render the very atmosphere a perpetual incense, and listens to a service which, substantially in its present form, has been repeated within these walls, as the vehicle of worship, ever since the days of Edward VI., and in its substantial expression of thought and feeling is almost as old as Christianity itself, he is caught out of the present without being carried into the past, and abides in a singular state, which gives him a shadowy conception of what the theologians mean (and perhaps they have no more than a shadowy conception themselves) when they say that to God there is neither past, present, nor future. A thousand clus-

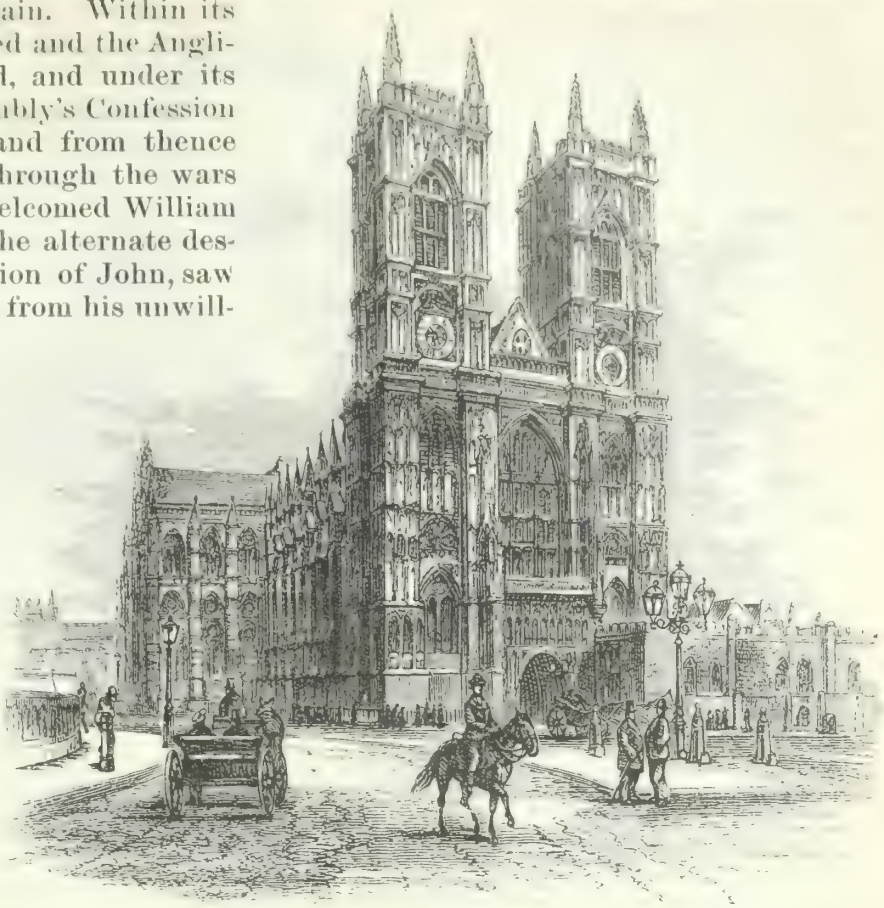
times erratic and sometimes turbulent course she has watched with solicitous care, whose mother confessor she has been, the confidante of his secrets, the sharer of his sorrows, and the shriver of his sins, Westminster Abbey of to-day looks on the England of the nineteenth century, which she nursed in the eleventh, and guided and guarded through all the tempestuous experience of the turbulent youth time that intervened before years brought experience, and experience discretion and self-control. It has seen England successively Saxon, Norman, and English. It has seen it Roman Catholic, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Protestant again. It has seen it an absolute monarchy, a constitutional monarchy, a re-

public, and a monarchy again. Within its walls mass has been chanted and the Anglican service has been read, and under its roof the Westminster Assembly's Confession of Faith was organized, and from thence was published. It lived through the wars of Normans and Saxons, welcomed William the Conqueror, witnessed the alternate despotism and abject submission of John, saw the Magna Charta wrested from his unwilling hands, beheld the land ravaged with the long wars of the rival roses, barely escaped demolition in the hideous but fruitful reign of Henry VIII., was re-clothed with honor in the more hideous and barren reign of Bloody Mary, rejoiced in the peaceful and benignant reign of the unscrupulous but sagacious Queen Bess, witnessed the conflict between constitutional law and Cæsarism, culminating in the death of Charles I., but ending only with the accession

of William and Mary. Born on an island remote from any town, and environed by an almost impenetrable wood, it has lived to see London stretching out its boundaries till now the once secluded resort of world-wearied monks is in the heart of the busiest and most populous commercial centre of Christendom. Born in an age without carriage roads, it has lived to see the island of Great Britain intersected by innumerable railways. Born in an age when commerce was unknown, when piracy was honorable, when war was a trade, and consequently there was little trade but war, when post-offices were unknown, because few knew how to write, and books unheard of, because the printing-press was as yet unconstructed and few knew how to read, it has lived to see the Anglo-Saxon race mistress of the ocean by its commerce rather than its navy, master of the world by its civilization rather than its arms, laying aside the bow for the cannon, and the cannon for the printing-press, substituting for the activities of the mere animal vigor of its sometimes brutal boyhood the more enduring and beneficent activities of refined manhood.

But Westminster Abbey is more than a witness of history. It is itself a history.

Its true origin antedates the days of Edward the Confessor (1042-1066), who may, however, with propriety be regarded as its founder. His superstitious devotion to the see of Rome, which secured for him after his death the more than regal honors of canonization, led him while living to deter-



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

mine to consecrate some gift worthy of a king to his patron saint, Peter; and this determination he emphasized by a solemn vow, recorded in his early life, to make a pilgrimage to the apostle's grave at Rome. From this vow, on the urgency of his Great Council, he obtained papal release, promising in lieu thereof a more profitable service in the erection of a monastery of St. Peter. Two leagues from the then city of London, forming at this point the west bank of the river Thames, lay the Isle of Thorns, a wild jungle where the wild ox and the huge red deer found a welcome home—a forest environed by forests, a marsh surrounded by marshes. Its situation afforded, however, that solitude which the monks of the Middle Ages sought, while a clear spring, bubbling up with ceaseless flow in the middle of the isle, supplied them with water, and the neighboring river afforded them abundant fish. There, founded no man knows when or how—so early that even the legends of its origin are contradictory—there existed a little monastic community, with their minster or chapel of St. Peter, the counterpart of the St. Paul's whose foundations were even then laid in the centre of what was to become the busiest commercial mart in the world. The ancient rivalry between these two ecclesiastical monuments assumes, in the light of later history, a curious significance, if we venture to regard for a moment, as some have done, Peter as the patron saint of Romanism, and Paul as the peculiar apostle of Protestantism. This little minster of St. Pe-

ter, Edward resolved to adopt as the foundation of the sacred edifice which was at once to fulfill his vow and perpetuate his fame. And this determination was sanctioned by a supernatural occurrence which an ancient legend connected with this most ancient building.

"It was on a certain Sunday night"—Dean Stanley shall tell us the legend in his own admirable words—"in the reign of King Sebert, the eve of the day fixed by Mellitus, first Bishop of London, for the consecration of the original monastery in the Isle of Thorns, that a fisherman of the name of Edric was casting his nets from the shore of the island into the



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

Thames. On the other side of the river, where Lambeth now stands, a bright light attracted his notice. He crossed, and found a venerable personage, in foreign attire, calling for some one to ferry him over the dark stream. Edric consented. The stranger landed, and proceeded at once to the church. On his way he evoked with his staff the two springs of the island. The air suddenly became bright with a celestial splendor. The building stood out clear, 'without darkness or shadow.' A host of angels, descending and re-ascending, with sweet odors and flaming candles, assisted, and

the church was dedicated with the usual solemnities. The fisherman remained in his boat, so awe-struck by the sight that when the mysterious visitant returned and asked for food, he was obliged to reply that he had caught not a single fish. Then the stranger revealed his name: 'I am Peter, keeper of the keys of heaven. When Mellitus arrives to-morrow, tell him what you have seen, and show him the token that I, St. Peter, have consecrated my own Church of St. Peter, Westminster, and have anticipated the Bishop of London. For yourself, go out into the river; you will catch a plentiful supply of fish, whereof the larger part shall be salmon. This I have granted on two conditions—first, that you never fish again on Sundays; secondly, that you pay a tithe of them to the Abbey of Westminster.'

"The next day, at dawn, 'the Bishop Mellitus rises, and begins to prepare the anointing oils and the utensils for the great dedication.' He, with the king, arrives at the appointed hour. At the door they are met by Edric, with the salmon in his hand, which he presents, 'from St. Peter, in a gentle manner to the bishop.' He then proceeds to point out the marks 'of the twelve crosses on the church, the walls within and without moistened with holy water, the letters of the Greek alphabet written twice over distinctly on the sand' of the now sacred island, 'the traces of the oil, and (chiefest of the miracles) the droppings of the angelic candles.' The bishop professed himself entirely convinced, and returned from the church satisfied that the dedication had



ST. PETER, IN THE RETABULUM.

been performed sufficiently—better, and in a more saintly fashion, than a hundred such as he could have done.”

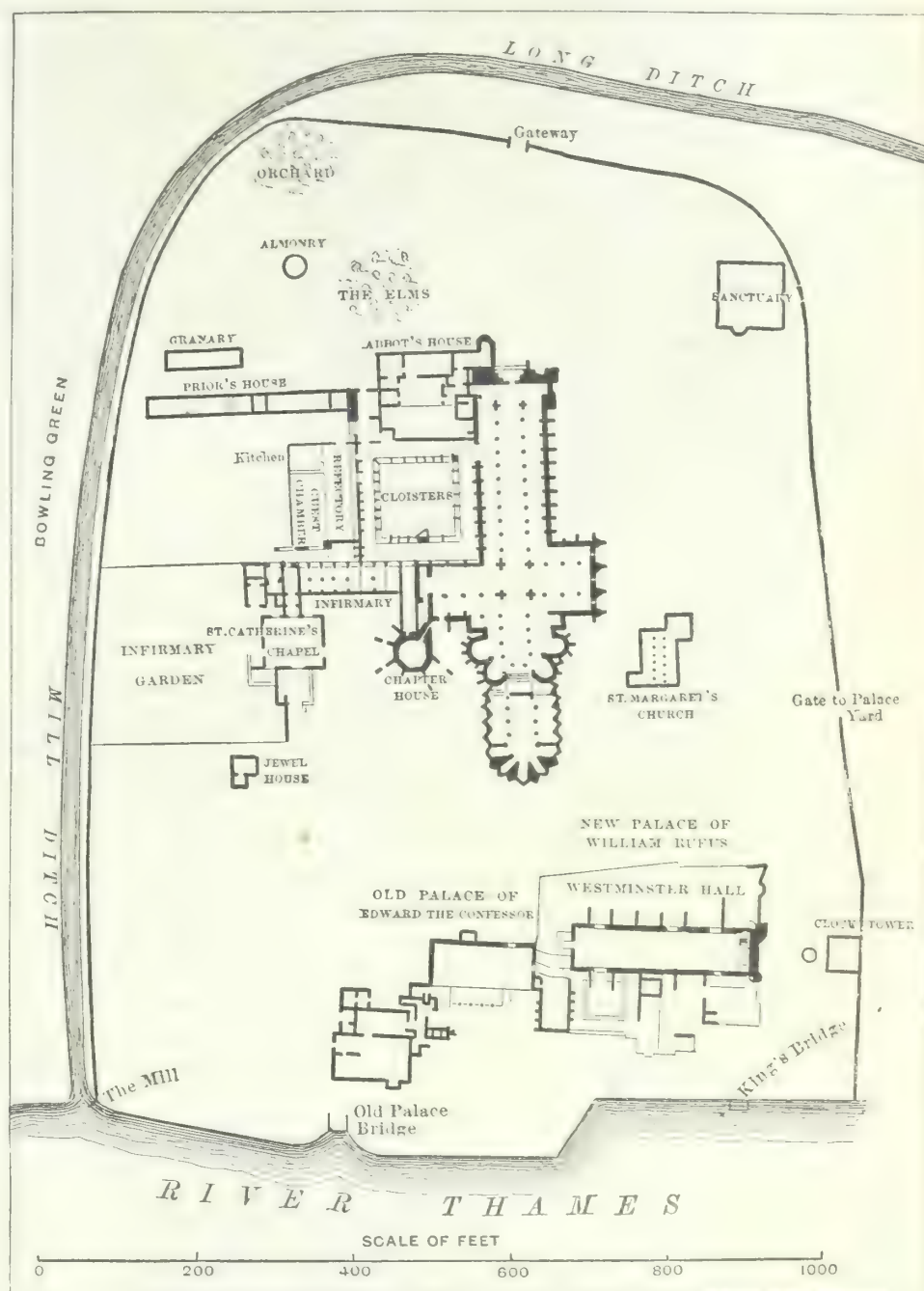
Such is the mythical story of the origin of what, in its full title, long since dropped out of common use, is the “Collegiate Church or Abbey of St. Peter.”

One might have imagined that such a dedication would have preserved the ancient church from destruction. But the king was determined that antiquity should not share with him the glory of the new Church and Abbey of St. Peter. The old building was torn down; a new one was built up from the very foundation. Its size was seemingly portentous. It filled nearly, if not quite, the whole area occupied by the present edifice. Cloister, chapter-house, refectory, dormitory, infirmary, all entered into the royal plans, if, indeed, all were not completed in the king's lifetime. It was fifteen years in building. Upon it the king spent one-tenth of the property of the kingdom. It was a marvel of pious munificence. Of all his work, little now remains except the general plan of the building, which has been preserved in all subsequent changes, and the substructures of the dormitory,

with their large pillars, grand and regal at their bases and capitals, which are still shown as an indication of what was the character of this most ancient sanctuary.

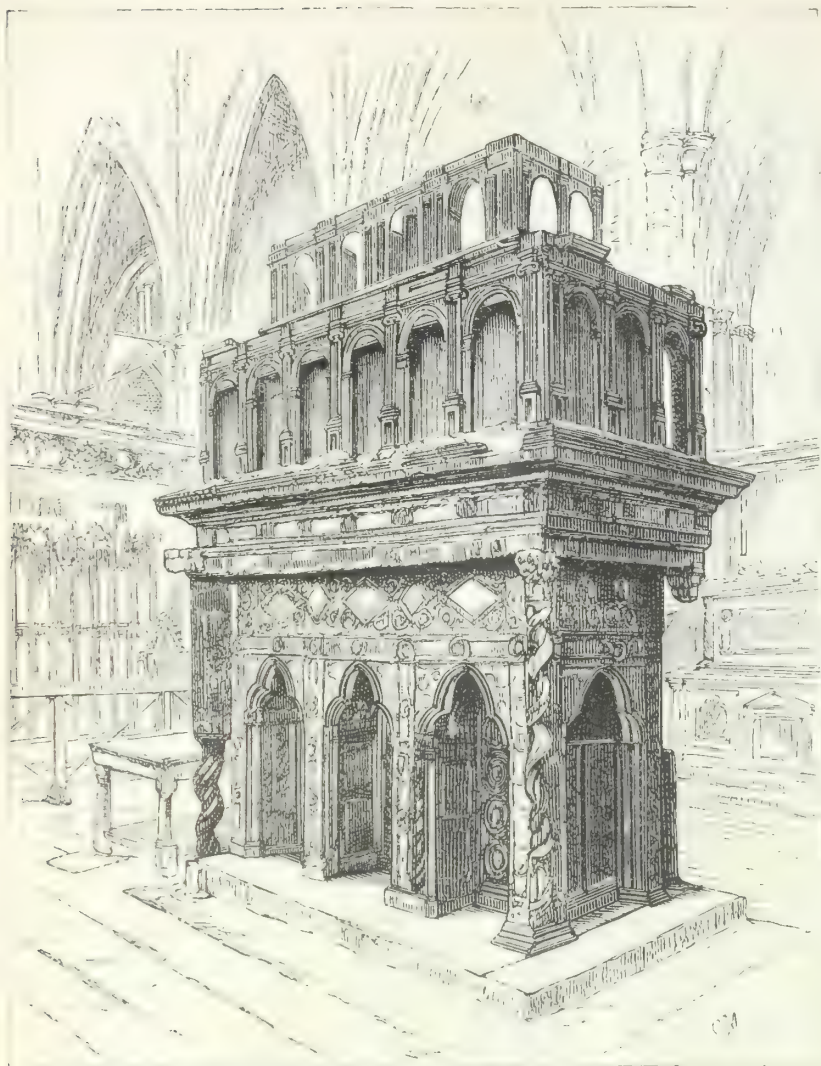
A period of two hundred years brings us to the reign of Henry III., the first truly English king, whose reign marks, indeed, the commencement of English history and civilization. The superstitious piety of Edward the Confessor repeated itself in Henry III. Even St. Louis seemed to him lukewarm. Visiting France, he kept the French

peers so long waiting, by stopping to hear mass in every church he passed, that St. Louis caused the churches to be closed. Admonished that he ought to hear sermons as well as attend mass, he made the apt rejoinder that he would rather “see his friend than hear him talked about.” Three masses a day were as few as sufficed to satisfy the demands of his piety. He determined to embody his devotions in a permanent mon-



WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND ITS PRECINCT, ABOUT A.D. 1535.

ument, to rebuild the church and abbey of St. Peter in a form which should render it incomparable for its beauty even in that age famous for its art. The massive pile which then stood on the site of the present edifice, sacred with the historic memories of Edward the Confessor and William the Conqueror, was taken down. Iconoclasm is not a purely American characteristic. The whole structure was rebuilt in what was then the prevailing style. The memory of the original founder was preserved, not by



SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

leaving any part of his handiwork for the purpose of perpetuating his name, but by the construction of the Shrine of the Confessor, constructed by a Roman architect, and elaborately ornamented. The shrine still stands, though modified by the hand of time and subsequent architects. The whole work was carried on upon a scale of magnificence that stopped at no extravagance. A single fact indicates better than figures can do the expenditures involved—they were so great, and occasioned exactions so heavy, that they called into being the House of Commons to protest against them. Thus Westminster Abbey and the English constitution were born together. It is thus a fitting choice which places the Houses of Parliament alongside the Abbey church which called it into being.

From that day to this the building remains in substance as Henry III. designed it, though with innumerable accretions,

cent church. But it is, in truth, but a small portion of the Abbey. Nor is it the architectural beauty of its arches, nor the echoing of the music of the grand organ in its lofty roof, nor the dim religious light which pours in through the richly ornamented windows, which gives to the service here its peculiar significance. It is the sense that we are in the presence of centuries; that here, all about us, are the memorials of the many

noble dead; that here history is written not on paper or on parchment, but by the graver's knife in wonderful characters upon a volume of stone.

Two features give to Westminster Abbey a peculiar character. For years it has been both the birth-place and the burial-place of royalty. Here every king of England since the days of William the Conqueror has been crowned, and here the royal ashes have been laid for their last repose, certainly ever since the days of his predeces-



CAPITAL OF WALL ARCADE.

sor, Edward the Confessor. Coronation was pre-eminently a religious ceremony—of all religious ceremonies the most solemn, imposing, and important. It lends, therefore, to Westminster Abbey no slight additional grandeur in the eyes of a devoted adherent of royalty that for over eight centuries the

tradition saith not, though doubtless the fact that Ireland has been in a state of chronic anarchy ever since, except when kept quiet by foreign domination, is to be attributed to the absence of this invaluable bit of rock. At all events, Edward the Confessor found it in Scotland, in the Abbey of Scone, in-

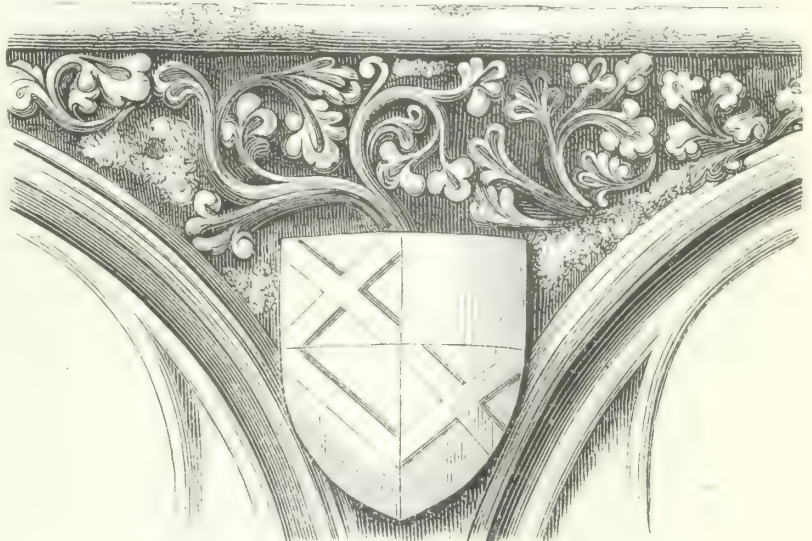


THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST.

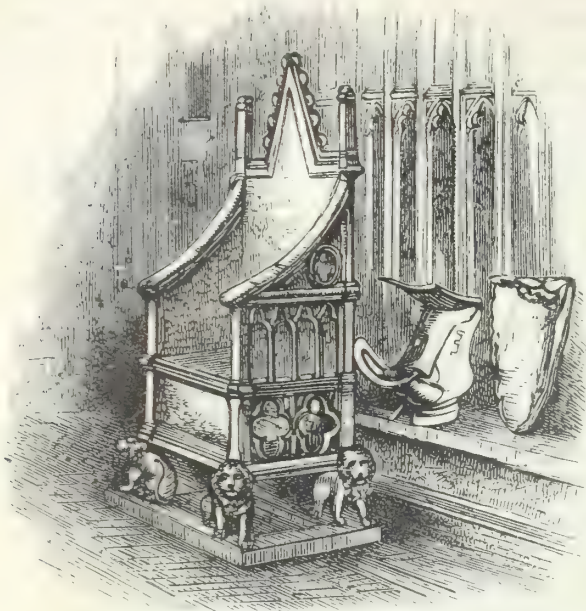
kings of England have been crowned in it. The two objects which the verger shows the tourist with the greatest reverence are the coronation chair and the coronation stone.

The stony pillow on which Jacob slept was carried by his descendants to Egypt. (Since we are going into tradition, we may as well go as far back as tradition can carry us.) This stone, after various migrations, which the ancient chronicles narrate with great particularity, at length reached Ireland in its wanderings. Here it served a useful purpose to a rude age by detecting the false claims of would-be monarchs. Each new claimant to the throne was placed upon this stone. If the chief was the true successor, the stone was silent; if he was a pretender, it groaned aloud. How so useful a tester of royal character slipped out of Irish grasp,

closed in a chair on which, for a length of time which history refuses to measure, all Scottish kings had been crowned. He brought it with him to England, had built for it the chair which still contains it, and resisted, as have his royal successors, every attempt on the part of Scotland—and they have been numerous—to recover this holy



SPANDREL OF WALL ARCADE WITH SHIELD.



CORONATION CHAIR.

"stone of Scone." From that day to this, in this chair, and on this very stone, every English sovereign, from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria, has been inaugurated. Once only has it been moved out of the Abbey, and that, says Dean Stanley, "for an occasion which proves, perhaps more than any other single event since its first capture, the importance attached to it by the rulers and people of England. When Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall, he was placed in the

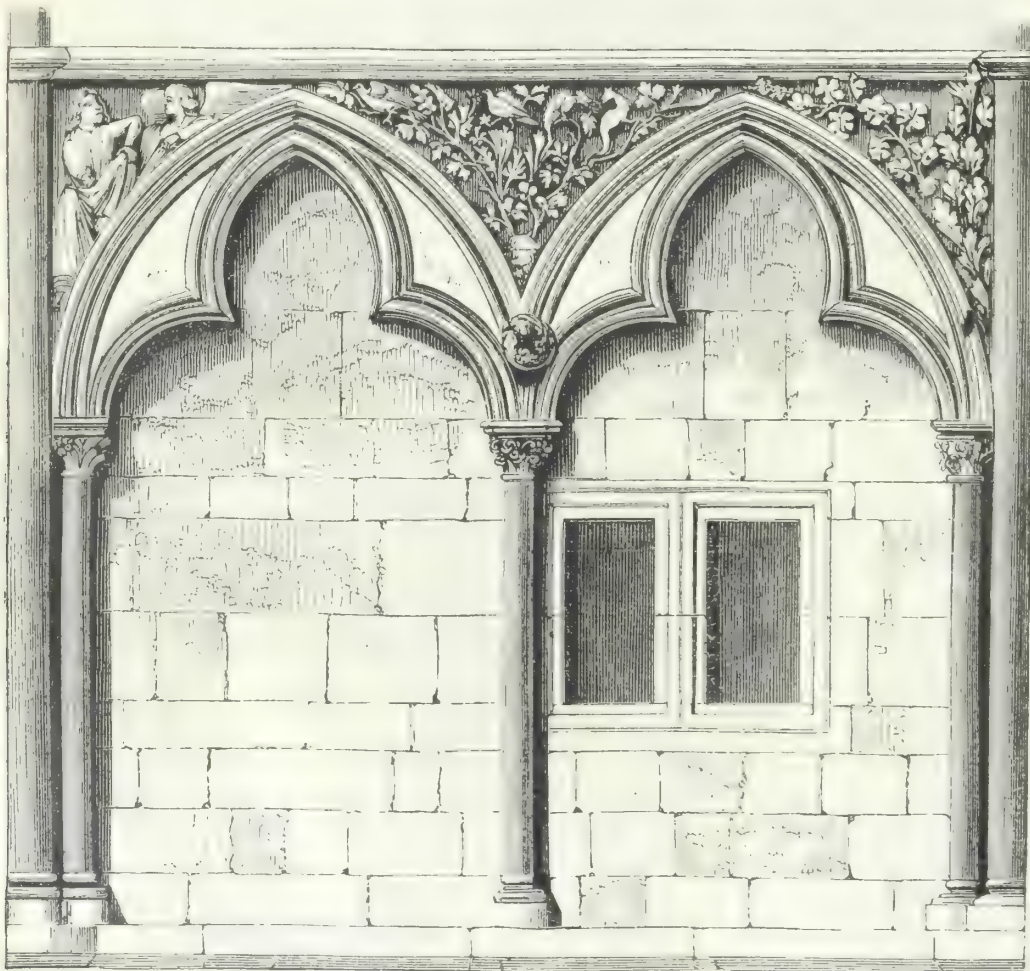
'Chair of Scotland,' brought out of Westminster Abbey for that singular and special occasion."

The chair itself has little to interest any one but the antiquarian; and its homely appearance almost justifies Goldsmith's sneer: "I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone. Could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of En-



CORONATION STONE.

gland seated in this, or Jacob's head laid on the other, there might be something curious in the sight." The old chair, with its iron rings, its battered surface, the great crack which seems to threaten to rend it in two, and the great host of names of visitors, themselves ambitious of fame, scratched over its surface, would hardly be allowed



WALL ARCADE.

with patience, despite its honored history, a place in the parlors of the palace of any of the republican princes of New York.

It would take us too far from our present purpose, a visit to the Abbey itself, if we

nious, simple or ornate, reverential or indecorous—according to the fancy of the king. But one feature common to almost every coronation ought not to be passed by in silence, since it connects the building of the



INSTALLATION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE BATH IN 1812 IN HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.

were to stop to witness the coronation ceremonies, which, though alike in certain general features, have differed in different reigns—martial or civic, extravagant or parsimo-

Abbey with one of the famous orders of knighthood in Christendom, the "Knights of the Bath." Ever since at least as early as the fourteenth century, a cavalcade from

the Tower to the Abbey has been a part of the coronation ceremonies. In this have participated a body of knights created for that purpose, who, as a part of their preparation for assuming their knightly dress, are first washed in a bath, whence the title of their famous order. For many years the installation of the Knights of the Bath took place in Henry VII.'s chapel, the structure built out at the rear of the Abbey, and it is this service, as performed for the last time in 1812, that our artist represents.

If interest attaches to the Abbey as the place of the coronations of the kings of England, sacredness attaches to it as the place of their interment. More noble dust (if nobility can be predicated of dust) is doubtless gathered beneath this roof than on any ground of similar size in Christendom. There sleep their last sleep the noblest of England's dead, at least her most honored dead. Here lie, side by side in peaceful slumber, kings and nobles who fought in deadly rivalries and animosities while they were living.

At these royal tombs history and the drama meet; for what lover of Shakspeare has forgotten the Henry V. of the great dramatist. In his life he had cherished a peculiar veneration for the Abbey. By his will he directed his body to be laid there. From the hour of his conversion from a wild, licentious youth to a steady, determined man, he became not only the greatest soldier of the age, but also a most devoted son of the Church. Under his direction the nave was completed in very nearly its present form by the great architect, famous to American childhood chiefly from the story of the turn in his fortunes, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London. By Henry the convents and monasteries were enriched by many a

royal gift. So little was he inclined to carry out in his reign that vice of intoxication which characterized his youth, that he is said to have resolved, if he conquered France, to destroy all its vines in order to suppress drunkenness. The oaths with which, as a companion of Falstaff, he so plentifully interlarded his conversation were abandoned, and in lieu thereof he substituted "Impossible," or "It must be done." The funeral pageant which accompanied the remains of this singular monarch to the Abbey was the grandest which had ever been known. The monument which remains to

mark them is among the finest in the Abbey. "He alone of all the kings hitherto buried in the Abbey had ordered a separate chantry to be erected, where masses might be forever offered up. It was to be raised over his tomb. It was to have an altar in honor of the Annunciation. It was to be high

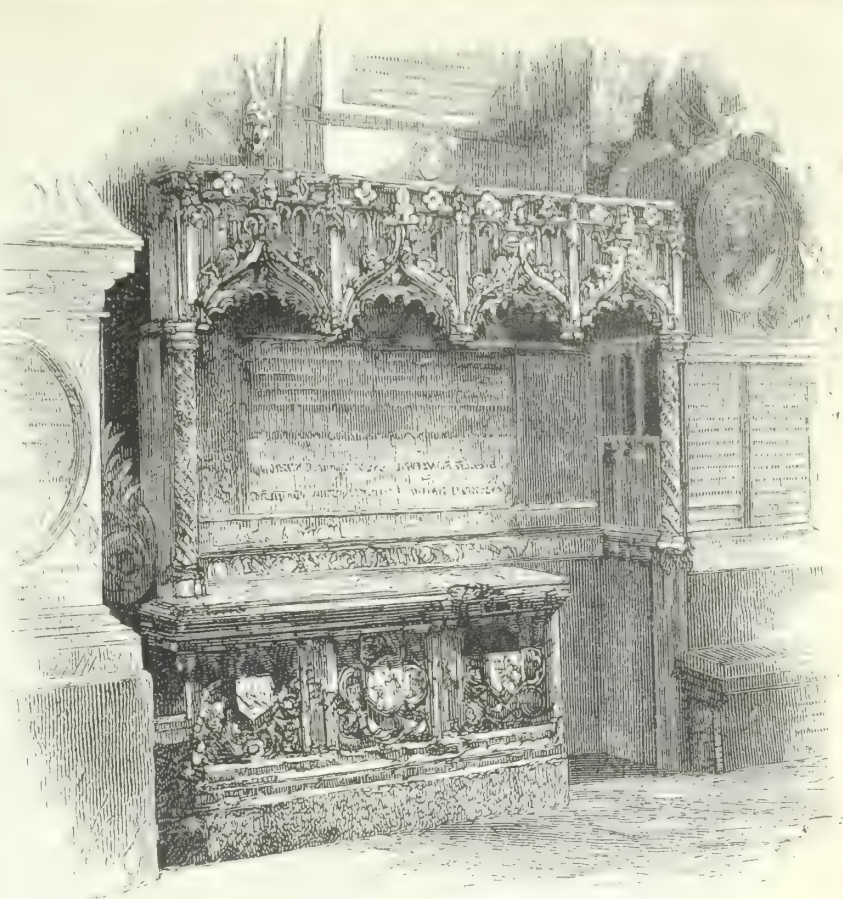


CHANTRY OF HENRY V.

enough for the people down in the Abbey to see the priests officiating there. Accordingly a new chapel sprang up, growing out of that of St. Edward, and almost reaching the dignity of another Lady Chapel. It towers above the Plantagenet graves beneath, as his empire towered above their kingdom. As ruthless as any improvement of modern times, it defaced and in part concealed the beautiful monuments of Eleanor and Philippa. Its statues represent not only the glories of Westminster in the person of its two founders, but the glories of the two kingdoms which he had united—St. George, the patron of England; St. Denis, the patron of France. The sculptures round the chapel break out into a vein altogether new in the Abbey. They describe the personal peculiarities of the man and his history—the scenes of his coronation, with all the grandees of his court around him, and his battles in France..... Aloft were hung his large emblazoned shield, his saddle, and his helmet, after the example of the like personal accoutrements of the Black Prince at Canterbury."

Coming down to a later date, it is significant of the brevity of life's bitterest battles that here, in the chapel of Henry VII., adjoining each other, are the tombs of Bloody Mary, the last Roman Catholic sovereign, and Queen Elizabeth, whose life only her own sagacity saved from the executioner, while but a few feet distant is the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, who died on the block by Queen Elizabeth's warrant.

It is not, however, the royal tombs alone which excite the visitor's interest, or even most attract his attention. To the ordinary visitor the uncrowned royalty of England possesses great interest, and draws to its tombs a greater number of sight-seers than do the kings themselves. To be buried in Westminster, to enter immortality through this "Beautiful Gate," to sleep in the same mausoleum with so many honored



CHAUCER'S MONUMENT.

and honorable dead, is the highest ambition of the Englishman. Burial here is the last reward which a grateful nation can award the faithful citizen who, with sword, or pen, or voice, has served it well. "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" was the electric cry with which Nelson inspired his followers in the battle of Cape St. Vincent. We are not writing a guide-book.

The most famous portion of the Abbey, doubtless, and that where the tourist loves to linger longest, is the Poets' Corner. Here are gathered the names of the princes of more than royal blood whose achievements

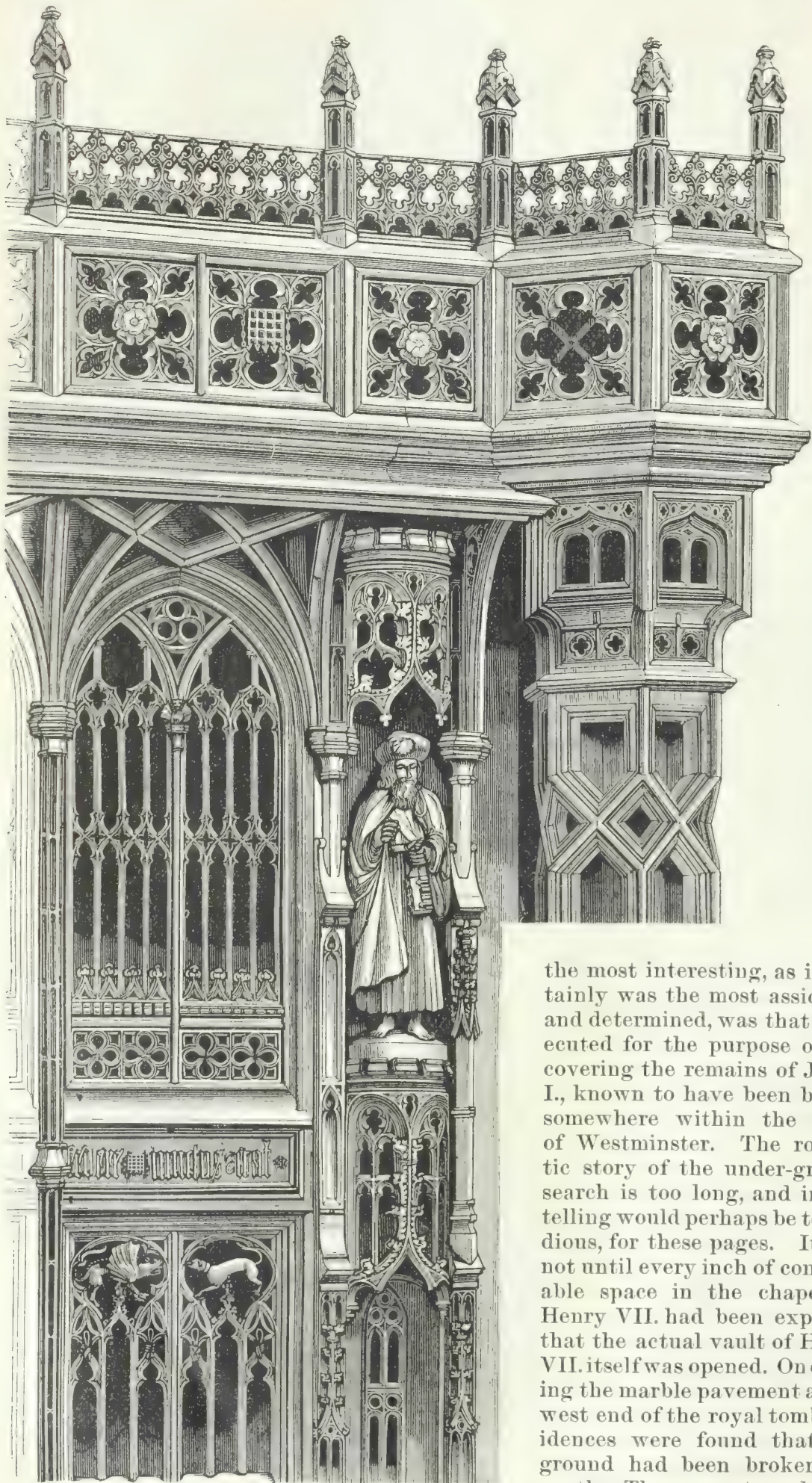
have given England that literature which is of greater worth than all her colonial possessions and commercial wealth, and stands next only to those liberties which have been gained by her martyrs, guarded by her statesmen, and defended by her warriors. From a forest of marbles, which by their very number daze and bewilder the spectator, we select but two—those of Chaucer, the founder of English poetry, and Shakspeare, the creator of the true English drama.

These are the monuments of the dead as they are shown to the ordinary visitor, but they are not the only monuments; they



SHAKSPEARE'S MONUMENT.

are not the most solemn and affecting. In more than one instance investigations have brought to light the metallic coffins in which noble dust was inclosed, still preserved through years that have rolled on even into centuries. Of these investigations, perhaps



PART OF THE GRILLE OF HENRY VII.'S TOMB.

the most interesting, as it certainly was the most assiduous and determined, was that prosecuted for the purpose of discovering the remains of James I., known to have been buried somewhere within the walls of Westminster. The romantic story of the under-ground search is too long, and in the telling would perhaps be too tedious, for these pages. It was not until every inch of conceivable space in the chapel of Henry VII. had been explored that the actual vault of Henry VII. itself was opened. On opening the marble pavement at the west end of the royal tomb, evidences were found that the ground had been broken beneath. The excavators cleared it away, and came upon a wall

which evidently closed an ancient entrance to a vault. It was with a feeling of breathless anxiety, amounting almost to a solemn awe, that they approached the consummation of their long search; and it was with a sense of chastened and solemn satisfaction that they discovered within the vault, side by side, three leaden coffins, whose inscriptions proved two of them to be the final resting-places of the bodies of James I. and Henry VII., while a surmise, whose accuracy there is no reason to doubt, attributes the third and centre one to the latter's queen, Elizabeth of York. Henry VII. died in 1509. This disinterment took place in 1869. For over three centuries and a half these royal remains had dwelt in this forgotten vault, and the coffins of both king and queen were still unharmed by the touch of decay. In the picture the coffin on the reader's left is that of James I.; on the right, that of Henry VII.; the centre coffin is that of Elizabeth, the wife of the latter monarch.

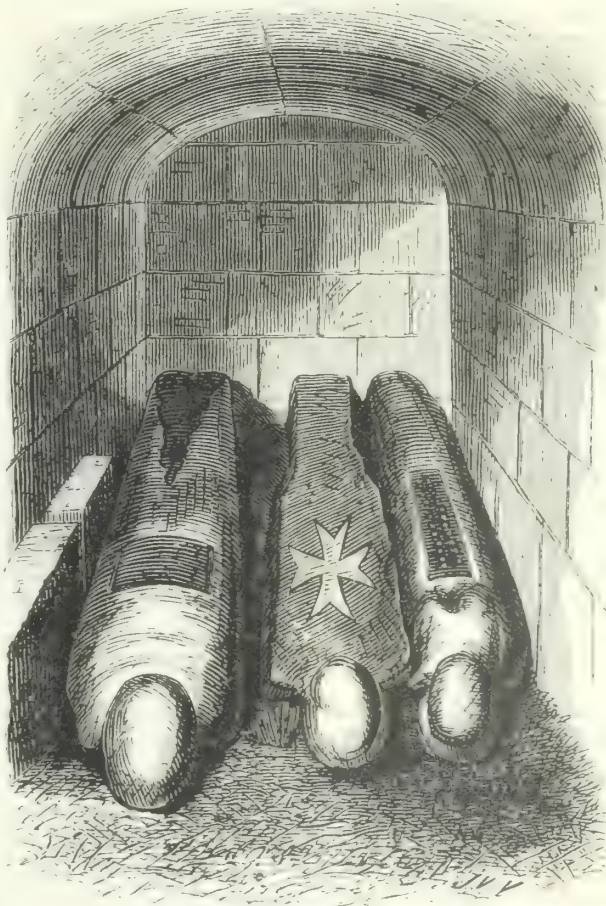
But it is time, unless we mean to confine our present visit to the church, for us to leave what to most minds constitutes Westminster Abbey, but is, in reality, only a part of it, to visit the adjacent buildings, which, indeed, constitute quite as important a portion of the original Abbey as the church and its surrounding chapels.

For, as our readers have already perceived, Westminster Abbey is not merely a church. In its historic origin it was a monastery, of which its church or chapel was but a subordinate part. Around this monastery grew up an independent community under the protection of the ecclesiastics who dwelt within. The monastic society has long since passed away, but time has swelled the surrounding precincts into the city of Westminster, one of the several distinct municipalities into which the city of London is divided, or rather, to speak more accurately, of which it is composed. Until as late as 1776 there remained the ancient gateway which led into this city of Westminster and separated it from the adjoining country. Over this gateway



MONUMENT OF RODNEY'S CAPTAINS BAYNE, BLAIR, AND MANNERS, MORTALLY WOUNDED IN THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OF APRIL 12, 1782.

were constructed two chambers, which served, the one as a prison for convicted clergy and Roman Catholic recusants, the other for lay offenders. It was in this latter chamber that the famous but unfortunate Raleigh spent his last night on earth; here took place that famous parting with his wife memorialized in the picture which is to be seen on the parlor walls of so many houses; hence he went forth to the scaffold bearing a "mery hearte" to the last. Here, too, Hampden expiated by his imprisonment his love of freedom; and here Captain Bell, who had often proposed to translate Luther's *Table Talk*, but had been prevented by other businesses, found in involuntary imprisonment both time and place for his work. The old Gate-house is pulled down now, and nothing, we believe, remains to mark the boundary line of the precincts.



COFFINS OF JAMES I., ELIZABETH OF YORK, AND HENRY VII., AS SEEN ON OPENING THE VAULT IN 1869.



THE CLOISTERS, WITH ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

But though the monastery itself has long since ceased to exist, the great pile of buildings still remains, employed in various educational and ecclesiastical uses. As the visitor is carried through the cloisters he wonders how the monks of old succeeded in carrying on, in this long and partially open hall, the various operations which belonged to it. There the younger monks underwent the all-important operation of shaving, once a fortnight in summer, and once in three weeks in winter. Here on Saturday their heads and feet were religiously washed. Here, too, was the monastic school. Here the monks carried on their writings and illuminations, and studied grammar and logic and philosophy. A strict school it was; no signals, no jokes; in communication no language but French. English and Latin were expressly prohibited. The product of this monastic institution still remains in the famous Westminster School, the Protestant product of the Roman Catholic planting. The fame of one of its head-masters, Dr. Busby, has passed into history, and spread on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is difficult, however, for us to imagine how these various operations were carried

on in the cloisters. "The upper tracery of the bays appears to have been glazed; but the lower part was open then as now, and the wind, rain, and snow must have swept pitilessly alike over the brethren in the hands of the monastic barber and the novices turning over their books or spelling out their manuscripts. The rough carpet of hay and straw in summer and of rushes in winter, and the mats laid along the stone benches, must have given to the cloisters a habitable aspect, unlike their present appearance, but could have been but a very inadequate protection against the inclemency of an English frost or storm."*

Just over the East Cloister was the Dormitory; just beyond the Cloister the Refectory. Each

monk had his own chest of clothing, limited like that of a sailor or a school-boy. The



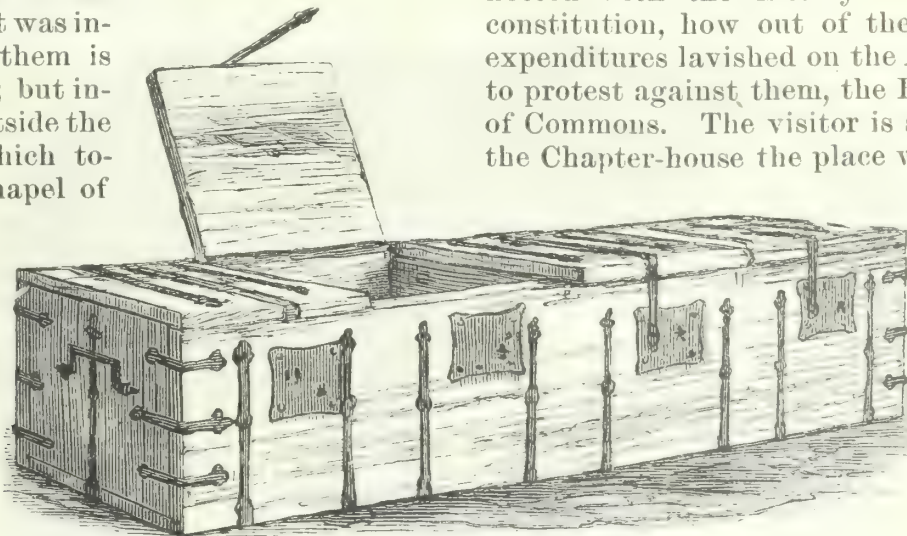
WOODEN CASE OF LEADEN COFFIN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

monkish meals could not have been very social affairs, since no monk was permitted

* *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, by Dean Stanley, p. 424.

to speak at all, and no guest was allowed to speak above a whisper.

At first thought it would seem inappropriate that these unworldly monks should be mixed up in any wise with the secular affairs of the kingdom. But on second thoughts, who so appropriate to be intrusted with the wealth of the kingdom as these saints who have forsworn the world and retired to this sacred retreat, giving up all hope of earthly emolument, and covetous only of heavenly riches? So here, in a room which goes by the name of the Chapel of the Pyx,* for many years were stored the treasures of the kingdom. Some of the great chests used of old time for the storage of valuables still remain, though the treasures have long since been removed, for, alas! even monks are not exempt from the necessity of praying, "Lead us not into temptation." The world's treasures proved too great a snare for the "carnal heart" which still remained in some of these pious monks. Over five centuries have passed since the robbery which resulted in the removal of these treasures from their custody, and the details are not now known. But it was afterward observed that in that year, 1303, the gardener who came to do the usual mowing was refused admittance. It was believed that in the long grass intermixed with hemp, sown and grown in spots for that very purpose, the treasures were concealed, after they had been taken by stealth from the king's treasury. Thence they were conveyed away secretly by the river. A long trial, ordered on the discovery of the robbery, resulted in the release of the abbot, but in the implication of the superior and the sacrist. What punishment was inflicted on them is not known; but inside and outside the door by which to-day the Chapel of

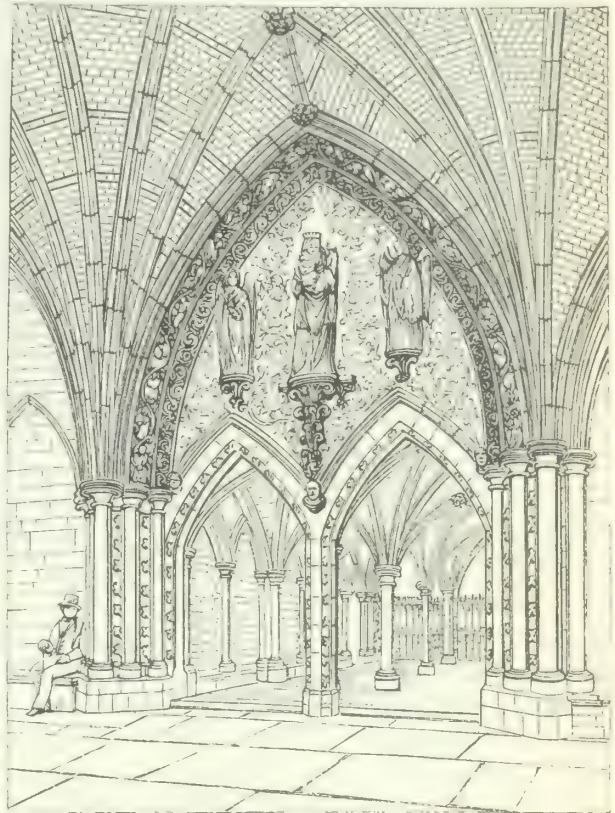


EARLY ENGLISH CHEST IN THE CHAPEL OF THE PYX.

the Pyx is approached may be felt, under the iron cramps, fragments of what modern

* The pyx, which gives its name to this chapel, is the box kept at the Mint in which specimens of the coinage are deposited. The word "pyx" (originally the Latin for "box," and derived from the pyxis or box-tree) is now limited to this depository of coins in the English Mint, and to the receptacle of the host in Roman Catholic churches.

science has declared to be the skin of a fair-haired, ruddy-complexioned man. The same terrible lining is affixed to three doors in an adjoining apartment of the Abbey. It is not impossible that they are the remains of the offending monks, and served



ENTRANCE FROM THE CLOISTER TO THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

as a warning to their brethren, who witnessed the terrible punishment, not to set their affections upon things on the earth.

We have already remarked how intimately the history of Westminster Abbey is connected with the history of the English constitution, how out of the extravagant expenditures lavished on the Abbey sprang, to protest against them, the English House of Commons. The visitor is still shown in the Chapter-house the place where the first

meetings of the House of Commons were held, six hundred years ago. The crypt beneath is believed to date back to the days of Edward the Confessor. Here were the first burials in Westminster, the entombments which led to those subsequent burials which have made Westminster Abbey the grandest cemetery in Christendom.



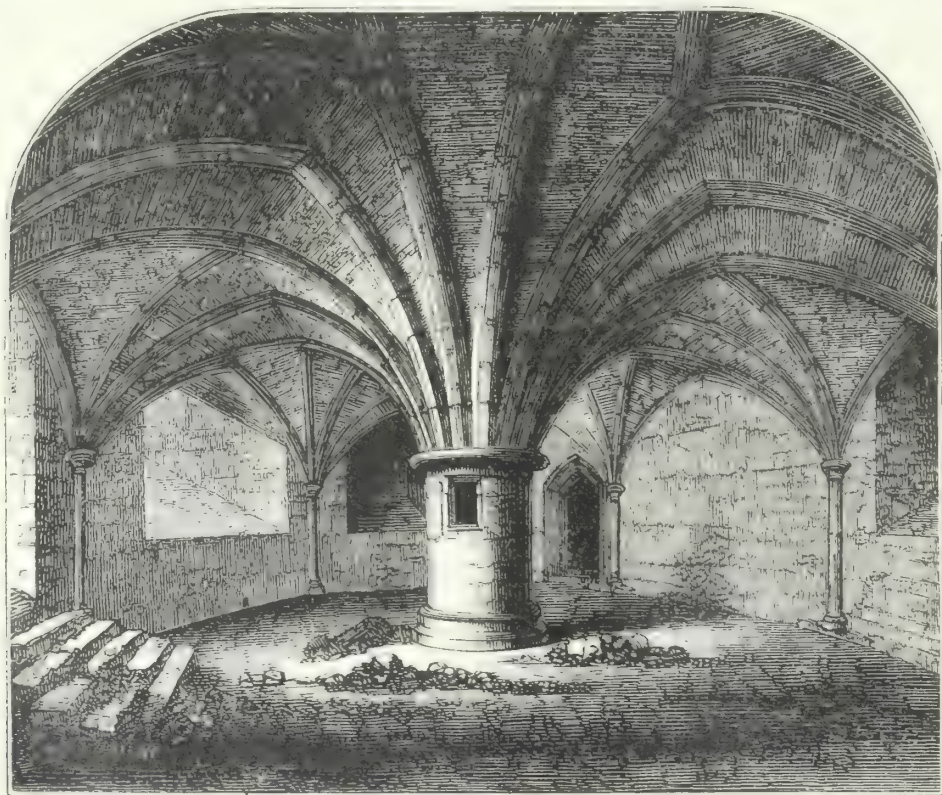
EXTERIOR OF THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

The Chapter-house derives its name from its object—the house where the chapter, the governing body of an abbey, meets for legislative purposes. Here, at least once a week, the whole council were accustomed to meet in solemn session. Here complaints and confessions were heard, and trials had, and punishments administered—the rod on the bared back well laid on. Hither, therefore, the House of Commons, when they first separated from the House of Lords, came for their first consultations. Here were passed many of those laws familiar to the student of English history, some of which have since become the common law of both England and America—the statutes of Provisions and Præmunire, the laws repudiating

papal authority and establishing that of the king, and those which laid the foundation of the Church of England, in the place of a church ruled by a foreign potentate. It is no longer appropriated to legislative uses. The House of Commons held its last session here in the dying hours of Henry VIII.; the dean and chapter of the present Abbey hold their sessions in the Jerusalem Chamber; the Chapter-house has been remodeled, an upper story formed, cases fitted to the walls, and the whole adapted to the duty of holding certain governmental public records.

The Jerusalem Chamber itself, though an unpretentious building alike in its external appearance and its internal arrangement, is connected with two events in the history of England, the one of which the great dramatist of English literature has rendered famous forever, the other of which has exerted an influence on all English-speaking nations such as is simply incalculable.

Here it was that Henry IV., coming up to London, covered with a hideous leprosy, and almost bent double with pain and weakness, laid him down to die. It was, apparently, the only room in the Abbey which had conveniences for a fire. It was the early spring; the Abbey itself was chilly; and to the Jerusalem Chamber the king was carried by



CRYPT OF THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.



THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

his attendants, and there laid upon a pallet before the great fire-place. It is in a room in the palace of Westminster adjoining that Shakspeare places that most affecting scene, in which the young prince puts on his own head the crown of his sleeping father; and thence he represents the king carried at his own request to the Jerusalem Chamber for his death.

King Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

Warwick. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King Henry. Laud be to God!—even there my life
must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

The other, and more important, though less dramatic, scene, which renders this chamber memorable in history, is intimately connected with the history of the church and the development of theology. Here it was, driven by the cold, as Henry IV. had been, from the Abbey itself, that the famous convocation of Presbyterian clergy was held which undertook to change the entire character of the Established Church of England, but which, ending seemingly in failure, really resulted in organizing a church whose scope and influence have outrun their wildest dreams. This little chamber is the birth-place of the Presbyterian denomination. Here, and in the chapel of Henry VII., changing their sessions in part according to the weather, sat the famous Westminster Assembly. Out of these walls came the Directory, the Longer and Shorter Catechisms, and that famous Confession of Faith

which is still the accepted symbol of theological doctrine of one of the largest Protestant denominations in England and the United States.

In this chamber sit the committee now engaged in the revision of the Bible.

THE CLOUD.

FAR, on the brink of day,
Thou standest as the herald of the dawn,
Ere fades the night's last flickering spark away
In the rich blaze of morn.

Above the eternal snows,
By winter scattered on the mountain height
To shroud the centuries, thy visage glows
With a prophetic light.

Calm is thine awful brow:
As when thy presence shined divinity,
Between the flaming cherubim, so now
Its shadow clings to thee.

Yet, as an angel mild,
Thou, in the torrid noon, with sheltering wing,
Dost o'er the earth, as on a weary child,
A soothing influence bring.

And when the evening dies,
Still to thy fringed vesture cleaves the light,
The last sad glimmer of her tearful eyes,
On the dark verge of night.

So, soon thy glories wane!
Thou, too, must mourn the rose of morning shed:
Cold creeps the fatal shadow o'er thy train,
And settles on thy head.

And, while the wistful eye
Yearns for the charm that wooed its ravished gaze,
The sympathy of nature wakes a sigh,
And thus its thought betrays:

Thou, like the cloud, my soul,
Dost, in thyself, of beauty naught possess;
Devoid the light of Heaven, a vapor foul,
The veil of nothingness.

A BEAUTIFUL CHARITY.

IN the advance of the age it can not but be noticed that the progress observable in art, science, and civilization generally is in no way lacking in matters of charity. In olden times the man who carried a pocket full of loose coins and distributed them with reckless good nature to whatever vagabonds crossed his path, was called benevolent, and the lady who charged her servants that no beggar should go empty-handed from her door, was deemed the patroness of the poor. Thus hordes of beggars and vagabonds were

Prominent among these, in New York, and drawing to it perhaps the warmest affections of the whole community, stands the Children's Aid Society. What heart does not feel the appeal of its very name? Who that sees the children, pale, thin, and sickly, lounging languidly in the shade of some hot brick building in the summer-time, or, in winter, ill clad, huddling together around a few blazing sticks in the street, while the dull twilight fades into night, is unwilling to reach out to them a helping hand? The



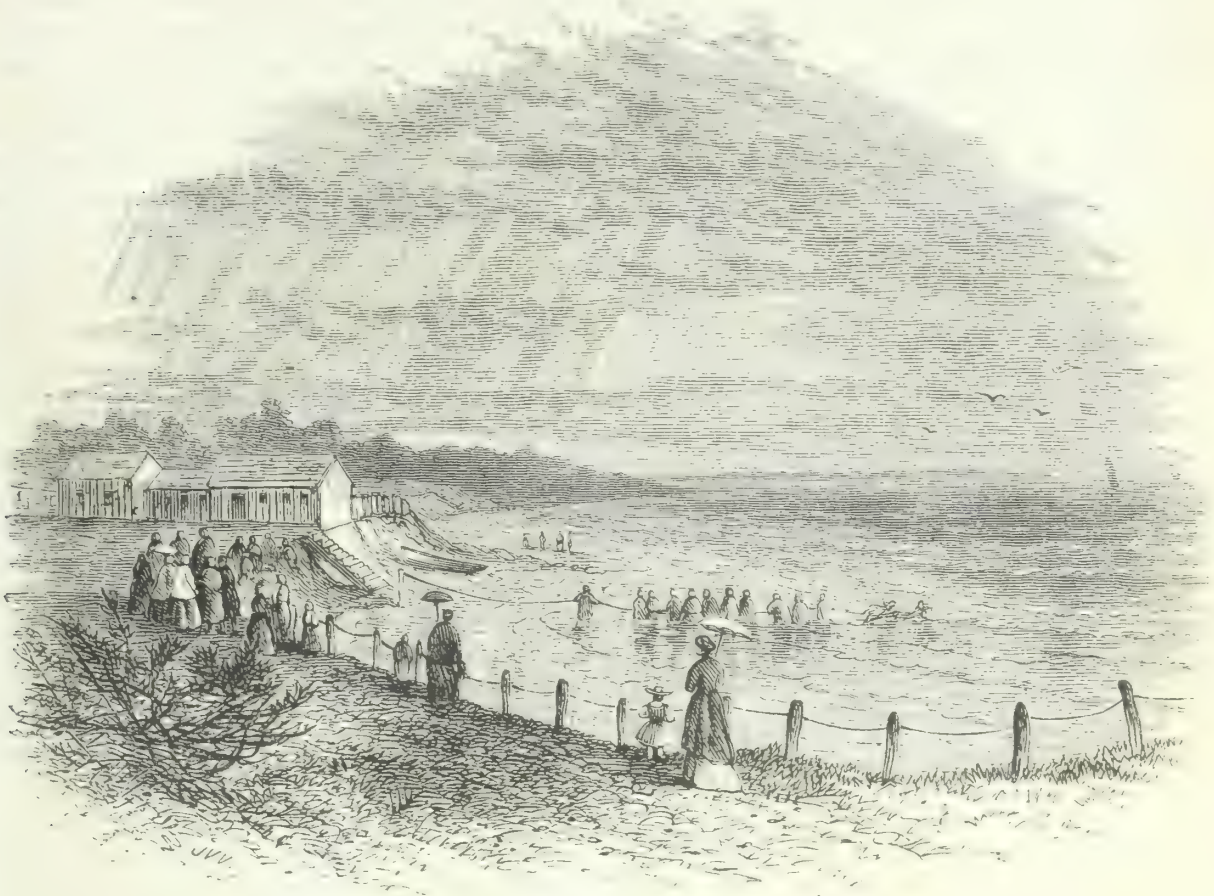
THE CHILDREN AT PLAY.

encouraged to live—in fact, were supported—in a state uniting shiftless luxury with abject squalor, while many an honest man, woman, and child, even, struggled hard to earn a decent living, and failed at last for want of a little well-merited aid. Nowadays charity is almost a science—at all events, it is a thing to be studied. Those who enter upon it thoughtlessly often do more harm than good. The man who stands ready, on impulse, to empty his purse, and the woman who is willing to fling open her larder, are not necessarily the benefactors of society. At present the charities which serve their purpose are well-ordered institutions, enjoying large incomes, employing energetic, intelligent, and efficient officers, and carrying on their work with the precision common to business transactions.

mother in her home, with her own happy girls and boys about her, would feel it a reproach to forget the little outcast. And the mother whose hearth is silent, whose little ones have gone to an early rest, not to be broken, under the sod and snow of Greenwood, feels that the care of suffering children to her is a sacred trust. The woman, too, whose life has never known the light of bright, laughing baby faces has still a heart for the joys and woes of tiny strangers. Children themselves—the thoughtful ones, at least—pausing from their play, remembering eager eyes they have seen peering over some area railing into a well-warmed, well-lighted basement, where an evening meal was preparing, or the longing looks which have followed them as they have driven away, in a carriage surmounted with

trunks, on a summer tour, ponder on the inequalities of life, and ask themselves if they ought not of their abundance to provide for those less blessed. And the father, coming home at Christmas time laden with toys for his own children, thinks gently of those who are fatherless. Even the grim, relentless old bachelor, who votes humanity a fraud,

summer of 1873. It was at that time more especially a sanitarium for very small children—those probably requiring the care of mother or nurse—and though it was then, as now, “a beautiful charity,” it was not altogether practically successful. At least it was susceptible of improvement, and the lady whose kindness of heart, intelligence,



GRAVESEND BEACH, BATH.

finds a husky tenderness creeping into his gruff voice as he mutters, “Poor little devil!” and buys from the frozen-fingered urchin a superfluous parcel of pencils, or the third-rate newspaper he has no intention of reading. And the stern, ambitious business man, who has risen by hard struggle from poverty to prominence, who believes that making money is the one great work of life, who, in his office, frowns a harsh “Begone!” on all intruders, relaxes his severity at the words, “From the Children’s Aid Society, Sir,” says, softly, “Ah, that is different,” takes the subscription book, and signs for a thousand dollars, making, perhaps unconsciously, his best investment for the day.

The work of the Children’s Aid Society, however, is too widely known to need either description or recommendation. This brief article proposes merely to treat of a new department which has recently been added to its labors—one so eminently a labor of love that all who hear of it, by common impulse, call it “a beautiful charity”—the Summer Home for Poor Children, at Bath, Long Island.

This institution was first established by Mrs. A. P. Stokes, on Staten Island, in the

and generosity originated this good work believed she could not do better for its permanent prosperity than place it in charge of the Children’s Aid Society. She accordingly suggested to the society that it should assume the supervision of the Home, and adopt it as a new department in its labors, expressing her readiness to assist in raising the funds necessary for its maintenance. The society agreed to accept the responsibility on condition that a sum of about \$4000 was collected. Mrs. Stokes and her husband gave \$1500, and the requisite amount was soon subscribed. The Children’s Aid Society is eminently practical in its manner of working. It did not wait for money to buy a tract of land and build a small hotel, while so many poor, neglected little city children were pining for a breath of country air. It entered upon its labors at once, continuing them upon the same ground where Mrs. Stokes had commenced. The same country-seat was rented, additions made to the furniture, three cows were bought, a garden laid out, and the whole establishment placed under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. John Gourley. After a time it seemed to the managers desirable that the Home should



THE GATE.

be so located that the children might enjoy frequent and safe sea-bathing. This led to an inspection of the shores of Long Island, and finally to the removal of the Poor Children's Summer Home to Bath.

In the spring of 1875, a house, formerly a private residence, with two and a half acres of ground about it, was rented, at the rate of \$600 per annum—just half the rental of the establishment on Staten Island. Its accommodations were enlarged by the refitting of the carriage-house as a dormitory. The Home is open from the early part of June till the middle of September. During that time, every Monday a party of children numbering about one hundred is taken to the Home, where they remain until the following Saturday. They receive an abundant supply of simple, nourishing food, are allowed to bathe daily, to take long walks, accompanied by some responsible person, and to remain in the open air as much as possible at play on the grounds. The children come chiefly from the industrial schools under the supervision of the Children's Aid Society; but other poor children are admitted, regardless of creed or nationality. Girls only, under seventeen years of age, are received, boys, excepting a very few of tiniest size and tenderest years, being excluded as too turbulent an element for a peaceful home. These, however, are recompensed in a measure for their self-inflicted penalty by a fine picnic toward the end of the season.

Sick children are not brought to the Home, as it is in no sense a hospital. Its object is rather to prevent than to cure sickness. Wan-faced, weary-limbed little urchins from the stifling tenement-houses of New York come to this place, and return to town with a new lease of life. The dull eyes become bright, the pale cheeks ruddy, and a happy memory of the beauties of nature, as well as a sweet consciousness of the tender friendliness of benevolent strangers, is carried back to illumine the dark walls of the city home. No case of illness or accident has occurred since the Home was opened. This establishment is at present under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Holt, and the cheerful faces and pleasant tone prevailing in the little community reflect much credit on their management.

To those residents of New York who enjoy witnessing the working of such a charity, at the same time refreshing themselves with a breath of sea air, a very pleasant afternoon's trip is possible. The steamer *D. R. Martin* leaves pier No. 8, on the Hudson River, at a little after one o'clock. A delightful sail of about half an hour brings the passengers to Bay Ridge. Here a small locomotive, with an open car attached, awaits the landing of the boat. Those who propose visiting Bath betake themselves to the car, and soon find themselves flying along—most of the way between two earth embankments—at a pace which makes one think of that of a pair of runaway horses. Soon there is a halt for a change of cars. The second locomotive proceeds more sedately, carrying a heavier weight. The train glides along through a cheerful country, full of green fields and green trees, but making no claim to scenery. There is a slight pause at the meaningless village of New Utrecht, and then the train runs on, very shortly reaching Bath, which, at the first glance, might seem equally meaningless, but for the knowledge of the beautiful blue water immediately beyond the trees. A few inquiries, amiably answered by mine host of the hotel at the station, satisfy one as to the exact whereabouts of the Children's Summer Home. It is located on a pleasant country road running parallel with the shore, a little distance back from it. Here the residences, with their surrounding plots of ground, are situated between the road and the water. Not far from the Home, to the east of it, is a public garden belonging to a neighboring hotel. To the west are several attractive-looking country-seats, chief among them the "Villa Kathleen," of the late Mr. Barney Williams. A charming little girl, dressed in black and white, lingering in the gateway of the latter, does much to disarm the passer of any prejudice he might hold against "actor folks."

On leaving the Bath station, a very short walk to the westward brings one to the Children's Summer Home. Before the gate, with the inscription, "Summer Home, Children's Aid Society," above it, is reached, the merry hum of juvenile voices announces that it is near. Immediately inside of the gate is a broad straight path leading toward the house, which stands not far from the water. The path is shaded along its whole length, chiefly by fruit trees, and is edged on both sides with a border of bushy box, which seems the growth of many years. To the right and left are plots which may have been used as vegetable gardens. Closer to the house is the play-ground. Here the children spend the greater part of the day, and from this spot emanated the merry voices. On approaching, the object which first strikes the eye is a colony of swings, twenty-five in number, and not one empty. What is the charm in swinging? There these little ones go back and forth, from morning till night, twenty-five in the swings, and perhaps fifty more standing about in groups waiting patiently for a turn. Croquet is also played, and books and dolls somewhat patronized; but each of these requires a certain degree of skill or thought or sentiment for its enjoyment, which the exercise of swinging in no way exacts, and of all the pleasures of the land, swinging reigns supreme. But of the land only: in the water it has its triumphant rival. Let the hour of bathing be announced, and the play-ground is instantly deserted. The whole flock of children goes trooping around to the water-front. A select few—twenty or thirty—retire to the bathing-houses, and the rest range themselves along the brink of the little bluff above the beach. No company of star actors ever had a more rapt audience. There is an ill-suppressed squeal of delight when the bell rings, the doors of the bathing-houses fly open, and a little regiment of striped gowns goes prancing down the wooden steps to the water. And what a merry shout in response comes up as the bathers plunge into the waves! Why do people scream when bathing? Has any one ever found out? Yet scream they will; and it sounds so cheery, who would tell them to stop? Here and there is a girl who swims finely. There are no breakers along this part of the shore; the waves ripple in gently; the opportunity for swimming is excellent—tempting even to others besides the children. A little apart from the juvenile audience stands a middle-aged gentleman, of energetic, intelligent, and kindly countenance. Suddenly he disappears in the direction of the bathing-houses, soon reappearing clad in a blue flannel costume. "Oh! oh! oh! there's Mr. B——!" shout the children on the shore, enthusiastically. A

welcome of equal warmth greets him from the children in the water. The gentleman's name is so widely known that we trust he will pardon our introducing him to the public in his bathing suit. He enters the water as eagerly as any of the children, and apparently enjoys the swimming exceedingly. But not selfishly. After a few independent strokes, he undertakes to teach one of the little girls to swim. She places one hand on his shoulder, and is beginning to strike out with the other—but the lesson is interrupted. The bell rings, and the children, with dripping hair and dripping garments, reluctantly leave the water and make their way up the wooden steps to the bathing-houses. A little girl from the audience springs up and attacks Mrs. Holt with an earnest, "Oh, teacher, mayn't some of us take the wet suits and go in now?" But Mrs. Holt does not approve this brilliant suggestion. The day is cool; she has allowed to go in only those who are strong and accustomed to bathing, and the little girl in question has a cold, and ought not to go in at all. There is a look of disappointment, but no rebellion. Considering that human nature is human, the children are remarkably obedient; and considering that there are a hundred of them to do the shouting and laughing, they make wonderfully little noise. There are very few rules for their government, scarcely any beyond the strict prohibition of eating green fruit, wandering away from the grounds, and bathing without permission. It was the inability on the boys' part to obey these regulations which banished them from this temporary Eden. The children rise and retire early, spending the greater part of the day out-of-doors. The majority are little girls from eight to twelve years old. Occasionally a small boy, aged two or four, is seen, under the care of an elder sister. It is amusing to watch the groups—odd to notice, with the many differences, certain pervading traits. For example: the day is both sunny and windy, and yet, at the first glance, not a hat is to be seen. Hair of every shade of yellow, red, brown, and black is tossed in the breeze, not to the discomfort but to the apparent enjoyment of its owner. On careful examination, two hats are discovered; one is on the head of a little boy—it looks as if it grew there, and he had slept in it half his life; the other, on a consequential-looking little maiden, apparently is purely ornamental, being of a brightness and newness which puts all its surroundings in the shade. The other children all have hats, but they are hanging in rows above the beds in the dormitories.

Turning from the water to the house, the question arises in the mind, Where are all these little ones stowed away at night? The home is a pleasant-looking country-house,

but none too large for a moderate-sized private family. The problem is in some degree solved when, on entering, the large room which once must have served as best parlor is seen to contain one dozen iron bedsteads, most of them double, and several wash-stand bureaus. On each bureau is a tin wash-basin and a strong china pitcher; the beds all have white quilts; the general aspect is very neat. There are six windows to the room, all arranged to open at the top, so that the ventilation is abundant. In the story above—there are but two stories to the house—are two or three more rooms,

is an addition on the east side of the house. It is a square room, with several windows, and doors opening into the garden back and front. A meditative-looking hen perched on the steps gives it a rural aspect. There are three long, narrow tables in the room, with long benches at each side. Each child is provided with a strong china plate and a large mug. There is plenty of milk, bread, butter, oatmeal, and grits for all. A dinner bill of fare is arranged for the week—Monday, pork and beans; Tuesday, stewed beef and onions (very popular); Wednesday, mutton; Thursday, roast beef; Friday, fish; Sat-



DINNER.

each containing several beds. Then there is the carriage-house, which was refitted to form three dormitories, one containing about twenty beds, the others somewhat smaller. It is not to be supposed that from the "home, sweet home" stand-point of the wealthy or fastidious, these apartments would appear attractive. But when it is considered what the children are accustomed to in their own homes, and what the real requirements of the case are, the accommodations are excellent—indeed, far more excellent in their simplicity than they would be if they were more elaborate. It is not said that, in a new building, they could not be made better; merely that the best is being done with the material at hand. After examining the dormitories, it is not uninteresting to glance into the dining-room. This

urday, something or other. A simple and healthful dessert is supplied each day except Thursday—roast beef being considered a luxury which renders dessert quite superfluous. Fruit and vegetables are also provided. Dinner is in the middle of the day, breakfast early, and supper at about six.

On leaving the dining-room, it seems only natural to pause a few moments in the parlor. It is a pleasant little apartment, ornamented most by the cheerful sunshine which streams in at the windows, and the beautiful view beyond of deep blue water stretching away to the horizon, with a glimpse of the white sand beach of Coney Island to the east, and the hills of Richmond County rising in the west. The mantel-shelf is covered from end to end with a row of well-used, brightly bound children's story-books. On

the table is a photograph of the Home, with a hundred children grouped in the foreground. Near the photograph is a small book, a sort of "Home Journal," filled with incidents and anecdotes concerning the children. It also contains copies of some of the letters which they from time to time have felt inspired to write. As is usual with children's compositions, some of them are unintentionally somewhat comical. But it would hardly be fair to close this sketch of the Home without finding space for their frankly expressed views on the subject, so two of the epistles are appended—one, a familiar home letter; the other, a document of more formal stamp. The first is as follows:

"CHILDREN'S SEA-SIDE HOME, BATH, August 22, 1876.

"DEAR MAMMA, PAPA, SISTER, AND BROTHER,—I arrived safe; it is a beautiful place. I went in bathing, and had a splendid time. The people are all very kind to us. I couldn't begin to tell you how nice it is.

"Yours, affectionately,
"____"

The second:

"CHILDREN'S SEA-SIDE HOME,
BATH, LONG ISLAND, August 24, 1876.

"Mrs. A. P. Stokes:

"DEAR FRIEND,—We children who have been staying at the Summer Home this week have heard that you first started the Home.

"There are about ninety-two children up this week, and they liked it very much indeed. There are plenty of swings, and the bathing is splendid. The children like to go in bathing, and bother the teachers till they can go.

"We take a walk in the morning after breakfast, or in the evening after supper. The teachers went with

us to take a walk yesterday; we walked up the road a long way, and asked them to take us to the Fort,* and they did so, and we went in, and sang the 'Battle Song.' When we were going home we wanted to walk along the beach, but we could not, because there was a space of water that we could not get across, and we had to go home by the road.

"We thank you very much for keeping such a pleasant Home for the children; we hope you will remain our best friend.

"The children all love you, and send their best respects. Yours, respectfully."

Signed by all the children present at that date at the Home.

Such is the verdict of the children—and it must be very gratifying to those who have given their thought, time, and money to this beautiful charity.

The Home, it is expected, will re-open every summer for three months, or longer, if circumstances permit. The institution is supported by subscription, independent of the Children's Aid Society's regular funds. It is estimated that the expenses are about forty-five cents a day for each child. How little that seems to give for the amount of benefit reaped! As a sanitary measure, the establishment of such homes in connection with our large cities can not be too highly valued. Several similar homes have been founded recently. There can not be too many. Their usefulness is undoubted, and the form of charity is one which appeals strongly to all who have at heart the health and happiness of the community.

A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"YOU infernal scoundrel!" roared Vizard, and took a stride toward Severne.

"No violence," said Ina Klosking, sternly: "it will be an insult to this lady and me."

"Very well, then," said Vizard, grimly; "I must wait till I catch him alone."

"Meantime permit me to speak, Sir," said Ina. "Believe me, I have a better right than even you."

"Then pray ask my sister why I find her on that villain's arm."

"I should not answer her," said Zoe, haughtily. "But my brother I will. Harrington, all this vulgar abuse confirms me in my choice: I take his arm because I have accepted his hand. I am going into Bagley with him to become his wife."

This announcement took away Vizard's breath for a moment, and Ina Klosking put in her word. "You can not do that: pray be warned. He is leading you to infamy."

"Infamy! What! because he can not give me a suit of sables? Infamy! because we prefer virtuous poverty to vice and wealth?"

"No, young lady," said Ina, coloring faint-

ly at the taunt; "but because you could only be his paramour, not his wife. He is married already."

At these words, spoken with that power Ina Klosking could always command, Zoe Vizard turned ashy pale. But she fought on bravely. "Married? It is false! To whom?"

"To me."

"I thought so. Now I know it is not true. He left you months before we ever knew him."

"Look at him. He does not say it is false."

Zoe turned on Severne, and at his face her own heart quaked. "Are you married to this lady?" she asked; and her eyes, dilated to their full size, searched his every feature.

"Not that I know of," said he, impudently.

"Is that the serious answer you expected, Miss Vizard?" said Ina, keenly. Then to Severne, "You are unwise to insult the woman on whom, from this day, you must depend for bread. Miss Vizard, to you I speak, and not to this shameless man. For your

* Fort Hamilton.

mother's sake, do me justice. I have loved him dearly, but now I abhor him. Would I could break the tie that binds us, and give him to you, or to any lady who would have him! But I can not. And shall I hold my tongue, and let you be ruined and dishonored? I am an older woman than you, and bound by gratitude to all your house. Dear lady, I have taxed my strength to save you. I feel that strength waning. Pray read this paper, and consent to save *yourself*."

"I will read it," said Rhoda Gale, interfering. "I know German. It is an authorized duplicate certifying the marriage of Edward Severne, of Willingham, in Huntingdonshire, England, to Ina Ferris, daughter of Walter Ferris and Eva Klosking, of Zutzig, in Denmark. The marriage was solemnized at Berlin, and here are the signatures of several witnesses: Eva Klosking; Fräulein Graafe; Züig, the Cappellmeister; Vicomte Meurice, French *attaché*; Count Hompesch, Bavarian plenipotentiary; Herr Formes."

Ina explained, in a voice that was now feeble, "I was a public character; my marriage was public: not like the clandestine union which is all he dared offer to this well-born lady."

"The Bavarian and French ministers are both in London," said Vizard, eagerly. "We can easily learn if these signatures are forged, like *your* acceptances."

But if one shadow of doubt remained, Severne now removed it: he uttered a scream of agony, and fled as if the demons of remorse and despair were spurring him with red-hot rowels.

"There, you little idiot," roared Vizard; "does that open your eyes?"

"Oh, Mr. Vizard," said Ina, reproachfully, "for pity's sake, think only of her youth, and what she has to suffer. I can do no more for her: I feel—so—faint."

Ashmead and Rhoda supported her into the carriage. Vizard, touched to the heart by Ina's appeal, held out his eloquent arms to his stricken sister, and she tottered to him, and clung to him, all limp and broken, and wishing she could sink out of the sight of all mankind. He put his strong arm round her, and, though his own heart was desolate and broken, he supported that broken flower of womanhood, and half led, half lifted her on, until he laid her on a sofa in Somerville Villa. Then, for the first time, he spoke to her. "We are both desolate now, my child. Let us love one another. I will be ten times tenderer to you than I ever have been." She gave a great sob, but she was past speaking.

Ina Klosking, Miss Gale, and Ashmead returned in the carriage to Bagley. Half a mile out of the town they found a man lying on the pathway, with his hat off, and

white as a sheet. It was Edward Severne. He had run till he dropped.

Ashmead got down and examined him.

He came back to the carriage door, looking white enough himself. "It is all over," said he; "the man is dead."

Miss Gale was out in a moment, and examined him. "No," said she. "The heart does not beat perceptibly, but he breathes. It is another of those seizures. Help me get him into the carriage."

This was done, and the driver ordered to go a foot's pace.

The stimulants Miss Gale had brought for Ina Klosking were now applied to revive this malefactor: and both ladies actually ministered to him with compassionate faces. He was a villain; but he was superlatively handsome, and a feather might turn the scale of life or death.

The seizure, though really appalling to look at, did not last long. He revived a little in the carriage, and was taken, still insensible, but breathing hard, into a room in the railway hotel. When he was out of danger, Miss Gale felt Ina Klosking's pulse, and insisted on her going to Taddington by the next train, and leaving Severne to the care of Mr. Ashmead.

Ina, who, in truth, was just then most unfit for any more trials, feebly consented, but not until she had given Ashmead some important instructions respecting her malefactor, and supplied him with funds. Miss Gale also instructed Ashmead how to proceed in case of a relapse, and provided him with materials.

The ladies took a train which arrived soon after; and, being so fortunate as to get a lady's carriage all to themselves, they sat intertwined and rocking together, and Ina Klosking found relief at last in a copious flow of tears.

Rhoda got her to Hillstoke, cooked for her, nursed her, lighted fires, aired her bed, and these two friends slept together in each other's arms.

Ashmead had a hard time of it with Severne. He managed pretty well with him at first, because he stupefied him with brandy before he had come to his senses, and in that state got him into the next train. But as the fumes wore off, and Severne realized his villainy, his defeat, and his abject condition between the two women he had wronged, he suddenly uttered a yell, and made a spring at the window. Ashmead caught him by his calves, and dragged him so powerfully down that his face struck the floor hard, and his nose bled profusely. The hemorrhage and the blow quieted him for a time, and then Ashmead gave him more brandy, and got him to the "Swan" in a half-lethargic lull. This faithful agent and man-of-all-work took a private sitting-room with a double-bedded room adjoining it, and

ordered a hot supper, with Champagne and Madeira.

Severne lay on a sofa, moaning.

The waiter stared. "Trouble!" whispered Ashmead, confidentially. "Take no notice. Supper as quick as possible."

By-and-by Severne started up, and began to rave and tear about the room, cursing his hard fate, and ended in a kind of hysterical fit. Ashmead, being provided by Miss Gale with salts and aromatic vinegar, etc., applied them, and ended by dashing a tumbler of water right into his face, which did him more good than chemistry.

Then he tried to awaken manhood in the fellow. "What are *you* howling about?" said he. "Why, you are the only sinner, and you are the least sufferer. Come, drop sniveling, and eat a bit. Trouble don't do on an empty stomach."

Severne said he would try, but begged the waiter might not be allowed to stare at a broken-hearted man.

"Broken fiddle-stick!" said honest Joe.

Severne tried to eat, but could not. But he could drink, and said so.

Ashmead gave him Champagne in tumblers, and that, on his empty stomach, set him raving, and saying life was hell to him now. But presently he fell to weeping bitterly. In which condition Ashmead forced him to bed, and there he slept heavily. In the morning Ashmead sat by his bedside, and tried to bring him to reason. "Now look here," said he: "you are a lucky fellow, if you will only see it. You have escaped bigamy and a jail, and as a reward for your good conduct to your wife, and the many virtues you have exhibited in a short space of time, I am instructed by that lady to pay you twenty pounds every Saturday at twelve o'clock. It is only a thousand a year; but don't you be down-hearted; I conclude she will raise your salary as you advance. You must forge her name to a heavy check, rob a church, and abduct a school-girl or two—misses in their teens and wards of Chancery preferred—and she will make it thirty, no doubt;" and Joe looked very sour.

"That for her twenty pounds a week!" cried this injured man. "She owes me two thousand pounds and more. She has been my enemy and her own. The fool!—to go and peach! She had only to hold her tongue, and be Mrs. Vizard, and then she would have had a rich husband that adores her, and I should have had my darling, beautiful Zoe, the only woman I ever loved or ever shall."

"Oh," said Ashmead, "then you expected your wife to commit bigamy, and so make it smooth to you?"

"Of course *I did*," was the worthy Severne's reply; "and so she would, if she had had a grain of sense. See what a contrast now! We are all unhappy—herself included—and it is all her doing."

"Well, young man," said Ashmead, drawing a long breath, "didn't I tell you, you are a lucky fellow? You have got twenty pounds a week, and that blessed boon, 'a conscience void of offense.' You are a happy man. Here's a strong cup of tea for you: just you drink it, and then get up and take the train to the little village. There kindred spirits and fresh delights await you. You are not to adorn Barfordshire any longer; that is the order."

"Well, I'll go to London—but not without you."

"Me! What do you want of *me*?"

"You are a good fellow, and the only friend I have left. But for you I should be dead or mad. You have pulled me through."

"Through the window I did. Lord forgive me for it," said Joseph. "Well, I'll go up to town with you; but I can't be always tied to your tail. I haven't got twenty pounds a week. To be sure," he added, dryly, "I haven't earned it. That is one comfort."

He telegraphed to Hillstoke, and took Severne up to London.

There the Bohemian very soon found he could live, and even derive some little enjoyment—from his vices—without Joseph Ashmead. He visited him punctually every Saturday, and conversed delightfully. If he came any other day, it was sure to be for an advance: he never got it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FANNY DOVER was sent for directly to Somerville Villa; and three days after the distressing scene I have endeavored to describe, Vizard brought his wrecked sister home. Her condition was pitiable; and the moment he reached Vizard Court he mounted his horse and rode to Hillstoke to bring Miss Gale down to her.

There he found Ina Klosking, with her boxes at the door, waiting for the fly that was to take her away.

It was a sad interview. He thanked her deeply for her noble conduct to his sister, and then he could not help speaking of his own disappointment.

Mademoiselle Klosking, on this occasion, was simple, sad, and even tender, within prudent limits. She treated this as a parting forever, and therefore made no secret of her esteem for him. "But," said she, "I hope one day to hear you have found a partner worthy of you. As for me, who am tied for life to one I despise, and can never love again, I shall seek my consolation in music, and, please God, in charitable actions."

He kissed her hand at parting, and gave her a long, long look of miserable regret

that tried her composure hard, and often recurred to her memory.

She went up to London, took a small suburban house, led a secluded life, and devoted herself to her art, making a particular study now of sacred music; she collected volumes of it, and did not disdain to buy it at book-stalls or wherever she could find it.

Ashmead worked for her, and she made her first appearance in a new oratorio. Her songs proved a principal feature in the performance.

Events did not stand still in Barfordshire; but they were tame compared with those I have lately related, and must be dispatched in fewer words.

Aunt Maitland recovered unexpectedly from a severe illness, and was a softened woman: she sent Fanny off to keep Zoe company. That poor girl had a bitter time, and gave Doctress Gale great anxiety. She had no brain-fever, but seemed quietly, insensibly sinking into her grave. No appetite, and, indeed, was threatened with atrophy at one time. But she was so surrounded with loving-kindness that her shame diminished, her pride rose, and at last her agony was blunted, and only a pensive languor remained to show that she had been crushed, and could not be again the bright, proud, high-spirited beauty of Barfordshire.

For many months she never mentioned either Edward Severne, Ina Klosking, or Lord Uxmoor.

It was a long time before she went outside the gates of her own park. She seemed to hate the outer world.

Her first visit was to Miss Gale. That young lady was now very happy. She had her mother with her. Mrs. Gale had defeated the tricky executor, and had come to England with a tidy little capital, saved out of the fire by her sagacity and spirit.

Mrs. Gale's character has been partly revealed by her daughter. I have only to add, she was a homely, well-read woman, of few words, but those few—grape-shot. Example—she said to Zoe: "Young lady, excuse an old woman's freedom, who might be your mother. The troubles of young folk have a deal of self in them; more than you could believe. Now just you try something to take you out of self, and you will be another creature."

"Ah," sighed Zoe, "would to Heaven I could!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Gale, "any body with money can do it, and the world so full of real trouble. Now my girl tells me you are kind to the poor: why not do something like Rhoda is doing for this lord she is over-seer, or goodness knows what, to?"

RHODA (*defiantly*). "Viceroy."

"You have money, and your brother will not refuse you a bit o' land. Why not build

some of these new-fangled cottages, with fancy gardens, and dwarf palaces for a cow and a pig? Rhoda, child, if I was a poor woman, I could graze a cow in the lanes hereabouts and feed a pig in the woods. Now you do that for the poor, Miss Vizard, and don't let my girl think for you. Breed your own ideas. That will divert you from self, my dear, and you will begin to find it—there—just as if a black cloud was clearing away from your mind, and letting your heart warm again."

Zoe caught at the idea, and that very day asked Vizard, timidly, whether he would let her have some land to build a model cottage or two on.

Will it be believed that the good-natured Vizard made a wry face? "What, two proprietors in Islip!" For a moment or two he was all squire. But soon the brother conquered. "Well," said he, "I can't give you a fee-simple; I must think of my heirs: but I will hold a court, and grant you a copyhold, or I'll give you a ninety-nine years' lease at a pepper-corn. There's a slip of three acres on the edge of the Green; you shall amuse yourself with that." He made it over to her directly for a century, at ten shillings a year; and as he was her surviving trustee, he let her draw in advance on her ten thousand pounds.

Mapping out the ground with Rhoda, settling the gardens and the miniature pastures, and planning the little houses and out-houses, and talking a great deal, compared with what she transacted, proved really a certain antidote to that lethargy of woe which oppressed her. And here for a time I must leave her, returning slowly to health of body and some tranquillity of mind, but still subject to fits of shame, and gnawed by bitter regrets.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE reputation Mademoiselle Klosking gained in the new oratorio, aided by Ashmead's exertions, launched her in a walk of art that accorded with her sentiments.

She sang in the oratorio whenever it could be performed, and also sang select songs from it, and other sacred songs at concerts.

She was engaged at a musical festival in the very cathedral town whose choir had been so consoling to her. She entered with great zeal into this engagement; and finding there was a general desire to introduce the leading chorister boy to the public in a duet, she surprised them all by offering to sing the second part with him if he would rehearse it carefully with her at her lodgings. He was only too glad, as might be supposed. She found he had a lovely voice, but little physical culture. He read cor-

rectly, but did not even know the nature of the vocal instrument and its construction, which is that of a Bagpipe. She taught him how to keep his lungs full in singing, yet not to gasp, and by this simple means enabled him to sing with more than twice the power he had ever exercised yet. She also taught him the swell—a figure of music he knew literally nothing about.

When, after singing a great solo, to salvos of applause, Mademoiselle Klosking took the second part with this urchin, the citizens and all the musical people who haunt a cathedral were on the tiptoe of expectation. The boy amazed them, and the rich contralto that supported him, and rose and swelled with him in ravishing harmony, enchanted them. The vast improvement in the boy's style did not escape the hundreds of persons who knew him, and this duet gave la Klosking a great personal popularity.

Her last song, by her own choice, was, "What though I trace" (Handel), and the majestic volume that rang through the echoing vault showed with what a generous spirit she had subdued that magnificent organ not to crush her juvenile partner in the preceding duet.

Among the persons present was Harrington Vizard. He had come there against his judgment, but he could not help it.

He had been cultivating a dull tranquillity, and was even beginning his old game of railing on women as the great disturbers of male peace. At the sight of her, and the sound of her first notes, away went his tranquillity, and he loved her as ardently as ever. But when she sang his mother's favorite, and the very roof rang, and three thousand souls were thrilled and lifted to heaven by that pure and noble strain, the rapture could not pass away from this one heart; while the ear ached at the cessation of her voice, the heart also ached and pined and yearned.

He ceased to resist. From that day he followed her about to her public performances all over the Midland Counties; and she soon became aware of his presence. She said nothing till Ashmead drew her attention; then, being compelled to notice it, she said it was a great pity. Surely he must have more important duties at home.

Ashmead wanted to recognize him, and put him into the best place vacant; but la Klosking said, "No. I will be more his friend than to lend him the least encouragement."

At the end of that tour she returned to London.

While she was there in her little suburban house, she received a visit from Mr. Edward Severne. He came to throw himself at her feet and beg forgiveness. She said she would try and forgive him. He then im-

plored her to forget the past. She told him that was beyond her power. He persisted, and told her he had come to his senses; all his misconduct now seemed a hideous dream, and he found he had never really loved any one but her. So then he entreated her to try him once more; to give him back the treasure of her love.

She listened to him like a woman of marble. "Love where I despise!" said she. "Never. The day has gone by when these words can move me. Come to me for the means of enjoying yourself—gambling, drinking, and your other vices—and I shall indulge you. But do not profane the name of love. I forbid you ever to enter my door on that errand. I presume you want money. There is a hundred pounds. Take it, and keep out of my sight till you have wasted it."

He dashed the notes proudly down. She turned her back on him, and glided into another room.

When she returned, he was gone, and the hundred pounds had managed to accompany him.

He went straight from her to Ashmead, and talked big. He would sue for restitution of conjugal rights.

"Don't do that, for my sake," said Ashmead. "She will fly the country like a bird, and live in some village on bread and milk."

"Oh, I would not do *you* an ill turn for the world," said the master of arts. "You have been a kind friend to me. You saved my life. It is imbittered by remorse, and recollections of the happiness I have thrown away and the heart I have wronged. No matter!"

This visit disturbed la Klosking, and disposed her to leave London. She listened to a brilliant offer that was made her, through Ashmead, by the manager of the Italian Opera, who was organizing a provincial tour. The tour was well advertised in advance, and the company opened to a grand house at Birmingham.

Mademoiselle Klosking had not been long on the stage when she discovered her discarded husband in the stalls, looking the perfection of youthful beauty. The next minute she saw Vizard in a private box. Mr. Severne applauded her loudly, and flung her a bouquet. Mr. Vizard fixed his eyes on her, beaming with admiration, but made no public demonstration.

The same incident repeated itself every night she sang, and at every town.

At last she spoke about it to Ashmead, in the vague, suggestive way her sex excels in. "I presume you have observed the people in front."

"Yes, madam. Two in particular."

"Could you not advise him to desist?"

"Which of 'em, madam?"

"Mr. Vizard, of course. He is losing his time, and wasting sentiments it is cruel should be wasted."

Ashmead said he dared not take any liberty with Mr. Vizard.

So the thing went on.

Severne made acquaintance with the manager, and obtained the *entrée* behind the scenes. He brought his wife a bouquet every night, and presented it to her with such reverence and grace that she was obliged to take it and courtesy, or seem rude to the people about.

Then she wrote to Miss Gale, and begged her to come if she could.

Miss Gale, who had all this time been writing her love-letters twice a week, immediately appointed her mother viceroy, and went to her friend. Ina Klosking explained the situation to her with a certain slight timidity and confusion not usual to her, and said, "Now, dear, you have more courage than the rest of us; and I know he has a great respect for you; and, indeed, Miss Dover told me he would quite obey you. Would it not be the act of a friend to advise him to cease this unhappy—What good can come of it? He neglects his own duties, and disturbs me in mine. I sometimes ask myself would it not be kinder of me to give up my business, or practice it elsewhere—Germany, or even Italy."

"Does he call on you?"

"No."

"Does he write to you?"

"Oh no. I wish he would. Because then I should be able to reply like a true friend, and send him away. Consider, dear, it is not like a nobody dangling after a public singer; that is common enough. We are all run after by idle men; even Signorina Zubbetta, who has not much voice nor appearance, and speaks a Genoese *patois* when she is not delivering a libretto. But for a gentleman of position, with a heart of gold and the soul of an emperor, that he should waste his time and his feelings so, on a woman who can never be any thing to him, it is pitiable."

"Well, but, after all, it is his business; and he is not a child: besides, remember he is really very fond of music. If I were you, I'd look another way, and take no notice."

"But I can not."

"Ah!—and why not, pray?"

"Because he always takes a box on my left hand, two from the stage. I can't think how he gets it at all the theatres. And then he fixes his eyes on me so, I can not help stealing a look. He never applauds nor throws me bouquets. He looks—oh, you can not conceive how he looks, and the strange effect it is beginning to produce on me."

"He mesmerizes you?"

"I know not. But it is a growing fasci-

nation. Oh, my dear physician, interfere! If it goes on, we shall be more wretched than ever." Then she enveloped Rhoda in her arms, and rested a hot cheek against hers.

"I see," said Rhoda. "You are afraid he will make you love him."

"I hope not. But artists are impressionable; and being looked at so, by one I esteem, night after night when my nerves are strung—*cela m'agace*;" and she gave a shiver, and then was a little hysterical; and that was very unlike her.

Rhoda kissed her, and said, resolutely, she would stop it.

"Not unkindly?"

"Oh no."

"You will not tell him it is offensive to me?"

"No."

"Pray do not give him unnecessary pain."

"No."

"He is not to be mortified."

"No."

"I shall miss him sadly."

"Shall you?"

"Naturally. Especially at each new place. Only conceive: one is always anxious on the stage; and it is one thing to come before a public all strangers, and nearly all poor judges; it is another to see, all ready for your first note, a noble face bright with intelligence and admiration—the face of a friend. Often that one face is the only one I allow myself to see. It hides the whole public."

"Then don't you be silly and send it away. I'll tell you the one fault of your character: you think too much of other people, and too little of yourself. Now that is contrary to the scheme of nature. We are sent into the world to take care of number one."

"What?" said Ina; "are we to be all self-indulgence? Is there to be no principle, no womanly prudence, foresight, discretion? No; I feel the sacrifice; but no power shall hinder me from making it. If you can not persuade him, I'll do like other singers. I will be ill, and quit the company."

"Don't do that," said Rhoda. "Now you have put on your iron look, it is no use arguing—I know that to my cost. There! I will talk to him. Only don't hurry me; let me take my opportunity."

This being understood, Ina would not part with her for the present, but took her to the theatre. She dismissed her dresser, at Rhoda's request, and Rhoda filled that office. So they could talk freely.

Rhoda had never been behind the scenes of a theatre before, and she went prying about, ignoring the music, for she was almost earless. Presently, whom should she encounter but Edward Severne. She started, and looked at him like a basilisk. Ho

removed his hat, and drew back a step with a great air of respect and humility. She was shocked and indignant with Ina for letting him be about her. She followed her off the stage into her dressing-room, and took her to task. "I have seen Mr. Severne here."

"He comes every night."

"And you allow him?"

"It is the manager."

"But he would not admit him if you objected."

"I am afraid to do that."

"Why?"

"We should have an *esclandre*. I find he has had so much consideration for me as to tell no one our relation; and as he has never spoken to me, I do the most prudent thing I can, and take no notice. Should he attempt to intrude himself on me, then it will be time to have him stopped in the hall, and I shall do it *coûte que coûte*. Ah, my dear friend, mine is a difficult and trying position."

After a very long wait, Ina went down and sang her principal song, with the usual bravas and thunders of applause. She was called on twice, and as she retired, Severne stepped forward; and, with a low, obsequious bow, handed her a beautiful bouquet. She took it with a stately courtesy, but never looked nor smiled. Rhoda saw that, and wondered. She thought to herself, "That is carrying politeness a long way. To be sure, she is half a foreigner."

Having done his nightly homage, Severne left the theatre, and soon afterward the performance concluded, and Ina took her friend home.

Ashmead was in the hall to show his patroness to her carriage—a duty he never failed in. Rhoda shook hands with him, and he said, "Delighted to see you here, miss. You will be a great comfort to her."

The two friends communed till two o'clock in the morning; but the limits of my tale forbid me to repeat what passed. Suffice it to say that Rhoda was fairly puzzled by the situation; but, having a great regard for Vizard, saw clearly enough that he ought to be sent back to Islip. She thought that perhaps the very sight of her would wound his pride, and, finding his mania discovered by a third person, he would go of his own accord: so she called on him.

My lord received her with friendly composure, and all his talk was about Islip. He did not condescend to explain his presence at Carlisle. He knew that *qui s'excuse s'accuse*, and left her to remonstrate. She had hardly courage for that, and hoped it might be unnecessary.

She told Ina what she had done. But her visit was futile: at night there was Vizard in his box.

Next day the company opened in Man-

chester. Vizard was in his box there—Severne in front, till Ina's principal song. Then he came round and presented his bouquet. But this time he came up to Rhoda Gale, and asked her whether a penitent man might pay his respects to her in the morning.

She said she believed there were very few penitents in the world.

"I know one," said he.

"Well, I don't, then," said the virago. "But *you* can come, if you are not afraid."

Of course Ina Klosking knew of this appointment two minutes after it was made. She merely said, "Do not let him talk you over."

"He is not so likely to talk me over as you," said Rhoda.

"You are mistaken," was Ina's reply. "I am the one person he will never deceive again."

Rhoda Gale received his visit; he did not beat about the bush nor fence at all. He declared at once what he came for. He said, "At the first sight of you, whom I have been so ungrateful to, I could not speak; but now I throw myself on your forgiveness. I think you must have seen that my ingratitude has never sat light on me."

"I have seen that you were terribly afraid of me," said she.

"I dare say I was. But I am not afraid of you now; and here, on my knees, I implore you to forgive my baseness, my ingratitude. Oh, Miss Gale, you don't know what it is to be madly in love; one has no principle, no right feeling, against a real passion: and I was madly in love with her. It was through fear of losing her I disowned my physician, my benefactress, who had saved my life. Miserable wretch! It was through fear of losing her that I behaved like a ruffian to my angel wife, and would have committed bigamy, and been a felon. What was all this but madness? You, who are so wise, will you not forgive me a crime that downright insanity was the cause of?"

"Humph! if I understand right, you wish me to forgive you for looking in my face, and saying to the woman who had saved your life, 'I don't know you?'"

"Yes—if you can. No: now you put it in plain words, I see it is not to be forgiven."

"You are mistaken. It was like a stab to my heart, and I cried bitterly over it."

"Then I deserve to be hanged; that is all."

"But, on consideration, I believe it is as much your nature to be wicked as it is my angel Ina's to be good. So I forgive you that one thing, you charming villain." She held out her hand to him in proof of her good faith.

He threw himself on his knees directly, and kissed and mumbled her hand, and bedewed it with hysterical tears.

"Oh, don't do that," said she; "or I'm bound to give you a good kick. I hate she-men."

"Give me a moment," said he, "and I will be a man again."

He sat with his face in his hands, gulping a little.

"Come," said she, cocking her head like a keen jackdaw; "now let us have the real object of your visit."

"No, no," said he, inadvertently—"another time will do for that. I am content with your forgiveness. Now I can wait."

"What for?"

"Can you ask? Do you consider this a happy state of things?"

"Certainly not. But it can't be helped: and we have to thank you for it."

"It could be helped in time. If you would persuade her to take the first step."

"What step?"

"Not to disown her husband. To let him at least be her friend—her penitent, humble friend. We *are* man and wife. If I were to say so publicly, she would admit it. In this respect at least I have been generous: will she not be generous too? What harm could it do her if we lived under the same roof, and I took her to the theatre and fetched her home, and did little friendly offices for her?"

"And so got the thin edge of the wedge in, eh? Mr. Severne, I decline all interference in a matter so delicate, and in favor of a person who would use her as ill as ever, if he once succeeded in recovering her affections."

So then she dismissed him peremptorily.

But, true to Vizard's interest, she called on him again, and, after a few preliminaries, let him know that Severne was every night behind the scenes.

A spasm crossed his face. "I am quite aware of that," said he. "But he is never admitted into her house."

"How do you know?"

"He is under constant surveillance."

"Spies?"

"No. Thief-takers. All from Scotland Yard."

"And love brings men down to this. What is it for?"

"When I am sure of your co-operation, I will let you know my hopes."

"He doubts my friendship," said Rhoda, sorrowfully.

"No; only your discretion."

"I will be discreet."

"Well, then, sooner or later he is sure to form some improper connection or other; and then I hope you will aid me in persuading her to divorce him."

"That is not so easy in this country. It is not like our Western States, where, the saying is, they give you five minutes at a railway station for di—vorce."

"You forget she is a German Protestant, and the marriage was in that country. It will be easy enough."

"Very well; dismiss it from your mind. She will never come before the public in that way. Nothing you nor I could urge would induce her."

Vizard replied, doggedly, "I will never despair so long as she keeps him out of her house."

Rhoda told Ina Klosking this, and said, "Now it is in your own hands. You have only to let your charming villain into your house, and Mr. Vizard will return to Islip."

Ina Klosking buried her face in her hands, and thought.

At night, Vizard in his box, as usual. Severne behind the scenes with his bouquet. But this night he staid for the ballet, to see a French danseuse who had joined them. He was acquainted with her before, and had a sprightly conversation with her. In other words, he renewed an old flirtation.

The next opera night all went as usual. Vizard in the box, looking sadder than usual. Rhoda's good sense had not been entirely wasted. Severne, with his bouquet, and his grave humility, until the play ended, and la Klosking passed out into the hall. Her back was hardly turned, when Mademoiselle Lafontaine, dressed for the ballet, in a most spicy costume, danced up to her old friend, and slapped his face very softly with a rose, then sprang away, and stood on her defense.

"I'll have that rose," cried Severne.

"Nenni."

"And a kiss into the bargain."

"Jamais."

"C'est ce que nous verrons."

He chased her. She uttered a feigned "Ah!" and darted away. He followed her; she crossed the scene at the back, where it was dark, bounded over an open trap, which she saw just in time; but Severne, not seeing it, because she was between him and it, fell through it, and striking the mazarine, fell into the cellar, fifteen feet below the stage.

The screams of the dancer soon brought a crowd round the trap, and reached Mademoiselle Klosking just as she was going out to her carriage. "There!" she cried. "Another accident!" and she came back, making sure it was some poor carpenter come to grief, as usual. On such occasions her purse was always ready.

They brought Severne up sensible, but moaning, and bleeding at the temple, and looking all streaky about the face.

They were going to take him to the infirmary; but Mademoiselle Klosking, with a face of angelic pity, said, "No; he bleeds, he bleeds. He must go to my house."

They stared a little; but it takes a good deal to astonish people in a theatre.

Severne was carried out; his head hastily

bandaged, and he was lifted into la Klosking's carriage. One of the people of the theatre was directed to go on the box, and la Klosking and Ashmead supported him, and he was taken to her lodgings. She directed him to be laid on a couch, and a physician sent for, Miss Gale not having yet returned from Liverpool, whither she had gone to attend a lecture.

Ashmead went for the physician. But almost at the door he met Miss Gale and Mr. Vizard.

"Miss," said he, "you are wanted. There has been an accident. Mr. Severne has fallen through a trap, and into the cellar."

"No bones broken?"

"Not he: he has only broken his head; and that will cost her a broken heart."

"Where is he?"

"Where I hoped never to see him again."

"What! in her house?" said Rhoda, and hurried off at once.

"Mr. Ashmead," said Vizard, "a word with you."

"By all means, Sir," said Ashmead, "as we go for the doctor. Dr. Menteith has a great name. He lives close by your hotel, Sir."

As they went, Vizard asked him what he meant by saying this incident would cost her a broken heart.

"Why, Sir," said Ashmead, "he is on his good behavior to get back; has been for months begging and praying just to be let live under the same roof. She has always refused. But some fellows have such luck! I don't say he fell down a trap on purpose; but he has done it, and no broken bones, but plenty of blood. That is the very thing to overcome a woman's feelings; and she is not proof against pity. He will have her again. Why, she is his nurse now; and see how that will work. We have a week's more business here; and, by bad luck, a dead fortnight, all along of Dublin falling through unexpectedly. He is as artful as Old Nick; he will spin out that broken head of his and make it last all the three weeks; and she will nurse him, and he will be weak and grateful, and cry and beg her pardon six times a day, and she is only a woman, after all; and they are man and wife, when all is done: the road is beaten. They will run upon it again, till his time is up to play the rogue as bad as ever."

"You torture me," said Vizard.

"I am afraid I do, Sir. But I feel it my duty. Mr. Vizard, you are a noble gentleman, and I am only what you see; but the humblest folk will have their likes and dislikes, and I have a great respect for you, Sir. I can't tell you the mixture of things I feel when I see you in the same box every night. Of course I am her agent, and the house would not be complete without you; but as a man I am sorry. Especially now that she has let him into her house. Take

a humble friend's advice, Sir, and cut it. Don't you come between any woman and her husband, especially a public lady. She will never be more to you than she is. She is a good woman, and he must keep gaining ground. He has got the pull. Rouse all your pride, Sir, and your manhood—and you have got plenty of both—and cut it; don't look right nor left, but cut it—and forgive my presumption."

Vizard was greatly moved. "Give me your hand," he said; "you are a worthy man. I'll act on your advice, and never forget what I owe you. Stick to me like a leech, and see me off by the next train, for I am going to tear my heart out of my bosom."

Luckily there was a train in half an hour, and Ashmead saw him off; then went to supper. He did not return to Ina's lodgings. He did not want to see Severne nursed. He liked the fellow too, but he saw through him clean, and he worshiped Ina Klosking.

CHAPTER XXX.

AT one o'clock next day Ashmead received a note from Mademoiselle Klosking, saying: "Arrange with Mr. X—to close my tour with Manchester. Pay the forfeit, if required." She was with the company at a month's notice on either side, you must understand.

Instead of going to the manager, he went at once, in utter dismay, to Mademoiselle Klosking, and there learned in substance what I must now briefly relate.

Miss Gale found Edward Severne deposited on a sofa. Ina was on her knees by his side, sponging his bleeding temple, with looks of gentle pity. Strange to say, the wound was in the same place as his wife's, but more contused, and no large vein was divided. Miss Gale soon stanchd that. She asked him where his pain was. He said it was in his head and his back, and he cast a haggard, anxious look on her.

"Take my arm," said she. "Now stand up."

He tried, but could not, and said his legs were benumbed. Miss Gale looked grave.

"Lay him on my bed," said la Klosking. "That is better than these hard couches."

"You are right," said Miss Gale. "Ring for the servants. He must be moved gently."

He was carried in and set upon the edge of the bed, and his coat and waistcoat taken off. Then he was laid gently down on the bed, and covered with a down quilt.

Doctress Gale then requested Ina to leave the room while she questioned the patient.

Ina retired.

In a moment or two Miss Gale came out to her softly.

At sight of her face la Klosking said, "Oh dear! it is more serious than we thought."

"Very serious."

"Poor Edward!"

"Collect all your courage, for I can not lie, either to patient or friend."

"And you are right," said la Klosking, trembling. "I see he is in danger."

"Worse than that. Where there's danger there is hope. Here there is none. HE IS A DEAD MAN!"

"Oh, no! no!"

"He has broken his back, and nothing can save him. His lower limbs have already lost sensation. Death will creep over the rest. Do not disturb your mind with idle hopes. You have two things to thank God for—that you took him into your own house, and that he will die easily. Indeed, were he to suffer, I should stupefy him at once, for nothing can *hurt* him."

Ina Klosking turned faint, and her knees gave way under her. Rhoda ministered to her, and while she was so employed, Dr. Menteith was announced. He was shown in to the patient, and the accident described to him. He questioned the patient, and examined him alone.

He then came out, and said he would draw a prescription. He did so.

"Doctor," said la Klosking, "tell me the truth. It can not be worse than I fear."

"Madam," said the doctor, "medicine can do nothing for him. The spinal cord is divided. Give him any thing he fancies, and my prescription if he suffers pain, not otherwise. Shall I send you a nurse?"

"No," said Mademoiselle Klosking; "*we* will nurse him night and day."

He retired, and the friends entered on their sad duties.

When Severne saw them both by his bedside, with earnest looks of pity, he said: "Do not worry yourselves. I'm booked for the long journey. Ah, well, I shall die where I ought to have lived, and might have, if I had not been a fool."

Ina wept bitterly.

They nursed him night and day. He suffered little, and when he did, Miss Gale stupefied the pain at once, for, as she truly said, "nothing can hurt him." Vitality gradually retired to his head, and lingered there a whole day. But, to his last moment, the art of pleasing never abandoned him. Instead of worrying for this or that every moment, he showed in this desperate condition singular patience and well-bred fortitude. He checked his wife's tears; assured her it was all for the best, and that he was reconciled to the inevitable. "I have had a happier time than I deserve," said he, "and now I have a painless death, nursed by two sweet women. My only regret is that I shall not be able to repay your devotion, Ina, nor become worthy of your friendship, Miss Gale."

He died without fear, it being his conviction that he should return after death to the precise condition in which he was before birth; and when they begged him to see a clergyman, he said, "Pray do not give yourselves or him that trouble. I can melt back into the universe without his assistance."

He even died content; for this polished Bohemian had often foreseen that, if he lived long, he should die miserably.

But the main feature of his end was his extraordinary politeness. He paid Miss Gale compliments just as if he was at his ease on a sofa; and scarce an hour before his decease he said, faintly, "I declare—I have been so busy—dying—I have forgotten to send my kind regards to good Mr. Ashmead. Pray tell him I did not forget his kindness to me."

He just ceased to live, so quiet was his death, and a smile rested on his dead features, and they were as beautiful as ever.

So ended a fair, pernicious creature, endowed too richly with the art of pleasing, and quite devoid of principle. Few bad men knew right so well, and went so wrong.

Ina buried her face for hours on his bed, and kissed his cold features and hand. She had told him before he died she would recall all her resolutions, if he would live. But he was gone. Death buries a man's many faults, and his few virtues rise again. She mourned him sincerely, and would not be comforted; she purchased a burying-place forever, and laid him in it; then she took her aching heart far away, and was lost to the public and to all her English friends.

The faithful Rhoda accompanied her half-way to London; then returned to her own duties in Barfordshire.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I MUST now retrograde a little to relate something rather curious, and I hope not uninteresting.

Zoe Vizard had been for some time acting on Mrs. Gale's advice—building, planning for the good of the poor, and going out of herself more and more. She compared notes constantly with Miss Gale, and conceived a friendship for her. It had been a long time coming, because at first she disliked Miss Gale's manners very much. But that lady had nursed her tenderly, and now advised her, and Zoe, who could not do any thing by halves, became devoted to her.

As she warmed to her good work, she gave signs of clearer judgment. She never mentioned Severne; but she no longer absolutely avoided Ina Klosking's name; and one day she spoke of her as a high-princi-

pled woman; for which the Gale kissed her on the spot.

One name she often uttered, and always with regret and self-reproach—Lord Uxmoor's. I think that, now she was herself building and planning for the permanent improvement of the poor, she felt the tie of a kindred sentiment. Uxmoor was her predecessor in this good work too, and would have been her associate if she had not been so blind. This thought struck deep in her. Her mind ran more and more on Uxmoor, his manliness, his courage in her defense, and his gentlemanly fortitude and bravery in leaving her, without a word, at her request. Running over all these, she often blushed with shame, and her eyes filled with sorrow at thinking of how she had treated him; and lost him forever by not deserving him.

She even made oblique and timid inquiries, but could learn nothing of him, except that he sent periodical remittances to Miss Gale for managing his improvements. These, however, came in through a country agent from a town agent, and left no clew.

But one fine day, with no warning except to his own people, Lord Uxmoor came home; and the next day rode to Hillstoke to talk matters over with Miss Gale. He was fortunate enough to find her at home. He thanked her for the zeal and enthusiasm she had shown, and the progress his works had made under her supervision.

He was going away without even mentioning the Vizard family.

But the crafty Gale detained him. "Going to Vizard Court?" said she.

"No," said he, very dryly.

"Ah, I understand; but perhaps you would not mind going with me as far as Islip. There is something there I wish you to see."

"Humph! Is it any thing very particular? Because—"

"It is. Three cottages rising, with little flower gardens in front, square plots behind, and arrangements for breeding calves, with other ingenious novelties. A new head come into our business, my lord."

"You have converted Vizard? I thought you would. He is a satirical fellow, but he will listen to reason."

"No, it is not Mr. Vizard: indeed, it is no convert of mine. It is an independent enthusiast. But I really believe your work at home had some hand in firing her enthusiasm."

"A lady! Do I know her?"

"You may. I suppose you know every body in Barfordshire. Will you come? Do!"

"Of course I will come, Miss Gale. Please tell one of your people to walk my horse down after us."

She had her hat on in a moment, and walked him down to Islip.

Her tongue was not idle on the road. "You don't ask after the people," said she. "There's poor Miss Vizard. She had a sad illness. We were almost afraid we should lose her."

"Heaven forbid!" said Uxmoor, startled by this sudden news.

"Mademoiselle Klosking got quite well: and oh! what do you think? Mr. Severne turned out to be her husband."

"What is that?" shouted Uxmoor, and stopped dead short. "Mr. Severne a married man!"

"Yes, and Mademoiselle Klosking a married woman."

"You amaze me. Why, that Mr. Severne was paying his attentions to Miss Vizard."

"So I used to fancy," said Rhoda, carelessly. "But, you see, it came out he was married, and so of course she packed him off with a flea in his ear."

"Did she? When was that?"

"Let me see: it was the 17th of October."

"Why, that was the very day I left England."

"How odd! Why did you not stay another week? Gentlemen are so impatient. Never mind, that is an old story now. Here we are: those are the cottages. The workmen are at dinner. Ten to one the enthusiast is there: this is her time. You stay here. I'll go and see." She went off on tip-toe, and peeped and pried here and there, like a young witch. Presently she took a few steps toward him, with her finger mysteriously to her lips, and beckoned him. He entered into the pantomime—she seemed so earnest in it—and came to her softly.

"Do just take a peep in at that opening for a door," said she; "then you'll see her; her back is turned. She is lovely; only you know she has been ill, and I don't think she is very happy."

Uxmoor thought this peeping at enthusiasts rather an odd proceeding, but Miss Gale had primed his curiosity, and he felt naturally proud of a female pupil. He stepped up lightly, looked in at the door, and, to his amazement, saw Zoe Vizard sitting on a carpenter's bench, with her lovely head in the sun's rays. He started, then gazed, then devoured her with his eyes.

What! was this his pupil?

How gentle and sad she seemed! All his stoicism melted at the sight of her. She sat in a sweet, pensive attitude, pale and drooping, but, to his fancy, lovelier than ever. She gave a little sigh. His heart yearned. She took out a letter, read it slowly, and said, softly and slowly, "Poor fellow!" He thought he recognized his own handwriting, and could stand no more. He rushed in, and was going to speak to her; but she screamed, and no conjurer ever made a card disappear quicker than she did that letter, as she bounded away

like a deer, and stood, blushing scarlet, and palpitating all over.

Uxmoor was ashamed of his brusquerie.

"What a brute I am, to frighten you like this!" said he. "Pray forgive me; but the sight of you, after all these weary months—and you said, 'Poor fellow!'"

"Did I?" said Zoe, faintly, looking scared.

"Yes, sweet Zoe, and you were reading a letter."

No reply.

"I thought the poor fellow might be myself. Not that I am to be pitied, if you think of me still."

"I do, then—very often. Oh, Lord Uxmoor, I want to go down on my knees to you."

"That is odd, now; for it is exactly what I should like to do to you."

"What for? It is I who have behaved so ill."

"Never mind that: I love you."

"But you mustn't. You must love some worthy person."

"Oh, you leave that to me. I have no other intention. But may I just see whose letter you were reading?"

"Oh, pray don't ask me."

"I insist on knowing."

"I will not tell you. There it is." She gave it to him with a guilty air, and hid her face.

"Dear Zoe, suppose I was to repeat the offer I made here?"

"I advise you not," said she, all in a flurry.

"Why?"

"Because. Because—I might say 'Yes.'"

"Well, then I'll take my chance once more. Zoe, will you try and love me?"

"Try? I believe I do love you, or nearly. I think of you very often."

"Then you will do something to make me happy."

"Any thing; every thing."

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes, that I will," said Zoe, almost impetuously; "and then," with a grand look of conscious beauty, "I can *make* you forgive me."

Uxmoor, on this, caught her in his arms, and kissed her with such fire that she uttered a little stifled cry of alarm; but it was soon followed by a sigh of complacency, and she sank resistless on his manly breast.

So, after two sieges, he carried that fair citadel by assault.

Then let not the manly heart despair, nor take a mere brace of "Noes" from any woman. Nothing short of three negatives is serious.

They walked out arm in arm, and very close to each other; and he left her, solemnly engaged.

Leaving this pair to the delights of courtship, and growing affection on Zoe's side—for a warm attachment of the noblest kind

did grow, by degrees, out of her penitence and esteem, and desire to repair her fault—I must now take up the other thread of this narrative, and apologize for having inverted the order of events; for it was, in reality, several days after this happy scene, that Mademoiselle Klosking sent for Miss Gale.

CHAPTER XXXII.

VIZARD, then, with Ashmead, returned home in despair; and Zoe, now happy in her own mind, was all tenderness and sisterly consolation. They opened their hearts to each other, and she showed her wish to repay the debt she owed him. How far she might have succeeded, in time, will never be known. For he had hardly been home a week, when Miss Gale returned, all in black, and told him Severne was dead and buried.

He was startled, and even shocked, remembering old times; but it was not in human nature he should be sorry. Not to be indecorously glad at so opportune an exit was all that could be expected from him.

When she had given him the details, his first question was, "How did she bear it?"

"She is terribly cut up—more than one would think possible; for she was ice and marble to him before he was hurt to death."

"Where is she?"

"Gone to London. She will write to me, I suppose—poor dear. But one must give her time."

From that hour Vizard was in a state of excitement, hoping to hear from Ina Klosking or about her; but unwilling, from delicacy, to hurry matters.

At last he became impatient, and wrote to Ashmead, whose address he had, and said, frankly, he had a delicacy in intruding on Mademoiselle Klosking in her grief. Yet his own feelings would not allow him to seem to neglect her. Would Mr. Ashmead, then, tell him where she was, as she had not written to any one in Barfordshire—not even to her tried friend, Miss Gale.

He received an answer by return of post:

"DEAR SIR,—I am grieved to tell you that Mademoiselle Klosking has retired from public life. She wrote to me, three weeks ago, from Dover, requesting me to accept, as a token of her esteem, the surplus money I hold in hand for her—I always drew her salary—and bidding me farewell. The sum included her profits by Psalmody, minus her expenses, and was so large it could never have been intended as a mere recognition of my humble services; and I think I have seldom felt so downhearted as on receiving this princely donation. It has enabled me to take better offices, and it may be the

foundation of a little fortune; but I feel that I have lost the truly great lady who has made a man of me. Sir, the relish is gone for my occupation. I can never be so happy as I was in working the interests of that great genius, whose voice made our leading soprani sound like whistles, and who honored me with her friendship. Sir, she was not like other leading ladies. She never bragged, never spoke ill of any one; and *you* can testify to her virtue and her discretion.

"I am truly sorry to learn from you that she has written to no one in Barfordshire. I saw, by her letter to me, she had left the stage; but her dropping you all looks as if she had left the world. I do hope she has not been so mad as to go into one of those cursed convents.

"Mr. Vizard, I will now write to friends in all the Continental towns where there is good music. She will not be able to keep away from that long. I will also send photographs; and hope we may hear something. If not, perhaps a *judicious advertisement* might remind her that she is inflicting pain upon persons to whom she is dear. I am, Sir, your obliged and grateful servant,

"JOSEPH ASHMEAD."

Here was a blow. I really believe Vizard felt this more deeply than all his other disappointments.

He brooded over it for a day or two; and then, as he thought Miss Gale a very ill-used person, though not, of course, so ill-used as himself, he took her Ashmead's letter.

"This is nice," said she. "There! I must give up loving women. Besides, they throw me over the moment a man comes, if it happens to be the right one."

"Unnatural creatures!" said Vizard.

"Ungrateful, at all events."

"Do you think she has gone into a convent?"

"Not she. In the first place, she is a Protestant; and, in the second, she is not a fool."

"I will advertise."

"The idea!"

"Do you think I am going to sit down with my hands before me, and lose her forever?"

"No, indeed; I don't think you are that sort of a man at all—ha! ha!"

"Oh, Miss Gale, pity me. Tell me how to find her. That Fanny Dover says women are only enigmas to men; they understand one another."

"What!" said Rhoda, turning swiftly on him; "does that little chit pretend to read my noble Ina?"

"If she can not, perhaps you can. You are so shrewd. Do tell me, what does it all mean?"

"It means nothing at all, I dare say, only

a woman's impulse. They are such geese at times, every one of them."

"Oh, if I did but know what country she is in, I would ransack it."

"Hum!—countries are biggish places."

"I don't care."

"What will you give me to tell you where she is at this moment?"

"All I have in the world."

"That is sufficient. Well, then, first assign me your estates; then fetch me an ordnance map of creation, and I will put my finger on her."

"You little mocking fiend, you!"

"I am not. I'm a tall, beneficent angel; and I'll tell you where she is—for nothing. Keep your land: who wants it?—it is only a bother."

"For pity's sake, don't trifle with me."

"I never will, where your heart is interested. She is at Zutzig."

"Ah, you good girl! She has written to you."

"Not a line, the monster! And I'll serve her out. I'll teach her to play hide-and-seek with Gale, M.D.!"

"Zutzig!" said Vizard: "how can you know?"

"What does *that* matter? Well, yes—I will reveal the mental process. First of all, she has gone to her mother."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! Because that is where every daughter goes in trouble. I should; she *has*. Fancy you not seeing that! Why, Fanny Dover would have told you that much in a moment. But now you will have to thank *my* mother for teaching me Attention, the parent of Memory. Pray, Sir, who were the witnesses to that abominable marriage of hers?"

"I remember two, Baron Hompesch—"

"No, Count Hompesch."

"And Count Meurice."

"Viscount. What, have you forgotten Herr Formes, Fräulein Graafe, Züg, the Capellmeister, and her very mother? Come now, whose daughter is she?"

"I forget, I'm sure."

"Walter Ferris and Eva Klosking, of Zutzig, in Denmark. Pack—start for Copenhagen. Consult an ordnance map there. Find out Zutzig. Go to Zutzig, and you have got her. It is some hole in a wilderness, and she can't escape."

"You clever little angel! I'll be there in three days. Do you really think I shall succeed?"

"Your own fault if you don't. She has run into a *cul-de-sac* through being too clever; and, besides, women sometimes run away just to be caught, and hide on purpose to be found. I should not wonder if she has said to herself, 'He will find me if he loves me so very, very much—I'll try him.'"

"Not a word more, angelic Fox," said Vizard. "I'm off to Zutzig."

He went out on fire. She opened the window, and screeched after him, "Every thing is fair after her behavior to me. Take her a book of those spiritual songs she is so fond of. 'Johnny comes marching home' is worth the lot, I reckon."

Away went Vizard; found Copenhagen with ease; Zutzig with difficulty, being a small village. But once there, he soon found the farm-house of Eva Klosking. He drove up to the door. A Danish laborer came out from the stable directly; and a buxom girl, with pale golden hair, opened the door. These two seized his luggage and conveyed it into the house, and the hired vehicle to the stable. Vizard thought it must be an inn.

The girl bubbled melodious sounds, and ran off and brought a sweet, venerable dame. Vizard recognized Eva Klosking at once.

The old lady said, "Few strangers come here: are you not English?"

"Yes, madam."

"It is Mr. Vizard, is it not?"

"Yes, madam."

"Ah, Sir, my daughter will welcome you, but not more heartily than I do. My child has told me all she owes to you;" then, in Danish, "God bless the hour you come under this roof!"

Vizard's heart beat tumultuously, wondering how Ina Klosking would receive him. The servant had told her a tall stranger was come. She knew in a moment who it was; so she had the advantage of being prepared.

She came to him, her cheeks dyed with blushes, and gave him both hands. "You here!" said she; "oh, happy day! Mother, he must have the south chamber. I will go and prepare it for him. Tecla!—Tecla!" and she was all hostess. She committed him to her mother, while she and the servant went up stairs.

He felt discomfited a little. He wanted to know, all in a moment, whether she would love him.

However, Danish hospitality has its good side. He soon found out he might live the rest of his days there if he chose.

He soon got her alone, and said, "You knew I should find you, cruel one."

"How could I dream of such a thing?" said she, blushing.

"Oh, Love is a detective. You said to yourself, 'If he loves me as I ought to be loved, he will search Europe for me; but he will find me.'"

"Oh, then it was not to be at peace and rest on my mother's bosom I came here; it was to give you the trouble of running after me. Oh, fie!"

"You are right. I am a vain fool."

"No, that you are not. After all, how do

I know all that was in my heart? [Ahem!] Be sure of this, you are very welcome. I must go and see about your dinner."

In that Danish farm-house life was very primitive. Eva Klosking and both her daughters helped the two female servants, or directed them, in every department. So Ina, who was on her defense, had many excuses for escaping Vizard when he pressed her too hotly. But at last she was obliged to say, "Oh, pray, my friend—we are in Denmark: here widows are expected to be discreet."

"But that is no reason why the English fellows who adore them should be discreet."

"Perhaps not; but then the Danish lady runs away."

Which she did.

But, after the bustle of the first day, he had so many opportunities. He walked with her, sat with her while she worked, and hung over her, entranced, while she sang. He produced the book from Vizard Court, without warning, and she screamed with delight at sight of it, and caught his hand in both hers and kissed it. She revelled in those sweet strains which had comforted her in affliction; and, oh! the eyes she turned on him after singing any song in this particular book! Those tender glances thrilled him to the very marrow.

To tell the honest truth, his arrival was a godsend to Ina Klosking. When she first came home to her native place, and laid her head on her mother's bosom, she was in Elysium. The house, the wood fires, the cooing doves, the bleating calves, the primitive life, the recollections of childhood—all were balm to her, and she felt like ending her days there. But, as the days rolled on, came a sense of monotony and excessive tranquillity. She was on the verge of *ennui* when Vizard broke in upon her.

From that moment there was no stagnation. He made life very pleasant to her; only her delicacy took the alarm at his open declarations; she thought them so premature.

At last he said to her, one day, "I begin to fear you will never love me as I love you."

"Who knows?" said she. "Time works wonders."

"I wonder," said he, "whether you will ever marry any other man?"

Ina was shocked at that. "Oh, my friend, how could I—unless," said she, with a sly side-glance, "you consented?"

"Consent? I'd massacre him."

Ina turned toward him. "You asked my hand at a time when you thought me—I don't know what you thought—that is a thing no woman could forget. And now you have come all this way for me. I am yours, if you can wait for me."

He caught her in his arms. She disengaged herself gently, and her hand rested an unnecessary moment on his shoulder. "Is that how you understand 'waiting?'" said she, with a blush, but an indulgent smile.

"What is the use waiting?"

"It is a matter of propriety."

"How long are we to wait?"

"Only a few months. My friend, it is like a boy to be too impatient. Alas! would you marry me in my widow's cap?"

"Of course I would. Now, Ina love, a widow who has been two years separated from her husband!"

"Certainly, that makes a difference—in one's own mind. But one must respect the opinion of the world. Dear friend, it is of you I think, though I speak of myself."

"You are an angel. Take your own time. After all, what does it matter? I don't leave Zutzig without you."

Ina's pink tint and sparkling eyes betrayed any thing but horror at that insane resolution. However, she felt it her duty to say that it was unfortunate she should always be the person to distract him from his home duties.

"Oh, never mind them," said this single-hearted lover. "I have appointed Miss Gale viceroy."

However, one day he had a letter from Zoe, telling him that Lord Uxmoor was now urging her to name the day; but she had declined to do that, not knowing when it might suit him to be at Vizard Court. "But, dearest," said she, "mind, you are not to hurry home for me. I am very happy as I am, and I hope you will soon be as happy, love. She is a noble woman."

The latter part of this letter tempted Vizard to show it to Ina. He soon found his mistake. She kissed it, and ordered him off. He remonstrated. She put on, for the first time in Denmark, her marble look, and said, "You will lessen my esteem if you are cruel to your sister. Let her name the wedding day at once; and you must be there to give her away, and bless her union, with a brother's love."

He submitted, but a little sullenly, and said it was very hard.

He wrote to his sister accordingly, and she named the day, and Vizard settled to start for home and be in time.

As to the proprieties, he had instructed Miss Maitland and Fanny Dover, and given them and la Gale *carte blanche*. It was to be a magnificent wedding.

This being excitement, Fanny Dover was in paradise. Moreover, a rosy-cheeked curate had taken the place of the venerable vicar, and Miss Dover's threat to flirt out the stigma of a nun was executed with promptitude, zeal, pertinacity, and the dexterity that comes of practice. When the

day came for his leaving Zutzig, Vizard was dejected. "Who knows when we may meet again?" said he.

Ina consoled him. "Do not be sad, dear friend. You are doing your duty; and as you do it partly to please me, I ought to try and reward you, ought I not?" And she gave him a strange look.

"I advise you not to press that question," said he.

At the very hour of parting, Ina's eyes were moist with tenderness, but there was a smile on her face very expressive; yet he could not make out what it meant. She did not cry. He thought that hard. It was his opinion that women could always cry. She might have done the usual thing, just to gratify him.

He reached home in good time, and played the grand Seigneur—nobody could do it better when driven to it—to do honor to his sister. She was a peerless bride: she stood superior, with ebon locks and coal-black eyes, encircled by six bride-maids—all picked blondes. The bevy, with that glorious figure in the middle, seemed one glorious and rare flower.

After the wedding, the breakfast; and then the travelling carriage; the four liveried postilions bedecked with favors.

But the bride wept on Vizard's neck; and a light seemed to leave the house when she was gone. The carriages kept driving away one after another till four o'clock: and then Vizard sat disconsolate in his study, and felt very lonely.

Yet a thing no bigger than a leaf sufficed to drive away this sombre mood, a piece of amber-colored paper scribbled on with a pencil: a telegram from Ashmead: "Good news: lost sheep turned up. Is now with her mother at Claridge's Hotel."

Then Vizard was in raptures. Now he understood Ina's composure, and the half-sly look she had given him, and her dry eyes at parting, and other things. He tore up to London directly, with a telegram flying ahead: burst in upon her, and had her in his arms in a moment, before her mother: she fenced no longer, but owned he had gained her love, as he had deserved it in every way.

She consented to be married that week in London: only she asked for a Continental tour before entering Vizard Court as his wife; but she did not stipulate even for that, she only asked it submissively, as one whose duty it now was to obey, not dictate.

They were married in St. George's Church very quietly, by special license. Then they saw her mother off, and crossed to Calais. They spent two happy months together on the Continent, and returned to London.

But Vizard was too old-fashioned and too proud of his wife to sneak into Vizard Court

with her. He did not make it a county matter; but he gave the village such a *fête* as had not been seen for many a day. The preparations were intrusted to Mr. Ashmead, at Ina's request. "He will be sure to make it theatrical," she said; "but perhaps the simple villagers will admire that, and it will amuse you and me, love: and the poor dear old Thing will be in his glory—I hope he will not drink too much."

Ashmead was indeed in his glory. Nothing had been seen in a play that he did not electrify Islip with, and the surrounding villages. He pasted large posters on walls and barn doors, and his small bills curled round the patriarchs of the forest and the road-side trees, and blistered the gate posts.

The day came. A soapy pole, with a leg of mutton on high for the successful climber; races in sacks; short blindfold races with wheelbarrows; pig with a greasy tail, to be won by him who could catch him and shoulder him without touching any other part of him; bowls of treacle for the boys to duck heads in and fish out coins; skittles, nine-pins, Aunt Sally, etc., etc., etc.

But what astonished the villagers most was a May-pole, with long ribbons, about which ballet-girls, undisguised as Highlanders, danced, and wound and unwound the party-colored streamers, to the merry fiddle, and then danced reels upon a platform, then returned to their little tent: but out again and danced hornpipes undisguised as Jacky Tars.

Beer flowed from a sturdy regiment of barrels. "The Court" kitchen and the village bake-house kept pouring forth meats, baked, boiled, and roast; there was a pile of loaves like a hay-stack; and they roasted an ox whole on the Green; and, when they found they were burning him raw, they fetched the butcher, like sensible fellows, and dismembered the giant, and so roasted him reasonably.

In the midst of the reveling and feasting, Vizard and Mrs. Vizard were driven into Islip village, in the family coach with four horses, streaming with ribbons.

They drove round the green, bowing and smiling in answer to the acclamations and blessings of the poor, and then to Vizard Court. The great doors flew open. The servants, male and female, lined the hall on both sides, and received her bowing and courtesying low, on the very spot where she had nearly met her death; her husband took her hand and conducted her in state to her own apartment.

It was open house to all, that joyful day, and at night magnificent fire-works on the sweep, seen from the drawing-room by Mrs. Vizard, Miss Maitland, Miss Gale, Miss Dover, and the rosy-cheeked curate, whom she had tied to her apron strings.

At two in the morning, Mr. Harris showed

Mr. Ashmead to his couch. Both gentlemen went up the stairs a little graver than any of our modern judges, and firm as a rock: but their firmness resembled that of a roof rather than a wall; for these dignities as they went made one inverted V—so, A.

It is time the *Woman-Hater* drew to a close, for the woman-hater is spoiled. He begins sarcastic speeches, from force of habit, but stops short in the middle. He is a very happy man, and owes it to a woman, and knows it. He adores her; and to love well is to be happy. But, besides that, she watches over his happiness and his good with that unobtrusive but minute vigilance which belongs to her sex, and is often misapplied, but not so very often as cynics say. Even the honest friendship between him and the remarkable woman he calls his "virago," gives him many a pleasant hour. He is still a humorist, though cured of his fling at the fair sex. His last tolerable hit was at the monosyllabic names of the immortal composers his wife had disinterred in his library. Says he to parson Denison, hot from Oxford, "They remind me of the Oxford poets in the last century:

"Alma novem celebres genuit Rhedyeina Poetas:
Bubb, Stubb, Grubb, Crabbe, Trappe, Brome, Carey, Tickell, Evans."

As for Ina Vizard—la Klosking no longer—she has stepped into her new place with her native dignity, seemliness, and composure. At first a few county ladies put their little heads together and prepared to give themselves airs; but the beauty, dignity, and enchanting grace of Mrs. Vizard swept this little faction away like small dust. Her perfect courtesy, her mild but deep dislike of all feminine backbiting, her dead silence about the absent, except when she can speak kindly, these rare traits have forced, by degrees, the esteem and confidence of her own sex. As for the men, they accepted her at once with enthusiasm. She and Lady Uxmoor are the acknowledged belles of the county. Lady Uxmoor's face is the most admired; but Mrs. Vizard comes next, and her satin shoulders, statuesque bust and arms, and exquisite hand, turn the scale with some. But when she speaks, she charms; and when she sings, all competition dies.

She is faithful to music, and especially to sacred music. She is not very fond of singing at parties, and sometimes gives offense by declining. Music sets fools talking, because it excites them, and then their folly comes out by the road nature has provided. But when Mrs. Vizard has to sing in one key, and people talk in five other keys, that gives this artist such physical pain that she often declines, merely to escape it. It does not much mortify her vanity, she has so little.

She always sings in church, and sings out, too, when she is there, and plays the har-

monium. She trains the villagers—girls, boys, and adults—with untiring good humor and patience.

Among her pupils are two fine voices—Tom Wilder, a grand bass, and the rosy-cheeked curate, a greater rarity still, a genuine counter-tenor.

These two can both read music tolerably; but the curate used to sing every thing, however full of joy, with a pathetic whine, for which Vizard chaffed him in vain; but Mrs. Vizard *persuaded* him out of it, where argument and satire failed.

People come from far and near to hear the hymns at Islip Church, sung in full harmony—trebles, tenor, counter-tenor, and bass.

A trait—she allows nothing to be sung in church unrehearsed. The rehearsals are on Saturday night, and never shirked, such is the respect for “Our Dame.” To be sure, “Our Dame” fills the stomachs and wets the whistles of her faithful choir on Saturday nights.

On Sunday night there are performances of sacred music in the great dining-hall. But these are rather more ambitious than those in the village church. The performers meet on that happy footing of *camaraderie* the fine arts create, the superior respect shown to Mrs. Vizard being mainly paid to her as the greater musician. They attack anthems and services; and a trio, by the parson, the blacksmith, and “Our Dame,” is really an extraordinary treat, owing to the great beauty of the voices. It is also piquant to hear the female singer constantly six and often ten notes below the male counter-tenor; but then comes Wilder with his diapason, and the harmony is noble; the more so that Mrs. Vizard rehearses her pupils in the swell—a figure too little practiced in music, and nowhere carried out as she does it.

One night the organist of Barford was there. They sang Kent’s service in F, and Mrs. Vizard still admired it. She and the parson swelled in the duet, “To be a light to lighten the Gentiles,” etc. Organist approved the execution, but said the composition was a meagre thing, quite out of date. “We have much finer things now by learned men of the day.”

“Ah,” said she, “bring me one.”

So, next Sunday, he brought her a learned composition, and played it to her, preliminary to their singing it. But she declined it on the spot. “What!” said she. “Mr. X——, would you compare this meaningless stuff with Kent in F? Why, in Kent the dominant sentiment of each composition is admirably preserved. His ‘Magnificat’ is lofty jubilation, with a free onward rush. His ‘Dimittis’ is divine repose after life’s fever. But this poor pedant’s ‘Magnificat’ begins with a mere crash, and then falls into the pathetic—an excellent thing in its

place, but not in a song of triumph. As to his ‘Dimittis,’ it simply defies the words. This is no Christian sunset. It is not good old Simeon gently declining to his rest, content to close those eyes which had seen the world’s salvation. This is a tempest, and all the windows rattling, and the great Napoleon dying, amidst the fury of the elements, with ‘tête d’armée!’ on his dying lips, and ‘battle’ in his expiring soul. No, Sir; if the learned Englishmen of this day can do nothing nearer the mark than DOLEFUL MAGNIFICATS and STORMY NUNC DIMITTISES, I shall stand faithful to poor dead Kent and his fellows—they were my solace in sickness and sore trouble.”

In accordance with these views of vocal music, and desirous to expand its sphere, Mrs. Vizard has just offered handsome prizes in the county for the best service, in which the dominant sentiment of the words shall be as well preserved as in Kent’s despised service; and another prize to whoever can set any famous short secular poem, or poetical passage (not in ballad metre), to good and appropriate music.

This has elicited several pieces. The composers have tried their hands on Dryden’s Ode; on the meeting of Hector and Andromache (Pope’s Homer); on two short poems of Tennyson, etc., etc.

But it is only the beginning of a good thing. The pieces are under consideration. But Vizard says the competitors are triflers. *He* shall set Mr. Arnold’s version of “Hero and Leander” to the harp, and sing it himself. This, he intimates, will silence competition, and prove an era. I think so too, if his music should *happen* to equal the lines in value. But I hardly think it will, because the said Vizard, though he has taste and ear, does not know one note from another. So I hope “Hero and Leander” will fall into abler hands; and, in any case, I trust Mrs. Vizard will succeed in her worthy desire to enlarge very greatly the sphere and the nobility of vocal music. It is a desire worthy of this remarkable character, of whom I now take my leave with regret.

I must own that regret is caused in part by my fear that I may not have done her all the justice I desired.

I have long felt and regretted that many able female writers are doing much to perpetuate the petty vices of a sex which, after all, is at present but half educated, by devoting three thick volumes to such empty women as Biography, though a lower art than Fiction, would not waste three pages on. They plead truth and fidelity to nature. “We write the average woman for the average woman to read,” say they. But they are not consistent; for the average woman is under five feet, and rather ugly. Now these paltry women are all beautiful—*καλὰι τε μεγάλαι τε*, as Homer hath it.

Fiction has just as much right to select large female souls as Biography or Painting has; and to pick out a selfish, shallow, illiterate creature, with nothing but beauty, and bestow three enormous volumes on her, is to make a perverse selection, beauty being, after all, rarer in women than wit, sense, and goodness. It is as false and ignoble in art, as to marry a pretty face without heart and brains is silly in conduct.

Besides, it gives the female reader a low model instead of a high one, and so does her a little harm; whereas a writer ought to do good—or try, at all events.

Having all this in my mind, and remembering how many noble women have shone like stars in every age and every land, and feeling sure that, as civilization advances, such women will become far more common, I have tried to look ahead and paint la Klosting.

But such portraiture is difficult. It is like writing a statue.

Qui mihi non credit faciat licet ipse periculum
Mox fuerit studiis æquior ille meis.

Harrington Vizard, Esq., caught Miss Fanny Dover on the top round but one of the steps in his library. She looked down, pinkish, and said she was searching for *Tillotson's Sermons*.

"What on earth can you want of them?"

"To improve my mind, to be sure," said the minx.

Vizard said, "Now you stay there, miss—don't you move;" and he sent for Iua. She came directly, and he said, "Things have come to a climax. My lady is hunting for *Tillotson's Sermons*. Poor Denison!" (That was the rosy curate's name.)

"Well," said Fanny, turning red, "I told you I *should*. Why should I be good any longer? All the sick are cured one way or other, and I am myself again."

"Humph!" said Vizard. "Unfortunately for your little plans of conduct, the heads of this establishment, here present, have sat in secret committee, and your wings are to be clipped—by order of Council."

"La!" said Fanny, pertly.

Vizard imposed silence with a lordly wave. "It is a laughable thing, but this divine is in earnest. He has revealed his hopes and fears to me."

"Then he is a great baby," said Fanny, coming down the steps. "No, no; we are both too poor." And she vented a little sigh.

"Not you. The vicar has written to vacate. Now I don't like you much, because you never make me laugh: but I'm awfully fond of Denison; and if you will marry my dear Denison, you shall have the vicarage: it is a fat one."

"Oh, cousin!"

"And," said Mrs. Vizard, "he permits me

to furnish it for you. You and I will make it 'a bijou.'"

Fanny kissed them both impetuously; then said she would have a little cry. No sooner said than done. In due course she was Mrs. Denison, and broke a solemn vow that she never would teach girls St. Matthew.

Like coquettes in general, who have had their fling at the proper time, she makes a pretty good wife; but she has one fault—she is too hard upon girls who flirt.

Mr. Ashmead flourishes. Besides his agency, he sometimes treats for a new piece, collects a little company, and tours the provincial theatres. He always plays them a week at Taddington, and with perfect gravity loses six pounds per night. Then he has a "bespeak," Vizard or Uxmoor turn about. There is a line of carriages; the snobs crowd in to see the gentry. Vizard pays twenty pounds for his box, and takes twenty pounds' worth of tickets, and Joseph is in his glory, and stays behind the company to go to Islip Church next day, and spend a happy night at the Court. After that he says he feels good for three or four days.

Mrs. Gale now leases the Hillstoke farm of Vizard, and does pretty well. She breeds a great many sheep and cattle. The high ground and sheltering woods suit them. She makes a little money every year, and gets a very good house for nothing.

Doctress Gale is still all eyes, and notices every thing. She studies hard and practices a little. They tried to keep her out of the Taddington infirmary: but she went almost crying to Vizard, and he exploded with wrath. He consulted Lord Uxmoor, and between them the infirmary was threatened with the withdrawal of eighty annual subscriptions if they persisted. The managers caved directly, and Doctress Gale is a steady visitor.

A few mothers are coming to their senses, and sending for her to their unmarried daughters. This is the main source of her professional income. She has, however, taken one enormous fee from a *bon vivant* whose life she saved by esculents. She told him at once he was beyond the reach of medicine, and she could do nothing for him unless he chose to live in her house, and eat and drink only what she should give him. He had a horror of dying, though he had lived so well; so he submitted, and she did actually cure that one glutton. But she says she will never do it again. "After forty years of made dishes, they ought to be content to die; it is bare justice," quoth Rhoda Gale, M.D.

An apothecary in Barford threatened to indict this Gallic physician. But the other medical men dissuaded him, partly from liberality, partly from discretion: the fine would have been paid by public subscrip-

tion twenty times over, and nothing gained but obloquy. The doctress would never have yielded.

She visits and prescribes, and laughs at the law, as love is said to laugh at locksmiths.

To be sure, in this country a law is no law when it has no foundation in justice, morality, or public policy.

Happy in her position and in her friends, she now reviews past events with the candor of a mind that loves truth sincerely. She went into Vizard's study one day, folded her arms, and delivered herself as follows: "I guess there's something I ought to say to *you*. When I told you about our treatment at Edinburgh, the wound still bled, and I did not measure my words as I ought, professing science. Now I feel a call to say that the Edinburgh school was, after all, more liberal to us than any other in Great Britain or Ireland. The others closed the door in our faces. This school opened it half. At first there was a liberal spirit; but the friends of justice got frightened, and the unionists stronger. We were overpowered at every turn. But what I omitted to impress on you is that when we were defeated, it was always by very small majorities. That was so even with the opinions of the judges, which have been delivered since I told you my tale. There were six jurists, and only seven pettifoggers. It was so all through. Now, for practical purposes, the act of a majority is the act of a body. It must be so. It is the way of the world; but when an accurate person comes to describe a business, and deal with the character of a whole university, she is not to call the larger half the whole, and make the matter worse than it was. That is not scientific. Science *discriminates*."

I am not sorry the doctress offered this little explanation; it accords with her sober mind and her veneration of truth. But I could have dispensed with it for one. In Britain, when we are hurt, we howl; and the deuce is in it if the weak may not howl when the strong overpower them by the arts of the weak.

Should that part of my tale rouse any honest sympathy with this Englishwoman who can legally prescribe, consult, and take fees in France, but not in England, though she could eclipse at a public examination nine-tenths of those who can, it may be as well to inform them that, even while her narrative was in the press, our government declared it would do something for the relief of medical women, but would sleep upon it.

This is, on the whole, encouraging. But still, where there is no stimulus of faction or personal interest to urge a measure, but only such "unconsidered trifles" as public justice and public policy, there are always two great dangers: 1, that the sleep may

know no waking; 2, that after too long a sleep the British legislator may jump out of bed all in a hurry, and do the work ineffectually; for nothing leads oftener to reckless haste than long delay.

I hope, then, that a few of my influential readers will be vigilant, and challenge a full discussion by the whole mind of Parliament, so that no temporary, pettifogging half measure may slip into a thin house—like a weasel into an empty barn—and so obstruct for many years legislation upon durable principle. The thing lies in a nutshell. The Legislature has been entrapped. It never intended to outlaw women in the matter. The persons who have outlawed them are all subjects, and the engines of outlawry have been "certificates of attendance on lectures" and "public examinations." By closing the lecture-room and the examination hall to all women—learned or unlearned—a clique has outlawed a population, under the letter, not the spirit, of a badly written statute. But it is for the three estates of the British realm to leave off scribbling statutes, and learn to write them, and to bridle the egotism of cliques, and respect the nation. The present form of government exists on that understanding, and so must all forms of government in England. And it is so easy. It only wants a little singleness of mind and common-sense. Years ago certificates of attendance on various lectures were reasonably demanded. They were a slight presumptive evidence of proficiency, and had a supplementary value, because the public examinations were so loose and inadequate; but once establish a stiff, searching, sufficient, incorruptible public examination, and then to have passed that examination is not presumptive but demonstrative proof of proficiency, and swallows up all minor and merely presumptive proofs.

There is nothing much stupider than Anachronism. What avail certificates of lectures in our day? either the *knowledge* obtained at the lectures enables the pupil to pass the great examination, or it does not. If it does, the certificate is superfluous; if it does not, the certificate is illusory.

What the British legislator, if for once he would rise to be a lawgiver, should do, and that quickly, is to throw open the medical schools to all *persons* for matriculation. To throw open all hospitals and infirmaries to matriculated students, without respect of sex, as they are already open, by shameless partiality and transparent greed, to unmatriculated women, provided they confine their ambition to the most repulsive and unfeminine part of Medicine, the nursing of both sexes, and laying out of corpses.

Both the above rights, as independent of sex as other natural rights, should be expressly protected by "mandamus" and "suit for damages." The lecturers to be com-

pelled to lecture to mixed classes, or to give separate lectures to matriculated women for half fees, whichever those lecturers prefer. Before this clause all difficulties would melt, like hail in the dog-days. Male modesty is a purely imaginary article, set up for a trade purpose, and will give way to justice the moment it costs the proprietors fifty per cent. I know my own sex from hair to heel, and will take my Bible oath of *that*.

Of the foreign matriculated student, British or European, nothing should be demanded but the one thing, which matters one straw, viz., infallible proofs of proficiency in Anatomy, Surgery, Medicine, and its collaterals, under public examination. This, which is the only real safeguard, and the only necessary safeguard to *the public*, and the only one *the public* asks, should be placed, in some degree, under *the sure control of government* without respect of cities, and much greater vigilance exercised than ever has been yet. Why, under the system which excludes learned women, male dunces have been personated by able students, and so diplomas stolen again and again. The student, male or female, should have power to compel the examiners, by mandamus and other stringent remedies, to examine at fit times and seasons. In all the *paper-work* of these examinations, the name, and of course the sex, of the student should be concealed from the examiners. There is a very simple way of doing it.

Should a law be passed on this broad and simple basis, that law will stand immortal, with pettifogging acts falling all around, according to the custom of the country. The larger half of the population will no longer be unconstitutionally juggled, under cover of law, out of their right to take their secret ailments to a skilled physician of their own sex, and compelled to go, blushing, writhing, and, after all, concealing and fibbing, to a male physician; the picked few no longer robbed of their right to science, reputation, and Bread.

The good effect on the whole mind of woman would be incalculable. Great prizes of study and genius offered to the able few have always a salutary and wonderful operation on the many who never gain them; it would be great and glad tidings to our whole female youth to say, "You *need* not be frivolous idlers; you *need* not give the colts fifty yards start for the Derby—I mean, you need not waste three hours of the short working day in dressing and undressing and combing your hair. You need not throw away the very seed-time of life on music, though you are unmusical to the backbone; nor yet on your three C's—croquet, crochet, and coquetry: for Civilization and sound Law have opened to you one great, noble, and difficult profession with three branches, two of which Nature intended you for. The

path is arduous, but flowers grow beside it, and the prize is great."

I say that this prize, and frequent intercourse with those superior women who have won it, would leaven the whole sex with higher views of life than enter their heads at present; would raise their self-respect, and set thousands of them to study the great and noble things that are in Medicine, and connected with it, instead of childish things.

Is there really one manly heart that would grudge this boon to a sex which is the nurse and benefactress of every man in his tender and most precarious years?

Realize the hard condition of women. Among barbarians their lot is unmixed misery; with us their condition is better, but not what it ought to be, because we are but half civilized, and so their lot is still very unhappy compared with ours.

And we are so unreasonable. We men can not go straight ten yards without *rewards* as well as punishments. Yet we could govern our women by punishments alone. They are eternally tempted to folly, yet snubbed the moment they would be wise. A million shops spread their nets, and entice them by their direst foible. Their very mothers—for want of medical knowledge in the sex—clasp the fatal, idiotic corset on their growing bodies, though thin as a lath. So the girl grows up, crippled in the ribs and lungs by her own mother; and her life, too, is in stays—cabined, cribbed, confined: unless she can paint, or act, or write novels, every path of honorable ambition is closed to her. We treat her as we do our private soldiers—the lash, but no promotion; and our private soldiers are the scum of Europe for that very reason, and no other.

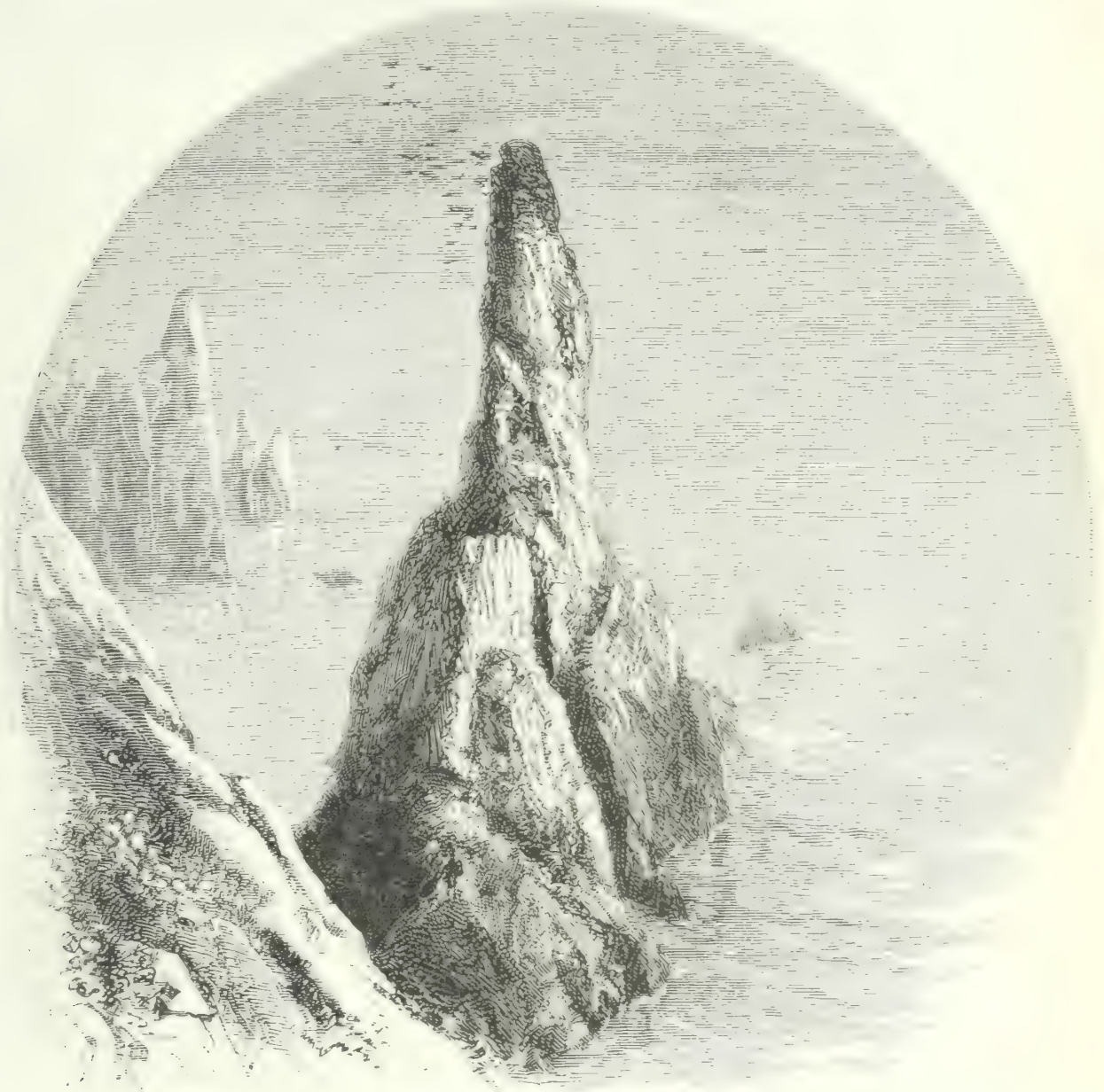
I say that to open the study and practice of Medicine to women-folk, under the infallible safeguard of a stiff public examination, will be to rise in respect for human rights to the level of European nations who do not brag about just freedom half as loud as we do, and to respect the constitutional rights of many million citizens, who all pay the taxes like men, and, by the contract with the state implied in that payment, buy the clear human right they have yet to go down on their knees for. But it will also import into medical science a new and less theoretical, but cautious, teachable, observant kind of intellect; it will give the larger half of the nation an honorable ambition and an honorable pursuit, toward which their hearts and instincts are bent by Nature herself; it will tend to elevate this whole sex, and its young children, male as well as female, and so will advance the civilization of the world, which in ages past, in our own day, and in all time, hath and doth and will keep step exactly with the progress of women toward mental equality with men.

THE END.

NORTHERN ISLANDS.

IN their relative position to the rest of the world, the group of islands that lie north of Scotland seem almost beyond the pale of civilization. They are commonly thought to be only rough, rocky, and barren. But a better acquaintance with the Orkneys and Shetlands removes this impression. When are seen the gigantic rocky cliffs, the secluded bays, still and smooth, the old ruins of Pictish and Viking days, the

is to be obtained of the Orkney Islands. In the distance are the towering heights of Hoy Island, the most southern of the Orkney group. It is not many miles away, yet so hazy is the air that the distance seems much greater. A small steamer leaves the pier at Thurso for the northward journey. The abrupt cliffs of Scotland themselves grow hazy in the distance as the still steeper, rockier, and more wonderful cliffs of Hoy



COAST SCENERY—ISLAND OF HOY.

cathedrals and palaces of centuries ago, we find much that is attractive as well as wonderful.

Thurso is the terminus of the railway in Scotland. Situated amid scenes of desolation, perched upon the bold cliffs of Northern Scotland, the old town looks lonesome and deserted. Walking out from Thurso to the cliffs against which the waters dash and send up a sullen roar, the eye looks out upon the troubled waters of Pentland Firth. Looking beyond these waters, the first sight

appear. As these heights are reached, even seasickness vanishes. Their beauty absorbs one's whole attention. They loom high and grand far above the passing steamer; they are bleak, clear-cut, cold, against the leaden northern sky. The peaks rear themselves isolated, barren, serving only as the home of wild birds, the duck, and the gull. Eagles, too, build their nests in their craggy tops. The air is often black with this bird population. Some of the cliffs rise perpendicularly from the water's edge. Against these the



STROMNESS, ORKNEY.

darker waters dash themselves with a dull, thunder-like roar, sending up great white showers of spray that wash the cliffs, and then rush in rivulets back again to mother ocean.

Into some of the caves, that never seem to have an end to their black depths, the waves surge and rush, sending forth a dull, mournful roar that blends with dismal cadence to the sound of dashing waves.

Before we explore the islands, their history claims our attention. What attractions could they have offered that Picts, Norse, and even Scottish earls should have left their homes to found new realms upon them? First came the savage, brutal Picts.



MAP OF THE SHETLAND AND ORKNEY ISLANDS.

What they did, the wars they fought, and the lives they led, mythology and history do not inform us. Some remains of what industry they had are still to be seen in the burghs or houses of stone still remaining in different parts of the islands. But it is not until the tenth century that we have much light thrown on the islands' history. In that century, Harald of Norway becoming unpopular by oppressive acts, his people left him in great numbers. Some of these blue-eyed, light-haired, and sturdy adventurers settled in Scotland, and even far-off Iceland, but others came to the shores of Orkney. Of their wars, victories, feats of danger and daring, the sagas of Eglis tell. Laughing "at wind and storm," never so happy as tossing upon the angry waters of the sea, their part in Orkney's history is interesting and wonderful. But their independent rule was of short duration. Old Harald landed soon after, and by successful battles subdued his wayward subjects, and placed his own officers as rulers over the newly conquered lands. These new rulers are the Norse jarls, and they too have their lives told in their sagas. In still later years, by a marriage of some Scottish king with a Danish princess, the islands became the property of Scotland, and, later, the Scottish earls were the Orkney rulers. These earls have an unenviable reputation. Cruel, and living only for their own ends, they soon were forced to fly for their lives. At Scotland's union with England, the islands became the property of Great Britain. Ever since then, under good government, the islands have grown in riches and plenty. Each race has left some remains: the Picts have left their houses, the jarls their sagas and cathedrals, the earls their palaces, and the later rulers their forts.

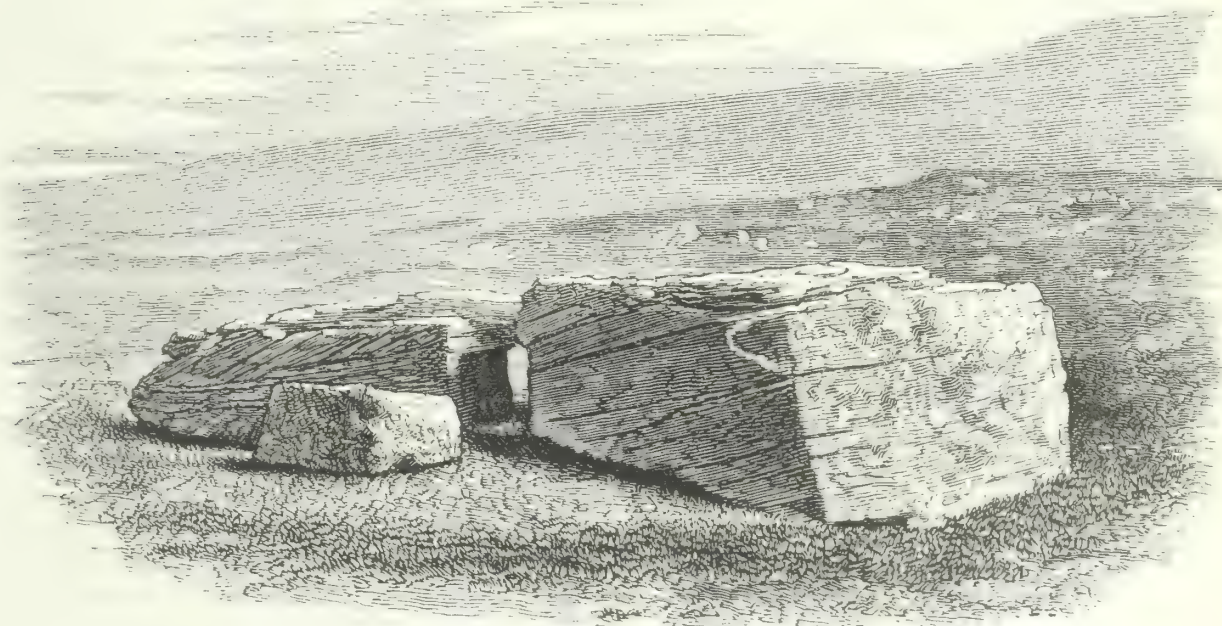
The islands, great and small, composing the Orkney and Shetland groups, are some thirty or perhaps forty. The "Orkneys" are a collection of about fifteen islands, and the "Shetlands" consist of nearly twenty or

twenty-five. Separated by many miles of sea, these two groups are yet connected by ties of friendship, government, and common pursuits. Of the Orkney group, the island of Hoy is, perhaps, the grandest of them all. It is a mountain island, consisting of three distinct peaks. Between these high and rocky summits are damp, dark, and mossy ravines or valleys.

One of the highest peaks of the three composing the island is Ward Hill. Upon its northern slope is the so-called "Dwarfie Stone." In some age long since passed, and by some physical action, this great block of sandstone became detached from the overhanging ridge of the same material, and rolled down to the spot it now occupies. Perhaps thirty feet long and six feet high, it has been hollowed out so that the inside forms a sort of house. It is evident that iron tools must have been used, their marks

"I have fixed my eyes on the Ward Hill which rises above the gloomy valley, and have distinguished among the dark rocks that wonderful carbuncle, which gleams ruddy as a furnace to them who view it from beneath, but has ever become invisible to him whose daring foot has scaled the precipices from which it darts its splendor." But good old Dr. Wallace takes it rather to be some "water sliding over the face of some smooth rock which the sun shineth upon and causeth the spectacle." Whatever it may have been, whether spirit eye or shining water, it has long since disappeared. There is but one house upon Hoy, and that belongs to some keeper of a light-house.

From the hill of Pomona Island may be enjoyed a scene worthy many miles of travel. In every direction islands of all shapes and sizes stretch away and mingle with the waters of the cold North Sea.



THE DWARFIE STONE, HOY.

being plainly seen. At each end of the curious apartment is a bed of stone—a couch, rather. The entrance is by a doorway two feet or more high. Tradition asserts it to have been the residence at one time of Trolld the Dwarf. Trolld was the god of Norse mythology. It is thought that he occupied one couch and his wife the other. Sir Walter Scott remarks that whoever did live here must have enjoyed

"Pillow cold and sheets not warm."

Scott also conjectures that it may have been a temple to the northern Dii Manes.

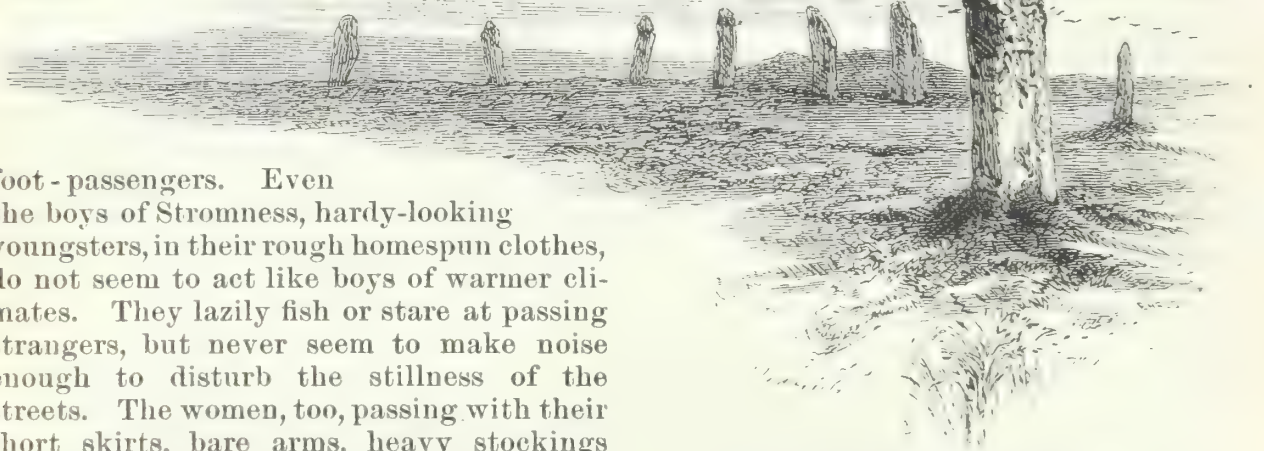
It is one of the favorite traditions of the Orcadians that at one time there was a "glittering carbuncle" shining at certain hours on the summit of Ward Hill. Norna, the wild woman of these islands in Scott's *Pirate*, says that sitting at the side of the Dwarfie Stone, "Lewn by no earthly hand,"

Peat-bogs, broken here and there by patches of brown heather, give a brown, dull color to the scene. In the distance, indenting the shores, are quiet bays, reflecting in their placid waters the rocky cliffs protecting them. Over some more level tract of shore the waters flow far inland, forming secluded inland lakes. No trees are to be seen. There are few fresh patches of green. The few houses are rude and small. In the distance the town of Stromness may be seen nestling on the shores of Stromness Bay.

The harbor of Stromness is formed by a projecting arm of the island of Pomona, the island of Græmsay, and a northern projecting headland of Hoy. The town itself has a quaint, Normandy look. Landing at one of the small stone piers, one walks into a nest of curiosities. The one street runs in a zigzag line through the centre of the town. From it crooked alleyways run at right angles.

The houses themselves are of heavy stone, with gabled roofs, deep-set windows, and projecting turrets. However long one may stay at Stromness, he will never see any signs of excitement. The shop windows, filled with odd collections of fancy goods, always look undisturbed. The narrow street, paved with flat flag-stones, is always quiet. At rare intervals an ungainly, large-wheeled cart and pony come lumbering along, filling the street to the utter exclusion of

why they were placed, will never be known. Immense blocks of stone, fifteen or more feet high, they form the outline of a semicircle. As remains of Dru-



THE STANDING STONES OF STENNIS.

foot-passengers. Even the boys of Stromness, hardy-looking youngsters, in their rough homespun clothes, do not seem to act like boys of warmer climates. They lazily fish or stare at passing strangers, but never seem to make noise enough to disturb the stillness of the streets. The women, too, passing with their short skirts, bare arms, heavy stockings made at home, and wooden shoes, are of that happy, contented appearance so well suited to the general contentedness of the town. It is a quaint sight to see the women and girls of Stromness, or the neighboring town of Kirkwall, meet around the public fountain at evening. They perch themselves upon the bowl's edge, and jabber over the week's gossip; the long summer twilight softens the scene, and with sleepy town, bright faces, and mellow light, the picture is one long to be remembered. At some remote year in the history of Stromness her inhabitants were wont to smuggle goods into their homes. All such practices have disappeared now; but the under-ground passages, the piers, the houses so near the water, these all remain, and tell the story. Stromness, too, claims itself to be the home of "Torquil," Lord Byron's hero. Cleveland, the pirate of Walter Scott, also lived here, and even the character of wild Norna was taken from a lonely old woman of the town who used to sell favorable winds to departing fishermen.

Rainy days are common during some months of the year among the Orkneys. It was on one of those wet, dull days that I first saw the Standing Stones of Stennis. A few miles north of Stromness is the Lake of Stennis, connected with the sea by a narrow outlet; it rises and falls with the tide. The natural Bridge of Brogar divides the sheet of water into two parts, that of Stennis in the north and Harray in the south. It is upon the narrow bridge that the stones are still standing. Through the wet and damp they loomed grandly before us. How many centuries they have stood there, who placed them in their present position, and

id or Scandinavian ages they have no equals. They are like giant sentinels. Gray moss clings to them, making them look older still. It was among these that Minna and Cleveland met. Scott has described them minutely, and has thrown the charm of fiction over them. Within the circle is a fallen stone, which was used as an altar of sacrifice to Odin. Near it is an upright stone perforated with a hole. Through this, loving couples used to join hands and take a solemn oath of constancy, or the "promise of Odin," as it was called. This custom, I am told, is still prevalent among the lower classes.

Throughout Orkney are to be found tumuli. It is near the Standing Stones that the largest tumulus is found. This is Maeshowe. Conical in shape, and nearly ninety feet in diameter, and thirty or more high, it resembles some abrupt rising of the ground. It is only within the last few years that an entrance has been discovered to the interior. Entering a narrow passage some fifty feet from the tumulus itself, one at last enters the square chamber of the interior. The floor and sides of the chamber are composed of large flat slabs covered with hieroglyphics. Maeshowe is said by some to mean "Maiden's Mound." Others imagine it to have once been the tomb of the rulers of Scandinavian times. From the central chamber low passageways lead to other chambers. It is a curious monument, with its Runes and figures telling the story of early ages.

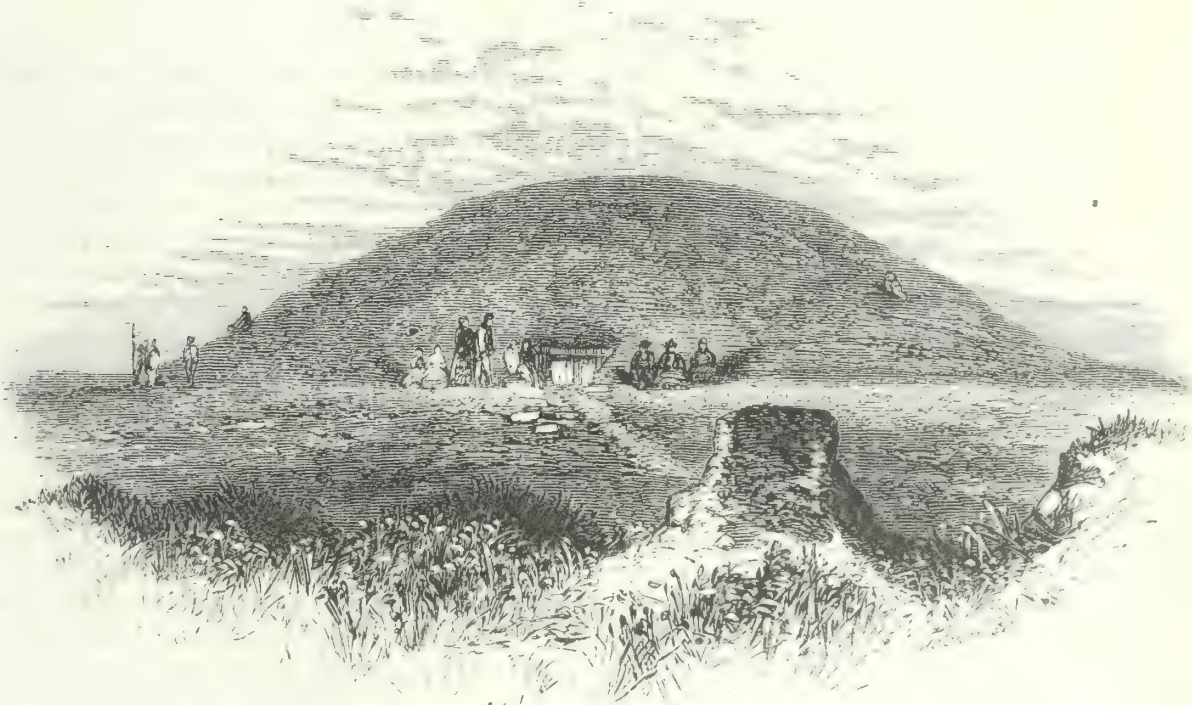
Leaving Maeshowe and the gray stones

behind, a highway winds along by shore and lake to the old town of Kirkwall. Passing tumble-down houses, now by the side of some remain of Piet or Norseman, one comes at last to the town. A bend in the road shows it for the first time. Like Stromness, it clings to a hill-side. Before the town is a secluded bay. Overlooking the town, towering above all other buildings, is the old cathedral, the pride of Orkneymen. In the distance could be seen the islands of the group, the blue waters of the North Sea, and the hills beyond. Kirkwall is very old; it bristles with antiquity. Under the old Norse rule it enjoyed certain privileges. Boasting of cathedral, royal charter, and antiquity, the average townsman is full of importance. In Kirkwall are to be found the general characteristics of Stromness. These are the curiously built houses, the narrow streets, the fountains, and the short-skirted women. Within its inclosures are palaces in ruins, churches, old gateways.

The cathedral is the most interesting thing in Kirkwall. It is a venerable pile. Of heavy Gothic order, it is grand and solemn in its style. The roof is high and vaulted, resting lightly on massive Saxon pillars now chipped and broken, dim and dirty. Through the large Gothic window the light falls upon the great paved floor,

of many a stately jarl and bishop. Within its gloomy aisles, under its carved tombstones, repose the bones of King Haco and his fair Maid of Norway, Margaret. Reared as an atonement for the murder of St. Magnus, it has for many centuries witnessed the successive rules of Norse, jarl, and earl. St. Magnus Cathedral is not the Duomo, or St. Mark's; but amid the small houses of the North it looms up almost as grandly as Giotto's masterpiece.

A short distance outside the town is Whitford Hill. A narrow cart path leads to its heath-covered summit. The higher one goes, the broader and grander becomes the view. On the opposite hill-side is the town; beyond, to the left, the sheltered bay and distant ocean. All the islands of the group, with the swift currents dividing them, look like floating patches of green and brown, and rock upon the blue cold waters of the German Ocean. Far to the southwest are the bold and towering headlands of Hoy. Sunshine and shade touching the bays and ocean and lakes form ever-changing pictures. The signs of life to be seen in the town below, the sound of the distant chimes in the tower of St. Magnus, and the white sails of the ships dotting the waters of the ocean, form a picture of quaintness that lingers for a long time in one's mind. It was to this hill



TUMULUS OF MAESHOWE, ORKNEY.

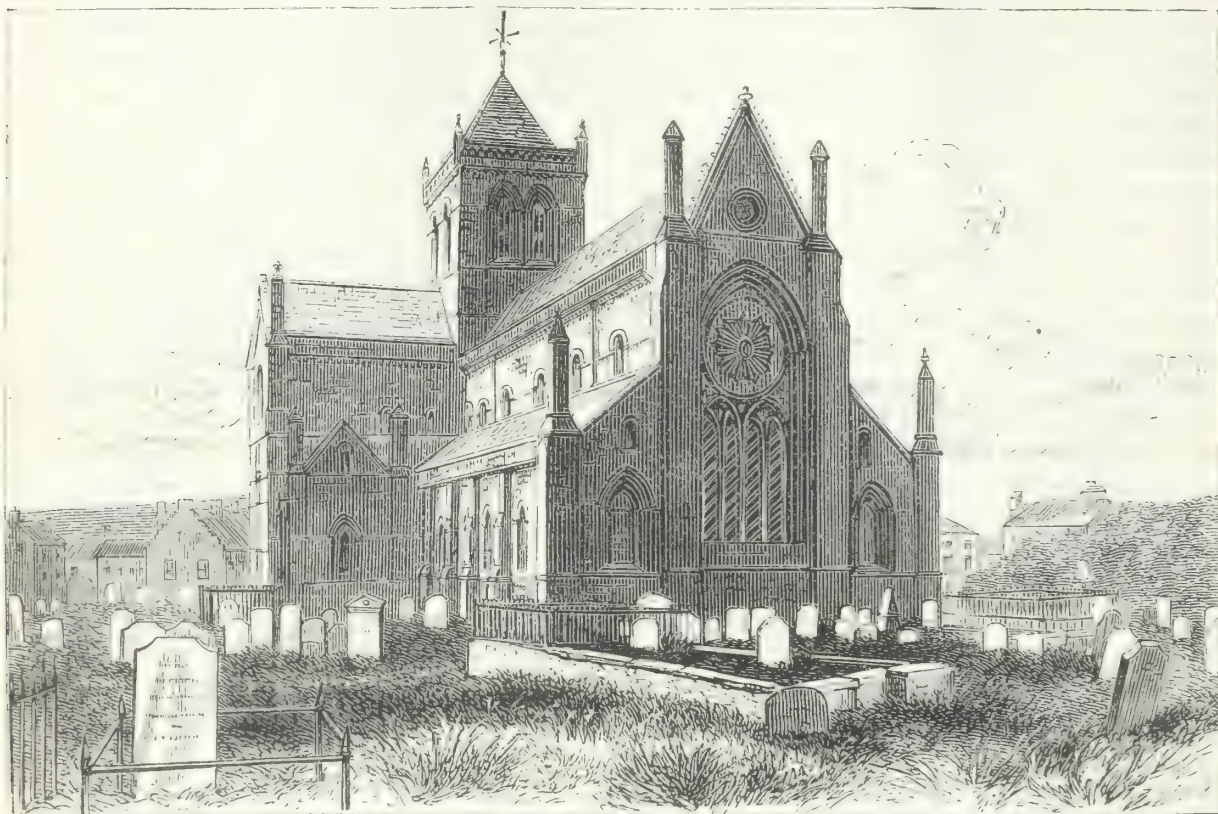
lighting up the crumbling tombs of the dead Orcadians, and showing the ravages of time on every cornice and crumbling tombstone. A small portion of the cathedral has been portioned off, and is used for Sunday services. The ancient doorway, ornamented with flutings, pillars, arches, and carvings, is now chipped and scarred. Like the cathedral at Glasgow, it escaped the ravages of the Reformation, and now overshadows the remains

that Cleveland, Scott's pirate, and Jack Bunce, his companion, went that they might avoid the crowd in the town below.

Not far from St. Magnus Cathedral are two crumbling ruins. When the islands came under the rule of Scotland, the king appointed earls to be the rulers of the islands. Abusing their power, they so treated the Orcadians that, for their own safety, they were compelled to build castles of great

strength. Behind these walls of stone they thought themselves secure from harm. One of these ruins is called the Earl's Palace. Both this and the Bishop's Palace near it are very picturesque. The thick walls are

grown ruins of a fort built by Cromwell. On Mayar Island is shown the spot where St. Magnus was slain. Scott, having visited the Orkneys, tells of a peculiar primitive Norse race inhabiting one of the small dis-



ST. MAGNUS CATHEDRAL, KIRKWALL.

slowly crumbling away; there are great gaps in them. Grass and dirt cling to every crevice, and the rooms, now roofless and exposed, are the homes only of birds. In the Bishop's Palace King Haco died. The Earl's Palace is a monument to the tyranny of Earl Patrick Stewart. It is by far the most perfect ruin of Gothic art in the Orkneys. It still shows signs of ancient grandeur. Forming three sides of a square, it is a massive collection. A crumbling flight of stairs leads to the banqueting hall. It is a roofless room. In the centre is a fire-place, telling, by its ample proportions, of ancient hospitality; the mantle is carved, and supported by Gothic pillars. At one end of the hall is a Gothic window; some of the delicate traceries yet remain. From this room winding stairs lead to turret chambers with great windows and hospitable window-seats. In the cellar, a damp, mouldy place, are the dungeons into which Patrick was wont to force unruly subjects.

But Pomona, Hoy, Stromness, and Kirkwall are not the only places of interest among the Orkney group. Boats of all descriptions, from a small steamer to a crazy yawl, may at all times be had, and excursions are made from Kirkwall Bay to the distant islands. On nearly every headland or lonely isle will there be found some ruin of ancient days. On the headland of Pomona, stretching out into the bay, are the grass-

tant islands. A reverend gentleman once began to read to the inhabitants Gray's "Fatal Sisters." After listening patiently a while, they interrupted him, saying they knew the song well in the original Norse.

The Orcadians live a quiet, uneventful life. Fishing, sheep-raising, and other similar pursuits provide them with the necessities of life. They are a people generally well educated and conscientious.

The dissipation of the Orkney, and even Shetland, people culminates every year in the great fair held at Kirkwall, called the fair of St. Olla. Commencing on the 3d of August, the festivities extend during several weeks. It is to this that all the people of the neighboring islands come. It is of great antiquity, deriving its name from Olave, a monarch of Norway. Olave introduced Christianity into the islands. On such days as the fair is held the scenes around St. Magnus Cathedral are animated and odd. The rough-looking fishermen, with their families, come from far-off islands in their yawls. Young girls and men, dressed in all sorts of odd homespun goods, crowd about the clown and acrobat with staring eyes and gaping mouth. Lifting tests, sleight of hand, shooting, and many other sports turn the usually placid Orcadian into a raving, dancing, excited Frenchman.

It was with almost a lonesome feeling

that, one warm, sunny day in August, I left the little quay at Kirkwall, and, standing on the little steamer's deck, looked for the last time at the clustering town, the cathedral tower, and the hill of Whitford and distant peaks of Hoy. Winding out among the low-lying islands, past ruined castles and crumbling Pictish houses, we gradually left the Orkneys behind us, and turned our faces toward the distant Shetland Islands.

About midway between Orkney and Shetland the great bare, precipitous cliffs of Fair Isle rise gradually into view. To look at the frowning sides of this lonesome isle, the thought of its being inhabited seems incredulous. As the steamer approached, innumerable little boats, holding only one person, and having sharp-pointed ends, darted from out the shadow of the rocky cliffs, and gathered in a bunch directly in the ship's course. Huddled there together, it seemed as though the ship would bring destruction to them. When at last we were among them, they cried to us to throw over-board papers or books. Some of us threw our last supply of papers, and then watched the quick little boats as they darted about gathering the treasures.

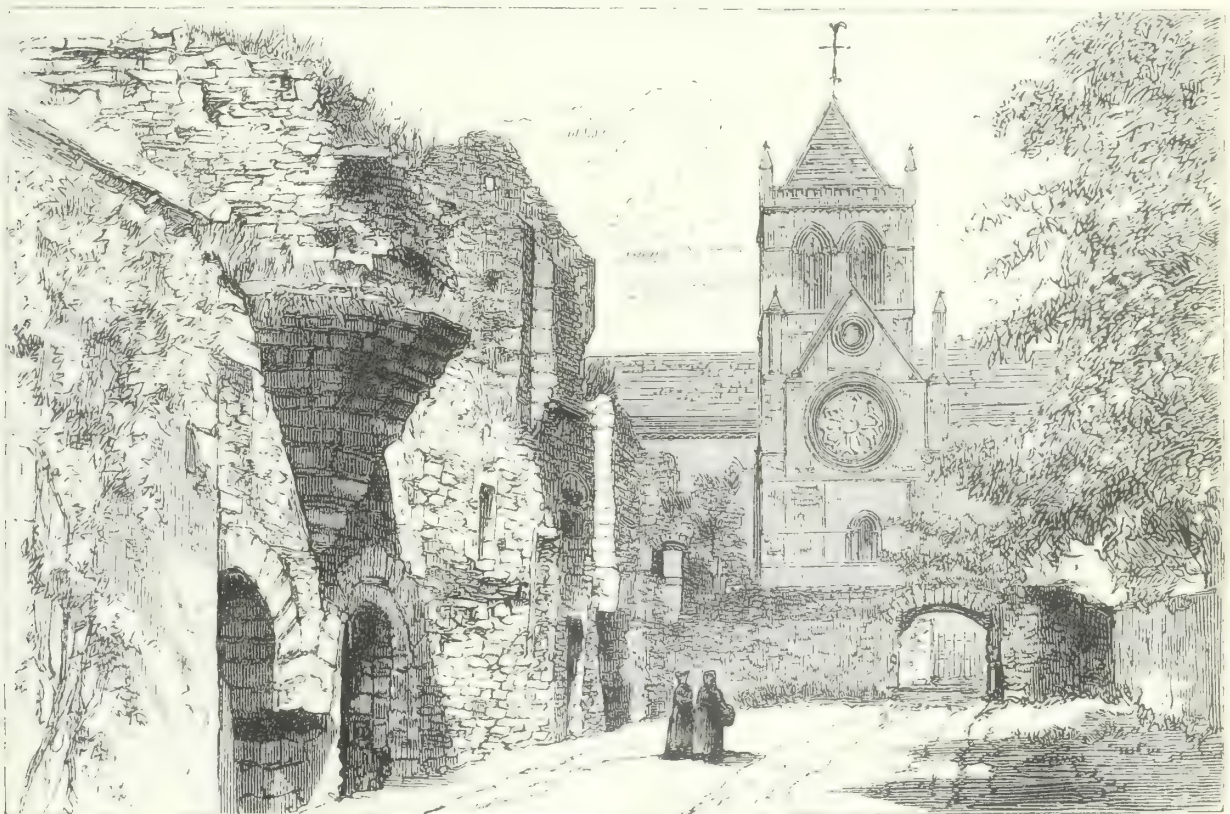
There are many tales told by the natives of the vessels that have been wrecked. In one of the fissures of the island is still to be seen the hull of a German vessel wrecked in 1868. Fair Isle does not deceive one by its first appearance. Rocky at first sight, a more thorough acquaintance does not bring to view any secluded spots of verdure. It is one solid rock, and how the hardy little people live is a mystery. By fishing they manage to support life through the summer, but

when the winter comes they are compelled to have supplies sent from the main-land. On the solitary headlands of the island the Vikings used to light their signal-fires.

Leaving the isle, we passed on, until at last, just at sunset, the dim, dark outlines of the Shetland Islands appeared. Sailing through the tempestuous waters of the swift current dividing Fair Isle from Shetland, called the Sumburgh Roost, we came at last into the still, smooth waters protected by Sumburgh Head. The first appearance of Shetland is dull, cold, and bleak. The islands composing the group are destitute of trees, shrubs, and grass. Great cliffs of crumbling mica or sandstone tower to great heights, their bare sides broken by no clinging trees or shrubs, deserted except by the duck and wild fowl of this northern clime. Before reaching Lerwick we often sailed through passes so narrow we could almost throw a stone to either shore. The Sumburgh Head is perhaps the grandest peak of rock in the islands. Seven hundred feet high, it rises almost perpendicularly from the water.

So swift is this current of the Roost that the slightest wind blowing against the course of the tide forces the waters into great commotion, so that they run mountain high, and beat upon the Sumburgh Head with cannon-like roar, sending up great showers of white spray.

Leaving Sumburgh Head, we coasted along toward Lerwick. The cliffs were all of fantastic shapes. In some of the steep sides were dark and gloomy caves. On almost every peak there perched the weather-beaten, ruined home of some early settler.



BISHOP'S PALACE AND CATHEDRAL, KIRKWALL.



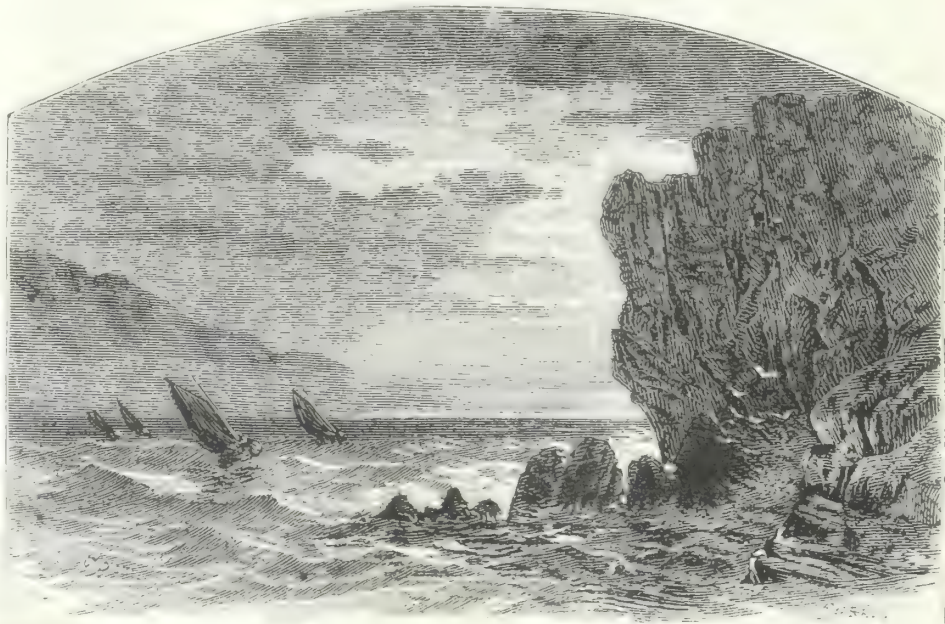
WRECK IN FAIR ISLE.

It was well into the night when we came to Bressay Sound. Although not dark, yet lights were glimmering from the windows of the houses in Lerwick, resting on the shores of the safe harbor. As we at last dropped our anchor and sounded the cannon, innumerable boats, with lanterns at their prow, pushed out from shore and surrounded us. They pushed and surged about, each one anxious to make a few pennies by taking us or our luggage ashore.

On the hill-side rising from the north shore lie the clustering houses of the town of Lerwick. Like the towns of the Orkney Islands, it is a curious jumbling together of low, gable-roofed, small - windowed houses. The general air of the place savors of the Low Countries towns. The short-skirted women, with white frilled caps, heavy clothes, and often wooden shoes, almost astonish one when they speak English instead of Dutch. Over the winding, crooked street with the great paving-stones the veritable Shetland

ponies clatter along, and the carts lumbering behind them make a dull rumbling. It is on market days that Lerwick dons her holiday dress. The little quays, privately owned, and jutting out into the waters of the bay, are alive with men, women, and children. It is the custom on such days for people of the neighboring islands to enter their boats, and, with their cargo of peat, set sail for the town. Often there will be great numbers of these well-laden boats entering the harbor, and swarming around the piers like bees about a hive. The women leap from the boats, and slinging the basket of peat over their shoulders, start off for the nearest shop, that they may barter for this and the other. The men,

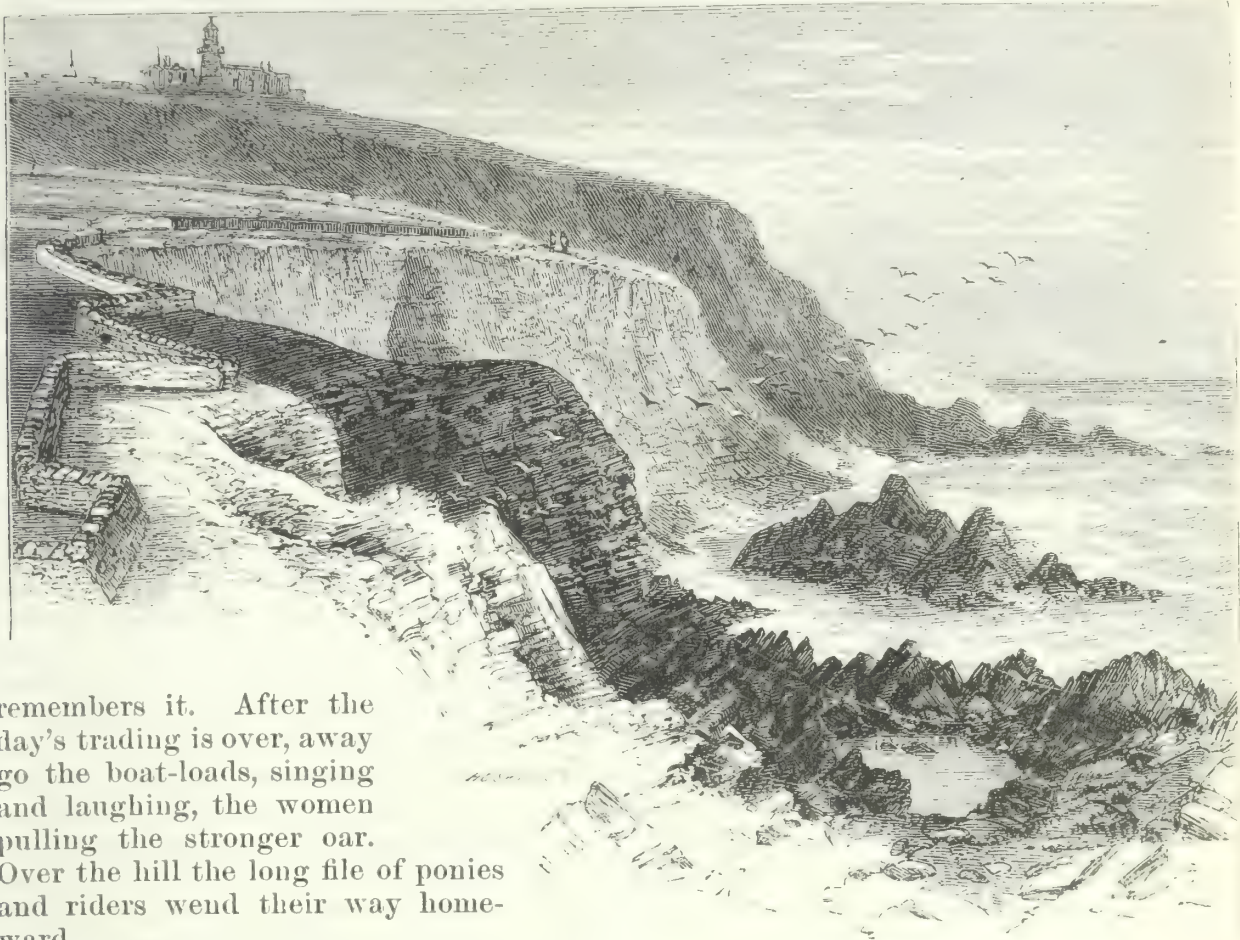
left behind, clothed in rough tarpaulins and odd homespun clothes, lazily fasten their boats, and pass the news with their friends. But not only do visitors come from seaward. From the central part of the island—from the regions of solitude and peat-bogs—numberless troops come winding over the hill behind the town, down the slope, to the market-place. It is a quaint sight to watch them. The little ponies, shaggy of mane, and with long, handsome tails, are heavily burdened. They have no bridle, only a string about their neck; on their backs are pack-saddles, often so covered with bags of peat, or per-



BRESSAY SOUND.

haps grass, that the pony is scarcely to be seen at all. If by chance, after all the goods are crowded upon the docile animal's back, one small portion of the rump appears, the good woman, his master, leaps lightly on, and away goes pony, bags, and woman to the town beyond. When this collection of ponies, men, women, and children is seen together, the sight is very picturesque. All look so odd, are so animated, that one long

I have often been asked, "How do these people live? what can they do with this rocky, barren waste?" Well, they do not need as much as some other people; their wants are simple, easily satisfied. Every class has different means of living. There are the peat-women, the sheep-raiser, the fisherman, the shop-man: all these have different wants, and lead different lives. The Shetland hosiery is world known. Children



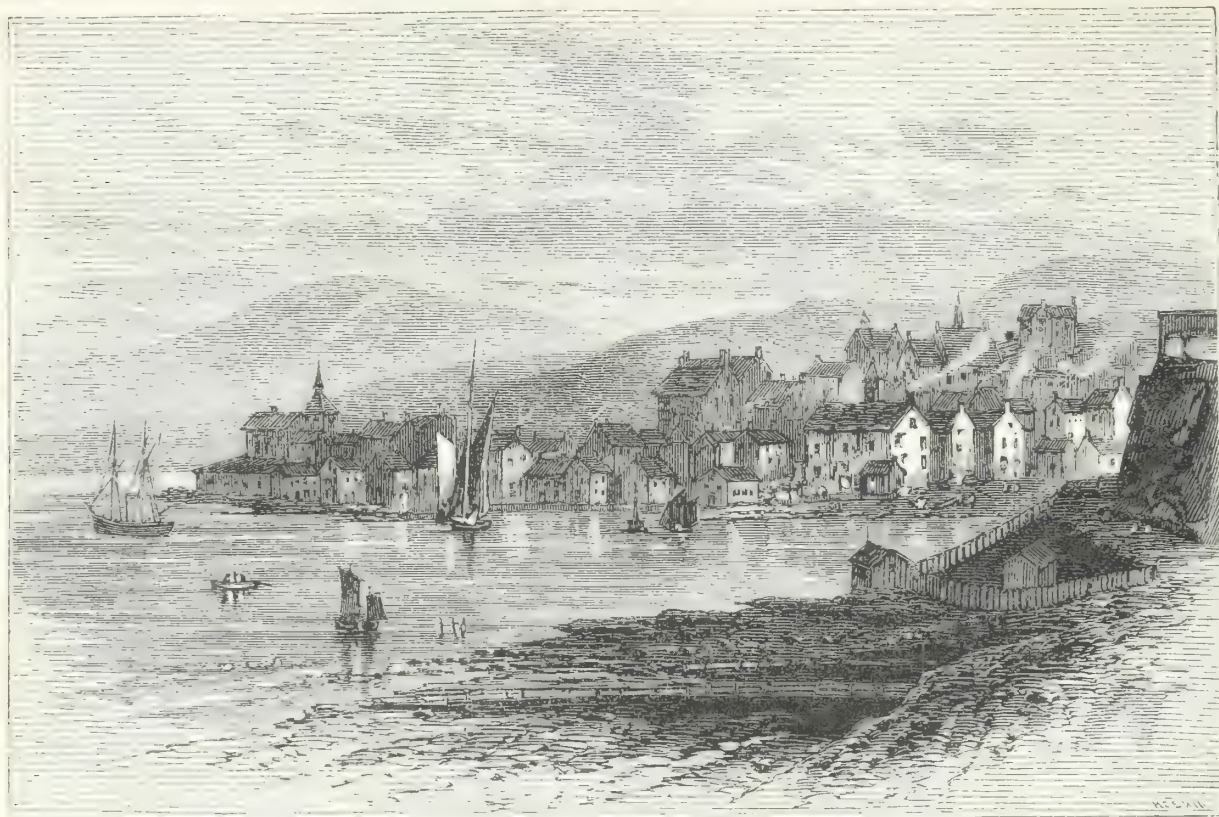
remembers it. After the day's trading is over, away go the boat-loads, singing and laughing, the women pulling the stronger oar. Over the hill the long file of ponies and riders wend their way homeward.

Our accommodations at Lerwick were of a rather romantic description. The town boasts of a hotel, but a more inhospitable home could not be found. Becoming disgusted, I left, and at last found a new home. On a cliff, overlooking a bay and the North Sea beyond, a stone cottage had been built. The worthy matron, for a consideration, gave me the front-room. The traits I have noticed in that family may be taken to be the traits in a majority of the families. Kind, patient, always ready to laugh with the merry or cry with the distressed, they are hard-working and contented. In this far-away island they knew even of our colleges and our poets. Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell they knew well, and a more kindly feeling than these people have for us can not be found. The people of the town are industrious and well off. Some of the cottages boast of elegance. Built of stone, surrounded by flower gardens sheltered by walls of stone, they can look from their windows over the town below, and out upon the water. On Sundays during service the streets are deserted, the churches full.

SUMBURGH HEAD, SHETLAND.

are taught the art of knitting almost before any thing else; and the socks, shawls, and veils manufactured by the knitting women of Shetland are sent south in large quantities. Some of the shawls are of such fineness and beauty that they grace the shoulders of noble ladies. It is an art carried to greater perfection here than any where else. The fisherman and the sheep-raiser are quite prosperous. It is in the shop-man or the merchant that we find the most flourishing class. Some of the merchants are rich, looking at riches from the Shetland stand-point. They own neat shops, pretty houses, and lead contented, prosperous lives.

The houses of the poor classes, those living outside and back from the town, are of the rudest and most miserable construction. When it is desired to build, a trench is dug about a square tract of ground, and from these trenches are built rude walls to the height of perhaps six feet. The crevices and holes are plastered with mud. Over the inclosed space, and resting



LERWICK, SHETLAND.

on the four walls, is placed a thatched roof of straw, with coatings of earth, and covered with stones to keep the whole from being blown away by the heavy gales that often sweep across the island. The interior of these huts almost beggars description. The only light is that from the open door or the square-cut hole in the roof. The last-mentioned opening serves for the chimney as well. Entering one of these miserable houses, the stranger is almost incredulous when told that in this one room live often a whole family.

On a damp and dismal day we mounted our ponies and rode through the rain and mist to Scalloway. Although called a town, Scalloway is really only a small collection of rude houses, having but one attraction, and that the old castle left by Patrick Stewart. It overlooks the bay upon which the town is situated. Its roof is gone, its walls gaping and falling, and the whole is desolate and deserted. On one of the high walls an iron ring is still seen, and it is said that from it rebellious subjects of the cruel Patrick were suspended. From any of the



COMMERCIAL STREET, LERWICK.



SHETLAND HUTS, NEAR LERWICK.

walls of this deserted home of tyranny there can be seen the distant island of Burgh-Westray, supposed to be the one on which lived the worthy Magnus Troil. There is a peculiarity about the poorer classes of Shetland hardly equaled by any race—the belief in the supernatural and curious. It is said that in the more remote islands there are people still believing in sea-kings and dwarfs. Almost every peak and headland has some story connected with it of sorceress or elfin goblin. They often weave their poetical imaginations about ordinary objects—the caves, the cliffs, the distant ocean, and the deserted moors—that even to a stranger and a southerner have a sort of fascinating interest. In these lonely isles live those who have only dreamed or read of southern verdure. In telling them of trees and vast green meadows, they listen with the same kind absent-mindedness that we listen to the stories they tell of this and that point. I know not what the impression would be upon the mind of a Shetlander were he suddenly transplanted to the green fields of Scotland or England, but one can easily imagine him almost dumb at so great a change.

One of the most interesting excursions from Lerwick is to the "Holm of Noss" and the cliffs of the island of Noss. To reach these great natural curiosities a boat is taken at Lerwick, and a trip made across the harbor to the opposite island of Bressay. This island forms the southern protection of Bressay Sound, and, like the neighboring island upon which Lerwick is situated, is barren, rolling, and hilly. Landing on the beach, and firmly fastening the boat, we pushed on afoot over the peat-bogs and hills. The way is a narrow cart path. As some high elevation is reached, the distant view of ocean, town, and bay forms an interesting picture. The shores of that part

of the island farthest from Bressay Sound drop nearly perpendicularly to the waters of a swift, turbulent current dividing Bressay Island from that of Noss. Near the point at which an embarkation is made for Noss Island is a remain like the tumulus at Maeshowe. It is said that the interior of this monument is fashioned somewhat like that of Maeshowe, but the entrance has long since been blocked up. Near here also is a cottage embodying all the worst principles of the huts of Shetland. In this old and dilapidated house an old man, alone in the world, is living his lonely life. By the second boat the island of Noss is soon reached. This island, small,



SHETLAND PEAT-WOMAN.



SHETLAND PONIES.

and with the everlasting cliffs, has but one house upon it to break the wildness of its appearance. As the boat grounded on the shore, the keeper of the island, with his children, ran down the steep slopes to meet the welcome strangers. So swift is the current of the strait dividing these two islands of Bressay and Noss, that often for weeks at a time the one family of Noss are prisoners on their secluded island. Ponies are raised in great numbers on the island. As we proceeded, herds of the hardy little animals ran before us. There were also multitudes of rabbits. They burrowed every where, and are frightened from their hiding-places in scores. Noss Island rises gradually from the part nearest Bressay to a great height, and then, dropping suddenly, forms a strong bulwark to the angry waters of the German

Ocean. To reach the summit of the island is a hard climb. Gradually nearing the summit, the view broadens. Bressay and the Mainland are behind; Lerwick is hazy in the distance, the blue smoke of the peat fires almost hiding it from view. Beyond the town are the wild, dull hills. At the summit a rude cross has been erected as a landmark. Standing by the side of the wall protecting the ponies from falling over the precipice, we are seven hundred feet high. Looking back, there are to be seen the grazing ponies, the home of the island's keeper, and the zigzag path of our route. Climbing over the wall, we were upon a narrow shelf of rock. A dull roar came from the dashing waters so many feet below us. Dropping a stone, it fell, without once touching the side of the cliff, with a dull thud into



SCALLOWAY, SHETLAND.

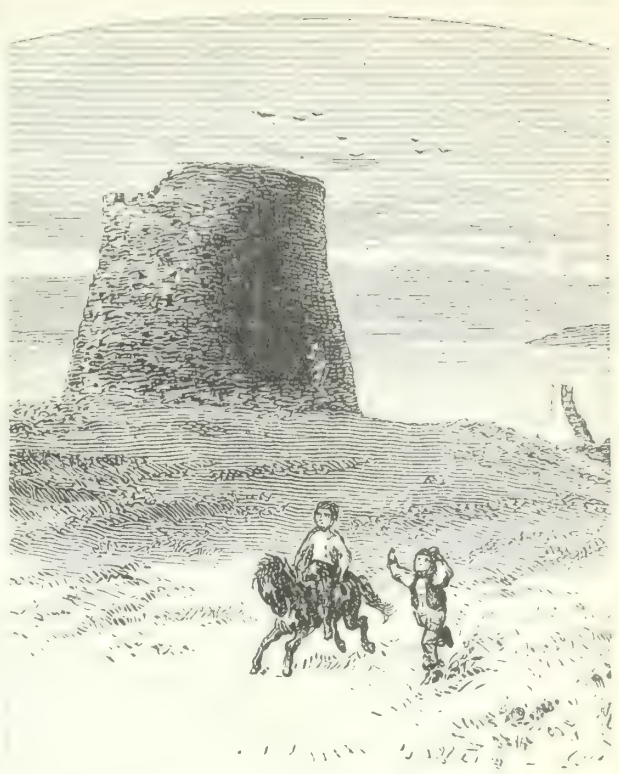
the waters below. From the great height, ships were toys, gulls were flies, rocks a hundred feet high were too small to be noticed. It is a height almost beyond description. The waters seem calm and placid, yet we can hear them beat against the cliff. So great is the height that the tallest spires, the highest masts and cathedral domes, would not reach the summit.

Near this great cliff is another natural curiosity, called the Holm of Noss. Sailing along the cliffs of Bressay, past deep caves and natural arches of rock, the abrupt perpendicular cliff of the Holm is soon reached. By some convulsion of nature a huge fragment of Noss Island has fallen away, and now stands by itself, forming a steep, triangular mountain of rock. The top of Holm is rough and barren. In times past the northern birds, the eagles and the gulls, made the lonesome top their home. The deep fissure between the Holm and Noss is dark and gloomy. It is a hundred feet wide, yet so dark that it seems only a fissure. Into this the waves rush with a fearful echo, sending up great showers of spray from the dismal depths. Across the chasm, many years ago, a rope was thrown, and communication established between the two rocks. Now every trace of it has disappeared.

Near the Holm is the Orkneyman's Cave. Years ago a poor sailor, hunted by foes, hid in these black depths to save his life. An easy entrance to the cave can be made by a row-boat. Passing into its great black gaping mouth, the light of day is soon extinguished by the black depths within. How far inland the cave extends is not known, the passage becoming too small to explore. When the sun shines, by some curious freak of nature a curious spectacle is afforded those within the cave. The sun's rays are so reflected that all the colors of the rainbow are thrown upon the dark walls of the cavern, lighting up the gloominess with brilliant effect.

But a volume might be written of Shetland wonders. Each day brings something new. There are excursions to the northern part of the island, to the Drongs, great stacks of rock surrounded by water. One may also visit the Out Skerries, a group of fishing islands. St. Magnus Bay, too, is very grand, with its island rocks and high cliffs. But to tell of these is too long a tale. The Castle of Mousa, passed on the way from the Orkneys to Lerwick, is a remain of Viking days well worth a visit. It is a turret, mortar-shaped mass of rocks, the interior once having been inhabited. It is chiefly interesting as being a most perfect ruin of an early Pictish burg. In olden times, Erland, having carried off a beautiful princess, defied the avengers from this small castle.

While the Northern Islands have not



CASTLE OF MOUSA.

southern beauty, they have a grandeur of their own—the bluff high rocks with no clinging shrubs, the caves, the peaks, the deserted fields. All these, Shetland claims. What sights and years of war have these islands witnessed! The imagination almost refuses to believe that they are indeed the scenes of deeds older than those of history. It seems incredible that this castle or that ruined burg should have been standing since the days of mythology. The Cathedral of St. Denis, the Parthenon, and the Tower of London, all hoary with antiquity, are yet modern when compared with the Stones of Stennis and the Castle of Mousa, the Sphinx of Shetland.

DAWN.

THE lilies droop, the red rose pales;
The tender violet's perfume fails;
The birds are dumb, the leaves are still;
Night's dark shade infolds the hill.

O eyes so dim with unshed tears!
O heart whose pain through smiles appears!
Thy bitter cup of sadness fill,
For night and darkness hold thee still.

The clouds are gone, the sky is clear;
Night's shade has flown, the dawn is here;
Warm life and love the glad air thrill;
In golden sunlight laughs the hill.

The lilies raise their drooping heads;
Fresh fragrance steals from violet beds;
The rose with crimson blushes now;
The song-birds trill, the tree-tops bow.

Oppressed with fear, no light hath shone
My weary, tangled path upon,
While Time, with swift, remorseless tread,
Cried, "Youth and joy for thee are dead."

Sad heart, awake and greet thy morn;
Fresh life and light for thee shall dawn;
Through skies made clear by love's bright ray
Thou too shalt know the perfect day.

HUNTING WITH THE LONG-BOW.

The joy is great of him who strays
In shady woods on summer days,
With eyes alert and muscles steady,
His long-bow strung, his arrows ready.

At morn he hears the wild thrush sing,
He sees the wild rose blossoming,
And on his senses soft and low
He feels the brook-song ebb and flow.

Life is a charm and all is good
To him who lives like Robin Hood,
Hearing ever, far and thin,
Hints of the tunes of Gamelyn.

His greatest grief, his sharpest pain,
Is (when the days are dark with rain)
That for a season he must lie
Inert while deer go bounding by,

Lounge in his lodge, and long and long
For Allan à Dale's delightful song,
Or smack his lips at thought of one
Drink from the friar's demijohn.

But when the sky is clear again,
He sloughs his grief, forgets his pain,
Hearing on gusts of charming weather
The low laugh of his arrow feather.

I.—AMONG THE WOODPECKERS.

OF old, so runs the legend of the poets, a beautiful king of Latium, named Picus, went forth into the forest to enjoy his favorite pastime, hunting. We are told that he was dressed in most wonderful sporting garb, which consisted of a splendid purple cloak bound at the throat with a zone of gold. Through the sweet dusky aisles of the forest the young king saw flitting numberless beasts and birds, at which, no doubt, he hurled his whizzing cornel shafts as a lusty, sport-loving lord should. Circe, a woman of doubtful honesty, was, on this



very day, going about in the woods hunting for certain herbs, known to grow thereabout, possessing rare properties of great value to dealers in sorcery. Discovering a tuft of the desired plant (I know not whether it was snake-root or ginseng), Circe stooped, and was in the act of sawing it off with a case-knife, when, just beyond a persimmon bush, she beheld *Picus* standing up tall and beautiful, glorious with fine purple and sheeny with gold. It was, on the part of Circe, a case of love at first sight, and with her to love was to speak of it at once. It may have been leap-year. Howbeit, *Picus* indignantly spurned the proffered caresses of the woman, who thereupon slashed him across the head with a stick she held in her hand, to such effect that he was forthwith transformed into a bird which is to this day known as the woodpecker.

I have often thought that the wand of Circe must have brought the blood from the crown of the head of *Picus*, for how else will you explain the origin of the red tuft, that ever-present and unmistakable mark of the woodpecker family? From the demure and quiet sap-sucker up through all the species to the great black woodpecker, this blotch of blood-red feathers is found. A mere dot in the case of the smallest species, it spreads all over the head of the white-tailed variety, and rises into a magnificent scarlet plume on the crown of the *Hylotomus pileatus*.

To me the woodpeckers are the most interesting of all the American birds. I never tire of studying them. Obtrusive, inquisitive, self-important, knavish, bellicose, and noisy, the white-tailed variety is, perhaps, the most sprightly as well as the most versatile spirit of the woods. He attempts every thing with an air of the most presuming impertinence, and what he can not accomplish in the way of attainments generally thought necessary to a well-cultured bird is, simply to sing a good song.

There are as many as four kinds of woodpecker improperly called sap-suckers by our people. The speckled bird of the Southern pine forests, nearly allied to the *Picus pubescens*, or downy woodpecker, of our Northern States, is universally called sap-sucker by the Southern people, while two varieties of the hairy woodpecker, the downy woodpecker, and the *Centurus carolinus*, or true sap-sucker, are all known in the North by the one name—sap-sucker.

You have often noticed the trunks and limbs of your orchard and ornamental trees perforated with ring after ring of conical pits, arranged in a very orderly way, sometimes from root to top in close array. These are the dinner pots of the unique quiet bird properly named sap-sucker. The naturalists call him *Centurus carolinus*. He is the red-bellied woodpecker, the soberest, quiet-

est, and most strictly attentive to his business of the whole family.

It is amusing to watch one of these sap-suckers, after he has made his pits in one of your trees, going slowly round from one to another sipping the rich nectar therefrom, seeming to enjoy this liquid fruit of his toil in a most satisfactory way, at the same time keeping a lively look-out for the approach of an enemy.

The flicker, or golden-winged woodpecker (*Colaptes auratus*), erroneously called yellow-hammer, is a pretty bird, often seen drilling away at old logs and stumps in search of the larvæ of various insects. Next to the "white-tail," he is the commonest variety of American woodpecker. The "white-tail" is the flicker's evil genius, making it his special business to annoy him in every possible way—a proceeding as much enjoyed by one as it is dreaded and detested by the other. I once had an opportunity to watch a series of assaults made by a pair of "white-tails" trying to get possession of a flicker's nest while the latter was inside the hole. The "white-tail" had taken position just below the opening, where he began to drum away lustily in order to induce the



WOODPECKER AND OWL.

flicker to poke out its head. No sooner did the beak of the latter appear, than the former attacked it as if in a real frenzy of rage. Day after day this sort of siege was kept up almost constantly, till finally the flicker abandoned her nest, and the "white-tail," taking possession, cleaned the place out,

built therein, and reared a brood in triumph.

The flicker is the only bird of the woodpecker family fit for the table. When young and fat, he is juicy and sweet, though extremely dark and rather tough, with a high game flavor. I have killed numbers of them

up again and jeer at you when the danger is over. Bah! you can't hit a "white-tail."

The yellow-bellied woodpecker (*Sphyrapicus varius*) is a beautiful little fellow everywhere to be seen in our woods. He, together with the hairy and downy varieties, has furnished me many a day's exquisite sport,



1. PICUS PUBESCENS. 2. FLICKER.

late in the fall while they were feeding on the berries of the black-gum-tree. They eat very little grain, and are not at all a farm pest.

The "white-tail" is the only bird on which I have practiced archery that can successfully dodge a well-directed arrow. He is sharp-sighted, alert, and extremely active. You see him perched, high and fair, on a limb, and draw your bow. He sits quite still, his eye fixed keenly on you. You let fly; but no sooner does your string twang than he has flipped behind the limb, and is entirely invisible. Your shaft whisks past him, and immediately he mounts to his original perch, beginning to duck his red head and chatter at you. This exasperates you. You let drive at him again; but over he goes before your arrow reaches him, to pop

though, to tell the truth, I have never killed more of them than I needed as specimens for examination.

By far the noblest bird of the Picus family in the United States is the great black woodpecker (*Hylotomus pileatus*), which has already disappeared from the Western woods, and is becoming rare even in the vast forests of the South. When at rest, his body appears quite black, while his head has white stripes about the eyes, and is surmounted by a long tuft of brilliant scarlet feathers. When he takes to flight, which he does with great vigor at the least alarm, his wings show a sprinkling of white, which relieves the dusky hue of his body.

The hill country of North Georgia, East Tennessee, and North Alabama is at present the place where the *Hylotomus pileatus* is to

be found in the greatest numbers. It was in Gordon County, Georgia, that I killed my finest specimens. I remember a most exciting day spent in the woods of the hilly "di-

whence the arrow had come, lit on a post-oak sapling scarcely twenty yards from our thicket. Will drew quickly, and let him have a blunt arrow; but it struck too far



MEADOW-LARKS.

vide" between the valley of the Oothcaloga and that of the Oostanaula—two streams whose confluence is a mile west of the town of Calhoun—on which day Will and I bagged three of these great woodpeckers. It was in December, clear, cool, magnificent weather, not unlike the Northern Indian summer, with scarcely a breath of wind. Early in the morning we entered the woody outskirts of the "divide," and were not long in finding two black woodpeckers, whose loud pounding reached our ears when several hundred yards distant. They were on an old log, busily engaged in pecking holes in search of larvæ. Will and I, as usual, were armed with nothing but our mulberry long-bows and our quivers full of arrows. We let fly from a pine thicket at forty yards, making a clear miss of it, but frightening the birds terribly. Their flight was short, however, and one of them, not knowing

back, only breaking one of his thighs, and sending him off on a crazy, winding flight. After securing our arrows, we gave chase. And now the sport began in good earnest. The bird belonged to whichever could give him the death-shot. I fear if I tell you that for two hours we raced after that bird, shooting at it no less than ten times each before at last Will bowled it over, you will smile at our archery. Will held his bird up by the wing and, while the sweat dripped from his forehead, yelled triumphantly. He was as proud of that woodpecker as ever Girard was of a lion, or Cumming of an elephant. I had the pleasure of bagging the second bird by a fine shot at sixty yards, striking him fair in the back with a barbed arrow, the shaft of which was a slender reed. The third bird was knocked from a dead pine stump by Will at thirty yards. These three are the only specimens we ever

took with the long-bow from the ranks of the great black woodpecker.

II.—OUT WITH THE LARK.

A plate of fried meadow-larks' thighs is something too exquisitely enjoyable to be left unmentioned in any writing or conversation touching the American starling (*S. ludoviciana*). No tidbit, not even the tip of a partridge's wing, can compare with the plump thigh of a fat meadow-lark. The meat is of a clear yellowish-white color, semi-transparent, tender, juicy, and richly flavored (if the bird has found its proper food), and is of a fine, soft, waxy consistency peculiarly grateful to the molars of the epicure. Indeed, nothing is so sweet and soothing, so suggestive of tender thrills of sensual rapture, as a lark's thighs, unless it be the lark's voice. Clear, quavering, delicately modulated, this voice is the sweetest in America. You may hear it falling from the high spire of a dead tree in the fields, or rising from the tufts of dewy clover, a half-melancholy, half-sprightly trill of four notes—*ee-ter-ree-er*, far-reaching, melodious, inimitable. Not even the mocking-bird can quote from or plagiarize the original score of the meadow-lark's simple music.

This bird is found throughout the United States east of the high plains, and is so common in our fields, and has such marked beauty of plumage, that few persons in this country have failed to notice it.

In size and general color it very closely resembles the flicker, or golden-winged woodpecker. Its color above is a dark, clouded brown, the feathers slightly tipped with brownish-white, and dashed with reddish-brown terminal spots. Its wings and tail have dark brown bars waved with lighter shades, and its breast is bright golden yellow, in which is set a pectoral, heart-shaped black spot or crescent. Its eyes are of a

yellowish cast, clear, quick, and bright. Its head is low and long, striped with yellow at the sides, and its bill is slender, almost straight, and one and a quarter inches long. The dead bird measures about ten or eleven inches in length, and sixteen inches in alar extent.

The meadow-lark feeds upon the ground, generally preferring open fields overgrown with weeds or grass, where it can be hidden from the eye of the hawk while it runs nimbly about industriously searching for insects, larvæ, small seeds, and the tender germs of up-springing grain. Though not very voracious or cruel in its disposition, it will sometimes kill and eat the helpless young of the field sparrow, and I once found one destroying a nest of new-born rabbits. It is a swift runner and a good hider, but its flight is slow and quivering, rendering it an easy mark for the gunner.

It builds its nest on the ground in a hollow scooped at the root of a tuft of grass. The nest is neatly woven of dry stems of grass, and roofed over with a flat arch of the same materials. The eggs, generally four in number, are white, with reddish-brown spots at the larger end. Many persons esteem these eggs a great delicacy, and thousands of nests are yearly robbed, in the Western and Middle States, by boys and men at work in the fields.

During the nesting season the male larks engage in fierce brawls and conflicts, chattering and fluttering around each other, striking savagely with their bills, and dealing vigorous blows with their wings. Both the males and females incubate, growing miserably thin before the eggs are hatched. About the time the young have learned to fly, they are fit for the table, and should be roasted and served with currant jelly, or their thighs rolled in paste and fried.

Nothing can be finer sport than shooting meadow-larks with the long-bow and arrows in the clover and timothy meadows after the grass has been cut. You want light pewter-headed shafts for this purpose, for generally you can not get nearer a lark than forty paces, and it is a fine shot to bowl one over at that distance. While a lark is feeding he occasionally gives out a short rasping note not unlike *tizthe*, which serves to draw your attention to his exact whereabouts, and if you are quick-sighted and used to hunting, you will soon discover him running along in the grass, or standing singularly erect in the midst of a tuft neglected by the mower. If his breast is turned toward you, it glistens and brings the crescent at his throat into fine relief—a beautiful target for your arrow. Like most birds that live in constant terror of hawks, the meadow-lark will often mistake an arrow hurtling past him for his most dreaded enemy, and skulk a step or two



LARK'S NEST.

and squat flat on the ground, till by a successful shot you have knocked him over, or till a shaft strikes so near him that he takes wildly to wing, evincing the utmost fright. I saw Will kill one at the fifth shot, sixty-two yards away, and I have not unfrequently emptied a quiver of ten arrows at a lark without hitting it or even starting it to wing, when not one of the shafts missed the bird more than a foot.

III.—IN THE HAUNTS OF THE WOODCOCK.

The woodcock, and especially our American variety, is a rare bird in several respects. His plumage is dyed in sober colors, of which brown, gray, and yellowish-rufous are the prevailing tints. Across the back of his head run three narrow stripes of black, alternating with as many yellowish bands, combining to make up a rather attractive semi-crest, so narrow that his eyes, sitting very high up on his head, almost touch each other. These eyes are wonderful orbs, combining in their expression stupidity, melancholy, half-blindness, and a sort of "liquid drollery," as I once heard a sportsman express it.

The woodcock haunts the outlying marshes of inland lakes and ponds, and is frequently found in the damp lowlands bordering our small streams. His food is earth-worms and larvæ of various kinds, which he takes by thrusting his bill, two and one-half inches long, into the soft earth where such things abound. The smooth holes thus formed often serve to make the sportsman sure he is near the resting-place of his favorite bird. I say resting-place, because the woodcock rarely works or moves about in daytime. It is when the sun has got well under the horizon, and the cool shades of night are settling over the earth, that he awakes from his long day-dream, and comes out from his hiding-place to begin laboring for his nightly food. His movements when thus employed are sprightly and energetic, and he uses his long, flexible bill with a deftness and precision only equaled by the shrewdness with which he avoids all his nocturnal enemies, among which the raccoon and horned owl are the most dreaded.

Woodcock-shooting with the long-bow and arrow is charming sport. I know nothing to equal it. But you must be keen of sight and a dead-shot to make it help your table any. In a word, you must be able to find your bird on the ground, and to kill him when you have found him, neither of which is an easy performance. Like most other wild things, the woodcock has a combination of colors peculiarly adapted to the prevailing tints of the places he haunts, and in such a way as to make him next to indistinguishable when at rest among the tufts of brown grass or heaps of fallen leaves generally found in such regions as he visits in

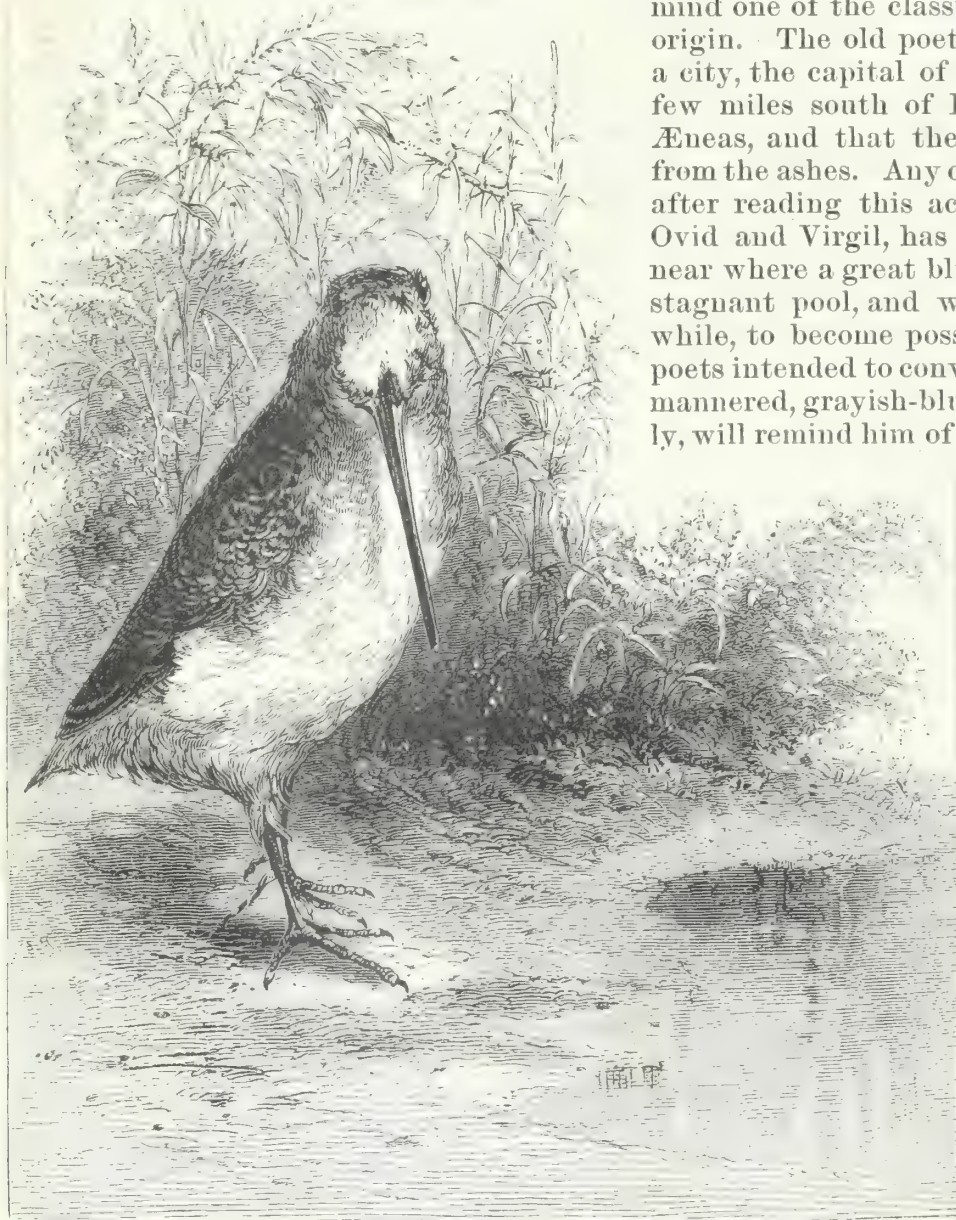
the shooting season. This causes the archer much trouble; but when after a long and careful search he descries the outlines of his bird, and by a well-sent shaft bowls him over, he is richly paid.

This power of rendering themselves next to invisible is possessed by the quail, the pheasant, the snipe, the rabbit, and a few other wild things. Nor is man alone deceived by it. I have seen a keen-sighted greyhound run round vainly looking for a common gray rabbit which had squatted in plain view on the smooth surface of a barn lot. Even the wonderful vision of a hawk is powerless to descry a quail when muffled and flattened out on a tuft of brown grass, and I have spent an hour watching a blue-tailed darter (the small chicken-hawk), which, perched on a fence stake, waited patiently for a field lark to discover itself by the slightest motion.

I remember a day's sport that Will and I had on the celebrated Devon farm of Richard Peters, Esq., that resulted in the death of seven as fine woodcock as ever went to table. It was in December, but, as is often the case in that latitude, the day was quite warm. We had been informed by a lad who had been shooting meadow-larks on the fine blue-grass fields of the beautiful farm above mentioned that he had seen some big snipes in a bit of wet land, and we at once surmised that these big snipes were really woodcocks. We hired the boy to go with us in the capacity of pilot, and a little after sunrise we were on the ground, with our bows strung and our quivers full of light blunt-headed arrows. The marsh was small, covering not more than three acres of land, and through its centre ran a small ditch stream trickling down to the Oothcaloga. A kind of rush or marsh sedge grew in heavy tufts all over the wet portion of the tract, and where the land was dryer, the blue-grass spread its emerald carpeting. Separating a little, Will and I at once began our search by slowly advancing into the damp area, scrutinizing every foot of land as we went. We had gone but a few steps when Will suddenly halted, glared for a moment into one of the sedge tufts, raised his bow, and sent an arrow whistling to the spot. A momentary fluttering sound as of a bird entangled in the grass, and then a woodcock rose rapidly from where I saw the arrow sticking, and wheeled away, uttering its sharp peculiar cries. Will had missed his bird.

Despite my efforts to the contrary, I at once became a little excited. How eagerly my eyes scanned every place where a bird might hide! How I was longing for such a chance as Will had just had! All at once my vision was blessed. Not more than thirty feet from me the brown outlines of a woodcock were barely distinguishable under the drooping fringe of a dead sod of wire-

grass. I stopped a moment to collect my nerves, drew my right hand across my eyes to clear my vision, settled myself firmly on my feet, raised my bow, and let drive. My shaft stood quivering in the very centre, but not a feather moved. I went forward and found that I had shot at and hit a clod of brown earth. I pulled up my arrow and glanced at Will. He was chuckling at my mistake. I forget just what I said. Presently, however, we had better luck. Will drew first blood and bagged the first game, and I followed suit. We soon began to have a fine time. We got all the birds up, and they scattered out and lit in the short grass of the surrounding pasture fields, whither we followed them, and dogged them from spot to spot, till four of them hung at Will's girdle and three at mine.



THE WOODCOCK.

Early in the spring large numbers of woodcocks stop for a week or two in the damp woods of Indiana and Illinois, and a few breed here, the larger portion continuing their migratory flight to the regions of the Northern lakes.

IV.—THE WAYS OF THE HERON.

Whoever has spent a summer day in loitering beside a somewhat secluded brook has most likely been startled by the sudden but not very rapid uprising of a huge bird, whose wings, stretching six feet from tip to tip, beat the air heavily and slowly, with a muffled rushing sound suggestive of great power. The body of the bird, as it gets fairly started in its flight, takes an attitude of dignified ease strangely contrasting with the awkward swaying of the long bony legs that dangle behind. The neck of the bird, slender and disproportionately long, is drawn into a graceful reverse curve, so that the head is supported by the body. This is the great blue heron, sometimes called blue crane. In appearance the heron is a sad, stately, solemn bird, and especially does the great blue American variety continually remind one of the classical fable touching its origin. The old poets have it that Ardea, a city, the capital of the Rutuli, situated a few miles south of Rome, was burned by Æneas, and that the heron was produced from the ashes. Any one poetically inclined, after reading this account as rendered by Ovid and Virgil, has only to steal quietly near where a great blue heron nods above a stagnant pool, and watch the lone bird a while, to become possessed of the idea the poets intended to convey; for the quiet, sad-mannered, grayish-blue bird, dozing dreamily, will remind him of a heap of smouldering

ashes and embers. But if the observer is near enough to catch the glint of the heron's eye, something of the bird's true character is at once understood. That eye is as clear and bright as a diamond, and is brimful of the light of shrewd intelligence and a wide-awake spirit. Let a small fish, or a newt, or a frog, approach that solemn, sluggish-looking sentinel, and down goes that long sharp beak as surely and with as deadly effect as would a sportsman's spear. The frog, or fish, or other victim,

is impaled, drawn from the water, and mercilessly mangled and devoured, after which the heron raises one foot, and draws a toe between its mandibles, like a philosopher picking his teeth.

Our great blue heron is the largest of the

family in America, excepting, perhaps, the great white heron of the South. It is voracious almost beyond comparison, and eagerly searches for and devours the young of the other varieties. It will also kill and eat young ducks. An instance of this came under my observation several summers ago while bass-fishing in a small stream in Indiana. I saw, not fifty feet from me, a very large blue heron savagely beating a half-fledged summer-duck against the sand at the water's edge, while the parents of the victim were swimming around near by in the utmost distress. Raising my bow, I drew an arrow to the head, and let fly, striking the blood-thirsty heron through the body, but a little too far back to kill him outright. He rose with great vigor almost vertically till above the timber, and then flew rapidly off, with my shaft sticking through and through him. The shot was doubtless fatal, but where that great heron died is unknown to me. The old ducks flew away, and on picking up their murdered fledgeling, I found it greatly mangled in the body, and one of its eyes was plucked out.

Our great blue heron generally builds its nest of large dry twigs in the top of a tall tree in the midst of some lonely and almost impassable swamp, or about the margin of a wooded pond.

The young of the great blue heron are excellent for table use, tender and well flavored. Let them be stuffed and roasted, and served with currant jelly or cranberry sauce. You will smack your lips over the dish, and declare it is almost identical with roasted hare.

The great white heron is the largest of the family, and is mostly confined to the far South, though I have seen it occasionally on the small streams of North Georgia. The only one I ever killed was on Cranetah Creek, a small tributary of the Coosawattee River. It was near a place where part of an old mill-dam remained, and what had been the mill-pond was now a dense thicket, through which the clear limestone water of the creek meandered and babbled in the shade. Will, who was then with me, first discovered the great ghostly bird perched on a bough of a small maple-tree, and suc-

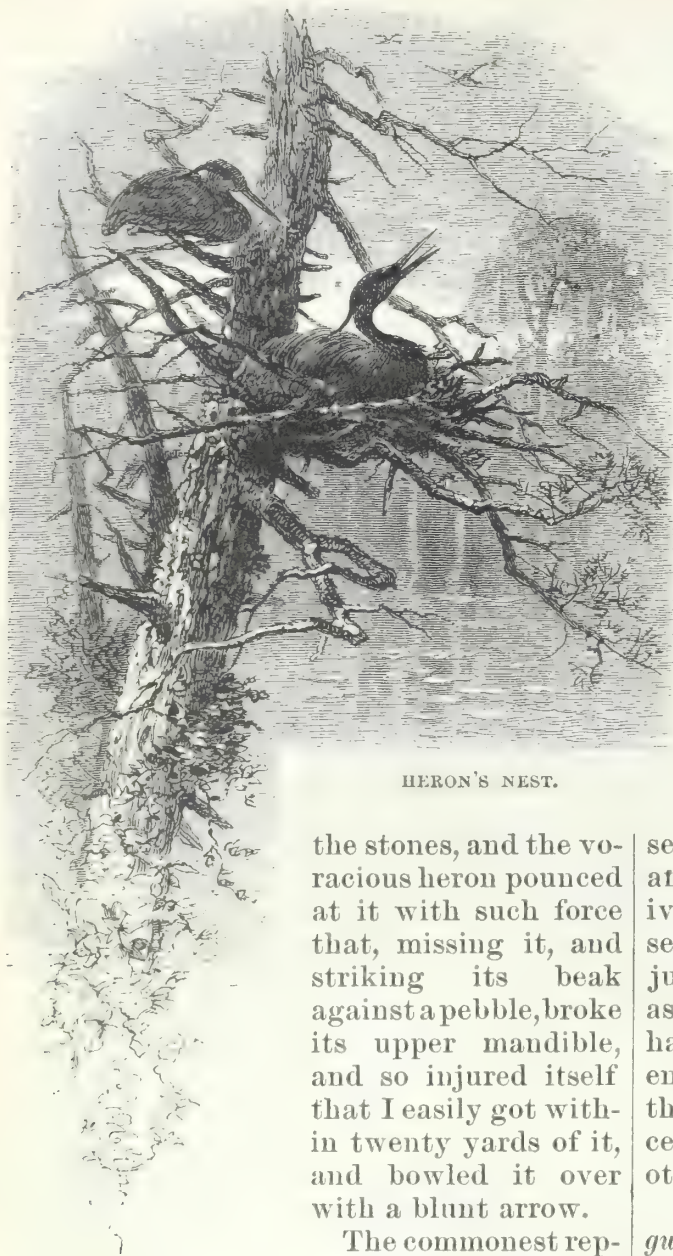
ceeded, by a fine shot at forty yards, in striking it through near the tail with an arrow two and a half ounces in weight, which re-



HAUNT OF THE HERON.

maintained in the wound at such an angle that it interfered so badly with the bird's flight as to bring it flapping and floundering down through the bushes near where I was standing. I had broken my bow-string a moment before, and was busily engaged putting on another when the great white fellow rushed to the earth almost at my feet. A terrier dog belonging to the gentleman with whom we were stopping had followed me, and now he sprang at the heron in good style; but alas for that dog! the noble bird curved his strong neck backward, like an overdrawn bow, and let fly straight at the face of his assailant, striking him in one of his nostrils. The dog recoiled with a howl of pain, but almost instantly returned pluckily to the attack. The old heron received him gallantly, giving him a deep wound just above the eye, and another in that organ, destroying the ball. A blow from my bow broke the bird's neck and ended the fight. The game measured seven feet and five inches from tip to tip of its wings. This variety, like the great blue heron, frequently attacks the fish-hawk, and forces it to give up its prey.

I once saw a blue heron chase a fish-hawk until it dropped a large fish, which fell among some large pebbles on the bank of a stream. The fish, not being much hurt, began flipping and floundering about among



HERON'S NEST.

the stones, and the voracious heron pounced at it with such force that, missing it, and striking its beak against a pebble, broke its upper mandible, and so injured itself that I easily got within twenty yards of it, and bowled it over with a blunt arrow.

The commonest representative of the genus *Ardea* in America is the bittern (*A. vivivens*), a beautiful bird, generally called by a vulgar name, but also widely known as the "fly-up-the-creek," or brook bittern. Next to the kingfisher, it is the handsomest of our aquatic birds. Its body is small and delicately turned, its neck long and slender, and its legs extremely so. Its plumage is richly variegated with flakes of brown, yellow, purple, black, and white, while the prevailing tint is a bluish-gray, bordering on purple. It has a fine large head, decorated with a crest, and its wonderfully clear and expressive eyes give it a look of great intelligence; and yet so erect does it hold its body above its stilt-like legs when perched, and so vertically does it stretch up its fringed neck, that of all birds its appearance is to me the most comical.

V.—THE WOOD-DUCK AND HIS COMPANIONS.

Duck-shooting is, in its way, quite as delightful as duck-eating. But when I speak of duck-shooting, I by no means refer to those long beaches on the Chesapeake where the professional fowler crouches behind his screen and sends out his decoy dog; nor do

I hint of those wild, sunny, rush-lined reaches of water on the Florida coast where the sport in his skiff, and the negro gunner in his pirogue, slaughter their thousands every season. My reminiscences of duck-shooting are mostly of the interior of the Western and Southern States, and have in them something of the freshness of those sweet currents of air that follow the ways of the brooks and rivulets, and of those damp, delicious spots of shade under the swamp-elms where the wood-duck builds her nest. As I recall a hundred days of exquisite sport spent in chasing the teal, wood-duck, and widgeon, I hear the "quack, quack" of the startled birds and the silken rustle or the keen whistling of their rapidly moving wings, and mingling with these sounds, clear, distinct, characteristic of itself, the sharp hiss of a feathered arrow. Perhaps, after all, it is the long-bow and arrows that provide for Will and me the peculiar flavoring of our sport, and

serve to render the narrow rivers, rivulets, and brooks of the interior far more attractive to us than the bays and inlets of the sea-coast. Another thing is worth noting just here. The bowman, to be successful as a hunter, must learn to perfection the habits of his game. This necessity has given Will and me opportunities to see many things and note many habits peculiar to certain kinds of small game overlooked by other sportsmen and naturalists.

The golden-eyed duck, or whistler (*Clanula americana*), though not often found far in the interior, is one of my favorite birds, and a little incident involving the death of one may well serve to describe a singular habit (common to several species of American ducks), which I have never seen mentioned by writers on natural history or in the books on field-sports.

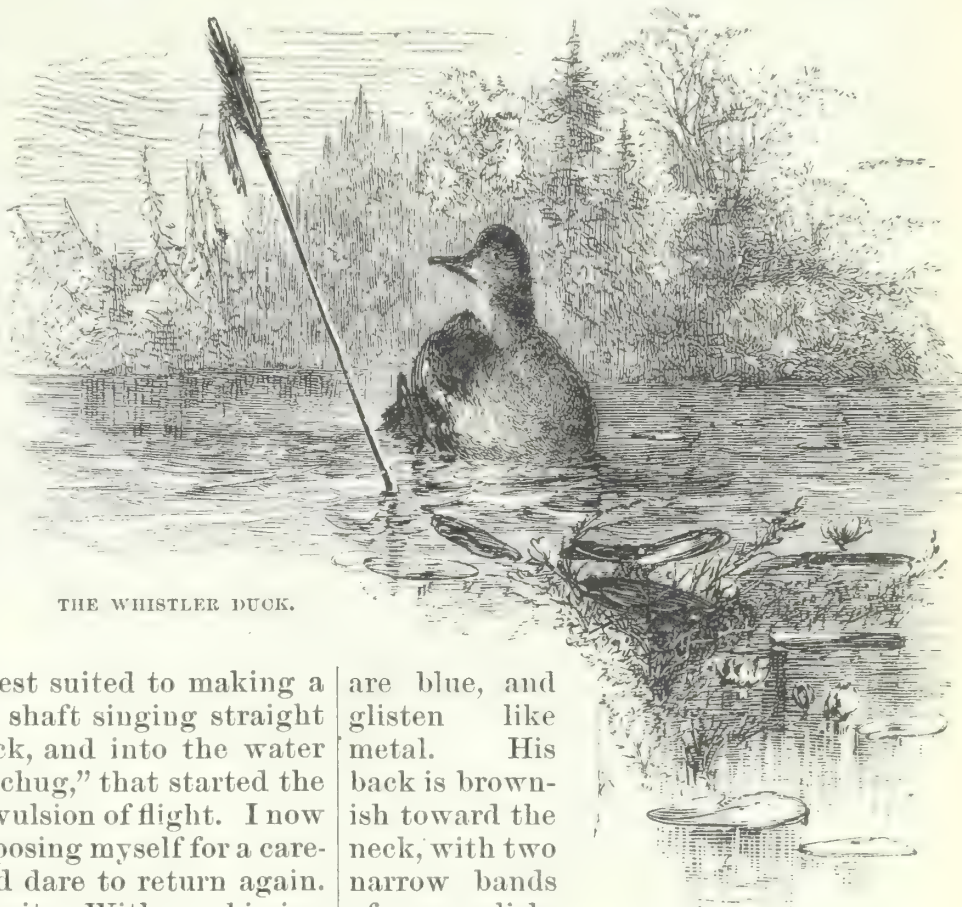
I had been for an hour or so following a dozen or more blue-winged teal (*Querquedula discors*) down a small stream, without so much as getting a shot. While creeping slyly along, close to the brook's edge, under cover of some small bushes, my eye chanced to fall on a whistler duck sitting quite still on the surface of a shallow inlet just across the stream from me—a distance of perhaps a hundred feet. I knew the teal were considerably farther down the stream, and considering the ill luck I had had with them, I was glad to take a shot at this lone golden-eye. I let fly an arrow with about eighty pounds force, without uncovering myself, and watched it through its almost instantaneous flight with satisfaction, for it started full for the mark; but just as it had almost struck the beautiful statue-like bird, the misadjustment of the feather caused the shaft to "flip," that is, to suddenly dart up-

ward, sending the pointed end into the sand at the bottom of the water directly under the game, leaving the arrow standing at an angle of about fifty degrees with the surface of the water. The duck took to wing promptly and swiftly, darting away through the woods that lined the banks of the stream. I stood for a little time silently anathematizing the action of my shaft, and was on the point of crossing the brook to secure it, when down with a whir came my golden-eye, and settling near the shaft, began to rapidly describe small circles around it on the water, eying it curiously, and all the time uttering a peculiar piping cry, not unlike that of a gosling. I had not expected this act of accommodation on the part of my game, and so was not just in

the frame of mind best suited to making a good shot. I sent a shaft singing straight across above his back, and into the water beyond with a low "chug," that started the bird again into a convulsion of flight. I now stood quite still, composing myself for a careful effort if he should dare to return again. I had not long to wait. With a whirring sound peculiar to the wings of this bird when flying, he came down like a bolt from a catapult, making the water foam where he struck, and again commenced his circular movement and his close and evidently terror-inspired examination of my first shaft, his crest bristling, his neck feathers ruffled, and his wings quivering. I let go another arrow, which struck him fairly through the body near the butts of the wings, killing him at once. Since then I have seen a green-winged teal (*Nithon carolinensis*), and once or twice a wood-duck (*Aix sponsa*), go through the same manœuvre. Every sportsman is well aware of the habit peculiar to ducks and geese of returning to a pond or other place whence they have been driven, and flying for a time in circles, as if to make a survey of the spot; but a duck in returning to an arrow invariably does it by a direct and exceedingly rapid flight. I have had opportunity to observe this habit or action but three or four times, and have no explanation to offer.

The blue-winged teal (*Querquedula discors*) is one of the finest table birds found in the United States. It is small, about fifteen inches long and two feet in alar extent,

graceful in its movements, beautifully variegated in its colors, and so timid and rapid of flight that it is quite difficult to bag. A general description will enable any one to recognize this bird. His head and neck are grayish lead-color above, with the extreme top of the head black, and a white crescent-shaped spot between the eye and the base of the bill on either side. His wing-coverts



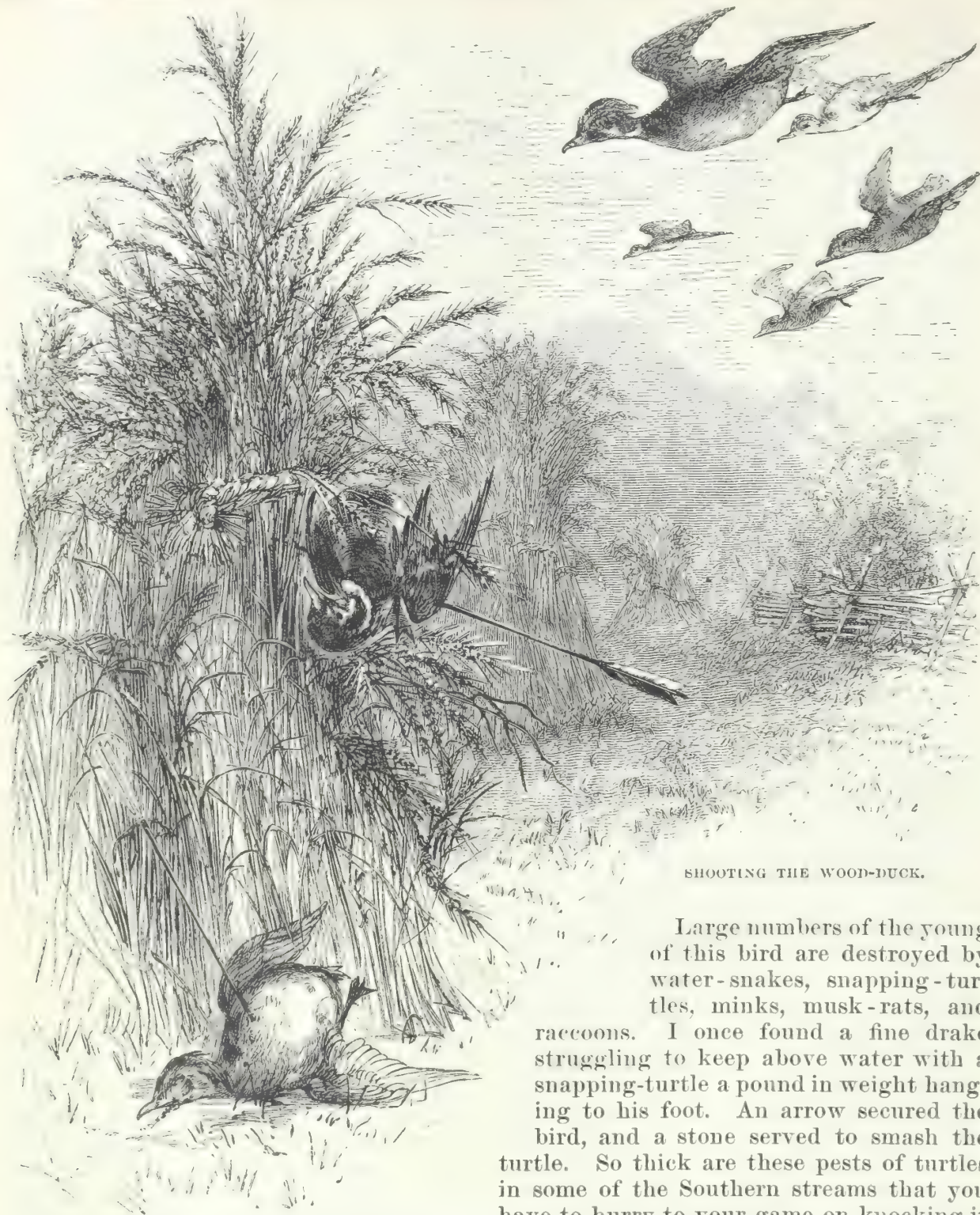
THE WHISTLER DUCK.

are blue, and glisten like metal. His back is brownish toward the neck, with two narrow bands of purplish-gray. His tail

is somewhat wedge-shaped, and his feet fully webbed. I have found the nest of this bird often, and it is almost invariably in the midst of a great heap of weeds, leaves of aquatic plants, and other vegetable *débris*.

The green-winged teal (*Nithon carolinensis*) is a rather smaller bird than the blue-winged fellow, but is of much the same habit and appearance, excepting that its prevailing color is green instead of blue, and its head and neck a chestnut-color. It eats while swimming, and is a remarkably fine diver. Its flesh is a delicacy. Its wing feathers are excellent for arrow vanes. I saw Will shoot a shaft tipped with these feathers two hundred and sixty-eight yards against the wind.

The most beautiful as well as the most palatable of our river ducks is known by the two names summer-duck and wood-duck all over the eastern part of the United States, and perhaps as far west as the Rocky Mountains. I have killed it in Florida, Georgia, and Indiana, hunting it most successfully along the smaller mill-streams and shallow ponds of the interior. The wood-duck (*Aix sponsa*) is to me indescribably



SHOOTING THE WOOD-DUCK.

beautiful, and has always been my favorite game. It is easily recognized by its heavy purplish-green crest, the white crescent in front of each wing, and the bars over its eyes meeting under the chin. Its lower neck, sides, and tail are purple; its back uniform with delicate pencilings of green and bronze, primaries silver white, top of head black. It builds in hollow trees, or in the cavities made by the flicker and great black woodpecker, generally choosing the depths of a wooded swamp. Its young, as soon as hatched, clamber out of the nest and tumble to the earth unharmed. Water is generally not far away, and thither they follow their parents, darting about in a lively way, seeking and finding their own food from the first.

Large numbers of the young of this bird are destroyed by water-snakes, snapping-turtles, minks, musk-rats, and raccoons. I once found a fine drake struggling to keep above water with a snapping-turtle a pound in weight hanging to his foot. An arrow secured the bird, and a stone served to smash the turtle. So thick are these pests of turtles in some of the Southern streams that you have to hurry to your game on knocking it over, or the chances are that it is dragged under the water.

From the first of September till the middle of November the wood-ducks in considerable flocks may be found on most of the brooks of the Middle and Western States, and when not more than a year old, they are fine eating. I know of no sport that can compare with that of shooting these birds with the long-bow and arrows. They seem to have been made for the special game of the toxophilite. They sit steadily on the water, are less shy and frisky than the teals, and though rapid fliers, they do not take to wing as readily as most river ducks. But their short flights especially recommend them to the archer. You may get half a dozen shots at a wood-duck while you are getting one at a whistler or a teal.

The most exciting time we ever had with these favorite birds was in a small inclosure where there stood ten or fifteen large stacks of wheat. The ducks had lit on these stacks, and were busily at work eating the grain and wrangling over the best spots. Will and I slipped up, under cover of a worm-fence, whose corners were grown full of tall elder bushes, and let drive, pinning a couple to the straw. The flock was startled, and instantly took to wing, but so completely were we hidden by the bushes that they soon settled again and fell to work on the wheat. We let fly again and again, till we had killed seven ducks, and the flock was frightened away by Will in his eagerness discovering himself in trying to shoot two arrows before the birds took to wing.

VI.—A FELLOW-SPORTSMAN.

A true sportsman will admire a hawk as an adroit and indefatigable member of the hunting profession. Somewhat of a pot-hunter, and not very particular about the Sunday and game laws, the hawk may be, but nevertheless he is to be admired for his skill and bravery, his persistent energy, and his muscular force. He is an excellent shot, too, rarely missing his game if he has a fair chance. It is a beautiful thing to see a goshawk or a blue-tailed darter change himself into a missile, and descend like a bolt upon his prey.

Watchfulness, cautiousness, and exceeding shyness are marked characteristics of the hawks, and it may seem paradoxical to add that they are bold, brave, audacious, daring, almost reckless. While it is only by the sharpest strategy that the sportsman or hunter may ever approach nearer than a hundred and fifty or two hundred paces of a hawk, it is nevertheless true that I have seen a goshawk pick up a chicken within a cane's reach of me, and escape with the prize.

The natural home of most of the hawks is in the deepest, darkest

parts of our heaviest forests, where their nests, built in the tops of high trees, are not likely to be disturbed by man or vermin. The shell-bark hickory seems to be a favorite tree with the red-tail, while the goshawk and blue-tailed darter prefer the matted tops of tall pine-trees for their building places. These trees seem to be selected on account of their altitude giving a wide scope of vision, as they overtop the surrounding forests, and also on account of their not being favorite trees with the opossums, raccoons, and other small predatory animals.

Cooper's hawk (*Accipiter cooperi*) is one of the finest birds of Eastern North America. It may easily be distinguished by its long slender body, twenty inches from tip to tip, and by its long wings, tail, and tarsi. Its color above is a rather light ashy brown, growing a shade or two darker on the head. Light transverse bands of rufous and white



CONFLICT BETWEEN A HAWK AND A SNAKE.

are traced on its under plumage. Its flight is rapid and graceful, skimming along near the ground, wheeling about in every direction. The watchfulness of the bird is only equaled by its courage. It often attacks, kills, and partially devours birds and other animals larger than itself. I once found one eating an opossum which would have weighed twelve or fifteen pounds, and from the marks on the dead animal's body, and traces of a hard death-struggle on the ground, I am sure the hawk had attacked and killed this victim. I killed the hawk, and found that it barely measured twenty-nine inches across from tip to tip of its wings. This hawk's tenacity of life is almost equal to that of a cat. I was once hunting meadow-larks and killdeers in a large sedge field, when one of Cooper's hawks sailed past me so near and so leisurely that I succeeded in driving an ounce arrow through his head just below the eyes, and instead of dropping dead, as one would expect, it flew in a winding, irregular way for several hundred yards, and lit in the top of a persimmon-tree, and refused to come down till I had pierced its body with two more shafts.

The sharp-shinned hawk (*A. fuscus*) is considerably smaller than Cooper's bird, or rather it is shorter of body, being only about one foot long, while in alar extent it is nearly two feet. Its upper parts are brownish-black tinged with a sort of ash-color, while its under plumage is light rufous lined with transverse bands of white, and its throat is streaked with black. Its under tail-coverts are white. Its flight is slow and often circular, just above the ground, though sometimes it darts about in a zigzag way, changing its course so frequently and suddenly that it is almost impossible to follow it with the eye. As it thus drifts about in the air, its eyes are scrutinizing every thing, and ever and anon it falls, like a vertical downward shot, upon a quail, a frog, a sparrow, or a snake. A friend of mine once saw a hawk of this species seize a large moccasin or adder, and soar to a considerable height with the serpent writhing in its claws. Suddenly the bird closed its wings and fell heavily to the ground. My friend hurried to the spot, and found the hawk quite dead, the snake having bitten it in the neck. But the unrelaxing claws of the brave bird were buried in the vitals of its venomous victim, so that it also died. I saw one once trying in vain to kill a terrapin.

VIII.—THE YELLOW-BILLED CUCKOO AND TWO FOREST BOHEMIANS.

Whoever has spent a few summer days in our forests, especially those lying in the hill country south of the Cumberland range of mountains, has been startled into attentiveness by a strangely hollow, vibrating voice that, breaking over the ripple of finch songs,

went beating about the woods in half-mournful, half-defiant echoes. A Western ornithologist describes this sound as "a strange hammering or pounding note frequently heard in the woods both day and night." I have never heard it after sundown. It is the voice of the American or yellow-billed cuckoo (*Cuculus americanus*)—a bird whose habits are as remarkable as its music is mournful and unique. Restless, lonely, spirit-like, it haunts the greenest and pleasantest places of the woods, often invading our orchards, but not to depredate. It has no taste for the racy fruits so dearly loved by the wood-pecker. It feeds on the most loathsome caterpillars and disgusting larvæ, seemingly without relish, mechanically. But, after all, it is a handsome bird, sleek and bright, delicately modeled in every respect, and its plumage, though plain, is beautiful. The bird has long wing feathers, a long tail, and an exceedingly slender body, the latter thickly covered with a close-fitting dress of peculiarly downy feathers.

When Will and I get into the summer woods with our long-bows, the cuckoo is a favorite object of chase. We like him because he is easy to get near and very difficult to hit—two qualities giving to the archer the maximum of fun. Carrying the bow and quiver is not in the least like carrying the gun. An archer in the woods is for the time an ancient, or at least a mediæval, huntsman. He enters into the spirit of his sport, wrapping himself in a cocoon of Arcadian fancies. He thrids the cool green ways of the wood, forgetful of steam-engine, printing-press, the electric current, and dynamite. Great cities and splendid homes mingle not in his visions. He is a simple, innocent heathen. His life for the time is full of music. It is said that the clear, sweet note of Diana's bow-string gave birth to the idea of stringed musical instruments, and that all the melody of guitar, violin, and piano, which now overlaps and entrances the world, comes down from that one spring of music far back in the dim region of eld. The sound of the bow-string, the key-note of all music, is the archer's delight, and this is why I have said that the maximum of sport to him is to get as many shots as possible, and at a difficult mark. Not so with the gunner. He is modern and realistic; he wants meat; he thinks of his tooth; he counts how much his ammunition has cost him, and glances at the newspaper market reports to see what his birds are worth.

For singular habits I place the blue jay (*Cyanurus cristatus*) beside the cuckoo, howbeit the two birds are as different in every respect as day from night. The blue jay is the prettiest of the American cone-bills (conirostres). But his beauty is his only attraction. His ways are not the ways of righteousness, and none of his paths are peace.

He seems to have no conscience, and therefore he is very happy all the time. The colored gentry of the South have it that the blue jay owes to the devil one day's work in each week, and that at precisely one minute past one o'clock Friday morning the birds start for the infernal regions to render the service due. Of course this is only an idle fancy, sprung from the brain of the dreamy negro, but blue jays are rather scarce on Fridays.

The blue jay is a dandy, a smart, disagree-

large, fierce, and radiant; his bill is short and strong. The common cry of the blue jay, not unlike "de-jay, de-jay," is rather harsh and disagreeable, but his wheedling love-notes, "too-loo-loo, too-loo-loo," are tender and sweet. The building-place of this bird is on the low strong branches of trees. He can not be domesticated, and is not like himself in a cage.

Will and I once visited the paradise of birds—at least we think so. It was a small delta lying between two little brooks that



BLUE JAY AND YELLOW-BILLED CUCKOO.

able babbler, an overbearing bully, a murderer, a robber, and a petty sneak thief all in one. He is as audacious as a book peddler, and as cunning as a jealous woman. He is somewhat larger than the black-faced red-bird of the South, which he resembles very much in shape and in his manner of flight. As indicated by his name, blue is the prevailing color of his plumage, a color that runs through all its most beautiful shades along his back and tail, melting into silver white on his breast. He has a heavy, pointed crest, dark, brilliant, erectile; his eyes are

run together in one of the wildest and sweetest places in the Southern hill country. A natural orchard, consisting of clumps of wild plum-trees, with here and there a haw bush, overtopped by scrubby oaks, formed the wood growth, while under foot short thick green grass, flecked with a great variety of wild flowers, carpeted the ground. This delta or gore between the streams was thus wooded and decorated as far back as the foot of a ledge of high scarpd rocks, so that we had about forty or fifty acres of wild orchard, grass, and flowers. Small birds of many

kinds had come here to nest and spend the summer, and among them were the flaunting jay and the mysterious cuckoo. For three days we drew the bow in this wild garden of fruit and song, having great sport, and adding much to our knowledge of the ways of the birds. About noon of the last day of our stay I was sitting under a plum-tree enjoying a pipe, and Will was taking his siesta beside me. Just before me stood a small broken-topped red oak, in which I chanced to discover a cuckoo's nest (for you must know that our American bird builds its own nest and hatches its own young). A very interesting scene followed this discovery. Pretty soon a blue jay came fluttering along, and lit on a bough near the nest. Immediately he turned his head to one side, and uttered what Will calls his Eureka note—"Jee-jee-jee." I saw business on hand; so I gently shook Will to wake him, and pointed to the jay.

"There's a cuckoo's nest up there, with young ones in it," I whispered.

"All right," said Will, clutching at his bow; "I'll tap the jay."

But I held his arm.

"Let's see what he'll do," I added. So we sat still, and saw a battle. The jay waltzed up the limb to where the nest lay, in among the fresh sprays that had sprung out around the place where a part of the tree's top had been broken off. At the brink of the nest he paused, and squealed again. The young birds stretched their necks and opened their mouths. The jay snapped one of them half in two and flung it to the ground. At this moment there came a ghost-like cry from some high tufts of leaves above the nest, and a cuckoo fell bodily upon the jay.

"Give it to him!" hissed Will, excitedly.

Down came the two birds to the ground,

fighting one of those silent fights which mean death or victory. But the blue jay was the master, and would have soon made short work of the poor cuckoo. Will saw this, and before I could interfere, let drive an arrow which stretched both birds dead on the spot. This was the last shot in the paradise of birds. We folded our oil-cloths, caught and saddled our ponies, cast one look behind us at the orchard, and then, as the flood of summer wind rolled over us, we set our faces northward, and rode up among the green foot-hills of John's Mountain.

Meantime, side by side at Will's belt dangled the two feathered Bohemians.

VIII.—IN THE WOODS WITH THE TURKEY.

That family of birds called by the naturalists *meleagrina* has a representative here in the United States of which the true sportsman never tires speaking, and I am sure no epicure ever refuses to eat its delicious meat as long as he has room for another morsel. Taking its size and its rare flavor into consideration, the wild turkey (*M. gallopavo*) is, perhaps, the king of American game birds. Three and a half feet

long and five feet in alar extent, it often weighs over twenty pounds avoirdupois; wherefore it will not be wondered at that a sportsman considers the bagging of a turkey something to boast of.

The general appearance of the wild turkey is almost identical with that of the domestic bird of the same name, excepting its color. The game bird is invariably of a dingy black. The male, however, at certain seasons is glossy and almost beautiful.

The wild turkey is fast becoming extinct, and the time is not far distant when we will look in vain for these delicious birds in our markets. Comparatively few sportsmen, even now, can boast of many turkeys bagged in a season.

After the young turkeys are hatched, the mother bird makes them the objects of her most constant solicitude and care. She creeps stealthily about leading them into the densest thickets of the woods, piping to them in a low, tender way, always alert, and at the least sign of danger gives them a signal which sends them into concealment until by a soft cluck she calls them forth.



WILD TURKEYS.

When the young turkeys are from one-third to half grown, they are delicious for the table, and nothing is finer sport than shooting them. You can very rarely get sight of them on the ground, but when startled by a small dog, the flock will generally rise and light among the lower branches of the nearest trees, when, if you are careful, you may get some nice shots.

IX.—THE GRAY RABBIT.

The hare has always been considered the most timid of animals, as well as the most tender. "My hare," was the very softest and sweetest phrase in the Roman language. In the days of the empire, *Milepus* were the words of endearment breathed into the damsel's ear by the loving youth just ready to don the toga. The reason of this will be well understood by whomsoever has had the exquisite pleasure of devouring a broiled rabbit saddle, served with gravy, for breakfast.

The rabbit, or, if we follow the naturalist, the hare, is found everywhere in the eastern part of the United States, from Florida to the great lakes of the North. With us as a people the name is rabbit, no matter what the zoologists may say, and no matter how many varieties may be found; but the hunter knows the gray rabbit from the brown hare as well as he knows a woodcock from a partridge; and the epicure is disgusted at once when he finds that his servant has purchased a long-legged wood rabbit (*Lepus americanus*) instead of the delicately penciled gray rabbit (*L. sylvaticus*), the difference in their flavor and the consistency of their flesh being quite marked.

In the Southern States, where the forests are thickly grown with pine underbrush, rabbits are exceedingly numerous, and you may every where see their paths crossing and recrossing each other. Taking advantage of this habit of following certain well-defined trails, the negroes of the South snare and trap large numbers of them.

Rabbits have, especially when wounded, an inexplicable habit of running in a circuit of only a few hundred feet in diameter. I once followed one seventeen times round the periphery of two acres of brushy land before

I finally secured him, and often in hunting with the long-bow and arrows I have found it a good plan, when a rabbit has been wounded and has made one turn, to stand and await his re-appearance at any point of the circle, while another follows on his track. I recollect a singular incident connected with this peculiar habit, so characteristic of the rabbit that I will relate it as illustrative of its foolish simplicity as well as of the untiring energy of a weasel. I was standing near a worm-fence that inclosed a small patch of wheat just beginning to head,



RABBIT AND WEASEL.

watching for a quail which I was decoying, when a rabbit ran past me, keeping between the fence and the dense wall of green wheat. It was too late in the season for rabbit-shooting, so I allowed it to go unharmed. To my surprise, in a second or two, a small brown weasel rushed by, following madly on the track of the flying game. I sent an arrow at the earnest little thing, but missed it. A few moments elapsed, and the rabbit, having made the circuit of the wheat, again ran by me. I looked out sharply for the weasel, and got another shot at him, planting the arrow in the ground just in front of him. He did not even halt, but running right over the shaft, kept on in full chase of his intended victim. Round and round that little field went pursuer and pursued, till the circuit had been made no less than a dozen times. Finally, despairing of being able to hit the weasel with an arrow while

it was running, I seized a club, and, watching for it again, rushed after it as it passed, intending to overtake and kill it. My movement, while it did not in the least startle or discomfit the weasel, caused the rabbit to break into the wheat, and start diagonally across the field, and the weasel following, both were at once out of my sight. In less than ten seconds I heard the rabbit squeal, and knew the race was over. Hurrying, club in hand, to the spot, I found the game's throat cut and the weasel very complacently sucking its blood. My cudgel soon made an end of the little vampire.

XL.—AMONG THE SQUIRRELS.

About the time when the moist places of the hollows and flats of our woods begin to force the buds of the red elms and swamp-maples to expand into tufts of exquisitely soft and tender leaves; when the crow-foot and the turkey-pea are in full bloom; when the days are languid and warm, and the nights have a lingering touch of chilliness in them; when the sun comes up clear and yellow, and starts the fog upward from the dewy meadows and fallow lands—at such time, and fully alive to the joyful influence of the season, the young squirrels come forth, about half grown, to frisk and frolic, to nibble fresh buds and young leaves, to quack and squeal, and chase each other up and down the trees, and—to be shot by the wary sportsman. Broiled squirrel, if the game is not over six months old, is deliciously toothsome, but when under three months of age, every mouthful is to the epicure what opium is to the dreamer of the Orient, something to make him forget care and love-life—for the sake of eating.

The largest of our squirrels, here in the United States, is the fox-squirrel (*Sciurus vulpinus*), found in the Southern States from North Carolina to Western Texas. It seems to me a distinct species. Its habits are peculiarly its own in many respects, and the shape of its head, its heavy dog-like limbs and body, its habitat (the high dry pine and black-jack hills), all considered together, with its black ears and nose tipped with white, have clearly settled its claim for separate individuality of species.

When quite young the fox-squirrel is tolerable for the table, but the lobster-like redness of his bones is disgusting to many. His food is principally acorns, chestnuts, and hickory-nuts. These he hunts in winter as well as summer, seeming to have no inclination to store away any food for bad weather. He has his den usually in the hollow of a low scrubby black-jack or post-oak tree, near or on the very crown of a high windy hill or ridge.

This squirrel is as tenacious of life as a cat. I pinned one through the ribs once with a two-ounce steel-pointed arrow with-

out so much as knocking him off the bough on which he sat. It took two heavy thwacks from two-ounce pewter-headed shafts to bring him down. I am sure the fox-squirrel lives to a great age. An old negro informed me that he knew of one that for eighteen years had lived all alone in a certain old tree on a hill back of his cabin, and I have no reason to doubt the truth of the story.

The cat-squirrel (*S. cinereus*), erroneously called fox-squirrel by some, is rather smaller than the species above described, and has a broader, more cat-like head. Its color is ashy gray mixed with yellow on the back, tawny or yellowish-brown on the sides and under parts. This species haunts thinly wooded districts, preferring a flat country and large trees. It eats nuts, acorns, larvæ, and often makes great havoc in fields of Indian corn. It is not so wild as the fox-squirrel, and may frequently be seen very near the houses and grain-cribs of farmers in the Middle and Western States. When young it is good for the table, but not so tender, juicy, and sweet as some of the smaller squirrels. Rapid of foot, nimble and strong, the cat-squirrel skims along the ground or darts from root to top of a tree like a yellow flash of light. Nevertheless, I have seen it called clumsy and slow of motion. It is a wary, watchful little animal, fully versed in the craft of all wild things. You rarely see one unless it is when he is on the ground, and then he quickly scampers to a tree, and from that moment keeps the trunk betwixt you and him. Of course he is difficult to shoot, and for this reason it is great fun to hunt him. In the beech and white-oak flats of Indiana, Will and I have lost more arrows after cat-squirrels, and strained our bows to less profit financially, than it would be prudent for me to carefully estimate.

The gray squirrel (*S. migratorius*) gives us fine sport, and sweet, delicious broils. Approach one of these little fellows carefully, and he rarely climbs higher than the first strong limb of the tree he takes. In fact, I have often knocked them from logs, and bowled them over while on the ground. I saw Will shoot from behind the corner of a worm-fence and kill one on a stake not more than sixteen feet distant.

The gray squirrel is very quick in his movements, sometimes dodging an arrow sent with all the force of a ninety-pound bow. But he is as curious to know all that is going on as an antelope or a woman. I killed one at the tenth shot once, he poking his head from behind a tree to gaze at me after each shot, the last one excepted, it knocking his head entirely off.

The ground-squirrel—*Tamias (S.) striatus*—is the little brown and dark striped fellow, the chipmunk of our fences, wood-piles,

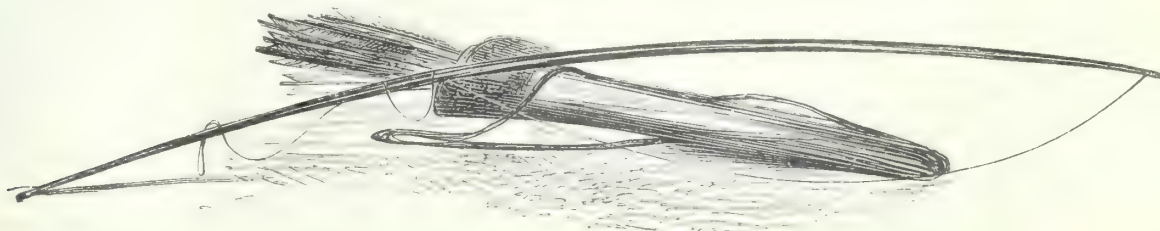
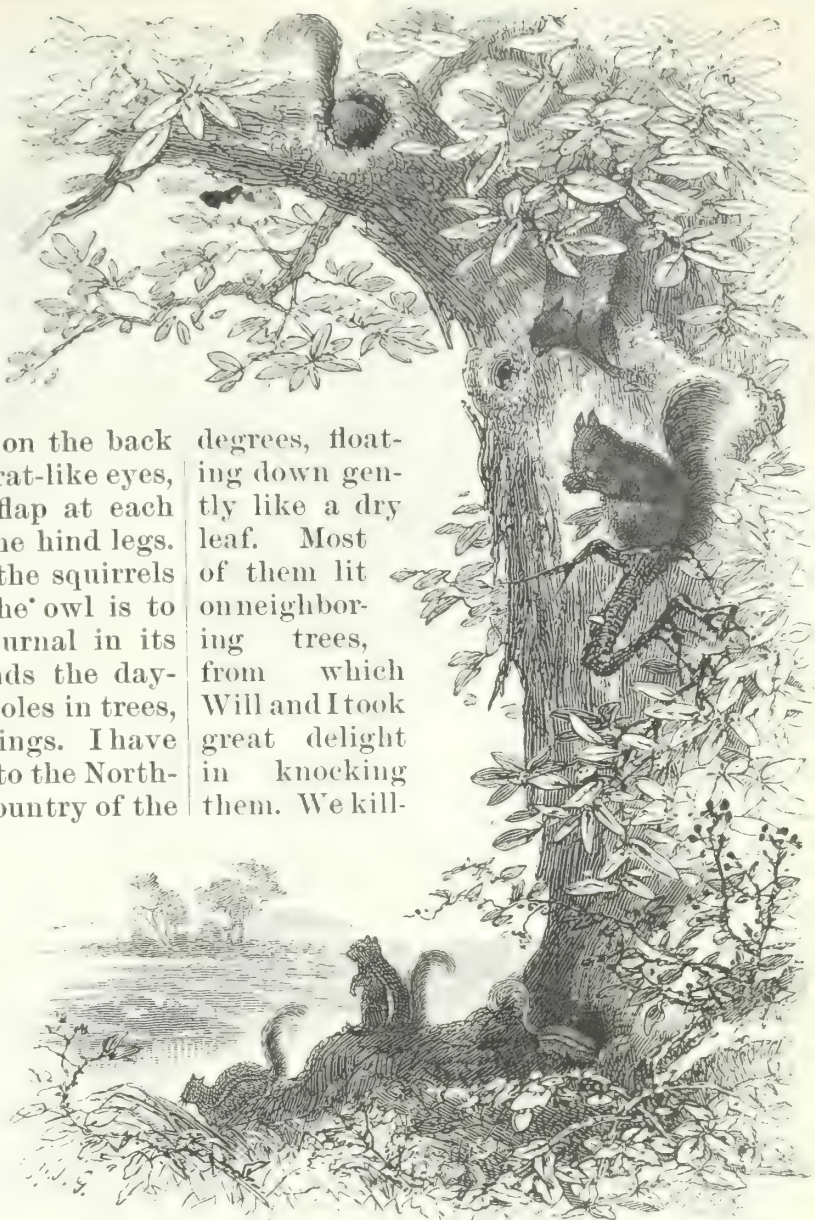
fields, and deadenings. His cluck is the most familiar sound heard in our rural districts, the note of the red-headed woodpecker excepted. He is a size smaller than the chickaree, or mountain squirrel, feeds on nuts, acorns, and grain, and is by most farmers considered an irrepressible pest.

The flying-squirrel (*Pteromys volucella*) is little larger than a large mouse, light gray on the back and silver white below. It has rat-like eyes, and a singular membrane or flap at each side running from the fore to the hind legs. It seems to me of little kin to the squirrels proper—scarcely as much as the owl is to the eagle. It is strictly nocturnal in its habits, and, like the bat, spends the day-time sleeping in dark places—holes in trees, and behind loose bark in deadenings. I have seen them from the Gulf States to the Northern lake regions. In the hill country of the South, where most people live in open log-houses, the flying-squirrels are sometimes more troublesome to housewives than rats. While Will and I were sojourning in Cherokee, Georgia, the family with whom we were living became greatly annoyed by the nightly visits of a swarm of these winged rodents. They came into the house, squeaked and chattered, used their teeth on every thing they found, cut clothing and table linen to pieces, and, despite a cat or two, ran about the floors and up and down the walls all night long. Finally, thoroughly bent on putting a stop to their orgies, Will and I one bright moon-lit night watched for them, and found that most of them came from an old dead pine stump, some fifty feet high and two feet in diameter, which stood fifty yards from the house. Early the next morning our bows were strung and business commenced. We found the old stump literally honey-combed with holes made by woodpeckers. In these the flying-squirrels had taken up their abode. A heavy blow on the stump with the back of an axe brought half a dozen of the frightened little pests, each one running to the top and sailing off, falling at an angle of about fifteen or twenty

degrees, floating down gently like a dry leaf. Most of them lit on neighboring trees, from which Will and I took great delight in knocking them. We kill-

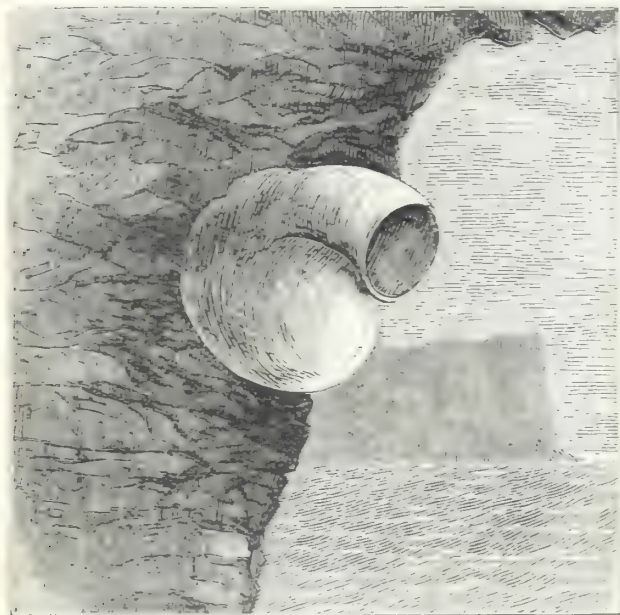
ed that morning a great number of flying-squirrels, and after that our sleep was peaceful, and our dreams uninterrupted by their clatter. Besides, we received a vote of thanks from the family we had thus relieved.

The cool green ways of our woods have no livelier or more interesting inhabitants than the squirrels, and, if we except a few game birds, the sportsman finds no animal that offers finer sport or sweeter meat. Of all the merry days spent by Will and me in our woods and fields with bow and quiver, those are about the merriest which inclose our life among the squirrels. This is, perhaps, much owing to the fact that the seasons for hunting these active little fellows fall in the two finest stretches of weather seen in our climate—the last days of spring, and the early ripening time of autumn.



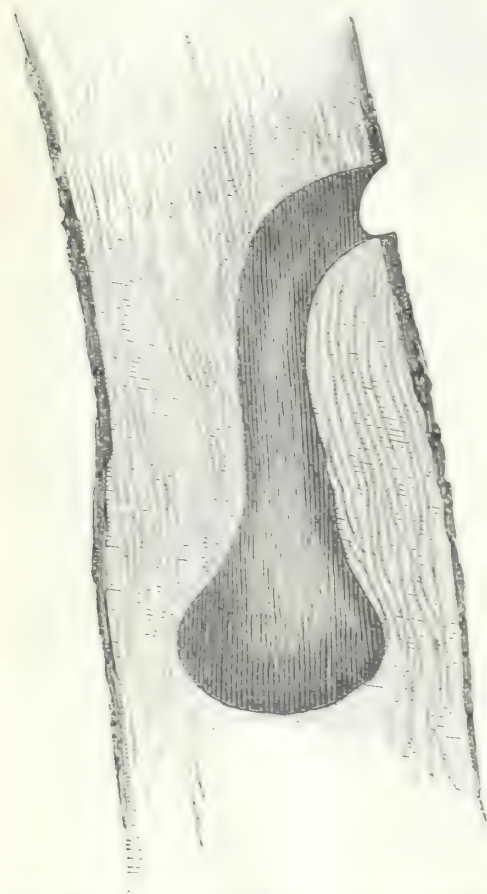
BIRDS' NESTS.

II.



CLIFF SWALLOW'S NEST.

IN my first article on birds' nests, in the June number, I divided them into four classes--those supported from beneath, those supported from above (or pensive), those supported on one side, and those which are excavations in earth or wood. The first two classes I treated in that article; the last two are the subjects of this paper.



SECTION OF GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER'S NEST.

established. The observant Wilson, who ransacked Pennsylvania from 1790 to 1810, never saw them, and his successor, Bonaparte, speaks of the cliff swallow as "annually invading a new territory farther to the eastward," and says, "This induces us to conclude that a few more summers will find it sporting in this immediate vicinity, and familiarly



DOUBLE NEST.

The nests of certain swallows are among those supported on one side; and to the cliff or eaves swallows I shall first direct the attention of my readers. These birds have caused much interesting speculation; their past history is but little known. The question is, Have they actually migrated eastward from the Mississippi to the Atlantic since the settlement of the United States by Europeans, or have they apparently done so by gradually leaving their natural haunts for those of man? It would be improper to introduce here such evidence and scanty records as we have of their early history; but at least one fact is known--that they formerly built their nests altogether on cliffs or steep banks (still doing so in some wild parts of the country), and now build them under the eaves of barns, etc. Had they been in New England when it was first settled, and if they began to use barns sixty years ago, as they are known to have done, their change of habit would have followed civilization westward; but their appearance about man's buildings was remarked in the West first, and the recorded dates become generally later the further to the eastward that they have been



WOODPECKERS' NESTS.

established along the Atlantic shores" (this being written in 1825). I believe, therefore, that these birds originally lived among the bluffs and cliffs of the West, were reached by the tide of advancing civilization, were attracted by the facilities which man's belongings offered to them, and, as their numbers increased, travelled toward the Atlantic, seeking and finding further accommodations. On the other hand, even in the last century the white-breasted swallows, purple martins, and chimney swifts had deserted in a great measure their nesting-places in hollow trees and stumps to occupy bird-boxes and chimneys, while the barn swallows, which were probably indigenous to the Eastern United States, were established in barns, in which, as now, they built their nests on the inside beams and rafters.

The cliff swallows show wonderfully the influence of man's progress, having not only extended their range (as I am led to believe) many hundred miles, but having modified very materially their architecture. Their nests are built chiefly of mortar or plaster, of which mud or clay is the basis, and which becomes hard, though rather brittle, when dried by the atmosphere or baked by the sun. Their strength is due to the adhesive and cohesive force of this material. When built on cliffs, as shown in the accompanying picture, they are shaped like a round flask, often with a neck, through which is the entrance. As built in New England and other parts of the Atlantic States, they are more open, and have no neck, being protected above by the projecting roof of the building, under the eaves of which they are placed. The eggs are white, with brown and lilac spots and speckles, but are not ordinarily distinguishable from those of the barn swallows, whose nests are always inside of buildings (as those of the eaves swallows seldom are).

Even more interesting are the nests of the chimney swifts, popularly known as swallows, though not such from a scientific point of view. At a distance they may easily be recognized by their nervous flight, long wings, and apparent want of tail. If examined closely, they are seen to be of a very dull brown, and to have the shafts of their tail feathers projecting beyond the web, so that they can more easily support themselves when clinging to an upright surface. They have made the bold experiment of using chimneys instead of hollow trees for nesting-places, and have succeeded admirably, having begun so early that, so far as I know, they have never been known to naturalists under any other popular name than that of chimney-swallow. Their nests are made of small sticks, which the birds break off from tree-tops while flying, and these are held together and to the wall by a sticky saliva (of which the "edible birds'

nests" of the East are altogether made). Their eggs are white, and long in proportion to their breadth.

Though several swallows retain their primitive habits of nesting to a limited extent, and in limited tracts of country, the common grayish and white bank swallows are the only ones which have retained them altogether. They continue, in settlements of various sizes, to make their burrows in banks of sand or gravel, choosing most often those near water, less often those on road-sides. The study of their excavations is quite endless, owing to the variety of circumstances which must be taken into consideration, and I shall not try here to enter into its details. The care of the birds in building is to reach a stratum of firm earth, from which pebbles can not drop upon their eggs. For this purpose they sometimes dig inward three feet. At the end of the burrow are placed a few materials, upon which the delicate white eggs are laid. The entrances are from two to three inches wide, often circular, and sometimes within a foot or two of one another. The burrows vary in construction and depth, but are usually from fifteen to twenty-four inches long.

On the shores of some lake or mill-pond a solitary burrow, much larger and deeper than those just described, may often be found—that of the kingfisher. This bird was formerly supposed to lead a most eccentric life, having power to calm the waves when he wanted to fish, and intrusting to them his nest, which was said to float about with the eggs and young. As the kingfishers can swim but very little, the young, according to the fable, must have led a very precarious life; but nowadays, since romance has given way to practical comforts, the kingfishers lay their eggs and bring up their children in dry and roomy nurseries, with water no nearer than the necessity of food requires. They feed on small fish, and capture them by plunging into water, their plumage being so oily that they have no difficulty in getting out. They may be recognized by their very short legs, their large head, with its rough crest of loose feathers, and by their peculiar cry, like a watchman's rattle. Though their feet are weak, their bill is large, sharp, and strong, and they use both in making their excavations. Any other person than an enthusiastic naturalist will do better to accept another's account of these burrows than to try to find out all about them himself, unless he prefers digging four or five feet into a sand bank. The kingfisher's eggs are white, like those of the bank swallows, but are about twice as long, and have four times as much bulk.

There are only two birds in New England which make burrows, and I therefore pass on to the woodpeckers, who are carpenters and clever architects. They gain a living for the

most part by hopping about trunks and limbs, supporting themselves with their stiff tail feathers, and picking small insects from the bark, or extracting grubs from beneath it by boring, or rather chiseling, small holes, which are not, I believe, injurious to orchard trees or others.

The golden-winged woodpeckers have a pointed and rather long bill, partly adapted to their habit of feeding on ants from the ground, but yet a very strong one. In spring they generally choose a sound, hard-wood tree in which to make their nest, and go to work on the trunk at some height from the ground. They dig inward a few inches, and then downward, sometimes more than two feet, but commonly much less than that. The passage made varies considerably in shape, but is always enlarged toward the end, as seen in one of our illustrations, drawn from the longitudinal section of a woodpecker's nest. So hard is the work that the birds can finish it only by persevering for two or three weeks; and yet very often, alarmed by being watched or found out, or dissatisfied with their first choice of a position, they abandon a begun or half-finished excavation to make another, sometimes in a different part of the same tree. They never advance, so far as I have observed, more than two inches in one day, and they rarely accomplish so much as that. They work chiefly in the morning, especially in the earlier part, and do not work at all steadily throughout the day. While making the entrance they cling to the trunk, and deliver sharp blows after drawing back the head; a chip is then broken off and dropped to the ground, where, together with its fellows, it betrays to the observant passer-by the nest above. As the hole is deepened, the birds can not be seen at work, but now and then they come out to drop the chips. It is astonishing how quickly they hear one's approach, and the ease with which they turn round to fly out or to show their heads at the entrance. Watch a woodpecker go in; throw a stone against the tree, and instantly the bird is out again. When the excavation is finished, the eggs are laid on the chips at the bottom, no lining ever being used. These eggs, like those of all woodpeckers, are smooth-shelled and pure white. On examining the nest, one is struck with its symmetry and finish. The entrance, about three inches wide, is sometimes circular, but often is an arch, as represented in the engraving.

The nest of the downy woodpecker (which has a bill blunted at the end, or "truncated") is similar, but much smaller. The entrance, which is circular, as shown in the engraving, is about two inches in diameter, sometimes so narrow as to make one doubtful as to the possibility of its owner passing through. The nest is usually made in

a partially decayed tree, and sometimes in an old post. It may most often be found in a birch, poplar, or button-wood tree, and not unfrequently in a branch instead of in the trunk. The architects choose their building site with care and instinctive skill. It is not to be supposed, however, that their loud rapping in early spring is made for the sake of testing the soundness of any wood: it is made by the male and female when calling to one another.

As the woodpeckers sometimes content themselves with a natural cavity, so the little chickadees (with black crown and throat), which almost always do so, or which are glad to find a commodious but deserted woodpecker's home, sometimes spend much time and labor in making an excavation for themselves, with a neat entrance about an inch and a half in diameter, and itself rarely more than six inches deep. At the bottom of this they make an inner nest of any warm materials which they can find—moss, wool, feathers, hairs, etc.—and lay six or more small white eggs with brown speckles. The shell is so thin that the yolk shines through, giving to the eggs before blowing a delicate blush. The same is observable in the woodpeckers' and many other eggs, which often lose much of their natural beauty when prepared for the cabinet. No birds are more tender-hearted parents than the chickadees. If you break up their nest or take their eggs, they follow you along the wood path, now silent, and now uttering such a sweet, plaintive whistle that you repent of the mischief done, and regret that it is too late to repair it.

Many birds make use of natural cavities* for nurseries, but the smaller kinds always line them at the bottom, or, in other words, build their nests in the hollows. The bluebirds are among these latter, and among the very first birds to begin housekeeping in spring. Sometimes they use a bird-box, but more often an old apple-tree or fence post. They are careful in their choice, and may be seen in March or April wandering in pairs through orchards and along fences hunting for a home. On finding one, they spend a few days in making it warm and dry; the female then lays four or five light blue eggs. In the same class are the great crested fly-catchers, which are not very common, but are well known on account of their peculiar nest. Their eggs are very handsome, being buff or creamy, streaked and "scratched" with purplish and a winy brown. The nests are nearly always composed partly of a cast-off snake-skin.

Some of our wrens also build in holes, such as the great Carolina wrens (common to the southward of New England, but extremely

* Such nests should be ranked as a fifth class. See the beginning of this article.

rare in it), the winter wrens, and the common house wrens. A nest of the winter wren which I found in the White Mountains of New Hampshire is extremely interesting from the care with which it was concealed. It was in a retired part of a swampy tract of woodland, in a spot with a confusion of fallen trunks and branches, and in a low, moss-covered stump. The stump I have still; but, without pulling it to pieces, few persons would find readily the home within, for the entrance is only an inch wide, and is covered by a piece of hanging moss. The cavity inside is thickly lined with feathers, as one finds on inserting a finger. I should not have found the nest, after being attracted to its neighborhood by the singing male, had I not seen the female at work and going in and out.

The common house wrens (small and brown, with dark transverse waves) are characterized more than any other of my feathered friends by pertinacity. Their conduct at the time of nest-building is often extraordinary. Almost as often as not they begin by a quarrel, in which they are generally to blame, but are also successful. Sometimes they wish to obtain a ready furnished house, and, finding none unoccupied, take possession of the most attractive which they can find in the absence of its owners, and on the return of the proprietors are so persistently rude as generally to drive them away. Sometimes they merely take a fancy to the situation of a neighbor's home, and, having seized upon the latter, pull it to pieces to make room for a new structure, or fill it up with rubbish of their own collecting that it may be small enough for them, for they quarrel with much larger birds than themselves. When they build their nest peaceably, though they sometimes choose a simple cavity in wood, they are addicted to choosing extraordinary situations, and, having once carried in their materials (sticks and twigs, afterward to be lined warmly), they are not disconcerted by having them removed, but persist many times in replacing them. I give below a partial list of the interesting situations in which the house wren's nest has been found, and I do not doubt that it might be extended over a page: an old hat, the sleeve of a coat, a tin spout, a broken jar, the space between two cogs of a disused mill-wheel, the "box" of a carriage, a stove, a ventilator, a wooden pump, a basket, a milk can, etc.

I shall close this article by a conundrum and its answer. What birds lay their eggs in a nest, yet build no nest nor use an old one, do not sit upon their eggs, though these are not hatched by the sun, and never feed their young? Secondly, how is all this brought about? The answer to the first question is—the cow-birds. The answer to

the second is longer. It may not seem appropriate to speak at length, in an article on bird architecture, of birds who build nothing; but closely connected with them is the subject of *two-story* birds' nests. The cow-buntings do not mate as most other wild birds do, but in spring and summer commonly form small flocks. Neither male nor female show any affection toward one another, nor toward their young. The female, when ready to lay, becomes very nervous, as is natural to a mother who has no home prepared for her offspring, and she therefore looks about anxiously for a nursery and a nurse. Finally, she sees a bird building, or finds a nest just completed, perhaps with fresh eggs in it. She waits until the poor warbler, vireo, or sparrow is gone, then steals up and lays her egg, sometimes returning soon afterward to lay another. The mother thus imposed upon soon comes back, and in consternation calls her mate. Strange to say, they very often accept the strange egg, hatch it, and care for the chick until he can care for himself. Were it not so, the race of cow-birds would no longer exist, unless those birds altered their habits very materially. Sometimes, however, they abandon their nests; less often they destroy or remove the foundling; very rarely they add a story to their nursery, leaving the strange egg on the lower floor, where it comes to nothing, and laying their own eggs in the upper chamber. Among our illustrations on page 256 is a representation of one of these double nests. When a small bird, such as the cow-bunting usually selects for the purpose, consents to become the foster-mother of the stranger deposited with her, her history for the rest of the season is a sad one. The parasite's egg is larger than her own, and consequently receives so great a share of warmth from her body that hers usually become stale, or at least it is hatched first. In the latter case the young cow-bird soon clears the nest for himself and fills it up. His foster-parents are now devoted in providing him with food. He is greedy and lazy, and seems to stay in the nest much longer than is necessary. When at last he makes up his mind to take care of himself, and shows that he is not utterly helpless, he leaves the friends to whom he owes his life without thanking them, and, joining his comrades, becomes a member of the cow-bird community. The facts just related present many interesting questions for discussion. Upon these I can not enter here, but let me say to my readers that in the study of birds they will not only find many subjects for philosophical speculation, but many sources of pure pleasure, combining healthful exercise and the study of Nature, which, if thoroughly appreciated, can not but inspire us with good sentiments and good taste.

STRONGER THAN DEATH.

Who shall tell the story
As it was?
Write it with the heart's blood?
(Pale ink, alas!)
Speak it with the soul's lips,
Or be dumb?
Tell me, singers fled and
Song to come!

No answer: like a shell the silence curls,
And far within it leans a whisper out,
Breathless and inarticulate, and whirls
And dies as dies an ailing dread or doubt.

And I—since there is found none else than I,
No stronger, sweeter voice than mine, to tell
This tale of love that can not stoop to die—
Were fain to be the whisper in the shell:

Were fain to lose and spend myself within
The sacred silence of one mighty heart,
And leaning from it, hidden there, to win
Some finer ear that, listening, bends apart:

An ear that hears the sunlight woo the snow,
Detects the fire in a lily's kiss,
And hearkens, like an untaught child, to know
How holy is the place in which love is.

"Fly for your lives!" The entrails of the earth
Trembled, resounding to the cry
That, like a chasing ghost, around the mine
Crept ghastly. "The pit's on fire! Fly!"

The shaft, a poisoned throat whose breath was death,
Like hell itself grown sick of sin,
Hurled up the men; haggard and terrible;
Leaping upon us through the din

That all our voices made; and back we shrank
From them as from the starting dead,
Recoiling, shrieked, but knew not why we shrieked,
And cried, but knew not what we said.

And still that awful mouth did toss them up.
"The last is safe! the last is sound!"
We sobbed to see them where they sunk and crawled,
Like beaten hounds, upon the ground.

Some sat with lolling idiot head and laughed;
One reached to clutch the air away
His shrunken lips refused; some cursed; and one
Knelt down—but he was old—to pray.

We huddled there together all that night,
Women and men from the wild Town;
I heard a shrill voice cry, "We all are up.
But some—ye have forgot—are down!"

"Who is forgot?" We stared from face to face,
But, answering through the dark, she said
(It was a woman): "Eh, ye need not fret;
None is forgot except the dead.

"The buried dead asleep there in the works—
Eh, Lord! it must be hot below!
Ye'll keep 'em waking all the livelong night,
To set the mine a-burning so!"

And all the night the mine did burn and burst,
As if the earth were but a shell
Through which a child had thrust a finger touch;
And, peal on dreadful peal, the bell,

The miner's 'larum, wedged and wrenched the air;
And through the flaring light we saw
The solid forehead of the eternal hill
Take on a human look of awe,

As if it were a living thing that spoke
And flung some protest to the sky,
As if it were a dying thing that saw,
But could not tell, a mystery.

The bells ran ringing by us all that night;
The bells ceased jangling with the morn.
About the blackened works, sunk, tossed, and rent,
We gathered in the foreign dawn.

Women and men, with eyes askance and strange,
Fearing, we knew not what, to see.
Against the hollowed jaws of the torn hill
Why creep the miners silently?

From man to man a whisper chills: "See, see!
The sunken shaft of Thirty-one!
The earth, a traitor to her trust, has fled,
And turned the dead unto the sun.

"And here—O God of life and death! Thy work,
Thine only, this!" With foreheads bare,
We knelt, and drew him, young and beautiful,
Thirty years dead, into the air.

Thirty years dead and buried from the day;
By the swift poison caught and slain;
By the kind poison unmarred, rendered fair
Back to the upper earth again—

Back to the breathing earth that knew him not;
And men and women wept to see—
For kindred had he none among us all—
How lonely even the dead may be.

We wept, I say, we wept who knew him not;
But sharp a tearless woman sprang
From out the crowd (that quavering voice I knew),
And terrible her cry outrang:

"I pass, I pass ye all! Make way! Stand back!
Mine is the place ye yield," she said.
"He was my lover once—my own, my own;
Oh, he was mine, and he is dead!"

Women and men, we gave her royal way;
Proud as young joy the smile she had:
We knew her for a neighbor in the town,
Unmated, solitary, sad.

Women and men, we gave her silent way.
Calm as a sigh she swept us all;
Then swiftly, as a word leans to a thought,
We saw her lean to him, and fall

Upon the happy body of the dead—
An aged woman, poor and gray.
Bright as the day, immortal as young Love,
And beautiful as life he lay.

Her shrunken hands caressed his rounded cheeks;
Her white locks on his golden hair
Fell wanly. "O love," she cried, with shriveled lips,
"O love, my love, my own, my fair!"

"See, I am old, and all my heart is gray—
They say the dead are aye forgot—
There, there, my sweet! I whisper, leaning low,
That all these women hear it not.

"Deep in the darkness there, didst think on me?
High in the heavens, have ye been true?
Since I was young, and since you called me fair,
I never loved a man but you.

"And here, my boy, you lie, so safe, so still—"
But there she hushed; and in the dim
Cool morning, timid as a bride, but calm
As a glad mother, gathered him

Unto her heart. And all the people then,
Women and men and children too,
Crept back and back, and back and on,
Still as the morning shadows do,

And left them in the lifting dawn, they two.
On her sad breast his shining head
Stirred softly, as were he the living one,
And she had been the moveless dead.

And yet we crept on, back and back and on:
The distance widened like the sky
Between our little restlessness and love
So Godlike that it can not die.

BARNABY PASS.

ITS name was originally a good Scripture Barnabas, but had degenerated into Barnaby; its location was among the high mountains of one of the Southern States; its characteristics were darkness and wildness. It had a brook flowing along its narrow length, and the cliffs on each side were high and straight; you could ascend them by searching for foot-holds and drawing yourself up by the trees, but you could not run up, or indeed climb up, with the least grace, for it was a matter of time, and you must go, as it were, although erect, on all fours, using both hands and feet. Below, there was just room enough for the brook and the roadway, with hardly a yard to spare; the cliffs rose like walls, shadowed with leaning trees, and made the day dark even at noontide. How the brook ever caught any sunshine down there in that deep green trench was a mystery; but it did. Josepha had seen it catching and reflecting beams much more gayly than the river that ran through the broad open meadow outside. Once she said to her mother that she thought it was like a woman who could love but once, whereas the river in the meadow was like a fair, lovely heart that is sweet to every body, the sunshine, the winds, the bees, and the clover scents, and to all alike.

"Nobody loves any body, of course, but their husbands," replied Mrs. Kay. "I can not imagine where you get your fancies."

"Nor I, mother," said Josepha.

But Mrs. Kay was not Josepha's mother, only her step-mother; a fair-haired little woman whom Joseph Kay had married, with that sort of unconscious fatuity which comes, as a kind of equalization perhaps, after middle life to almost all much-admired men; believing that all women are pining for them, they fall an easy prey to the first infantile-faced person who has an object in securing them. Josepha's own mother had died when her little daughter was but two months old, and the girl had spent her life with an aunt, and at boarding-schools of an austere kind, until, at her father's sudden death, she was called home to Hope Cottage to take care of the still fair-haired but faded little step-mother. It had been no home to her; but it was a pretty place, and she looked around the luxurious rooms and the rose garden with slow surprise. She had not realized that life could be made so pleasant, for her aunt was an iron-nerved woman, and in her house lamps were not shaded for the eyes, nor chairs fitted to the back, nor rooms made beautiful for mere beauty's sake. But for the mind there had always been every aliment. Thus Josepha had become what she was—a quiet girl with a large store of book-knowledge, and a large ignorance of all that constituted her step-moth-

er's ideas of living and of life. "It is not that she is disagreeable at all," said Mrs. Kay, sitting up in her heavy crape to receive a visit from Mrs. Verdyne, her rich neighbor, "but so different, so unsympathetic; and I, as you know, with my extreme sensitiveness! It is very hard."

Mrs. Verdyne thought it was, and made one or two beautiful remarks. She then took her departure, having fulfilled all the duties of the occasion: let it be understood that Mrs. Verdyne always fulfilled all her duties to a T. The whole of the widow's visiting list, very well-bred people all of them, fulfilled their duties likewise; they wrote notes of condolence, to which Josepha was obliged to reply, copying from her step-mother's dictation.

"I do not see the necessity for this," she said one day, suddenly pausing over the fortieth sheet.

"Ah! life is not all necessity, child," sighed the widow from her sofa.

But it turned out that there was a good deal of necessity in it, after all, for Joseph Kay's affairs were found to be involved, and his widow was left with less than nothing. This last phrase was repeated more than once by the lawyers engaged, and by those lookers-on who always gather unctuously around a broken fortune, like birds around a wreck.

"I do not know what you mean by less than nothing," said Josepha at last. "She has me, and I am something, I hope."

"We hope so too," said the lawyers. "But young ladies nowadays—"

"I have found out since I have been here," said the girl, bluntly, "that I do not belong to 'nowadays' at all. Mother herself has told me so. It is just as well, as things have happened. Pay the debts, and give us what you can, Mr. Brown. I shall take mother away."

"What are you going to do, Miss Kay?"

"Teach, of course. That is the only thing I can do."

And so it happened that as friends fell away from the wreck, as they always do, Josepha set out alone in her little row-boat, with her step-mother in the stern, on the long voyage of life. The austere aunt gave them a little, but she herself was not rich, and so fixed in her ways, besides, that it would have cost her great pain to diminish her various contributions to the missionary societies and educational institutions in which she had long been interested. Josepha and her mother drifted from one place to another, poor and poorer as time wore on, until at last the girl was glad to obtain this position of mistress in a school among the Southern mountains, in one of those settled regions in the midst of wildness which the traveller comes upon with surprise. These little neighborhoods are fringes around

springs whose waters have attracted visitors for generations. Two years had passed since her father's death, and Josepha had seen something of the dark side of life; but she had a calm, prosaic courage and a thorough way of working hard which did not leave much time for borrowing trouble—an amusement belonging generally to doleful idleness. They started on their journey, and in due time arrived at a small village, a half-way station between the Springs and the railroad, where the stage stopped, and where there was a mountain inn. Here Mrs. Kay, grown resigned to her fate, but quick as a cat to take advantage of whatever of pleasure appeared, wished to remain. "We could see the stage go by every day, and perhaps sometimes the passengers would take tea here," she said, hopefully.

"I am sorry, mother, but we can not do that; it is too far from the school. I must try to find a little home for us that will be nearer."

"Of course, since *I* wish it, we can not do it; it is always so," said Mrs. Kay, dissolving not into tears exactly, but into a certain dampness of tone and visage. "And I think I could stand it better, Josepha, if you would not persist in calling me 'mother' in that business-like way. If I had had a daughter of my own, I am sure she would have called me 'mamma.'"

"I think it very probable; but as I have been brought up differently, won't you try to overlook my deficiencies, mother? I know they are many."

"I know they are also. Why conceal it?" said Mrs. Kay. "But I do my best with you, and the spirit of my sainted Joseph can view us with satisfaction, I am sure, in every respect save our worldly surroundings, which, however, are trash to the spirits, I suppose," she added, with a sigh.

"I hope father's spirit has something better to do," said the girl.

"You cold-hearted creature, talking on such a subject in that unmoved way! What would you have your father engaged in up there, I should like to know? But I positively believe you would like to have him saw wood, provided there was any, and a necessity for fuel; and he as delicate a handed man as ever lived! I must say I can not understand you, Josepha."

"Oh, well, there is not much to understand!" answered the girl, with a weary little laugh. She was very contemptuous toward herself at times, for she thought she ought long before this to have accomplished something in the world, whereas all she had done so far amounted merely to keeping the wolf a few steps from the door.

Mrs. Kay's crape was all worn out now; her weeds were made of *barége*. She never failed to be distressed about this every time she left the house, lest she should meet some

of her old visiting list, who must have been endowed with extraordinary powers of moving about to have been in all the places where she looked for them. Josepha had begun by explaining that they could not possibly be here nor there; but, after a while, she had perceived that even the distress was pleasant to her step-mother, as a relief from the monotony of the life she led, an exciting possibility lurking around every corner and coming out of every house door. Every carriage might contain, every person approaching might be—who knows?—somebody she had known. A thousand times had she rehearsed in her mind her opening sentences, with the sighs all ready at the proper places, and she took great comfort in this exercise, and was affected even to tears by the little scenes she conjured up, apropos of a back like somebody's, or a Roman nose that had associations.

They found a little brown house, and settled themselves in it with their few belongings; it stood at the edge of Barnaby Pass. The school was on the opposite side of the small valley, half a mile away; and four times a day the young mistress took the straight walk between the corn fields and over the bridge, following a little path bordered with Michaelmas daisies that ran alongside of the dusty road. But nothing passed save the winds and the bees, and, at night, the cows, walking solemnly and far apart, each in her own golden cloud, and thinking, no doubt, that all the world was dust.

Mrs. Kay arranged the house; then she re-arranged it. Then she began anew, and arranged it all over again. It grew to be quite a common thing for the daughter, coming home, to see all the chairs and tables out on the piazza.

"I am glad you are interested," she said.

"Interested!" said Mrs. Kay, throwing up her hands—"interested! But that only shows how little you know me. I try, in my poor way, to have the house in some kind of order, so as to be ready in case any one should come, and you talk about interested! But I know my duty. I have very little to work with, it is true; yet I flatter myself that my *taste* at least is unimpeachable."

Josepha went on eating her bread in silence. She had not the tact or thoughtfulness to say pleasant things, and, not thinking that calico ruffles improved the wash-stand, or that the veiled barrels were successful toilet-tables, she would not say so. Her step-mother, however, set this down to ignorance, and went on with a certain kind of happiness in her preparations for wildly impossible contingencies, as she had done steadily, with whatever materials she had at hand, ever since they left Hope Cottage.

They had come in the late winter; it was

now spring. Josepha taught almost continuously, not only in school hours, but out; for she had evening scholars at home, and on Saturdays a dozen lessons. The only time she kept for herself was from five in the afternoon until dark, and Sundays, when she had all the day. In the afternoon she walked. After a time, tired of the meadow, she wandered into the Pass. It was in April; she never forgot the day. Not that any thing happened; at least only so small a matter as an awakening on her part to what had been in the world always from the beginning, although *she* had not had eyes to see it. As some day, after months spent over grammars and dictionaries with apparently little progress, a language will all at once burst upon the student, and suddenly he knows it all, so now, as suddenly, this girl was taken all at once into the order of Nature-lovers, leaving forever the great majority who have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, and hearts into which it has never entered even to conceive the beauty of God's earth. There had been a shower the night before, and the cool Pass had kept the moisture; the earth of the roadway was elastic and dark, and exhaled a peculiar freshness, the aroma of the contented soil. The low bushes along the brook were covered with a light green lace-work of small buds, some opening into little leaves, others curled, others still but fuzzy down; on the cliff-side were clustered the ferns in troops, in regiments, all kinds, from the delicate Venus-hair to the bold evergreen with spear-pointed tips, which took care of her. Then began the trees, growing in ranks one above the other, and Josepha, walking along and looking up, saw their green tops swelling out, row after row, until the last brushed the sky. The strip of blue at the top was narrow. The girl could see it for some distance, as the Pass was almost straight for nearly a mile. Indeed, with all its length and windings, one came out of it at last almost directly opposite this entrance, eight miles back as the bird flies. The brook flowed along with the rushing sound one hears in dreams when bound by fever in a hot city. It seemed to laugh, and the sunset light came down to it as magically as Sindbad flew down into the valley of diamonds. Birds were singing their spring songs here and there, each, no doubt, with a demure little auditor near, and unmindful of the rest of the Pass, which, nevertheless, listened. It was a wonderful bird auditorium, for there was no hum, no whirl and shrill insect chanting, as in the meadow outside, the little loud-voiced, sun-loving creatures rarely venturing into the shadows of the Pass. There was no jar of passing wheels, no lowing of cows, only the low rush of the brook, like an organ accompaniment. One bird on a near bough trilled forth such a rapturous shower of notes that Josepha, listening, said

to herself, "I have never heard a bird sing before." With her senses filled with new delights, the leaf-bud tracery before her eyes, the touch of the woolly fern crosiers on her hands, the fresh odors of the brown ground inhaled with her breath, and the bird songs and rush of the brook in her ears, at last she turned homeward.

"To-day is an era in our life here, mother," she said, as she took her seat at the tea table.

"The stage has then begun to come this way?" said Mrs. Kay, putting down her cup excitedly.

"No; I believe not."

"What then, you disappointing girl?"

"I have made the acquaintance of—"

"Some one staying at the Springs?"

"No, mother: of Nature."

Mrs. Kay threw herself back in her chair and tapped her foot on the floor impatiently. "I shall never become used to your ways, Josepha," she said. "You do try me dreadfully sometimes. Talking of Nature, as though you had really met some one of importance! Have the goodness to explain what you mean by 'an era in our life.'"

"I mean that the acquaintance is to be for both of us, mother. If I can not persuade you to go with me into the Pass, then I shall bring its influence out for you."

"And what may this influence be?" asked Mrs. Kay, resignedly.

"A kinder spirit, mother, and more efforts to make you happy."

"I do not see what the Pass has to do with that, Josepha; and as to efforts, they are not in your line at all. You can go steadily on in your monotonous way, doing the same thing day after day; but as to efforts, real true efforts, *I* am the person who makes them in this family. Efforts require verve, inspiration. Look at that divan!"

The divan was a dry-goods box covered with chintz. In spite of hay, it had a most un-Orientally hard appearance, and being without back, engendered discomfort and whitewash for the unwary occupant. Josepha looked at it, and decided that she could never be a Turk; but the new influence of the Pass made her say, after a moment, that the chintz was pretty, whereat the person of efforts condescended to be pleased. The chintz *was* pretty: Mrs. Kay had understood colors in her day. It was this singular mixture of things which she did and did not understand that made her mind like an old curiosity shop, where, amid much rubbish, occasionally something of value is found.

After that day Josepha went into the Pass every afternoon. She learned to feel that delicate yet deep enjoyment which Nature gives to those who love her, something which can hardly be described or expressed, but whose intensity is nearer the soul than

the influence of any poem or philosophy ever written on a book's page. It is true that there are many persons, otherwise exquisitely endowed, who can not appreciate this enjoyment, as there are persons also who can not appreciate music. But this taciturn girl was of a different nature, and she had at last come to her own. Her favorite seat was on a high crag where the sunset light fell on her head; there she sat and took in all the perfume and uncurling of the spring, and listened to the growing.

One day in July the stage did come through the Pass; Josepha, on her crag, heard it rattling by below, and was angered. She did not want the world there. However, the world did not come. Day after day Mrs. Kay, who had watched carefully from her little piazza, reported "not a passenger;" day after day her small tableau of herself, her work-basket, and her white cat remained unnoticed save by a small driver in a large flapping hat, who did not seem at all impressed by it.

"I can not understand it," she said. "I thought a great many persons visited these springs; I am sure I have heard of them all my life. Not as one hears of Saratoga, of course, but still as something quite fashionable in its way, like camping out in the Adirondacks, or going to those queer little places at the mouth of the St. Lawrence."

After a while Josepha herself met the stage, and, in spite of her jealousy, could not bear anger long against the intruder, it was such a forlorn old vehicle. It had no curtains over its windows, no shining gorgeous paint; its wheels were dingy, its springs incrustated with ancient mud; the rack behind looked as though it had never held a trunk, so shriveled and lean were its ancient leather coverings. Four thin horses drew this old ghost, and their countenances showed that although, according to law, they were having an easy time of it, they knew better; the merry voices of nine inside and six on top would have cheered them, and they were ashamed, in a horsely way, of the dingy vehicle behind them, and the fact that there were never any passengers save mail-bags. They had known better days. The driver had stopped to water his team. Josepha, coming down from her crag, paused on a ledge above him, and bowed slightly, according to the custom of the country, where all passers-by salute each other. He nodded in return, and climbed down on to the wheel; under his flapping hat she saw his small brown face and lantern jaws.

"What stage is this?" she asked.

"The Greenoway express, mum."

"But it does not go as far as Greenoway, does it?"

"No, mum—it don't."

"You have not many passengers," she ob-

served, when the little man had refilled his pail and the second horse was drinking.

"No, mum—we haven't."

"Why do you run, then?"

"To carry the mails and please old Scrannel Swan."

"Who is old Scrannel Swan?"

"A skinflint, I reckon."

"Do skinflints run stages here for pleasure?"

"No, mum; but they do for spite when they've got the contract and make money out of it," said the driver, going off for another pailful.

"Why have you taken lately to coming through the Pass?" continued Josepha, watching the third horse take his turn and drink a little with dejection.

"Bridge down the other way."

"When it is repaired, I suppose you will go that way again?"

"No; reckon not. The Tunkers' meeting begins before long, you see."

"Where?"

"In the Pass here."

"Here?"

"No; three miles up."

"Who comes to this meeting?"

"Tunkers."

"What are Tunkers?"

"Sorter Dutch Shakers."

"What do they do?"

"Well, they pray some; and they eat."

"Oh, a camp-meeting."

"No, mum, begging your pardon," said the driver, emphatically, standing on tiptoe to check up his horses' heads, which seemed, however, no higher after the operation than before. "Camp-meetings belong to my own Church, if you please, which is the Methodist, and hez nothing in common with Tunkers." He then climbed up to his seat and untwisted the reins. "I bid you good-day, mum," he said; and the old stage started off with a groaning and rattling of every joint.

That evening, when Christian Converse came for his lesson, Mrs. Kay asked if the stage that passed every afternoon was the stage to the Springs.

"You did not think that old trap was the Crystal stage, did you, ma'am?" said Christian, who, with red hair, bare feet, and a spelling-book, was yet desperately in love, in a bashful, awkward way, with the school-mistress. "That air's the old express that carries the mail through the mountains west of here. The Crystal coach goes the other way to the Springs, and a stunner she is, too."

"Then it never comes by here?"

"No, ma'am; all the Springs coaches go by on the other side of the river."

"Now, Converse, begin your lesson," said Josepha. She called the large boys by their last names, and had thereby won, though all unconsciously, their deepest affections.

"We must certainly move over across the river, Josepha," said Mrs. Kay.

Every afternoon now in the Pass the school-mistress saw the old stage, or heard it rattling by below over the rocky road, while she sat on her high crag. She did not come down again to talk to the driver, but she fell into the habit of waiting for it to go by before she started homeward, using it as a forest clock. After a week or so the camping people began to appear, coming over the bridge and up the road between the corn fields toward the Pass in wagons, in old gigs, and on horseback—plain sober folk, upon whose faces reigned a subdued excitement; for this assembling of themselves together in the greenwood to hold converse and to rouse religious fervor was the one festival of their lives. They were not "Tunkers," as the driver had called them, but a kindred sect of German origin, Separatists from the Lutheran creed. All the year round they toiled on their small farms, men, women, and children, like patient beasts of burden, with hardly a thought above the ground they tilled, and the principles of their faith might have been summed up in the words industry and economy. Their religion was sober enough during eleven months of toil; but in the midsummer came their time for rejoicing, and this year the Pass had been selected as their gathering-place.

"They are the most outlandish-looking people I ever saw," announced Mrs. Kay, every time Josepha came home from school. "The women have their funny yellow hair braided in tight but most elaborate little braids at the backs of their heads, and they carry their sun-bonnets on their arms. They have narrow-skirted blue gowns, hanging straight down, and such figures!"

"As Nature made them, I suppose, mother."

"No, she did not; but long generations of wooden ancestors did, perhaps. They are just like the wives of Shem, Ham, and Japheth in the toy arks."

"I should like to see them and their camp," said the girl, after a moment. Then she laughed, and added, "I might go in the old stage, and be a solitary passenger arriving at last from somewhere, like a novel."

"Do not dream of any thing of the kind," said Mrs. Kay. "Although there is no church here, we still remain good church people, I hope, and have nothing to do with strange religions."

"I was only joking, mother."

"I did not know you ever joked."

"I do not—often; but when nothing else happens—"

"Happens!" said Mrs. Kay, impatiently—"happens! Nothing ever happens here, or ever will."

But something did happen.

In spite of the camping people, numbering

now some hundreds at the gathering-place, the old stage went by every day empty; the little driver, however, wore an expectant air, and he had fastened two blue rosettes on the leaders' heads, which ornaments, nevertheless, had no effect upon the settled dejection of their long horse-countenances. One afternoon the stage was late. As its rattling wheels had not disturbed her, Josepha, forgetting the flight of time, had sat on her crag in a reverie until after sunset; she now hurried down into the road. It was more than twilight down there, almost darkness; a thousand glow-worms were out in the dusky air. She walked rapidly; she was not afraid; but she knew her step-mother would be full of alarm. Presently she heard a rattling sound. The stage was behind her; it drew nearer. She stepped aside quietly, and it passed. Then, in a moment or two, there was a crash, and a sudden "whoa!" It had broken down. She came up and spoke; she was obliged to make her presence known, so that in the darkness and on the narrow road they might not drive over her.

"No danger," said the driver. "She's broken clean down. You hain't got a match, have you?"

Josepha had not. "You can come as far as our house and get a lantern," she suggested.

"I can't leave my passengers," replied the little man, importantly. "I'm responsible for 'em and their luggage to the company."

"To Scrannel Swan, you mean," said Josepha, laughing, entirely incredulous as to the passengers. But a new voice spoke at this moment, and startled her into silence.

"Driver," it said, "can the stage go on or not?"

"Mebbe not this one; but another will go, of course, in its place," replied the driver, in a finely assumed tone of careless certainty. "I shall have to go back, though."

"Where to?"

The driver was vague in his answer. The stables of Scrannel Swan were not prolific of coaches. Still, he thought he remembered an old red wagon standing there, and his plan was to walk back with the horses, six miles, and get it. "In the mean time you will have to wait until I come along," he said, "and this lady's house is the nearest."

"I could not think of intruding," answered the voice. But it was climbing out of the wrecked coach all the same, was on the ground, was looking around, was making out the figure at the side of the road, was approaching it, was taking off its hat, was speaking one or two polite generalities, and waiting to hear the accents in reply.

"You can wait at our house, if you like," said Josepha, answering. "As the driver says, it is the nearest. We will all walk there together."

So, after a few moments, they started, Josepha, the stranger, and the driver on a line, the latter leading one of his horses, with the other three following in the darkness, and clattering over the rocky road in a way that would have frightened a nervous woman. The stranger said as much. "But I am not nervous," replied Miss Kay.

They were about a mile from the entrance of the Pass, and it was a queer walk. Conversation was kept up by the stranger, but Josepha did not say much; she listened, however. And she mixed his words strangely with the subtle influence of the darkness and the looming cliffs. She was too unconventional to care what he would think of her being so far from home at that hour. It was an accident: it had never occurred before, and would never occur again. Of what consequence was it?

But if she did not consider, her step-mother considered for her. Alarmed at her absence, Mrs. Kay was on the point of venturing into the Pass herself, preceded by old Judy, who acted as maid-of-all-work, carrying a coal-oil lamp, and by Judy's grandson, "Beverley," a scampish little black of ten years, who carried a lantern. Mrs. Kay herself had a candle, and, holding up her skirts with the other hand, she was coming out of the gate with gingerly steps. Judy was already in the road, the lamp's light flaring on her white turban, and Beverley was turning a few somersaults in advance, the lantern on his toes, when the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and in another moment the driver's flapping hat, the head of one horse, Josepha's face, and the stranger's, came into the circle of radiance. The stranger bowed; he was well dressed; he had the air of a gentleman. These three facts Mrs. Kay took in at a glance. A slight flush rose in her thin cheeks, her lifted skirts were smoothly falling in an instant; she heard the explanations graciously, and led the way to the house. The driver was gone with his horses, Judy had retired, a meaning glance from her mistress fixed in her quick intelligence, the stranger was seated, and Mrs. Kay was entertaining him, all in another five minutes. Josepha was seated too. Her dress was damp with the dews of the Pass, her heavy hair somewhat disordered; she was tired, and did not concern herself at all about her attitudes. Her step-mother knew this without looking, and sat with double grace to make up for it. After a while old Judy served a delicious Southern supper in the little dining-room, at a wild expense of the whole week's stores: but never mind. She had understood her mistress's eye. The stranger noticed every thing without apparent observation. Mrs. Kay was too well bred to allude to former prosperity, but its ghost lurked in every intonation of

her voice, in every motion of her delicate withered hands. It was all a plain story—the cottage, the parlor, and herself. But this tall, unlike daughter? She understood the incongruity, and took occasion to say, with a little sigh, when the girl was not in the room.

"Josepha is only my step-daughter."

"Ah, when you called her daughter, I thought that it was impossible *you* could have a child of that age," replied the stranger. He had told his name immediately, Martin Gage, and his residence, New York. But he said nothing further.

About ten o'clock, when the brightening influence of the coffee had faded away, and old Judy had gone to bed, and Mrs. Kay herself was sleepy, as old blondes always are at an early hour, the conversation fell more into Josepha's hands. She was not sleepy at all. Things had been said that aroused her attention; she was slowly waking up. Many a time she had told herself that she must be dull-witted, because nobody ever cared to talk about what she liked to talk about, so she had taken refuge in taciturnity. But now already at least three subjects had been broached which had interested her for years. Her eyes brightened, she began to fuse a little; generally she was hard metal, that would not melt. Mrs. Kay leaned back on her sofa, and let them talk. "Perhaps he is a literary man," she thought. Then, after a moment, she added to herself, "But no; he dresses too well for that."

After a while it came out that the stranger was going to the camp-meeting. The listener was aroused at once. "What in the world is he going there for?" she asked, inwardly. "But perhaps he owns the ground. After the war a great deal of this Southern land fell into the hands of Northerners." She listened again, but caught nothing. They were talking of phrenology.

"I fear I am keeping you up very late," said the stranger, as Judy's sharp-voiced little clock struck eleven in the near kitchen.

"Yes; we are generally asleep by half past nine," said Josepha.

"Here in this mountain wilderness," hurriedly interposed Mrs. Kay, "there is so little to engross one—no society or any thing of that kind, you know."

"I can not imagine what has become of my driver and his coach," continued the visitor. "Perhaps it would be as well for me to walk down the road to meet him. Indeed, I think I should enjoy the walk; it is a fine night."

"But it is not a fine night; it is very dark," said Josepha. "You only say that because you think we are tired. The house seems chilly, but I will soon remedy that. I am not at all sleepy myself, and if mother is, she can go to bed."

Mrs. Kay came to life with vigor. "You funny child!" she said, tapping Josepha's arm playfully. "What will you say next? And—where *are* you going now?"

"To get some wood," replied the girl; and before her mother could interfere, she had brought in an armful and laid it down upon the hearth.

"Allow me," said the stranger, springing forward.

"Very well, if you like. Only, as I particularly enjoy making fires, I consider it a favor."

"So do I," said Gage.

He lighted a match, looked around, then took a newspaper from his pocket.

"You need no paper," said Josepha. "That shows how little you understand light-wood." She knelt down, set up three little splinters together like the poles of a miniature tent, applied the match, and in a second the whole pile was gloriously blazing, and the room full of light.

"The pitch-pine of the South," explained Mrs. Kay. "It really becomes an æsthetic pleasure to light fires under such circumstances, Mr. Gage."

"I quite agree with you," replied the young man, looking at Josepha, who had risen, and was standing on the opposite side of the hearth absently warming her hands and watching the blaze.

"He certainly knows what to say," thought the elder lady. Then she too looked at Josepha. The girl looked well, almost handsome, but the small step-mother could never have appreciated that. I suppose the canaries have but one opinion as to the clumsiness of the slow white swan down in the pond.

Another long hour spun itself out over the bright blaze, Mrs. Kay keeping her eyes open, but yawning desperately behind her fan. She had ceased to follow the course of conversation, but maintained a watch for stray sentences, like a man fishing on the bank. She caught little of importance—only allusions to a home and a father somewhere, and once something about "our guild." "He can not be a missionary," she thought; "only High-Churchmen use that term." She scrutinized him carefully. "No, he is not a High-Churchman," she said to herself—"at least not an extreme case. He has not that serene, sweetly humble, yet proudly superior air which they all have; and, besides, he is too broad-shouldered. A home and a father—that is something. For young men nowadays do not talk about their fathers unless they are very decidedly proud of them for some reason or other. On the whole, it looks well."

At midnight a rumbling sound was heard outside; the old red wagon had arrived. Martin Gage took leave, asking permission to call on his way back. "I shall only stay at the camp a day or two," he said.

"It will be very interesting there, no doubt," said Mrs. Kay.

"Well, I don't know about that; I go on business," replied the stranger.

"Decidedly he owns the ground," thought the widow, cheerfully.

The next afternoon Josepha started for the Pass as usual.

"You never go as far as the camp, I suppose?" said Mrs. Kay, in a suggestive tone.

"No," replied the girl.

She went no farther than her usual crag; but on coming down, this time before sunset, there was the stranger gathering ferns along the road below.

"Ah, you have ferns too," he said. "I will walk to the mouth of the Pass, and carry them for you."

"You need not," said Josepha.

"But I should like to."

"Oh, very well."

"You are so strong, Miss Kay, that you do not like to be assisted, I suppose. Still, you must not forget that other persons are stronger."

"They are occasionally; but generally I *am* the strongest person present," said the girl.

"Do you see that stage lifted up on the side of the cliff?"

"Yes."

"Well, I did that."

"You must have been very cross, then."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that I have noticed that when a man makes any great effort of bodily strength, like lifting a heavy weight, he is always in an irritated condition—really a terrible temper."

"I *did* use some strong language, I believe," said Gage, laughing. "That short-bodied, big-hatted little driver had left his old coach right in the middle of the road, and, of course, we could not pass with our red wagon. The horses, not having wings, could neither climb up nor back up the cliff, and so there was nothing for it but a lift. I assure you that all the hard cider in the camp was hardly enough for me when I arrived."

"Do you like the camp?"

"It is picturesque."

"You do not seem to stay there."

Gage looked at her; but she had meant no epigram.

"Oh, I have finished my work for the day," he said, carelessly. "I came this way to meet you. I knew you were here every day, and, of course, you would make no change in your habits on my account."

Of course not," said Josepha. Still, she felt a little disturbed. The stranger, however, turned back to their conversation of the night before, and soon her mind was off, like a bird, over the fields of imagination and thought. It is astonishing how much

better two birds can fly together than one all alone.

At the mouth of the Pass he left her. "I have just time to hurry back before supper," he said.

"So they have supper?"

"Of course—with bright camp fires and gypsy kettles. Do you suppose, because they are religious, they are not hungry too?"

"The two things never seem quite to go together," said Josepha.

"Whether they seem or not, they *do*," said the stranger, laughing. "Look at the supper tables of donation parties and sewing societies." With that he raised his hat and went back into the dusky Pass, while Josepha, coming out into the still golden valley, went over the conversation thoughtfully.

She told her mother what had occurred, and Mrs. Kay thought a number of thoughts behind the tea-pot for several minutes. At last she decided not to interfere. "Josepha is not like other girls," she mused. The only remark she made was, "Promise me that you will always be home before dark, Josepha."

"Of course, mother; I always mean to be. That one night it was an accident."

The next afternoon Gage met her again. She had not expected to see him; but as her thoughts had been dwelling on some things said the day before, she willingly took up the conversation where they had left it, and they walked together to the mouth of the Pass again.

This was repeated for five days, and now she expected it; she likewise enjoyed it. Regularly on the way somewhere the old red wagon passed them, and the driver gave them friendly nods. He had still no passengers, but it was evident that he had an interest in Gage; he expected to take him back some time, and regarded him as he passed with a proprietary eye. The old coach remained where it was, tilted up against the cliff.

"He is staying much longer than he first intended," observed Mrs. Kay after a while.

"Is he?" said Josepha.

"He said only a few days. Have you any idea what he is doing there?"

"No, I have not; but he always speaks of being occupied in the mornings—business, he said."

"About the land, perhaps. Still, I do not see why it should take so long, unless he is laying it all out in lots," thought Mrs. Kay. "Has he said nothing about himself or his affairs all these days?" she asked, aloud. "Come, try to think."

"He spoke once of owning vast estates."

"Vast estates? Where?"

"Everywhere, he said. And he also spoke of a grand inheritance received from his father."

"But that is, I am afraid, a romance. It is too much to believe," said Mrs. Kay, slowly. "Only two or three families in the United States have any thing like that. I have been wrong, Josepha; I see it now. That man is trying to deceive us. You must not go into the Pass again."

"You are mistaken, mother. He is not *trying* to do any thing; he is perfectly at his ease."

"He is trying to interest *you*, child."

"Is he?" said Josepha. Then she blushed suddenly and deeply. "I never thought of it," she said.

"I know you did not; but he *is* trying. And I am afraid you are too much interested already."

"No, mother; it is only that I like to talk to him."

"And hear him talk."

Josepha colored again, this time slowly and almost painfully. The blood seemed to rise gradually in her face as she thought. "You are right," she said at last. "I shall not go into the Pass again."

The next afternoon she remained in the little shaded parlor with a book open before her, trying not to miss too much her crag and her fern-bordered road. The hours were long; through the window the Pass looked purple and cool; she felt herself longing for it. At dusk she threw aside her volume, glad that the day was done.

There came a sound of rattling wheels, and the old red wagon rumbled out of the Pass and stopped at the door. The little driver had brought a note. All it said was, "Why did you not come? I thought you were not going to change your habits on my account."

"Impertinent!" said Mrs. Kay. "No answer," she called out to the driver, who was waiting. Then a second thought seized her, and she went to the door. "Mr. Gage gave you this?"

"Yes, mum, he did. I'm 'bliging him by delivering it."

"I fancy he owns the camp-ground," said the widow, affably.

"Acts as though he did, mum; swells round considerable, and sends off passils and passils of big litters in my mail-bags," replied the driver.

"How do they treat him at the camp?"

"The Tunkers, you mean? They seem tickled 'most to death to have him there."

"But *he* is not a Dunkard?"

"Fur from it, mum. He isn't much on religion of any kind, I reckon," said the driver.

Mrs. Kay let him depart, and went back, lost in reflection. The next afternoon she herself suggested that her daughter should take a stroll.

"I shall not go, mother," replied the girl; and another sunset passed drearily. The

next day she was not tempted, for it had begun to rain.

It seldom rains in the Southern mountains during the summer, save an occasional short thunder-shower; but when it does rain, it is a torrent, and floods follow. The steep sides of the hills and cliffs gather and pour down the drops into the narrow deep ravines so suddenly that in an hour, sometimes, the brooks are out of their beds, swollen and roaring ten feet high over the roads. This happens only in the passes and defiles, of course, where there are no wide levels; the waters can not disperse themselves or sink through the hard rocky bottoms.

"The brook will be up before morning, sure as you live, and Barnaby 'll be all afloat," announced Christian Converse that evening, as he opened his spelling-book. "A man come through an hour ago, and he said at the other end er-ready the water was over the road, and old Squire Luken's milk pails was all washed away as had been left down by the fence while the boy went to supper."

"What will become of the camp, then?" asked Mrs. Kay.

"Well, reckon they've hed warning; and if not, they can take to the rocks; though they may hev some trouble with the horses. Me and Sam Brown's going in at daylight—along the cliffs—to see how they've stood it."

"Why not go now?" said Josepha.

"Well, you see, miss, it's powerful dark in Barnaby at night; and besides, they've got legs same as us if they want to come out," replied Converse. "They're nothing but Tunkers, anyway," he added, with that fine scorn for a foreign religion peculiar to native-American virtue.

After the boy had gone, Josepha went out on to the piazza, and down to the gate. She could distinctly hear the roar of the brook as it came out of the Pass, but she could see nothing, for the rain was still falling heavily. At ten o'clock she went to her room; at half past ten her light was out, but she was not asleep. She could hear the sound of the water now, even when her head was on her pillow. After a while she rose, dressed herself, and looked out. The rain had ceased; great broken clouds were lying across the sky, and between them the moon shone out. The brook had overflowed the corn fields; the stalks stood like reeds in a lake. The torrent coming out of the Pass was violent and loud as a water-fall.

"I really must see if I can do something," she said to herself. "There are women and children in there, and the cliffs are very steep. They do not know the way, but I do. I can help them now; at daylight other aid will come."

She put on a thick jacket and a small stout hat, unlocked the front-door softly, and stole out. No one heard her go. There

was moonlight enough to show the way. She went around to the side of the hill, and began to ascend by a path she knew. It took some time, for it was a roundabout course; but at last she was on top, overlooking the gorge. Holding on by a tree trunk, she peered down, but could see nothing through the thick branches; she heard, however, the swift rush of the water below. Taking a long breath, she began to descend, holding on tightly, and feeling her way step by step. Her eyes became gradually accustomed to the darkness; she could make out objects close to her; still, her progress was slow. Having reached the edge of the water, she made her way forward along its line, using the trees as supports and their roots as footholds. She worked on in this way for an hour. At last she thought she heard voices. She paused and called; a cry answered her. She hastened her climbing, and, after a moment, came upon a forlorn party, straggling apart from each other and lost in the darkness, but trying to move forward toward the mouth of the Pass in the same way that she was advancing in; but they were encumbered with children, and also with helpless aged persons, who had lost heart and courage, and were led and carried along. The working members of this party seemed to be all women; some of them were tired out, and sat like drift-wood caught on the tree trunks; you felt that if the water rose two inches they would be swept away. Others worked with zeal; but heavy babies, tied in their shawls, weighed them down, and impeded their progress. They panted, and struggled, and held on to the trees, these poor mothers, and dragged along the older children, who cried with fright. Josepha took a stout little boy from an exhausted young German woman, and soothed his weeping into quiet; then she proposed that they should all get themselves together and rest a few moments.

"We are not very far from the mouth of the Pass," she called out cheerfully and clearly. "But after you have rested a while, I think it will be better to climb straight up to the top. There there is a path down to the valley. I know the way."

"But *can* we, miss?" said the nearest woman.

"Yes; I came down from the top myself. But first, if you like, while you are resting here, I will go up and see exactly how steep the rocks are at this point."

This seemed to give confidence; the women drew together, the stragglers came up one by one. They all propped themselves behind trees, in the angles made by the roots and the cliff-side, not unlike sailors sitting in the rigging, and then it was that Josepha discovered that they were in reality marshaled by a man, who was, however, far behind, owing to his carrying children

on his back and in his arms, and helping several old women besides. The darkness and the noise of the water had prevented any explanation or comprehension of this. The man now disencumbered himself from his burdens, and placed them in safety; then he joined the new-comer. It was Martin Gage. Josepha was already climbing; he climbed by her side. There was not breath to spare for talking until they had reached the top, and it took them some time to reach it. Josepha sat down to rest for a moment, and said,

"No loss of life, I hope?"

"I think not," he answered.

"How shall we ever get them up?" she continued, turning to the subject in hand in her most business-like way.

"Oh, easily enough, by detachments. You shall stay here and receive them."

"I shall do nothing of the kind; I am going down to help."

"Of course I knew you would."

"Of course."

"But I had to suggest it, because it is what most women would prefer to do under the circumstances."

"You mean, let you do all the work?"

"Yes, since I *can* do it, and there is no vital necessity for you to help. I can bring them all up, one at a time."

"But I want to help."

"I know you do, you generous-hearted creature! Come down and help; and then, when it is all over, take *me*, and help me too."

He did not explain his meaning further; but, in some way, she knew. They were already climbing down the rocks again, and she had helped up four children, two at a time, and gone down again before she recovered her mental breath.

They had to work like Trojans (if any one knows what that means); they were two hours at it. The hardest labor was with the old people, who could not see, and whom they could not carry, but had to guide and encourage, step by step. At last it was over, and they were all assembled on top, where there was a comparatively level space. They could now begin to descend by the path, which could be discerned in the faint light of the coming dawn. Josepha, protecting herself by a bulwark of children from this intrusive suitor, walked first; then came the mothers and babies; Gage brought up the rear with the old women. Their march was necessarily slow. After a while they heard a cry; it came from down below, in the Pass.

"It is a child," said one of the women.

They all stopped to listen; then they heard another cry, and another. There seemed to be several children below. Some of the women shed tears; their own children were safe, but these must be children belonging to oth-

er members of their party who had not been so fortunate.

"I must go down," said Gage, "and one of you had better go with me. I may not be able to manage them all."

But no one stirred; mother-love is pitying, but selfish.

"One of you *must* come," said Gage, making strong use of the situation. "Do you want them to drown down there?"

At this Josepha stepped forth (as he knew she would). "I will go," she said. "All the rest of you sit down here, and wait for us."

They started. On the way Gage said something very lover-like. "Are you mad?" said the girl, angrily. This was not what she had intended to say at all; she had intended to be very proud and distant. But it is difficult to refuse an offer with dignity when climbing down rocks in the dark, and obliged to accept aid which the suitor, being of a bold temper and not afraid, takes care to make lover-like.

They had some trouble in finding and collecting the lost children. There were four of them, all boys, who had undertaken to get themselves out of the Pass without aid. They had started up the cliff with them, when a fainter cry came up from below.

"Another," said Gage.

"I will go down for that one, while you keep on up with the others," said Josepha.

"Very well," answered her companion, with lamb-like docility; and he disappeared up the rocks with his little troop, who, refreshed and cheered, climbed now like monkeys. Josepha went down toward the roaring water again. There, on its edge, she found a very little boy, crying, all by himself, behind a bush, the ends of whose bent branches were already swept by the torrent. She took him in her arms. His ankle was injured; he could not walk. She bound it with her handkerchief, soothed him, and considered what she should do. He was five years old, and heavy to carry. Suddenly she heard a new and louder roaring; new and deeper water was at her ankles—was at her knees. With the child on one arm, she climbed and sprang upward to a higher rock; but the current had almost swept her away. There had been a wash-out a mile up the Pass, and the temporary dam had made this new flood. The child was crying again loudly. A voice called her name, some one was at her side. "Give me the child," said this person; "of course you knew I would come back."

"I did *not*," said Josepha; but she obeyed. They climbed higher. But some of the trees had been uprooted, and were bending and falling; their position was full of danger. They were at a bend in the Pass, and the rising water climbed as fast as they did. They could have escaped that, perhaps, but not the swaying, crashing trees. Something

large and square floated by; it came near them. With an exclamation, Gage seized hold of it, climbed up with the child, and dragged up Josepha. It was the old stage. Its wheels were gone, and it floated. The man, excited and silent, steered with a broken branch, while Josepha held the child, clung to the old top-railing, and watched with dilated eyes the foaming water and the whirling, tossing roots and trees. There was a faint light now; they could see their danger. Again and again death came very near them, then swerved aside by a foot, by an inch, and spared their lives. Again and again the woman gave up hope, and said, "It is the last;" but only once did the man's quick hand fail, and then it was because no human power could save them. He leaned backward, threw his arm around Josepha, and pressed his lips to her cold white cheek; he said afterward that he did it as a last earthly farewell. But even as they sat thus, the great tree tossing close behind them, with all its branches outspread like impaling hooks, was held, was stopped by a rock, and the old coach was borne on. In real time all this was incredibly swift and short, as a canoe shoots the rapids of the Sault Sainte Marie. In apparent time it was long hours. When they were carried out into the valley, and stranded in the shallow water there, they were like persons who have seen a vision: every thing in actual life seemed vaguely unreal. The child, who had been so tightly held in Josepha's arms that he could see nothing, and who had actually fallen asleep, now woke, began to talk, and ask questions about the red bars across his face and hands, made by the woolen cloth of her jacket as she unconsciously pressed

him more closely to her breast. She tried to answer him, and the necessary words brought back things present. They climbed down from the stage, made their way through the wet fields, and at last reached home.

The brown cottage was busy giving breakfast to the camp people; old Judy did nothing but cook for hours. The house was full. Different parties of drenched Germans were constantly arriving, and the divan was covered with exhausted children, laid across it like bundles, while the mothers wrung out their dripping skirts. The procession on the hill had come down by themselves as soon as they could see the way. When Josepha appeared, her step-mother greeted her with outstretched arms and tears: "Oh, my beloved child, they say they left you in the Pass! How did—how *did* you get here?"

"Well, mother," said Josepha, slowly, "I came—by the stage."

At night the water was down again, only the mired corn fields and the stranded trees were left to tell of the flood. The neighborhood considered it rather a joke than otherwise that the Germans had been drowned out of Barnaby, and the camp people themselves had all departed, to continue their meeting on safer and better-known ground. One fact alone did not depart, but remained and faced Mrs. Kay.

Ah, well, there was no use in objecting, although he was only an artist, making sketches for an illustrated paper while waiting for higher work. His inheritance was a father's genius, and his estates those which an artist's eye owns every where; alas! alas! (Mrs. Kay added the sighs.) He is young, however, and has the greatest expectations. So have we.

EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SHOXFORD.

ARE there people who have never, in the course of anxious life, felt desire to be away, to fly away, from every thing, however good and dear to them, and rest a little, and think new thought, or let new thought flow into them, from the gentle air of some new place, where nobody has heard of them—a place whose cares, being felt by proxy, almost seem romantic, and where the eyes spare brain and heart with a critic's self-complacence? If any such place yet remains, the happy soul may seek it in an inland English village.

A village where no billows are to stun or to confound it, no crag or precipice to trouble it with giddiness, and where no hurry of restless tide makes time, its own father, uneasy. But in the quiet, at the bottom of

the valley, a beautiful rivulet, belonging to the place, hastens or lingers, according to its mood; hankering here and there, not to be away yet; and then, by the doing of its own work, led to a swift perplexity of ripples. Here along its side, and there softly leaning over it, fresh green meadows lie reposing in the settled meaning of the summer day. For this is a safer time of year than the flourish of the spring-tide, when the impulse of young warmth awaking was suddenly smitten by the bleak east wind, and cowslip and cuckoo-flower and speedwell got their bright lips browned with cold. Then, moreover, must the meads have felt the worry of scarcely knowing yet what would be demanded of them; whether to carry an exacting load of hay, or only to feed a few sauntering cows.

But now every trouble has been settled for the best; the long grass is mown, and the

short grass browsed, and capers of the fairies and caprices of the cows have dappled worn texture with a deeper green. Therefore let eyes that are satisfied here—as any but a very bad eye must be, with so many changes of softness—follow the sweet lead of the valley; and there, in a bend of the gently brawling river, stands the never-brawling church.

A church less troubled with the gift of tongues is not to be found in England: a church of gray stone that crumbles just enough to entice frail mortal sympathy, and confesses to the storms it has undergone in a tone that conciliates the human sigh. The tower is large, and high enough to tell what the way of the wind is without any potato-bury on the top, and the simple roof is not cruciated with tiles of misguided fancy. But gray rest, and peace of ages, and content of lying calmly six feet deeper than the bustle of the quick; memory also, and oblivion, following each other slowly, like the shadows of the church-yard trees—for all of these no better place can be, nor softer comfort.

For the village of Shoxford runs up on the rise, and straggles away from its burial-place, as a child from his school goes mitching. There are some few little ups and downs in the manner of its building, as well as in other particulars about it; but still it keeps as parallel with the crooked river as the far more crooked ways of men permit. But the whole of the little road of houses runs down the valley from the church-yard gate; and above the church, looking up the pretty valley, stands nothing but the mill and the plank bridge below it; and a furlong above that again the stone bridge, where the main road crosses the stream, and is consoled by leading to a big house—the Moonstock Inn.

The house in which my father lived so long—or rather, I should say, my mother, while he was away with his regiment—and where we unfortunate seven saw the light, stands about half-way down the little village, being on the right-hand side of the road as you come down the valley from the Moonstock bridge. Therefore it is on the further and upper side of the street—if it can be called a street—from the valley and the river and the meads below the mill, inasmuch as every bit of Shoxford, and every particle of the parish also, has existence—of no mean sort, as compared with other parishes, in its own esteem—on the right side of the river Moon.

My father's house, in this good village, standing endwise to the street, was higher at one end than at the other. That is to say, the ground came sloping, or even falling, as fairly might be said, from one end to the other of it, so that it looked like a Noah's ark tilted by Behemoth under the stern-post. And a little lane, from a finely wooded

hill, here fell steeply into the "High Street" (as the grocer and the butcher loved to call it), and made my father's house most distinct, by obeying a good deal of its outline, and discharging in heavy rain a free supply of water under the weather-board of our front-door. This front-door opened on the little steep triangle formed by the meeting of lane and road, while the back-door led into a long but narrow garden running along the road, but raised some feet above it; the bank was kept up by a rough stone wall crested with stuck-up snap-dragon and valerian, and faced with rosettes and disks and dills of houseleek, pennywort, and hart's-tongue.

Betsy and I were only just in time to see the old house as it used to be; for the owner had died about half a year ago, and his grandson, having proved his will, was resolved to make short work with it. The poor house was blamed for the sorrows it had sheltered, and had the repute of two spectres, as well as the pale shadow of misfortune. For my dear father was now believed by the superstitious villagers to haunt the old home of his happiness and love, and roam from room to room in search of his wife and all his children. But his phantom was most careful not to face that of his father, which stalked along haughtily, as behooved a lord, and pointed forever to a red wound in its breast. No wonder, therefore, that the house would never let; and it would have been pulled down long ago if the owner had not felt a liking for it, through memories tender and peculiar to himself. His grandson, having none of these to contend with, resolved to make a mere stable of it, and build a public-house at the bottom of the garden, and turn the space between them into skittle-ground, and so forth.

To me this seemed such a very low idea, and such a desecration of a sacred spot, that if I had owned any money to be sure of, I would have offered hundreds to prevent it. But I found myself now in a delicate state of mind concerning money, having little of my own, and doubting how much other people might intend for me. So that I durst not offer to buy land and a house without any means to pay.

And it was not for that reason only that Betsy and I kept ourselves quiet. We knew that any stir in this little place about us—such as my name might at once set going—would once for all destroy all hope of doing good by coming. Betsy knew more of such matters than I did, besides all her knowledge of the place itself, and her great superiority of age; therefore I left to her all little management, as was in every way fair and wise. For Mrs. Strouss had forsaken a large and good company of lodgers, with only Herr Strouss to look after them—and who was he among them? If she trod on one side of her foot, or felt a tingling in her

hand, or a buzzing in her ear, she knew in a moment what it was—of pounds and pounds was she being cheated, a hundred miles off, by foreigners!

For this reason it had cost much persuasion and many appeals to her faithfulness, as well as considerable weekly payment, ere ever my good nurse could be brought away from London; and perhaps even so she never would have come if I had not written myself to Mrs. Price, then visiting Betsy in European Square, that if the landlady was too busy to be spared by her lodgers, I must try to get Lord Castlewood to spare me his housekeeper. Upon this Mrs. Strouss at once declared that Mrs. Price would ruin every thing; and rather than that—no matter what she lost—she herself would go with me. And so she did, and she managed very well, keeping my name out of sight (for, happen what might, I would have no false one); and she got quiet lodgings in her present name, which sounded nicely foreign; and the village being more agitated now about my father's material house, and the work they were promised in pulling it down, than about his shattered household, we had a very favorable time for coming in, and were pronounced to be foreigners who must not be allowed to run up bills.

This rustic conclusion suited us quite well, and we soon confirmed it unwittingly, Betsy offering a German thaler and I an American dollar at the shop of the village chandler and baker, so that we were looked upon with some pity, and yet a kind desire for our custom. Thus, without any attempt of ours at either delusion or mystery, Mrs. Strouss was hailed throughout the place as "Madam Straw," while I, through the sagacity of a deeply read shoe-maker, obtained a foreign name, as will by-and-by appear.

We lodged at the post-office, not through any wisdom or even any thought on our part, but simply because we happened there to find the cleanest and prettiest rooms in the place. For the sun being now in the height of August, and having much harvest to ripen, at middle day came ramping down the little street of Shoxford like the chairman of the guild of bakers. Every house having lately brightened up its whitewash—which they always do there when the frosts are over, soon after the feast of St. Barnabas—and the weeds of the way having fared amiss in the absence of any water-cart, it was not in the strong, sharp character of the sun to miss such an opportunity. After the red Californian glare, I had no fear of any English sun; but Betsy was frightened, and both of us were glad to get into a little place sheltered by green blinds. This chanced to be the post-office, and there we found nice lodgings.

By an equal chance this proved to be the

wisest thing we could possibly have done, if we had set about it carefully. For why, that nobody ever would impute any desire of secrecy to people who straightway unpacked their boxes at the very head-quarters of all the village news. And the mistress of the post was a sharp-tongued woman, pleased to speak freely of her neighbors' doings, and prompt with good advice that they should heed their own business, if any of them durst say a word about her own. She kept a tidy little shop, showing something of almost every thing; but we had a side door, quite of our own, where Betsy met the baker's wife and the veritable milkman; and neither of them knew her, which was just what she had hoped; and yet it made her speak amiss of them.

But if all things must be brought to the harsh test of dry reason, I myself might be hard pushed to say what good I hoped to do by coming thus to Shoxford. I knew of a great many things, for certain, that never had been thoroughly examined here; also I naturally wished to see, being a native, what the natives were; and, much more than that, it was always on my mind that here lay my mother and the other six of us.

Therefore it was an impatient thing for me to hear Betsy working out the afternoon with perpetual chatter and challenge of prices, combating now as a lodger all those points which as a landlady she never would allow even to be moot questions. If any applicant in European Square had dared so much as hint at any of all the requirements which she now expected gratis, she would simply have whisked her duster, and said that the lodgings for such people must be looked for down the alley. However, Mrs. Busk, our new landlady, although she had a temper of her own (as any one keeping a post-office must have) was forced by the rarity of lodgers here to yield many points, which Mrs. Strouss, on her own boards, would not even have allowed to be debated. All this was entirely against my wish; for when I have money, I spend it, finding really no other good in it; but Betsy told me that the purest principle of all was—not to be cheated.

So I left her to have these little matters out, and took that occasion for stealing away (as the hours grew on toward evening) to a place where I wished to be quite alone. And the shadow of the western hills shed peace upon the valley, when I crossed a little stile leading into Shoxford church-yard.

For a minute or two I was quite afraid, seeing nobody any where about, nor even hearing any sound in the distance to keep me company. For the church lay apart from the village, and was thickly planted out from it, the living folk being full of superstition, and deeply believing in the dead people's ghosts. And even if this were a

wife to a husband, or even a husband re-appearing to his wife, there was not a man or a woman in the village that would not run away from it.

This I did not know at present, not having been there long enough; neither had I any terror of that sort, not being quite such a coward, I should hope. But still, as the mantles of the cold trees darkened, and the stony remembrance of the dead grew pale, and of the living there was not even the whistle of a grave-digger—my heart got the better of my mind for a moment, and made me long to be across that stile again. Because (as I said to myself) if there had been a hill to go up, that would be so different and so easy; but going down into a place like this, whence the only escape must be by steps, and where any flight must be along channels that run in and out of graves and tombstones, I tried not to be afraid, yet could not altogether help it.

But lo! when I came to the north side of the tower, scarcely thinking what to look for, I found myself in the middle of a place which made me stop and wonder. Here were six little grassy tuffets, according to the length of children, all laid east and west, without any stint of room, harmoniously.

From the eldest to the youngest, one could almost tell the age at which their lowly stature stopped, and took its final measurement.

And in the middle was a larger grave, to comfort and encourage them, as a hen lies down among her chicks and waits for them to shelter. Without a name to any of them, all these seven graves lay together, as in a fairy ring of rest, and kind compassion had prevented any stranger from coming to be buried there.

I would not sit on my mother's grave for fear of crushing the pretty grass, which some one tended carefully; but I stood at its foot, and bent my head, and counted all the little ones. Then I thought of my father in the grove of peaches, more than six thousand miles away, on the banks of the soft Blue River. And a sense of desolate sorrow and of the blessing of death overwhelmed me.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SEXTON.

WITH such things in my mind, it took me long to come back to my work again. It even seemed a wicked thing, so near to all these proofs of God's great visitation over us, to walk about and say, "I will do this," or even to think, "I will try to do that." My own poor helplessness, and loss of living love to guide me, laid upon my heart a weight from which it scarcely cared to move. All was buried, all was done with,

all had passed from out the world, and left no mark but graves behind. What good to stir anew such sadness, even if a poor weak thing like me could move its mystery?

Time, however, and my nurse Betsy, and Jacob Rigg the gardener, brought me back to a better state of mind, and renewed the right courage within me. But, first of all, Jacob Rigg aroused my terror and interest vividly. It may be remembered that this good man had been my father's gardener at the time of our great calamity, and almost alone of the Shoxford people had shown himself true and faithful. Not that the natives had turned against us, or been at all unfriendly; so far from this was the case, that every one felt for our troubles, and pitied us, my father being of a cheerful and affable turn, until misery hardened him; but what I mean is that only one or two had the courage to go against the popular conclusion and the convictions of authority.

But Jacob was a very upright man, and had a strong liking for his master, who many and many a time—as he told me—had taken a spade and dug along with him, just as if he were a jobbing gardener born, instead of a fine young nobleman; "and nobody gifted with that turn of mind, likewise very clever in white-spine cowcubers, could ever be relied upon to go and shoot his father." Thus reasoned old Jacob, and he always had done so, and meant evermore to abide by it; and the graves which he had tended now for nigh a score of years, and meant to tend till he called for his own, were—as sure as he stood there in Shoxford church-yard a-talking to me, who was the very image of my father, God bless me, though not of course so big like—the graves of slaughtered innocents, and a mother who was always an angel. And the parson might preach forever to him about the resurrection, and the right coming uppermost when you got to heaven, but to his mind that was scarcely any count at all; and if you came to that, we ought to hang Jack Ketch, as might come to pass in the Revelations. But while a man had got his own bread to earn, till his honor would let him go to the work-house, and his duty to the rate-payers, there was nothing that vexed him more than to be told any texts of Holy Scripture. Whatever God Almighty had put down there was meant for ancient people, the Jews being long the most ancient people, though none the more for that did he like them; and so it was mainly the ancient folk, who could not do a day's work worth eighteenpence, that could enter into Bible promises. Not that he was at all behindhand about interpretation; but as long as he could fetch and earn, at planting box and doing borders, two shillings and ninepence a day and his beer, he was not going to be on for kingdom come.

I told him that I scarcely thought his

view of our condition here would be approved by wise men who had found time to study the subject. But he answered that whatever their words might be, their doings showed that they knew what was the first thing to attend to. And if it ever happened him to come across a parson who was as full of heaven outside as he was inside his surplice, he would keep his garden in order for nothing better than his blessing.

I knew of no answer to be made to this. And indeed he seemed to be aware that his conversation was too deep for me; so he leaned upon his spade, and rubbed his long blue chin in the shadow of the church tower, holding as he did the position of sexton, and preparing even now to dig a grave.

"I keeps them well away from you," he said, as he began to chop out a new oblong in the turf; "many a shilling have I been offered by mothers about their little ones, to put 'em inside of the 'holy ring,' as we calls this little cluster; but not for five golden guineas would I do it, and have to face the Captain, dead or alive, about it. We heard that he was dead, because it was put in all the papers; and a pleasant place I keeps for him, to come home alongside of his family. A nicer gravelly bit of ground there couldn't be in all the county; and if no chance of him occupying it, I can drive down a peg with your mark, miss."

"Thank you," I answered; "you are certainly most kind; but, Mr. Rigg, I would rather wait a little. I have had a very troublesome life thus far, and nothing to bind me to it much; but still I would rather not have my peg driven down just—just at present."

"Ah, you be like all the young folk that think the tree for their coffins ain't come to the size of this spade handle yet. Lord bless you for not knowing what He hath in hand! Now this one you see me a-raising of the turf for, stood as upright as you do, a fortnight back, and as good about the chest and shoulders, and three times the color in her cheeks, and her eyes a'most as bright as yourn be. Not aristocratic, you must understand me, miss, being only the miller's daughter, nor instructed to throw her voice the same as you do, which is better than gallery music; but setting these haxidents to one side, a farmer would have said she was more preferable, because more come-at-able, though not in my opinion to be compared—excuse me for making so free, miss, but when it comes to death we has a kind of right to do it—and many a young farmer, coming to the mill, was disturbed in his heart about her, and far and wide she was known, being proud, as the Beauty of the Moonshine, from the name of our little river. She used to call me 'Jacob Diggs,' because of my parochial office, with a meaning of a joke on my parenschal name. Ah, what

a merry one she were! And now this is what I has to do for her! And sooner would I 'a doed it a'most for my own old ooman!"

"Oh, Jacob!" I cried, being horrified at the way in which he tore up the ground, as if his wife was waiting, "the things you say are quite wrong, I am sure, for a man in your position. You are connected with this church almost as much as the clerk is."

"More, miss, ten times more! He don't do nothing but lounge on the front of his desk, and be too lazy to keep up 'Amen,' while I at my time of life go about, from Absolution to the fifth Lord's prayer, with a stick that makes my rheumatics worse, for the sake of the boys with their pocket full of nuts. When I was a boy there was no nuts, except at the proper time of year, a month or two on from this time of speaking; and we used to crack they in the husk, and make no noise to disturb the congregation; but now it is nuts, nuts, round nuts, flat nuts, nuts with three corners to them—all the year round nuts to crack, and me to find out who did it!"

"But, Mr. Rigg," I replied, as he stopped, looking hotter in mind than in body, "is it not Mrs. Rigg, your good wife, who sells all the nuts on a Saturday for the boys to crack on a Sunday?"

"My missus do sell some, to be sure; yes, just a few. But not of a Saturday more than any other day."

"Then surely, Mr. Rigg, you might stop it, by not permitting any sale of nuts except to good boys of high principles. And has it not happened sometimes, Mr. Rigg, that boys have made marks on their nuts, and bought them again at your shop on a Monday? I mean, of course, when your duty has compelled you to empty the pockets of a boy in church."

Now this was a particle of shamefully small gossip, picked up naturally by my Betsy, but pledged to go no further; and as soon as I had spoken I became a little nervous, having it suddenly brought to my mind that I had promised not even to whisper it; and now I had told it to the man of all men! But Jacob appeared to have been quite deaf, and diligently went on digging. And I said "good-evening," for the grave was for the morrow; and he let me go nearly to the stile before he stuck his spade into the ground and followed.

"Excuse of my making use," he said, "of a kind of a personal reference, miss; but you be that pat with your answers, it maketh me believe you must be sharp inside—more than your father, the poor Captain, were, as all them little grass buttons argueth. Now, miss, if I thought you had head-piece enough to keep good counsel and ensue it, maybe I could tell you a thing as would make your hair creep out of them

coorous hitch-ups, and your heart a'most bust them there braids of fallallies."

"Why, what in the world do you mean?" I asked, being startled by the old man's voice and face.

"Nothing, miss, nothing. I was only a-joking. If you bain't come to no more discretion than that—to turn as white as the clerk's smock-frock of a Easter-Sunday—why, the more of a joke one has, the better, to bring your purty color back to you. Ah! Polly of the mill was the maid for color—as good for the eyesight as a chane-rose in April. Well, well, I must get on with her grave; they're a-coming to speak the good word over un on sundown."

He might have known how this would vex and perplex me. I could not bear to hinder him in his work—as important as any to be done by man for man—and yet it was beyond my power to go home and leave him there, and wonder what it was that he had been so afraid to tell. So I quietly said, "Then I will wish you a very good evening again, Mr. Rigg, as you are too busy to be spoken with." And I walked off a little way, having met with men who, having begun a thing, needs must have it out, and fully expecting him to call me back. But Jacob only touched his hat, and said, "A pleasant evening to you, ma'am."

Nothing could have made me feel more resolute than this did. I did not hesitate one moment in running back over the stile again, and demanding of Jacob Rigg that he should tell me whether he meant any thing or nothing; for I was not to be played with about important matters, like the boys in the church who were cracking nuts.

"Lord! Lord, now!" he said, with his treddled heel scraping the shoulder of his shining spade; "the longer I live in this world, the fitter I grow to get into the ways of the Lord. His ways are past finding out, saith King David: but a man of war, from his youth upward, hath no chance such as a gardening man hath. What a many of them have I found out!"

"What has that got to do with it?" I cried. "Just tell me what it was you were speaking of just now."

"I was just a-thinking, when I looked at you, miss," he answered, in the prime of leisure, and wiping his forehead from habit only, not because he wanted it, "how little us knows of the times and seasons and the generations of the sons of men. There you stand, miss, and here stand I, as haven't seen your father for a score of years a'most; and yet there comes out of your eyes into mine the very same look as the Captain used to send, when snakes in the grass had been telling lies about me coming late, or having my half pint or so on. Not that the Captain was a hard man, miss—far otherwise, and capable of allowance, more than any

of the women be. But only the Lord, who doeth all things aright, could 'a made you come, with a score of years atween, and the twinkle in your eyes like—Selah!"

"You know what you mean, perhaps, but I do not," I answered, quite gently, being troubled by his words and the fear of having tried to hurry him; "but you should not say what you have said, Jacob Rigg, to me, your master's daughter, if you only meant to be joking. Is this the place to joke with me?"

I pointed to all that lay around me, where I could not plant a foot without stepping over my brothers or sisters; and the old man, callous as he might be, could not help feeling for—a pinch of snuff. This he found in the right-hand pocket of his waistcoat, and took it very carefully, and made a little noise of comfort; and thus, being fully self-assured again, he stood, with his feet far apart and his head on one side, regarding me warily. And I took good care not to say another word.

"You be young," he said at last; "and in these latter days no wisdom is ordained in the mouths of babes and sucklings, nor always in the mouths of them as is themselves ordained. But you have a way of keeping your chin up, miss, as if you was gifted with a stiff tongue likewise. And whatever may hap, I has as good mind to tell 'e."

"That you are absolutely bound to do," I answered, as forcibly as I could. "Duty to your former master and to me, his only child—and to yourself, and your Maker too—compel you, Jacob Rigg, to tell me every thing you know."

"Then, miss," he answered, coming nearer to me, and speaking in a low, hoarse voice, "as sure as I stand here in God's churchyard, by all this murdered family, I knows the man who done it!"

He looked at me, with a trembling finger upon his hard-set lips, and the spade in his other hand quivered like a wind vane; but I became as firm as the monument beside me, and my heart, instead of fluttering, grew as steadfast as a glacier. Then, for the first time, I knew that God had not kept me living, when all the others died, without fitting me also for the work there was to do.

"Come here to the corner of the tower, miss," old Jacob went on, in his excitement catching hold of the sleeve of my black silk jacket. "Where we stand is a queer sort of echo, which goeth in and out of them big tombstones. And for aught I can say to contrary, he may be a-watching of us while here we stand."

I glanced around, as if he were most welcome to be watching me, if only I could see him once. But the place was as silent as its graves; and I followed the sexton to the shadow of a buttress. Here he went into a

deep gray corner, lichened and mossed by a drip from the roof; and being, both in his clothes and self, pretty much of that same color, he was not very easy to discern from stone when the light of day was declining.

"This is where I catches all the boys," he whispered; "and this is where I caught him, one evening when I were tired, and gone to nurse my knees a bit. Let me see—why, let me see! Don't you speak till I do, miss. Were it the last but one I dug? Or could un 'a been the last but two? Never mind; I can't call to mind quite justly. We puts down about one a month in this parish, without any distemper or haxident. Well, it must 'a been the one afore last—to be sure, no call to scratch my head about un. Old Sally Mock, as sure as I stand here—done handsome by the rate-payers. Over there, miss, if you please to look—about two land-yard and a half away. Can you see un with the grass peeking up a'ready?"

"Never mind that, Jacob. Do please to go on."

"So I be, miss. So I be doing to the best of the power granted me. Well, I were in this little knuckle of a squat, where old Sally used to say as I went to sleep, and charged the parish for it—a spiteful old ooman, and I done her grave with pleasure, only wishing her had to pay for it; and to prove to her mind that I never goed asleep here, I was just making ready to set fire to my pipe, having cocked my shovel in to ease my legs, like this, when from round yon corner of the chancel-foot, and over again that there old tree, I seed a something movin' along—movin' along, without any noise or declarance of solid feet walking. You may see the track burnt in the sod, if you let your eyes go along this here finger."

"Oh, Jacob, how could you have waited to see it?"

"I did, miss, I did; being used to a many antics in this dead-yard, such as a man who hadn't buried them might up foot to run away from. But they no right, after the service of the Church, to come up for more than one change of the moon, unless they been great malefactors. And then they be ashamed of it; and I reminds them of it. 'Amen,' I say, in the very same voice as I used at the tail of their funerals; and then they knows well that I covered them up, and the most uneasy goes back again. Lor' bless you, miss, I no fear of the dead. At both ends of life us be harmless. It is in the life, and mostways in the middle of it, we makes all the death for one another."

This was true enough; and I only nodded to him, fearing to interject any new ideas from which he might go rambling.

"Well, that there figure were no joke, mind you," the old man continued, as soon as he had freshened his narrative powers

with another pinch of snuff, "being tall and grim, and white in the face, and very unpleasant for to look at, and its eyes seemed a'most to burn holes in the air. No sooner did I see that it were not a ghostie, but a living man the same as I be, than my knees begins to shake and my stumps of teeth to chatter. And what do you think it was stopped me, miss, from slipping round this corner, and away by belfry? Nort but the hoddest idea you ever heard on. For all of a suddint it was borne unto my mind that the Lord had been pleased to send us back the Captain; not so handsome as he used to be, but in the living flesh, however, in spite of they newspapers. And I were just at the pint of coming forrard, out of this here dark cornder, knowing as I had done my duty by them graves that his honor, to my mind, must 'a come looking after, when, lucky for me, I see summat in his walk, and then in his countenance, and then in all his features, unnatural on the Captain's part, whatever his time of life might be. And sure enough, miss, it were no Captain more nor I myself be."

"Of course not. How could it be? But who was it, Jacob?"

"You bide a bit, miss, and you shall hear the whole. Well, by that time 'twas too late for me to slip away, and I was bound to scrooge up into the elbow of this nick here, and try not to breathe, as nigh as might be, and keep my Lammas cough down; for I never see a face more full of malice and uncharity. However, he come on as straight as a arrow, holding his long chin out, like this, as if he gotten crutches under it, as the folk does with bad water. A tall man, as tall as the Captain a'most, but not gifted with any kind aspect. He tramped over the general graves, like the devil come to fetch their souls out; but when he come here to the 'holy ring,' he stopped short, and stood with his back to me. I could hear him count the seven graves, as pat as the shells of oysters to pay for, and then he said all their names, as true, from the biggest to the leastest one, as Betsy Bowen could 'a done it, though none of 'em got no mark to 'em. Oh, the poor little hearts, it was cruel hard upon them! And then my lady in the middle, making seven. So far as I could catch over his shoulder, he seemed to be quite a-talking with her—not as you and I be, miss, but a sort of a manner of a way, like."

"And what did he seem to say? Oh, Jacob, how long you do take over it!"

"Well, he did not, miss; that you may say for sartain. And glad I was to have him quick about it; for he might have redooced me to such a condition—ay, and I believe a' would, too, if onst a' had caught sight of me—as the parish might 'a had to fight over the appintment of another sexton. And

so at last a' went away. And I were that stiff with scrooging in this cornder—"

"Is that all? Oh, that comes to nothing. Surely you must have more to tell me? It may have been some one who knew our names. It may have been some old friend of the family."

"No, miss, no! No familiar friend; or if he was, he were like King David's. He bore a tyrannous hate against 'e, and the poison of asps were under his lips. In this here hattitude he stood, with his back toward me, and his reins more upright than I be capable of putting it. And this was how he held up his elbow and his head. Look 'e see, miss, and then 'e know as much as I do."

Mr. Rigg marched with a long smooth step—a most difficult strain for his short bowed legs—as far as the place he had been pointing out; and there he stood with his back to me, painfully doing what the tall man had done, so far as the difference of size allowed.

It was not possible for me, to laugh in a matter of such sadness; and yet Jacob stood, with his back to me, spreading and stretching himself in such a way, to be up to the dimensions of the stranger, that—low as it was—I was compelled to cough, for fear of fatally offending him.

"That warn't quite right, miss. Now you look again," he exclaimed, with a little readjustment. "Only he had a thing over one shoulder, the like of what the Scotchmen wear; and his features was beyond me, because of the back of his head, like. For God's sake keep out of his way, miss."

The sexton stood in a musing and yet a stern and defiant attitude, with the right elbow clasped in the left-hand palm, the right hand resting half-clinched upon the forehead, and the shoulders thrown back, as if ready for a blow.

"What a very odd way to stand!" I said.

"Yes, miss. And what he said was odder. 'Six, and the mother! I heared un say; 'no cure for it, till I have all seven.' But stop, miss. Not a breath to any one! Here comes the poor father and mother to speak the blessing across their daughter's grave—and the grave not two foot down yet!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

Now this account of what Jacob Rigg had seen and heard threw me into a state of mind extremely unsatisfactory. To be in eager search of some unknown person who had injured me inexpressibly, without any longing for revenge on my part, but simply with a view to justice—this was a very different thing from feeling that an unknown person was in quest of me, with the horrible

purpose of destroying me to insure his own wicked safety.

At first I almost thought that he was welcome to do this; that such a life as mine (if looked at from an outer point of view) was better to be died than lived out. Also that there was nobody left to get any good out of all that I could do; and even if I ever should succeed, truth would come out of her tomb too late. And this began to make me cry, which I had long given over doing, with no one to feel for the heart of it.

But a thing of this kind could not long endure; and as soon as the sun of the morrow arose (or at least as soon as I was fit to see him), my view of the world was quite different. Here was the merry brook, playing with the morning, spread around with ample depth and rich retreat of meadows, and often, after maze of leisure, hastening with a tinkle into shadowy delight of trees. Here, as well, were happy lanes, and foot-paths of a soft content, unworn with any pressure of the price of time or business. None of them knew (in spite, at flurried spots, of their own direction posts) whence they were coming or whither going—only that here they lay, between the fields or through them, like idle veins of earth, with sometimes company of a man or boy, whistling to his footfall, or a singing maid with a milking pail. And how ungrateful it would be to forget the pleasant copses, in waves of deep green leafage flowing down and up the channeled hills, waving at the wind to tints and tones of new refreshment, and tempting idle folk to come and hear the hush, and see the twinkled texture of pellucid gloom.

Much, however, as I loved to sit in places of this kind alone, for some little time I feared to do so, after hearing the sexton's tale; for Jacob's terror was so unfeigned (though his own life had not been threatened) that, knowing as I did from Betsy's account, as well as his own appearance, that he was not at all a nervous man, I could not help sharing his vague alarm. It seemed so terrible that any one should come to the graves of my sweet mother and her six harmless children, and, instead of showing pity, as even a monster might have tried to do, should stand, if not with threatening gestures, yet with a most hostile mien, and thirst for the life of the only survivor—my poor self.

But terrible or not, the truth was so; and neither Betsy nor myself could shake Mr. Rigg's conclusion. Indeed, he became more and more emphatic, in reply to our doubts and mild suggestions, perhaps that his eyes had deceived him, or perhaps that, taking a nap in the corner of the buttress, he had dreamed at least a part of it. And Betsy, on the score of ancient friendship and kind remembrance of his likings, put it to him in a gentle way whether his knowledge of what Sally Mock had been, and the calum-

nies she might have spoken of his beer (when herself, in the work-house, deprived of it), might not have induced him to take a little more than usual in going down so deep for her. But he answered, "No; it was nothing of the sort. Deep he had gone, to the tiptoe of his tling; not from any feeling of a wish to keep her down, but just because the parish paid, and the parish would have measurement. And when that was on, he never brought down more than the quart tin from the public; and never had none down afterward. Otherwise the ground was so ticklish, that a man, working too free, might stay down there. No, no! That idea was like one of Sally's own. He just had his quart of Persfield ale—short measure, of course, with a woman at the bar—and if that were enough to make a man dream dreams, the sooner he dug his own grave, the better for all connected with him."

We saw that we had gone too far in thinking of such a possibility; and if Mr. Rigg had not been large-minded, as well as notoriously sober, Betsy might have lost me all the benefit of his evidence by her London-bred clumsiness with him. For it takes quite a different handling, and a different mode of outset, to get on with the London working class and the laboring kind of the country; or at least it seemed to me so.

Now my knowledge of Jacob Rigg was owing, as might be supposed, to Betsy Strouss, who had taken the lead of me in almost every thing ever since I brought her down from London. And now I was glad that, in one point at least, her judgment had overruled mine—to wit, that my name and parentage were as yet not generally known in the village. Indeed, only Betsy herself and Jacob and a faithful old washer-woman, with no roof to her mouth, were aware of me as Miss Castlewood. Not that I had taken any other name—to that I would not stoop—but because the public, of its own accord, paying attention to Betsy's style of addressing me, followed her lead (with some little improvement), and was pleased to entitle me "Miss Raumur."

Some question had been raised as to spelling me aright, till a man of advanced intelligence proved to many eyes, and even several pairs of spectacles (assembled in front of the blacksmith's shop), that no other way could be right except that. For there it was in print, as any one able might see, on the side of an instrument whose name and qualities were even more mysterious than those in debate. Therefore I became "Miss Raumur;" and a protest would have gone for nothing unless printed also. But it did not behoove me to go to that expense, while it suited me very well to be considered and pitied as a harmless foreigner—a being who on English land may find some cause to doubt whether, even in his own country, a

prophet could be less thought of. And this large pity for me, as an outlandish person, in the very spot where I was born, endowed me with tenfold the privilege of the proudest native. For the natives of this valley are declared to be of a different stock from those around them, not of the common Wessex strain, but of Jutish or Danish origin. How that may be I do not know; at any rate, they think well of themselves, and no doubt they have cause to do so.

Moreover, they all were very kind to me, and their primitive ways amused me, as soon as they had settled that I was a foreigner, equally beyond and below inquiry. They told me that I was kindly welcome to stay there as long as it pleased me; and knowing how fond I was of making pictures, after beholding my drawing-book, every farmer among them gave me leave to come into his fields, though he never had heard there was any thing there worth painting.

When once there has been a deposit of idea in the calm deep eocene of British rural mind, the impression will outlast any shallow deluge of the noblest education. Shoxford had settled two points forever, without troubling reason to come out of her way—first, that I was a foreign young lady of good birth, manners, and money; second, and far more important, I was here to write and paint a book about Shoxford. Not for the money, of that I had no need (according to the congress at the "Silver-edged Holly"), but for the praise and the knowledge of it, like, and to make a talk among high people. But the elders shook their heads—as I heard from Mr. Rigg, who hugged his knowledge proudly, and uttered dim sayings of wisdom let forth at large usury: he did not mind telling me that the old men shook their heads, for fear of my being a deal too young, and a long sight too well favored (as any man might tell without his spees on), for to write any book upon any subject yet, leave alone an old, ancient town like theirs. However, there might be no harm in my trying, and perhaps the school-master would cross out the bad language.

Thus for once fortune now was giving me good help, enabling me to go about freely, and preventing (so far as I could see, at least) all danger of discovery by my unknown foe. So here I resolved to keep my head-quarters, dispensing, if it must be so, with Betsy's presence, and not even having Mrs. Price to succeed her, unless my cousin should insist upon it. And partly to dissuade him from that, and partly to hear his opinion of the sexton's tale, I paid a flying visit to Lord Castlewood; while "Madam Straw," as Betsy now was called throughout the village, remained behind at Shoxford. For I long had desired to know a thing which I had not ventured to ask my cousin—though I did ask Mr. Shovelin—whether my father

had intrusted him with the key of his own mysterious acts. I scarcely knew whether it was proper even now to put this question to Lord Castlewood; but even without doing so, I might get at the answer by watching him closely while I told my tale. Not a letter had reached me since I came to Shoxford, neither had I written any, except one to Uncle Sam; and keeping to this excellent rule, I arrived at Castlewood without notice.

In doing this I took no liberty, because full permission had been given me about it; and indeed I had been expected there, as Stixon told me, some days before. He added that his master was about as usual, but had shown some uneasiness on my account, though the butler was all in the dark about it, and felt it very hard after all these years, "particular, when he could hardly help thinking that Mrs. Price—a new hand compared to himself, not to speak of being a female—knewed all about it, and were very aggravating. But there, he would say no more; he knew his place, and he always had been valued in it, long afore Mrs. Price come up to the bottom of his waistcoat."

My cousin received me with kindly warmth, and kissed me gently on the forehead. "My dear, how very well you look!" he said. "Your native air has agreed with you. I was getting, in my quiet way, rather sedulous and self-reproachful about you. But you would have your own way, like a young American; and it seems that you were right."

"It was quite right," I answered, with a hearty kiss, for I never could be cold-natured; and this was my only one of near kin, so far, at least, as my knowledge went. "I was quite right in going; and I have done good. At any rate, I have found out something—something that may not be of any kind of use; but still it makes me hope things."

With that, in as few words as ever I could use, I told Lord Castlewood the whole of Jacob's tale, particularly looking at him all the while I spoke, to settle in my own mind whether the idea of such a thing was new to him. Concerning that, however, I could make out nothing. My cousin, at his time of life, and after so much travelling, had much too large a share of mind and long skill of experience for me to make any thing out of his face beyond his own intention. And whether he had suspicion or not of any thing at all like what I was describing, or any body having to do with it, was more than I ever might have known, if I had not gathered up my courage and put the question outright to him. I told him that if I was wrong in asking, he was not to answer; but, right or wrong, ask him I must.

"The question is natural, and not at all improper," replied Lord Castlewood, standing a moment for change of pain, which was all his relief. "Indeed, I expected you to

ask me that before. But, Erema, I have also had to ask myself about it, whether I have any right to answer you. And I have decided not to do so, unless you will pledge yourself to one thing."

"I will pledge myself to any thing," I answered, rashly; "I do not care what it is, if only to get at the bottom of this mystery."

"I scarcely think you will hold good to your words when you hear what you have to promise. The condition upon which I tell you what I believe to be the cause of all is, that you let things remain as they are, and keep silence forever about them."

"Oh, you can not be so cruel, so atrocious!" I cried, in my bitter disappointment. "What good would it be for me to know things thus, and let the vile wrong continue? Surely you are not bound to lay on me a condition so impossible?"

"After much consideration and strong wish to have it otherwise, I have concluded that I am so bound."

"In duty to my father, or the family, or what? Forgive me for asking, but it does seem so hard."

"It seems hard, my dear, and it is hard as well," he answered, very gently, yet showing in his eyes and lips no chance of any yielding. "But remember that I do not know, I only guess, the secret; and if you give the pledge I speak of, you merely follow in your father's steps."

"Never," I replied, with as firm a face as his. "It may have been my father's duty, or no doubt he thought it so; but it can not be mine, unless I make it so by laying it on my honor. And I will not do that."

"Perhaps you are right; but, at any rate, remember that I have not tried to persuade you. I wish to do what is for your happiness, Erema. And I think that, on the whole, with your vigor and high spirit, you are better as you are than if you had a knowledge which you could only brood over and not use."

"I will find out the whole of it myself," I cried, for I could not repress all excitement; "and then I need not brood over it, but may have it out and get justice. In the wildest parts of America justice comes with perseverance: am I to abjure it in the heart of England? Lord Castlewood, which is first—justice or honor?"

"My cousin, you are fond of asking questions difficult to answer. Justice and honor nearly always go together. When they do otherwise, honor stands foremost, with people of good birth, at least."

"Then I will be a person of very bad birth. If they come into conflict in my life, as almost every thing seems to do, my first thought shall be of justice; and honor shall come in as its ornament afterward."

"Erema," said my cousin, "your meaning is good, and at your time of life you can

scarcely be expected to take a dispassionate view of things."

At first I felt almost as if I could hate a "dispassionate view of things." Things are made to arouse our passion, so long as meanness and villainy prevail; and if old men, knowing the balance of the world, can contemplate them all "dispassionately," more clearly than any thing else, to my mind, that proves the beauty of being young. I am sure that I never was hot or violent—qualities which I especially dislike—but still I would rather almost have those than be too philosophical. And now, while I revered my father's cousin for his gentleness, wisdom, and long-suffering, I almost longed to fly back to the Major, prejudiced, peppery, and red-hot for justice, at any rate in all things that concerned himself.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SOME ANSWER TO IT.

HASTY indignation did not drive me to hot action. A quiet talk with Mrs. Price, as soon as my cousin's bad hour arrived, was quite enough to bring me back to a sense of my own misgovernment. Moreover, the evening clouds were darkening for a night of thunder, while the silver Thames looked nothing more than a leaden pipe down the valleys. Calm words fall at such times on quick temper like the drip of trees on people who have been dancing. I shivered, as my spirit fell, to think of my weak excitement, and poor petulance to a kind, wise friend, a man of many sorrows and perpetual affliction. And then I recalled what I had observed, but in my haste forgotten—Lord Castlewood was greatly changed even in the short time since I had left his house for Shoxford. Pale he had always been, and his features (calm as they were, and finely cut) seemed almost bleached by in-door life and continual endurance. But now they showed worse sign than this—a delicate transparence of faint color, and a waxen surface, such as I had seen at a time I can not bear to think of. Also he had tottered forward, while he tried for steadfast footing, quite as if his worried members were almost worn out at last.

Mrs. Price took me up quite sharply—at least for one of her well-trained style—when I ventured to ask if she had noticed this, which made me feel uneasy. "Oh dear, no!" she said, looking up from the lace-frilled pockets of her silk apron, which appeared to my mind perhaps a little too smart, and almost of a vulgar tincture; and I think that she saw in my eyes that much, and was vexed with herself for not changing it—"oh dear, no, Miss Castlewood! We who know and watch him should de-

tect any difference of that nature at the moment of its occurrence. His lordship's health goes vacillating; a little up now, and then a little down, like a needle that is mounted to show the dip of compass; and it varies according to the electricity, as well as the magnetic influence."

"What doctor told you that?" I asked, seeing in a moment that this housekeeper was dealing in quotation.

"You are very"—she was going to say "rude," but knew better when she saw me waiting for it—"well, you are rather brusque, as we used to call it abroad, Miss Castlewood; but am I incapable of observing for myself?"

"I never implied that," was my answer. "I believe that you are most intelligent, and fit to nurse my cousin, as you are to keep his house. And what you have said shows the clearness of your memory and expression."

"You are very good to speak so," she answered, recovering her temper beautifully, but, like a true woman, resolved not to let me know any thing more about it. "Oh, what a clap of thunder! Are you timid? This house has been struck three times, they say. It stands so prominently. It is this that has made my lord look so."

"Let us hope, then, to see him much better to-morrow," I said, very bravely, though frightened at heart, being always a coward of thunder. "What are these storms you get in England compared to the tropical outbursts? Let us open the window, if you please, and watch it."

"I hear myself called," Mrs. Price exclaimed. "I am sorry to leave you, miss. You know best. But please not to sit by an open window; nothing is more dangerous."

"Except a great bunch of steel keys," I replied; and gazing at her nice retreating figure, saw it quickened, as a flash of lightning passed, with the effort of both hands to be quit of something.

The storm was dreadful; and I kept the window shut, but could not help watching, with a fearful joy, the many-fingered hazy pale vibrations, the reflections of the levin in the hollow of the land. And sadly I began to think of Uncle Sam and all his goodness; and how in a storm, a thousandfold of this, he went down his valley in the torrent of the waves, and must have been drowned, and perhaps never found again, if he had not been wearing his leathern apron.

This made me humble, as all great thoughts do, and the sidelong drizzle in among the heavy rain (from the big drops jostling each other in the air, and dashing out splashes of difference) gave me an idea of the sort of thing I was—and how very little more. And feeling rather lonely in the turn that things had taken, I rang the bell for somebody; and up came Stixon.

"Lor', miss! Lor', what a burning shame of Prick!—'Prick' we call her, in our genial moments, hearing as the 'k' is hard in Celtic language; and all abroad about her husband. My very first saying to you was, not to be too much okkipied with her. Look at the pinafore on her! Lord be with me! If his lordship, as caught me, that day of this very same month fifty years, in the gooseberry bush—"

"To be sure!" I said, knowing that story by heart, together with all its embellishments; "but things are altered since that day. Nothing can be more to your credit, I am sure, than to be able to tell such a tale in the very place where it happened."

"But, Miss—Miss Erma, I ain't begun to tell it."

"Because you remember that I am acquainted with it. A thing so remarkable is not to be forgotten. Now let me ask you a question of importance; and I beg you, as an old servant of this family, to answer it carefully and truly. Do you remember any one, either here or elsewhere, so like my father, Captain Castlewood, as to be taken for him at first sight, until a difference of expression and of walk was noticed?"

Mr. Stixon looked at me with some surprise, and then began to think profoundly, and in doing so he supported his chin with one hand.

"Let me see—like the Captain?" He reflected slowly: "Did I ever see a gentleman like poor Master George, as was? A gentleman, of course, it must have been—and a very tall, handsome, straight gentleman, to be taken anyhow for young Master George. And he must have been very like him, too, to be taken for him by resemblance. Well then, miss, to the best of my judgment, I never did see such a gentleman."

"I don't know whether it was a gentleman or not," I answered, with some impatience at his tantalizing slowness; "but he carried his chin stretched forth—like this."

For Stixon's own attitude had reminded me of a little point in Jacob Rigg's description, which otherwise might have escaped me.

"Lor', now, and he carried his chin like that!" resumed the butler, with an increase of intelligence by no means superfluous. "Why, let me see, now, let me see. Something do come across my mind when you puts out your purty chin, miss; but there, it must have been a score of years ago, or more—perhaps five-and-twenty. What a daft old codger I be getting, surely! No wonder them new lights puts a bushel over me."

"No," I replied; "you are simply showing great power of memory, Stixon. And now please to tell me, as soon as you can, who it was—a tall man, remember, and a handsome one, with dark hair, perhaps, or

at any rate dark eyes—who resembled (perhaps not very closely, but still enough to mislead at a distance) my dear father—Master George, as you call him, for whose sake you are bound to tell me every thing you know. Now try to think—do please try your very best, for my sake."

"That I will, miss; that I will, with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength, as I used to have to say with my hands behind my back, afore education were invented. Only please you to stand with your chin put out, miss, and your profield towards me. That is what brings it up, and nothing else at all, miss. Only, not to say a word of any sort to hurry me. A tracherous and a deep thing is the memory and the remembrance."

Mr. Stixon's memory was so deep that there seemed to be no bottom to it, or, at any rate, what lay there took a very long time to get at. And I waited, with more impatience than hope, the utterance of his researches.

"I got it now; I got it all, miss, clear as any pictur'!" the old man cried out, at the very moment when I was about to say, "Please to leave off; I am sure it is too much for you." "Not a pictur' in all of our gallery, miss, two-and-fifty of 'em, so clear as I see that there man, dark as it was, and a heavy wind a-blowing. What you call them things, miss, if you please, as comes with the sun, like a face upon the water? Wicked things done again the will of the Lord, and He makes them fade out afterwards."

"Perhaps you mean photographs. Is that the word?"

"The very word, and no mistake. A sinful trespass on the works of God, to tickle the vanity of gals. But he never spread himself abroad like them. They shows all their ear-rings, and their necks, and smiles. But he never would have shown his nose, if he could help it, that stormy night when I come to do my duty. He come into this house without so much as a 'by your leave' to nobody, and vexed me terrible accordingly. It was in the old lord's time, you know, miss, a one of the true sort, as would have things respectful, and knock down any man as soon as look. And it put me quite upon the touch-and-go, being responsible for all the footman's works, and a young boy promoted in the face of my opinion, having my own son worth a dozen of him. This made me look at the nature of things, miss, and find it on my conscience to be after every body."

"Yes, Stixon, yes! Now do go on. You must always have been, not only after, but a very long way after, every body."

"Miss Erma, if you throw me out, every word goes promiscuous. In a heffort of the mind like this it is every word, or no word. Now, did I see him come along the big pas-

sage?—a 'currydoor' they call it now, though no more curry in it than there is door. No, I never seed him come along the passage, and that made it more reproachful. He come out of a green-baize door—the very place I can point out to you, and the self-same door, miss, though false to the accuracy of the mind that knows it, by reason of having been covered up red, and all the brass buttons lost to it in them new-fangled upholsteries. Not that I see him come through, if you please, but the sway of the door, being double-jointed, was enough to show legs had been there. And knowing that my lord's private room was there, made me put out my legs quite wonderful."

"Oh, do please to put out your words half as quickly."

"No, miss, no. I were lissome in those days, though not so very stiff at this time of speaking, and bound to be guarded in the guidance of the tongue. And now, miss, I think if you please to hear the rest to-morrow, I could tell it better."

A more outrageous idea than this was never presented to me. Even if I could have tried to wait, this dreadful old man might have made up his mind not to open his lips in the morning, or, if he would speak, there might be nothing left to say. His memory was nursed up now, and my only chance was to keep it so. Therefore I begged him to please to go on, and no more would I interrupt him. And I longed to be ten years older, so as not to speak when needless.

"So then, Miss Erma, if I must go on," resumed the well-coaxed Stixon, "if my duty to the family driveth me to an 'arrowing subjeck, no words can more justly tell what come to pass than my language to my wife. She were alive then, the poor dear hangel, and the mother of seven children, which made me, by your leave comparing humble roofs with grandeur, a little stiff to him up stairs, as come in on the top of seven. For I said to my wife when I went home—sleeping out of the house, you see, miss, till the Lord was pleased to dissolve matrimony—'Polly,' I said, when I took home my supper, 'you may take my word for it there is something queer.' Not another word did I mean to tell her, as behooved my dooty. Howsoever, no peace was my lot till I made a clean bosom of it, only putting her first on the Testament, and even that not safe with most of them. And from that night not a soul has heard a word till it comes to you, miss. He come striding along, with his face muffled up, for all the world like a bugglar, and no more heed did he pay to me than if I was one of the pedestals. But I were in front of him at the door, and to slip out so was against all orders. So in front of him I stands, with my hand upon the handles, and meaning to have a word with him, to know who he was, and such like, and how he

comes there, and what he had been seeking, with the spoons and the forks and the gravies on my mind. And right I would have been in a court of law (if the lawyers was put out of it) for my hefforts in that situation. And then, what do you think he done, miss? So far from entering into any conversation with me, or hitting at me, like a man—which would have done good to think of—he send out one hand to the bottom of my vest—as they call it now in all the best livery tailors—and afore I could reason on it, there I was a-lying on a star in six colors of marble. When I come to think on it, it was but a push directed to a part of my system, and not a hit under the belt, the like of which no Briton would think of delivering. Nevertheless, there was no differ in what came to me, miss, and my spirit was roused, as if I had been hit foul by one of the prizemen. No time to get up, but I let out one foot at his long legs as a' was slipping through the door, and so nearly did I fetch him over that he let go his muffle to balance himself with the jamb, and same moment a strong rush of wind laid bare the whole of his wicked face to me. For a bad wicked face it was, as ever I did see; whether by reason of the kick I gave, and a splinter in the shin, or by habit of the mind, a proud and 'aughty and owdacious face, and, as I said to my poor wife, reminded me a little of our Master George; not in his ordinary aspect, to be sure, but as Master George might look if he was going to the devil. Pray excoose me, miss, for bad words, but no good ones will do justice. And so off he goes, after one look at me on the ground, not worth considering, with his chin stuck up, as if the air was not good enough to be breathed perpendiklar like."

"And of course you followed him," I exclaimed, perceiving that Stixon would allow me now to speak. "Without any delay you went after him."

"Miss Erma, you forget what my dooty was. My dooty was to stay by the door and make it fast, as custodian of all this mansion. No little coorosity, or private resentment, could 'a bórne me out in doing so. As an outraged man I was up for rushing out, but as a trusted official, and responsible head footman, miss—for I were not butler till nine months after that—my dooty was to put the big bolt in."

"And you did it, without even looking out to see if he tried to set the house on fire! Oh, Stixon, I fear that you were frightened."

"Now, Miss Erma, I calls it ungrateful, after all my hefforts to obleege you, to put a bad construction upon me. You hurts me, miss, in my tenderest parts, as I never thought Master George's darter would 'a doed. But there, they be none of them as they used to be! Master George would 'a said, if he ever had heard it, 'Stixon, my man, you have

acted for the best, and showed a sound discretion. Stixon,' he would have said, 'here's a George and Dragon in reward of your gallant conduct.' Ah, that sort of manliness is died out now."

This grated at first upon my feelings, because it seemed tainted with selfishness, and it did not entirely agree with my own recollections of my father. But still Mr. Stixon must have suffered severely in that conflict, and to blame him for not showing rashness was to misunderstand his position. And so, before putting any other questions to him, I felt in my pocket for a new half sovereign, which I hoped would answer.

Mr. Stixon received it in an absent manner, as if he were still in the struggle of his story, and too full of duty to be thankful. Yet I saw that he did not quite realize the truth of a nobly philosophic proverb—"the half is more than the whole." Nevertheless, he stowed away his half, in harmony with a good old English saying.

"Now, when you were able to get up at last," I inquired, with tender interest, "what did you see, and what did you do, and what conclusion did you come to?"

"I came to the conclusion, miss, that I were hurt considerable. Coorosity on my part were quenched by the way as I had to rub myself. But a man is a man, and the last thing to complain of is the exercise of his functions. And when I come round I went off to his lordship, as if I had heard his bell ring. All of us knew better than to speak till him beginning, for he were not what they now call 'halfable,' but very much to the contrary. So he says, 'You door-skulker, what do you want there?' And I see that he got his hot leg up, certain to fly to bad language. According, I asked, with my breath in my hand, if he pleased to see any young man there just now, by reason that such likes had been observated going out in some direction. But his lordship roared to me to go in another direction, not fit for young ladies. My old lord was up to every word of English; but his present lordship is the hoppersite extreme."

"Is that all you have to tell me, Stixon? Did you never see that fearful man again? Did you never even hear of him?"

"Never, miss, never! And to nobody but you have I ever told all as I told now. But you seems to be born to hear it all."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A WITCH.

It was true enough that Stixon now had nothing more to tell, but what he had told already seemed of very great importance, confirming strongly, as it did, the description given me by Jacob Rigg. And even the but-

ler's concluding words—that I seemed born to hear it all—comforted me like some good omen, and cheered me forward to make them true. Not that I could, in my sad and dangerous enterprise, always be confident. Some little spirit I must have had, and some resolve to be faithful, according to the power of a very common mind, admiring but never claiming courage. For I never did feel in any kind of way any gift of inspiration, or even the fitness of a quick, strong mind for working out deeds of justice. There were many good ladies in America then, and now there are some in England, perceiving so clearly their own superiority as to run about largely proclaiming it. How often I longed to be a little more like these, equal to men in achievements of the body, and very far beyond them in questions of the mind!

However, it was useless to regret my lacks, and foolish, perhaps, to think of them. To do my very best with what little gifts I had was more to the purpose and more sensible. Taking in lonely perplexity now this dim yet exciting view of things, I resolved, right or wrong, to abide at the place where the only chance was of pursuing my search. I was pledged, as perhaps has been said before, to keep from every one excepting faithful Betsy, and above all from Lord Castlewood, the unexpected little tale wrung out of Mr. Stixon. That promise had been given without any thought, in my eagerness to hear every thing, and probably some people would have thought of it no more. But the trusty butler was so scared when I asked him to release me from it, so penitent also at his own indiscretion, which never would have overcome him (as he said in the morning) only for the thunder-storm, that instead of getting off, I was quite obliged to renew and confirm my assurances.

Therefore, in truth, I had no chance left but to go back to Shoxford and do my best, meeting all dark perils with the shield of right spread over me. And a great thing now in my favor was to feel some confidence again in the guidance of kind Wisdom. The sense of this never had abandoned me so much as to make me miserable about it; but still I had never tried to shelter under it, and stay there faithfully, as the best of people do. And even now I was not brought to such a happy attitude, although delivered by these little gleams of light from the dark void of fatalism, into which so many bitter blows had once been driving me.

However, before setting off again, I made one more attempt upon Lord Castlewood, longing to know whether his suspicions would help me at all to identify the figure which had frightened both the sexton and the butler. That the person was one and the same, I did not for a moment call in question, any more than I doubted that he was the man upon whose head rested the

blood of us. But why he should be allowed to go scot-free while another bore his brand, and many others died for him, and why all my most just and righteous efforts to discover him should receive, if not discouragement, at any rate most lukewarm aid—these and several other questions were as dark as ever.

"You must not return to Shoxford, my cousin," Lord Castlewood said to me that day, after a plain though courteous refusal to enlighten me even with a mere surmise, except upon the condition before rejected. "I can not allow you to be there without strict supervision and protection. You will not, perhaps, be aware of it, as perhaps you have not been before; but a careful watch will be kept on you. I merely tell you this that you may not make mistakes, and confound friendly vigilance with the spying of an enemy. Erema, you will be looked after."

I could not help being grateful for his kindness, and really, try as I might to be fearless, it would be a great comfort to have some one to protect me. On the other hand, how would this bear upon my own freedom of looking about, my desire to make my own occasions, and the need of going every where? Could these be kept to my liking at all while an unknown power lay in kind regard of me? Considering these things, I begged my cousin to leave me to my own devices, for that I was afraid of nobody on earth while only seeking justice, and that England must be worse than the worst parts of America if any harm to me could be apprehended at quiet times and in such a quiet place.

My cousin said no more upon that point, though I felt that he was not in any way convinced; but he told me that he thought I should pay a little visit, if only for a day, such as I treated him with, to my good friends at Bruntsea, before I returned to Shoxford. There was no one now at Bruntsea whom I might not wish to meet, as he knew by a trifling accident; and after all the kind services rendered by Major and Mrs. Hockin, it was hardly right to let them begin to feel themselves neglected. Now the very same thing had occurred to me, and I was going to propose it; and many things which I found it hard to do without were left in my little chest of locked-up drawers there. But of that, to my knowledge, I scarcely thought twice; whereas I longed to see and have a talk with dear "Aunt Mary." Now, since my affairs had been growing so strange, and Lord Castlewood had come forward—not strongly, but still quite enough to speak of—there had been a kind-hearted and genuine wish at Bruntsea to recover me. And this desire had unreasonably grown while starved with disappointment. The less they heard of me, the

more they imagined in their rich good-will, and the surer they became that, after all, there was something in my ideas.

But how could I know this, without any letters from them, since letters were a luxury forbidden me at Shoxford? I knew it through one of the simplest and commonest of all nature's arrangements. Stixon's boy, as every body called him (though he must have been close upon five-and-twenty, and carried a cane out of sight of the windows), being so considered, and treated boyishly by the maids of Castlewood, asserted his dignity, and rose above his value as much as he had lain below it, by showing that he owned a tender heart, and them that did not despise it. For he chanced to be walking with his cane upon the beach (the very morning after he first went to Bruntsea, too late for any train back again), and casting glances of interior wonder over the unaccustomed sea—when from the sea itself out-leaped a wondrous rosy deity.

"You there, Mr. Stixon! Oh my! How long?" exclaimed Mrs. Hockin's new parlor-maid, ready to drop, though in full print now, on the landward steps of the bathing-machine set up by the reckless Major.

"Come this very hinstant, miss, honor bright!" replied the junior Stixon, who had moved in good society; "and just in the hackmy of time, miss, if I may offer you my 'umble hand."

The fair nymph fixed him with a penetrating gaze through tresses full of salt curliness, while her cheeks were conscious of an unclad dip. But William Stixon's eyes were firm with pure truth, gently toning into shy reproach and tenderness. He had met her at supper last night, and done his best; but (as he said to the Castlewood maids) it was only feeling then, whereas now it was emotion.

"Then you are a gentleman!" Polly Hopkins cried; "and indeed, Mr. Stixon, these are slippery things." She was speaking of the steps, as she came down them, and they had no hand-rails; and the young man felt himself to be no more Stixon's boy, but a gentleman under sweet refining pressure.

From that hour forth it was pronounced, and they left the world to its own opinion, that they were keeping company; and although they were sixty miles apart by air, and eighty-two by railway, at every post their hearts were one, with considerable benefit to the United Kingdom's revenue. Also they met by the sad sea waves, when the bathing-machines had been hauled up—for the Major now had three of them—as often as Stixon senior smiled—which he did whenever he was not put out—on the by-gone ways of these children. For Polly Hopkins had a hundred pounds, as well as being the only child of the man who kept the only shop for pickled pork in Bruntsea.

And my Mr. Stixon could always contrive to get orders from his lordship to send the boy away, with his carriage paid, when his health demanded bathing. Hence it is manifest that the deeds and thoughts of Bruntsea House, otherwise called "Bruntlands," were known quite as well, and discussed even better—because dispassionately—at Castlewood than and as they were at home.

Now I won forever the heart of Stixon's boy, and that of Polly Hopkins, by recoiling with horror from the thought of going to Bruntsea unattended. After all my solitary journeys, this might have been called hypocrisy, if it had been inconvenient; but coming as it did, it was pronounced, by all who desired either news or love, to be another proof of the goodness of my heart.

Escorted thus by William Stixon (armed with a brilliant cane bought for this occasion), and knowing that Sir Montague Hockin was not there, I arrived at Bruntlands in the afternoon, and received a kindly welcome from my dear friend Mrs. Hockin. Her husband was from home, and she grieved to say that now he was generally doing this; but nobody else could have any idea what his avocations were! Then she paid me some compliments on my appearance—a thing that I never thought of, except when I came to a question of likeness, or chanced to be thinking of things, coming up as they will, at a looking-glass.

That the Major was out was a truth established in my mind some time ago; because I had seen him, as our fly crawled by, expressly and emphatically at work on a rampart of his own designing. The work was quite new to me, but not so his figure. Though I could not see people three miles off, as Firm Gundry was said to do, I had pretty clear sight, and could not mistake the Major within a furlong. And there he was, going about in a row of square notches against the sea-line, with his coat off, and brandishing some tool, vehemently carrying on to spirits less active than his own. I burned with desire to go and join him, for I love to see activity; but Mrs. Hockin thought that I had better stay away, because it was impossible to get on there without language too strong for young ladies.

This closed the question, and I stopped with her, and found the best comfort that I ever could have dreamed of. "Aunt Mary" was so steadfast, and so built up with, or rather built of, the very faith itself, that to talk with her was as good as reading the noblest chapter of the Bible. She put by all possibility of doubt as to the modern interference of the Lord, with such a sweet pity and the seasoned smile of age, and so much feeling (which would have been contempt if she had not been softened by her own escapes), that really I, who had come expecting to set her beautiful white hair

on end, became like a little child put into the corner, but too young yet for any other punishment at school, except to be looked at. Nevertheless, though I did look small, it made me all the happier. I seemed to become less an individual, and more a member of a large kind race under paternal management. From a practical point of view this may have been amiss, but it helped to support me afterward. And before I began to get weary or rebel against her gentle teaching, in came her husband; and she stopped at once, because he had never any time for it.

"My geological hammer!" cried the Major, being in a rush as usual. "Oh, Miss Castlewood! I did not see you. Pardon me! It is the want of practice only; so wholly have you deserted us. Fallen into better hands, of course. Well, how are you? But I need not ask. If ever there was a young lady who looked well—don't tell me of troubles, or worries, or nerves—I put up my glasses, and simply say, 'Pretty young ladies are above all pity!' My hammer, dear Mary; my hammer I must have. The geological one, you know; we have come on a bit of old Roman work; the bricklayer's hammers go flat, like lead. I have just one minute and a half to spare. What fine fellows those Romans were! I will build like a Roman. See to every bit of it myself, Erema. No contractor's jobs for me. Mary, you know where to find it."

"Well, dear, I think that you had it last, to get the bung out of the beer barrel, when the stool broke down in the corner, you know, because you would—"

"Never mind about that. The drayman made a fool of himself. I proceeded upon true principles. That fellow knew nothing of leverage."

"Well, dear, of course you understand it best. But he told cook that it was quite a mercy that you got off without a broken leg; and compared with that, two gallons of spilled ale—" Mrs. Hockin made off, without finishing her sentence.

"What a woman she is!" cried the Major; "she takes such a lofty view of things, and she can always find my tools. Erema, after dinner I must have a talk with you. There is something going on here—on my manor—which I can not at all get a clew to, except by connecting you with it, the Lord knows how. Of course you have nothing to do with it; but still my life has been so free from mystery that, that—you know what I mean—"

"That you naturally think I must be at the bottom of every thing mysterious. Now is there any thing dark about me? Do I not labor to get at the light? Have I kept from your knowledge any single thing? But you never cared to go into them."

"It is hardly fair of you to say that. The

fact is that you, of your own accord, have chosen other counselors. Have you heard any more of your late guardian, Mr. Shovelin? I suppose that his executor, or some one appointed by him, is now your legal guardian."

"I have not even asked what the law is," I replied. "Lord Castlewood is my proper guardian, according to all common-sense, and I mean to have him so. He has inquired through his solicitors as to Mr. Shovelin, and I am quite free there. My father's will is quite good, they say; but it never has been proved, and none of them care to do it. My cousin thinks that I could compel them to prove it, or to renounce in proper form; but Mr. Shovelin's sons are not nice people—as different from him as night from day, careless and wild and dashing."

"Then do you mean to do nothing about it? What a time she is finding that hammer!"

"I leave it entirely to my cousin, and he is waiting for legal advice. I wish to have the will, of course, for the sake of my dear father; but with or without any will, my mother's little property comes to me. And if my dear father had nothing to leave, why should we run up a great lawyer's bill?"

"To be sure not! I see. That makes all the difference. I admire your common-sense," said the Major—"but there! Come and look, and just exercise it here. There is that very strange woman again, just at the end of my new road. She stands quite still, and then stares about, sometimes for an hour together. Nobody knows who she is, or why she came. She has taken a tumble-down house on my manor, from a wretch of a fellow who denies my title; and what she lives on is more than any one can tell, for she never spends sixpence in Bruntsea. Some think that she walks in the dark to Newport, and gets all her food at some ship stores there. And one of our fishermen vows that he met her walking on the sea, as he rowed home one night, and she had a long red bag on her shoulder. She is a witch, that is certain; for she won't answer me, however politely I accost her. But the oddest thing of all is the name she gave to the fellow she took the house from. What do you think she called herself? Of all things in the world—'Mrs. Castlewood!' I congratulate you on your relative."

"How very strange!" I answered. "Oh, now I see why you connect me with it; and I beg your pardon for having been vexed. But let me go and see her. Oh, may I go at once, if you please, and speak to her?"

"The very thing I wish—if you are not afraid. I will come with you, when I get my hammer. Oh, here it is! Mary, how clever you are! Now look out of the window, and you shall see Erema make up to her grandmamma."

AUF WIEDERSEHN.

"JANET, you ought to have a story written about you. You look so like one."

Janet was walking up the broad oaken stairs in front of me as I made this remark. She turned, laughing in her low sweet way, and leaned against the wall, a slight figure clad all in soft dark blue, from whose dusky lights looked out, more flower-like than ever, the pure face, with its dead-leaf hair and hazel eyes.

"Ought I? Then you tell it for me, Sylvie."

"Ah, my infant, all in good time," I answered. "I must find my, or rather *your*, Prince Charming first; for what's a story, real or fictitious, without a hero?"

"You might manufacture one out of your brain, since I am so devoid of lovers. Couldn't you 'evolve one from your inner consciousness,' as Hillyer says?"

"My dear, impossible. It's a strange and sad fact that since I've promised to take Hillyer and try him for better or worse, the divine afflatus has left me. Does the little god chase out the muse, I wonder?"

"You are very unkind, Sylvie. When I look like a story for one brief half hour of my life, you refuse to utilize me or immortalize yourself by grasping the auspicious time. I shall be a picture no longer."

And so we two happy, careless girls ran up the stairs, bright with the last rays of a May sun that streamed in through the painted window on the landing. We were keeping house by ourselves for a week or two while mamma was visiting in Boston, I, as a recently acknowledged engaged girl, being considered a sufficient chaperon for my pretty friend, Janet Berne.

The little drawing-room lay half in gloom as we entered it: through the open windows the spring air wafted in a sense of magnolia bloom; to the west, above the house opposite, the sun was sinking in the midst of pale pink and primrose clouds; an organ in the street beneath was grinding out brokenly the fact of there being "Silver Threads among the Gold;" a light laugh or half-caught scrap of song came in now and then, thrown out on the gentle air from the overbubbling of some joyous heart.

The half-light, the keen scent of the little pine fire that it was Janet's fancy to keep lighted on the hearth through all seasons, because it was so companionable, the odor of the coffee ready served for us in dainty *faience* cups, the slow wafting to and fro of the light draperies at the windows, stand out to me now as vividly from the fair days that are dead as they did then when that was present and this future.

Janet seated herself on the low window-seat, the primrose sky making a fine setting for her little head. I, in the easiest of

lounging chairs, sipped my coffee and wondered when my lover would appear.

"Some one ought to come in now, Janet—some one that you have not seen for years—and be captivated, fascinated, by your pretty face in the gloaming," said I, still harping on the old subject; for one of my characteristics is the tenacity with which I cling to an idea or argument, and ring out the changes thereon unceasingly.

Janet laughed. "And who should come, since I have known no one that has gone away, except one, and he can never come back this side the grave."

"Janet, you have had a story, and never told it me!" I said, severely. "Is this fair or just, I ask, since from the very smallest beginning of Hillyer's and my romance you have known all?"

"It's such a morsel of a story," she said, apologetically; "and it scarcely had any real beginning, and can never have any ending."

"Then it must be all middle; and as beginnings and endings are the meanest of all things, it must be all nice. Let me hear it, Janet, at once."

So, sitting with her back to the pale light, her pretty figure half shaded by the muslin curtains, my little Janet told her summer story.

"You remember, dear, last spring, during the Franco-German war, I went abroad with George and Dora. Well, it all happened then. We were quite a large party, for besides our number of three, there were Maggie and Edith Griffith, and their two brothers, Jack and Frank.

"We were to spend the summer abroad, wandering wherever we liked, dawdling a day here and a day there, altering our plans as soon as we made them, each having our own pet route, and each arguing with the other concerning it, and all of us combining to drive George, our supposed captain, distracted with our squabbling; but it was all good-natured squabbling, and we got a good bit of fun out of it.

"I am sure you know, too, that at that time Jack chose to consider himself engaged to me, and I, *faute de mieux*, and because he was such a dear, jolly boy, with the kindest heart in the world, let him keep on thinking so.

"We went through England, posting as much as we could, stopping at all the cathedral towns or villages that had pretty names and prettier bits of scenery. In this way we reached London one fine warm June evening. We had taken the coach from Virginia Water to please me, who had never before beheld one, and to whom it seemed untold bliss to occupy the box seat. I shall never forget that delicious drive. June evenings are lovely any where, but above all so in England, where every road-side is

crowded with sweet wild flowers, and every stone wall has back of it a carpet of freshest green shadowed by darker foliage, through which one catches glimpses of Elizabethan or Gothic homesteads.

"Through the soft warm air we drove, and gradually London loomed upon us, picturesque in its glory of old, old time, and bright in the golden sunlight.

"The guard blew his horn, our noble coachman assumed, if possible, a still more careless and indifferent air, and we rattled down Piccadilly up to the White Horse Cellar; then we all scrambled down, and Jack tipped the guard and our noble coachman, whose face, by-the-way, remained perfectly stolid, but whose eyes could not help darting a little impudent look into my laughing ones. You see, I remember every detail of that evening. Indeed, they have come back to me often enough since then.

"We had to make all haste to our hotel, as Dora, George, Jack, and I were to dine with a certain Mrs. Lancaster, a lady who prided herself on her artistic taste and her artistic reunions, and who lived in a most charming house in Portman Square, which to be once seen was to be forever remembered.

"We were to dine at half past seven. A soft musical chime was just striking the half as we entered the low long withdrawing-room; it was unlighted, save for the dancing flames of a wood fire and the fast-dying twilight that came still more subdued through the colored windows.

"Our hostess met us most cordially, presented us to the two or three nearest us, and then, as we were the last to arrive, and our entrance was almost simultaneous with the announcement of dinner, we prepared to walk in. I was just wondering which of the seven black-coated, white-tied, yellow-haired fraternity would fall to my lot, and wishing with all my soul that I might go in with Jack, when Mrs. Lancaster touched my shoulder with her fan, and said,

"Allow me, my dear, to present your cavalier—Lord Southwell, Miss Berne."

"I bowed my acknowledgments, and then looked at him. Behold, Sylvie, my dear, it was our noble coachman of the Virginia Water coach!"

"So this is your beginning," said I—"a lord, *par exemple*!"

"It's not my beginning at all," says Janet, "but only the *avant-scène*."

"What, another victim still? Oh, Janet, Janet!"

"You shall hear nothing more at all if you don't stop. Lord Southwell was not a victim."

"Go on, then, dear, I was only joking; do let us get on to the middle before Hillyer comes. What did your lord do or say upon meeting you again?"

"He said nothing; I don't think he re-

membered me; but I thought of Jack's tip, and wondered if with it he had purchased the bit of stephanotis that reposed on the left breast of his coat. By this time we were at table, and I began to feel quite at ease. My left-hand neighbor was a young man of pre-Raphaelite tendencies, a nephew of Mrs. Lancaster, who divided his time pretty equally between his plate and a fair, red-haired girl in a violet gown, whose picture he once painted, Lord Southwell told me, as 'The Blessed Damozel,' and in so doing had fallen in love with her, and was now sighing to make her his wife, in order, as he told Jack, to always have the charm of perfect coloring before his eyes.

"Did he imagine, I wondered, that she would walk through life always arrayed in a purple gown?"

"After the soup and the fish, my lord made the remark,

"'I think you are a stranger here, Miss Berne?'

"'Yes—an American.'

"'Indeed!' with a look of astonishment. 'But you have often been in London, I should fancy.'

"'I came in to-day, for the first time, on the box seat of the Virginia Water coach,' I answered, demurely.

"'Impossible, Miss Berne. Why, then, by Jove, I must have driven you.'

"'I think you did,' said I. 'And don't you remember Jack there giving you a tip, and my laughing out loud when he did? It was at the thought of what our men would say to such a thing in America.'

Now I who am telling this bit out of a life must bid you here remember that it all occurred before the advent of Mr. Kane with his Pelham coach.

"'Of course I remember now,' he said. 'Your eyes ought to have told me before. But then, you know, who ever thought of meeting you here?'

"After that we got on splendidly, and by the end of dinner I felt quite at home with Lord Southwell, and had in my mind several pleasure trips he had proposed for my benefit. We all left the table together, and floated in *en masse* to the brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms. These began to fill rapidly with Mrs. Lancaster's expected guests, and I soon found myself alone at one end of the room, separated from the music parlor only by half-drawn *portières*. Some one within there was touching the piano softly, a few low chords, and then over the quickly hushed crowd, in a man's rich barytone, rang the words of Liebe's 'Auf Wiedersehn.' Sylvie, I will never, never forget that song. It sounded in my ears all night long. 'Auf Wiedersehn, Auf Wiedersehn,' I kept repeating over and over.

"The last words were sung, and the hum of conversation recommenced, and closed

over the music, drowning it in many hearts, but not in mine. It never could be wiped out of my memory—no, never.

"A voice, Lord Southwell's, half hesitating, half apologetical, brought me back to the fact that I was in London, at an everyday reunion, and that it behooved me to act like the ordinary nineteenth-century young woman, not like a music-struck maiden.

"'Miss Berne,' the voice was saying, 'may I present my friend Bertram Fitzgerald?'

"I raised my eyes, and beheld the very handsomest man I have ever seen in my life.

"Sylvie, to my shame be it said, I fell in love with him on the spot. He was tall and straight-limbed, with the head and throat of an Apollo; crisp rings of sunny brown hair covered his head, and his eyes were the palest brown, growing yellow toward the pupil; a firm straight mouth, with only the shadowing of a pale brown mustache, and coloring warm and soft as an Italian's.

"This, I knew at once, was the man who had already half sung my heart away, and now the other half was won by his beauty.

"I looked at him very quietly. 'You have been singing "Auf Wiedersehn," let me thank you.' I put out my hand; he took it as gravely as I gave it.

"After that evening he was with us all the time. We were very gay. We went every where—to garden parties, to flower shows, to dinners, to the opera, to the theatre, to Richmond, to Bushy Park, Windsor—every where where pleasure could be found, and at all places he was at my side. Of course I learned all about him. He was a roundabout cousin to Lord Southwell, an orphan, half French, half Irish, very poor, and very proud. He had been educated abroad as a surgeon, taken some degrees, and was already well spoken of in the surgical and medical world in London.

"Six weeks passed in this way; and you know in six weeks one can learn a great deal. I learned that the world held but one man for me, and that one was Bertram Fitzgerald.

"One morning Lord Southwell came in, and proposed a long day at his little box in the country, on the banks of the Thames.

"We were to drive down on his drag, lunch, row to Richmond, dine there, and then drive up to town by moonlight. Of course we all wanted to go—all but Jack, who made some excuse; so we left without him.

"It was a very perfect day. We drove through sweetest country roads, with bits of river shimmering between the trees, to Shepperton, and there we found the dearest cottage home, half smothered in roses without and steeped in luxury within. After luncheon we strayed about as each best liked. Naturally enough, it was Fitzgerald

and I that found ourselves at the bottom of the old fruit garden, rich in all manner of cherry, apple, and peach trees.

"Let us sit down here," I said, "just under this tree. We have such a pretty picture either way—behind us, Lord Southwell's ideal cot; before us, the slowly rippling water of your quiet river."

"So we did; and so well had we come to know each other that it was nothing strange our sitting without words of any kind passing between us.

"The little boats sped by us on the river, now pulled by some fresh young girl, now by some Cambridge or Oxford student getting up in his stroke against next Easter-time.

"Sing me something," I said at last. "Sing me 'Auf Wiedersehn.'"

"Without a word he obeyed me. It was the same song, the same voice, that first won me. When he finished, I said, half dreamily,

"Auf Wiedersehn! Will that be for either of us ever, do you think?"

"A month, even a week, ago," he answered, "I should have said nothing more likely; but now—no—I don't think we will find out the truth of the song ever in this world."

"I looked up at his handsome face, and tried to think what life would be like without him; my old life—the life at home—seemed so far distant, and this was so near, so good. I think, Sylvie, there must have been some piteous question or appeal in my eyes, for, as he looked down upon me, his whole face changed, and suddenly taking me in his arms, he kissed me over and over.

"These," he said, in a half-whisper—"these are for love and for good-by! Janet, Janet, why are you not free for me to have as my very own? Forgive me; I have shocked you. I know you must despise me. I know all your kindness, all your gentleness, to me, these long, delicious days, have meant nothing but friendship. I knew of your engagement to Jack almost before I knew you. There can be no excuse for me in your eyes. I know I must seem dishonorable, cowardly; but oh, Janet, forgive me! I shall never see you any more, and I love you, my little Janet!"

"What did you say?" I asked, prosaically, as Janet halted in her story.

"What could I say, Sylvie? I was bound to Jack, and, much as I might want to, decency forbade my calling Bertram back and telling him I would gladly throw Jack over for his sake."

"So he went away?"

"Yes, he went away, and the rest of the day is a maze to my memory. Of course we dined at Richmond, and of course we drove home as we had planned, and it was a very gay and merry party; but I can remember nothing distinctly, save the persistent way

in which one line of his song would go over and over in my brain,

'Auf meinen bleichen Mund
Den letzten Kuss.'

"The next day was the last of our stay in London; people were in and out all day to say good-by. For afternoon tea came Lord Southwell. After a little talk, I heard him say to Dora,

"A strange fancy, this of Fitzgerald, to go off and give the Germans a chance to pop at him. What, didn't you know? Oh yes, he left in the tidal train this morning to take part charge of a French ambulance. After all, he's half French, you know, through his mother; so it's only natural; but I do hope none of those beastly Germans will make a target of him. He's a nice old boy, is Fitzzy; we'll all miss him horridly."

"I didn't scream and I didn't faint, Sylvie, and I did laugh and talk and say good-by to them all brightly; but something went out of my life then that has never come back to it since.

"We came home, you know, almost immediately, without visiting the Continent. On the steamer I told Jack all about it, and asked him to free me from my engagement. Like the perfect gentleman he is, he did so, kindly and without blaming me, though I know it went hard with him for a time. Now he is all over it, and has the sweetest wife in all the world, as we know.

"Shortly after our arrival home I saw in an English *Times* a brief notice of the sad, early death of Bertram Fitzgerald, shot down by a cowardly German when he was helping a wounded Frenchman.

"That is my story, Sylvie, without beginning and without end; judge for yourself if the middle is all nice."

I did not answer her. As she sat in the quick-coming darkness, I could just see the faint outline of her face buried in her hands, while I felt rather than saw the tears that were falling.

A hand was laid on my shoulder, a warning finger on my lips. I caught sight of Hillyer and Jack, and then felt myself being carried off bodily into the small room back of the second drawing-room. There were bright lights here, and standing by the piano, his hands resting on the keys, I beheld "the very handsomest man I have ever seen in my life."

I gave a little mute sign of delight, seized Hillyer's hand in mine, and pressing it hard, laughed and cried together.

Very softly he at the piano touched the chords; then, in such a wooing, tender voice, he sang,

"Weil es sein Leid vergisst,
Weil du mein eigen bist,
Weil du mich innig drückest
An deine Brust,
Auf Wiedersehn."

Down the now dark drawing-room, as one half dreaming, came my Janet. She stood, one moment only, within the dark draperies at the door, a wistful look on her fair, sweet face; then, "Bertram!" she cried, and fled to his open arms, lost to all sense of those about her in the fullness of her love.

And this is the story of my little Janet. Her lover was not killed, and he was true to her. From Lord Southwell he heard of her broken engagement, and so came over the sea to seek her, and thus seeking, met Hillyer and Jack, and they both being young and both romantic, made the meeting what it was.

My little Janet is very happy in her English home. Lord Southwell has stood for her first boy, who, as his godfather remains unmarried, bids fair in time to become an heir to wealth and distinction.

Janet has beneath her own and Bertram's name on her wedding ring the two words so full of meaning to her,

"AUF WIEDERSEHN."

OUR CIVIL SERVICE.

THE following facts and considerations on the subject of our civil service are addressed especially to the voters, because it is only upon the people, moving in their primary assemblies, conventions, and at the polls, that we can rely permanently to remedy an evil which has become of great magnitude, seriously deteriorating and polluting the civil service in all its branches. Years of experience in public service, both at home and abroad, may enable me to contribute something of interest concerning the working of our civil service, and I shall endeavor to show as briefly as possible what kind of civil service the framers of the Constitution and the fathers of the republic thought they had established; how they administered it in actual practice for forty years; how the vicious "spoils system" was introduced; its evil effects; and the remedy.

No matter what parties have said and have put in their platforms, experience teaches us that such periodical announcements are but hollow pretenses of virtues to which their acts as party politicians prove they have no just claim. If the people wish to see a great public evil rooted out of our political system, they must undertake the work.

It is sometimes the case that a public evil of a malignant character, and even of great magnitude, must run its course and clearly show its worst form before public attention is sufficiently arrested to induce the people to demand efficient remedies. Our civil service long since reached this stage in its downward course. The principle upon which it has been administered since the introduction of the "spoils sys-

tem," and the results produced, are all so pernicious and so destructive of competent, responsible, and honest government that the people, finally alive to the peril, are raising a loud and general cry for radical reform in this branch of their government. This call comes from all parties, and is so imperious that the national conventions of both Democrats and Republicans for the nomination of Presidential candidates were obliged to listen to it, and to embrace civil service reform in their platforms, although this reform was directly contrary to the practice of both.

In obedience to this demand, there now seems to be some prospect that, for a time at least, our public men will be obliged to acknowledge and act upon the fact that offices were created and officers appointed for the public good, for the benefit of the whole people irrespective of party, and not merely for the use and advantage of one party, or of a President and his friends, as though the offices and patronage of the government belonged to them, and had by conquest become, as it were, a part of their personal estate, to be used for their own exclusive benefit without regard to the public weal or the efficiency and faithfulness of the service. Though a President and a majority in Congress may be chosen by a party, they should be kept firmly to the great truth that they are the holders of power not merely for a party, but in solemn trust for the whole people of the country; that it is a sacred trust committed to their keeping only for a time, and that they swear to preserve this trust and transmit it to other hands unimpaired.

The mode of appointing public officers was felt by the framers of the Constitution to be a question of very great and grave importance. Though the country was then small in territory and population in comparison with what it has since become, and the officers to be appointed were few in number, it was fully realized that the power over appointments to office and the power to control the public patronage of the nation was too vast and too imperial in its nature to be intrusted to one man. This was a question to which the members of the Constitutional Convention gave much attention. Different modes of appointment were presented and exhaustively discussed, and, after the most mature deliberation, the Convention unanimously adopted the form of appointment as it now stands in the Constitution. That portion of the article bearing upon the subject under consideration is as follows:

"He [the President] shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint, ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may by law vest the appoint-

ment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments. The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of their next session."

It is here made the duty of the President to nominate, and, after the *advice and consent* of the Senate have been given and the nomination confirmed, to complete the appointment by commissioning the officer. The Constitution gives the President no absolute power over appointments, excepting over such inferior offices, if any, as Congress may deem it safe and wise to vest in him. It is made his duty to select suitable candidates for office, and to nominate them to the Senate for confirmation.

If the Presidential nominees are not thought by the Senate to be suitable persons for appointment to the positions for which they were nominated, then it is its duty to withhold its "advice and consent" to such unfit and improper nominations. This joint action of the President and Senate in making appointments divides the responsibility between them, and makes the Senate responsible as well as the Executive for bad or for merely political appointments.

Such being the appointing power under the Constitution, where rests the power of removal from office?

The Constitution is silent upon a subject which to a greater extent than any other single question involves the honesty, purity, and respectability of our government, and possibly its durability in the form intended by the wisdom which put it in operation. This interference with the rights of judgment and conscience, by the tremendous power of removal on political grounds alone and the control of the greatest patronage wielded by the head of any civilized state, does not legitimately grow out of and can not be derived from the simple power to nominate persons for office.

Without any action of Congress vesting the power of removal elsewhere than in the appointing power, the authority to remove an officer must remain with that power, viz., the President and Senate conjointly, and not the President alone. It is certainly more than doubtful whether Congress has the constitutional right to give a President the unrestricted power of removal. We shall see that the first Congress which met under the Constitution did not claim such a power, but repudiated it. The President is authorized to fill any vacancy that "*may happen during the recess of the Senate*;" but such appointees can hold office no longer than the end of the next session of the Senate, unless confirmed by that body. The President has no right to *create* vacancies by removals for the sake of filling them with his friends. He can for a short time fill

such vacancies as "*may happen*" by death, resignation, or otherwise, but vacancies do not *happen* when made by the act of removing one officer that his place may be given to another. Nor does a nomination merely, without confirmation, create a removal.

After the Constitutional Convention completed its work in 1787, and sent the Constitution out for the approval of the people through their State Legislatures or Conventions, many of the patriots of that day, jealous of every thing like a tendency to monarchical power, thought they saw, at some future time, danger in this provision for appointments to office. They objected to its want of clearness and precision, and feared that in the future an unscrupulous and partisan Executive might, through a too confiding Congress, or through one more devoted to the supremacy of party than to the interests of the country, get control of this despotic power of removal, and use it for the purpose of strengthening and aggrandizing himself and his friends and party, without regard to the interests of the whole country. To allay these just fears and reconcile the people to the adoption of the Constitution as submitted to them, the provision in regard to appointments to office was so construed and explained by the public men of that day as to require the concurrence of the Senate to remove an officer whose nomination they had already confirmed. If there were any opposition to this construction anterior to the adoption of the Constitution and while it was before the people for approval, there is no evidence that such opposition any where showed itself. While no statesman or prominent man of that day had the courage, or perhaps the desire, to contend for the construction since acquiesced in, abundant argument was made to satisfy the people that it required the same power to remove an officer as to appoint him, and that there was, therefore, no danger that the President, in our republican government, would ever be allowed the sole power of controlling appointments and dispensing patronage.

The *Federalist* was at that day, and in part has ever since been, the great authority and accepted expounder of the several provisions of the Constitution. It was written by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, and was published in numbers in all the newspapers of the time, for the purpose of clearly and fully explaining the Constitution to the people of the States, by whom it was to be accepted before becoming the fundamental law of the land.

The following extract is from No. 77 of this work, and was written by Alexander Hamilton, one of the most able and conservative of all the Revolutionary statesmen, in explanation of the clause relating to appointments:

"The consent of that body [the Senate] would be necessary to displace as well as to appoint. A change of the Chief Magistrate, therefore, could not occasion so violent or so general a revolution in the offices of the government as might be if he were the sole disposer of offices. Where a man in any station had given satisfactory evidence of his fitness for it, a new President would be restrained from attempting a change in favor of a person more agreeable to him, by the apprehension that a discountenance of the Senate might frustrate the attempt and bring some degree of discredit upon himself. Those who can best estimate the value of a steady administration will be most disposed to prize a provision which connects the official existence of public men with the approbation or disapprobation of that body [the Senate], which, from the greater permanency of its own composition, will in all probability be less subject to inconstancy than any other member of the government."

Such was the construction put upon this article of the Constitution by the men who framed it, and by the public men who were contemporaneous with its birth, its adoption, and the formation of our republican government under it. So clear an understanding of a whole people without division in a matter of such magnitude, and in which they had so great an interest, ought forever to have settled the question of Executive power over removals from office, especially for political reasons only.

The early departure from a principle so nearly unanimously assented to, and which seemed to be so well established, appears to the student of civil polity of our time one of the most singular anomalies in our political history; but it shows the strong faith cherished by the men of that early day in the continued watchfulness of the people over the affairs of government, as well as in the patriotism and justice of the men whom they might elevate to the Presidential chair.

Such was the first stage in the attempt to provide for the power of removal under the Constitution.

We have seen, so far as has been made known, in what light the men who framed the Constitution, and the people of the several States that adopted it, regarded the provision in relation to the power of appointment to and removal from office. The Constitution was under discussion in State Legislatures and Conventions and by the people from 1787 to 1789, when it was adopted by all the States—excepting Rhode Island, which soon joined—and went into operation by the election of Washington as President, the election of members of Congress, and the organization of a government.

Up to that time it does not appear that the opinion was any where entertained that the people had voted to place the tenure of the civil officers of the country at the unrestricted will and pleasure of one man. The men of that day little dreamed that in the power of appointment, or elsewhere in the Constitution, there lay concealed that vast and mischievous power which has since

been forced from it by politicians for purely partisan purposes, thus overturning and putting aside their expressed will and desire upon the subject.

Upon the assembling of Congress, and the putting into operation the several executive departments of the government, bills were introduced to organize the departments of State, Treasury, and War. Then arose the very serious question as to where, except by impeachment, should rest the rightful authority to remove public officers for justifiable cause. I say justifiable, for no one then pretended that an officer could be removed for political reasons, or for any reason but incompetency or misconduct. It took forty years to reach that stage of political decline, and to act upon the principle that offices necessary to carry on the government for the whole people were the exclusive property of the ruling party, to be parceled out among its retainers only. The bill to organize a State Department, as reported from the committee, contained a clause giving the President power to remove the Secretary without the concurrence of the Senate as a responsible part of the appointing power. As there is no word or words in the Constitution giving the President the power of removal, it had to be drawn by inference and forced by legislative construction from some one or more of the powers expressed therein. When the bill came before the House of Representatives in 1789, the question of the power of removal from office was discussed with much warmth and ability for several days.

The admission of such a power in executive hands, even under the rigid restrictions which were then claimed would always govern it, was most strenuously opposed by many of the best and most able men in the House. They stood upon the ground that the Constitution nowhere gave the President authority to remove a public officer; that it required the same power to remove as to appoint, viz., both President and Senate; that the admission by inference of any control, however limited, by the Executive was anti-republican, and would in time degenerate into a control over the freedom of opinion and the political rights of all persons in the civil service, and make them the slaves and tools of an unscrupulous political party. They clearly foreshadowed the "spoils system" and the long train of evils it has brought upon the country.

The advocates of the power could refer to no clause in the Constitution from which it might be directly derived, but relied mainly on the article which required the President to see that the laws are faithfully executed, and on the still broader and bolder declaration that the power of removing officers was but a part of and included in the executive power. They considered it expedient and

necessary that the President should, under certain limitations, have the power to remove officers for cause, to enable him to properly perform his duty as executive head of the government, and they therefore sought to derive it inferentially from some expressed power.

It is highly important to keep in mind that the advocates of executive power of removal did not claim for the President a general, but a narrowly restricted, power. They thought it could not be extended further than to the removal of incompetent or unfaithful officers, or such as were so unfit for the places they occupied as to render their continuance in office incompatible with the public good or the interest of the service. To remove a competent and faithful officer for political, personal, or any reason other than such as the good of the service might require, would be so gross and tyrannical an abuse of power as to render the President himself liable to impeachment and removal for such an unconstitutional act.

Mr. Madison, during the discussion, for the first time, so far as public records show, expressed his opinion on the subject. In reply to members who opposed placing the power, however limited, solely in the hands of the President because they could see no warrant for it in the Constitution, and because they believed it would in time overleap the restrictions set for it, become general in practice, and lead to great abuse and political corruption, he spoke as follows:

"But the power we contend for will not enable him to do this, for if an unworthy man be continued in office by an unworthy President, the House of Representatives can at any time impeach him, and the Senate can remove him whether the President choose or not. The danger consists merely in this, the President can displace from office a man whose merits require that he should be continued in it. What will be the motives which the President can feel for such an abuse of power and the restraints that operate to prevent it? In the first place, he will be *impeachable by this House before the Senate for such an act of maladministration, for I contend that the wanton removal of meritorious officers would subject him to impeachment and removal from his own high trust.*"

Such was the opinion of one of the fathers of the Constitution, and a man who took a conspicuous part in organizing the government under it. With this understanding that the power of removal to be intrusted to the President was limited, and only to be applied to such cases as became necessary to secure a proper performance of official duties, the bill passed the House of Representatives, and was sent to the Senate for concurrence. After a lengthy discussion it passed that body by the casting vote of the Vice-President. Thus, against the judgment and votes of a powerful opposition in both Senate and House, what was understood to be a partial and limited power of removal was given the President by legislative construction of the Constitution. The

advocates of the bill expressly declared that a difference in politics, personal favoritism, or any reason other than for the public good, would afford no excuse for the removal of a meritorious officer, but, on the contrary, the discharge of such an officer by the President on such grounds would be unconstitutional and an impeachable offense, and would render the President himself liable to removal from office. They did not pretend that the power to remove public officers duly appointed was expressly granted to the President, but believing it necessary that he should have it so far as to secure a faithful execution of the laws and official duty, they sought a lodgment for it under the shadow of one or more of the expressed powers, feeling all the time, no doubt, that they were straining the Constitution to find a place upon which to ingraft it.

It is much to be lamented that they did not clearly define by law for what reasons they believed the Constitution permitted the use of the power, and the extent to which they intended it should be applied, instead of contenting themselves with mutual understandings, verbal explanations and declarations upon the subject. As but a limited right of removal for certain specified reasons was claimed, laws should have been passed clearly defining for what causes officers were liable to removal, and regulating the manner in which such removals should be made. Had they endeavored in this way to establish and give permanency to their construction of the Constitution, confining the power of removal within certain prescribed limits, and setting the government in operation with a clearly defined system on the subject, their successors would have been far less liable to depart from it, and the country, even to this day, might not have been cursed with the "spoils system." But Washington was then President, and no doubt his pure and noble character had much influence in leading a majority in both branches of Congress to invest the President with what they supposed was, and should ever remain, a rigidly restricted power of removal. They felt that he would execute the law strictly as they intended it should be executed, in no partisan or political sense, but for the good of the whole people, and that his wise and patriotic example would make safe precedents for his successors to follow. Had the men who passed the law giving this limited power of removal to the President but anticipated to the smallest extent the vast abuse for which their act laid the foundation, and the great demoralizing effect on the government and political character of the nation which followed, it is not probable that a law which was the first step toward placing so boundless and imperial a power in the hands of one man could have obtained a solitary vote in that Con-

gress of patriotic men fresh from the camps and councils of the Revolution.

Some public men, then and since, have endeavored to derive the authority from the article declaring that "the executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States," as though the simple term "executive power" had in itself an understood and conceded meaning, the extent of which was every where the same and applicable alike to all times and all countries. But executive power, like any other power derived from the people, or assumed and exercised without authority from them, has its measure of quantity, and the amount of it vested in the executive head of a nation is only just the amount that the institutions, customs, or laws of the nation give him. He can derive no power from the naked term itself. In despotic governments all power is vested in the emperor, king, chief, or whatever name he may have. In a limited monarchy, especially in one with parliamentary government like that of England, executive power is a very different thing, and has become quite subservient to law and the national will.

In our republic the President has just that amount of executive power which the Constitution and laws made in conformity therewith give him, and no more. Any attempt to enlarge it beyond its prescribed bounds by infolding it in an abstract term, assumed to always express its highest quantity, is inapplicable to the case and too trivial for argument.

The practice of all parties which controlled the government, from Washington to the close of John Quincy Adams's administration, a period of forty years, embracing the administration of six Presidents, was in nearly strict conformity with the limitations given the power of removal by the Congress of 1789. No faithful officer was removed during all this period except for justifiable cause, unless, perhaps, in a few cases it may have been done by Mr. Jefferson, and even he retained as members of his cabinet two or three Federalists who were in that of Mr. Adams, his immediate predecessor.

A few of these removals were said to be for political reasons, and caused great complaint throughout the country. He was accused of overriding the limits set to the power of removal by the Constitution and the Congress of 1789, and therefore disregarding his oath of office. So sensitive were the people of that day in regard to this subject that, upon the suspicion of removals being effected on political grounds, the force of public opinion drove President Jefferson to an explanation and defense of his action. In a letter to Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, he said, "The right of opinion shall suffer no invasion from me. Those who have acted well have nothing

to fear, however they may have differed in opinion from me."

The whole number of removals, from all causes, during the first forty years of the government under our Constitution was but *seventy-four*—an average of less than *two* for each year.

This closes the second period in the history of our subject, and we now enter upon a new era, an era of revolution, when the old and safe doctrines established in wisdom and patriotism were set aside.

This brings us down to the commencement of General Jackson's administration on the 4th of March, 1829, when the doctrine of rewards and punishments for political opinions was, for the first time in our history, made a leading feature in the policy of a powerful political party controlling the government. The sound and safe doctrine in regard to removals established by the first Congress, under the lead of Madison, and practiced by all the early Presidents from Washington down to and including John Quincy Adams, was completely overturned, and a new and pernicious theory put in practice. This new political heresy seems to have become so firmly fastened upon our political system that no party or President, unless President Hayes should prove an exception, has since shown the courage or inclination to resist it. As proclaimed by the dominant party, in the language of the day, the new revelation was, "To the victors belong the spoils."

Notwithstanding the announcement in his inaugural message that "patronage of the government should not be brought in to conflict with the freedom of elections," General Jackson turned his back upon the professions of but a few days before, and upon the long-settled law and practice of the government, and acting upon this "spoils" doctrine, proceeded at once, in the recess of the Senate, to remove competent and faithful officers by the hundred for no cause but a difference in political opinions, and to reward the friends who had been active in securing the election of himself and his partisans by appointments to the places of those removed. This ostracism for opinion's sake extended to every branch of the civil service. Postmasters, custom-house officers of all grades, marshals, district attorneys, auditors, controllers, land and Indian agents, surveyors, clerks in the several departments, and so on, fell by hundreds, victims of political proscription. The persons removed, if not actively in favor of Jackson and his party, could not in many cases have been strong opponents, because many of them held office under Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, who were of the same political party as himself. John Quincy Adams made but *two* removals during his term of four years, and both were for good and sufficient reason.

Such was the introduction into our political system of the detestable doctrine of punishment by dismissal from office for the crime of holding a political opinion differing from the ruling power. Unfortunately for the country, the iniquitous example set by President Jackson and his supporters has been but too faithfully followed, and sometimes made worse, by all succeeding Presidents down to the close of General Grant's administration, until it has become the most demoralizing and weakening influence preying upon our system of government.

The salaries of government officers are generally very moderate, and not large enough to tempt capable, reflecting men in professional life, business pursuits, and numerous other avocations from their regular employment to accept office for small pay and the prospect of so brief an official career before them. The result is that a large portion of our public employment under the "spoils system" too generally goes into the hands of small politicians and political adventurers, who make partisan politics and electioneering a profession, in the hope of getting quartered upon the national treasury. The "spoils system" is welcomed, and will always be sustained, by this class of people, as well as by many politicians of a higher grade, for it furnishes these latter with tools and workers for the party, and is supposed to be a means of strengthening it.

As the country increased in population, business, and wealth, and as the population expanded over a vast country full of natural wealth and resources of every kind, the patronage of the government increased and expanded with this development, until it has now become so enormous as to exceed that of any kingdom or empire on earth. In fact, by means of this pestilential "spoils system" the President of our republic wields a greater power through governmental patronage than all the monarchs of Europe, where civil service is regulated by law, and where no such system prevails. Our great army of office-holders, retaining their places at the will of the President, is variously estimated at from sixty to seventy thousand persons. I have not the means at hand of accurately estimating the number. Besides these, is the multitude of army, navy, mail, Indian, and various other contractors, more or less under government influence, swelling this great army of dependents with their families to hundreds of thousands, all to a large extent dependent upon government employment.

It is any thing but pleasing to thoughtful Americans to feel obliged to confess that a large portion of these men shape their political principles, work, and vote to suit those who control their living, and so sink their independence and fidelity to convictions of

duty to themselves and country into a mercenary obligation to the tyranny of party. A system that forces such results is the very nursery of sloth and hypocrisy, and an enemy of all true manliness and patriotism.

The disturbance in social life, the great inconvenience and, to some extent, misery, that such a system must and does create at every change of party in the national administration, is felt all over the country. Discharging such a multitude of people from employment, and turning them forth to seek new means of livelihood when all other business connections had long been broken up, and when they had become to some extent unfitted for a return to old employments, and calling an equal number of others from their avocations to fill the places of those removed, is any thing but beneficial to communities, to the country generally, or to the government service. Only a small percentage of the forty-five millions of our people can have offices, and those who do obtain them under the "spoils system" are not often the best type of our citizens. All the great mass of people ask or expect is to have their government well and economically administered. And this never can be the case under such an unstable system as one which gives men their appointments as a reward for political service, without any especial fitness or aptitude on their part for the duties required of them; the government never can be as well served as it would be by men selected for their fitness, competency, and trustworthiness, and by allowing these men to remain in their places as long as the duties intrusted to them are well and honestly performed.

To be capable of discharging acceptably the duties of any office, it is not enough that a man should always have been punctual in attendance at caucuses and conventions, and a faithful worker for his party. Such a record, although no qualification for entrance into the civil service, is too often all the examination required, and has long been a sure passport to places of high trust and responsibility. Several instances have come under my observation of men being sent as foreign consuls to commercial ports, to watch over and perform the difficult duty of protecting in various ways ship and sailor, and to guard the revenue against undervaluation of goods exported, who were entirely ignorant of shipping and commercial affairs, and were wholly unsuited to the position they came to occupy. Personally they were worthy men, but out of their proper places, and a well-regulated civil service would never allow them to find a way into a sphere so ill suited to them. In such cases the consul is really not at the head of his office, but is obliged to act by the advice and, to a large extent, be under the control of some one else—probably a for-

eign clerk. Another difficulty is that consuls are often appointed to take charge of important foreign consulates when they can not speak the languages of the countries to which they are sent. Consequently they can not be masters of the situation, but must be almost entirely at the mercy of the foreigners who surround them and upon whom they must rely for assistance.

Incongruities of a like character, although they may not often be so glaring, run through the whole civil service, and can not well be avoided as long as the appointments are made mainly upon political grounds, and made so generally through the influence of members of Congress, into whose hands appointments have so largely fallen, although they do not share any responsibility for the control they claim.

The evil effects of the practice show themselves in every branch of American politics, national, State, and municipal; but we will limit it to its connection and effects on our national politics. As already observed, members of Congress have, under the "spoils system," claimed and obtained, to a large extent, control over the distribution of appointments to office in their respective States, and also, in a measure, in the departments at Washington. Experience has shown that appointments so conducted are too generally made, not with a view to protect and maintain the efficiency and purity of the service, but rather to promote the selfish ends of members, and to redeem pledges given for personal service rendered in securing their nomination and election.

Appointments made in this way are rarely such as an impartial, prudent head of any department would select to aid him in the discharge of his duties. But he is overborne by the usage which has grown out of a system allowing members of Congress the control of certain appointments, and he is obliged to accept a work with such materials as are given him. The use and abuse of public patronage to promote these private ends is often so open and audacious as to be "seen of all men." Nominations for Congressional honors are frequently secured by what is termed "packing" the convention. The would-be member will select a few active men residing in different localities of his district, who are ready, for the promised reward, to be his tools. These men, by manipulating the primary meetings or caucuses, as they are called, for the selection of delegates to Congressional conventions, will secure delegates to that convention pledged to vote for their candidate, and this candidate in turn is pledged to secure for these "wire-pulling" friends who give him the nomination, offices of some kind, in case their party should win, without regard to their qualifications for filling decently and acceptably the places into which such

base political machinery may thrust them. Their side is victorious. Then comes the struggle of the member to make good his promises, and provide for the friends who have made him an M. C. He claims places for them, but, alas! the great army of place-hunters comes down upon the capital in such hordes that there are a score of candidates to one place that can be captured, and nineteen in every twenty find they have been led astray by false hopes, and have spent their time and influence among their voting friends to help some one into office who, having attained the goal of his own wishes, either can not or will not help them. They return to their homes disappointed and disgusted, not often "wiser and better men," but more frequently to try their fortunes over again in some new political venture. I do not aver that Congressional nominations are generally made in this way, only that they sometimes are, and probably more frequently than is known or suspected by the voters who elect those nominated by such political jugglery. It is not possible that the best, or even an average, class of public servants can be obtained by the aid of such machinery. The man who will stoop to secure an election by such instrumentalities can have no just claim to be considered an honorable man, much less can he be looked upon as a statesman fit to represent an intelligent people and legislate for the interests of a great country. He would be far more likely to take rank as a "ring" politician, and be found mixed up with schemes better designed to advance his own interest and the interests of party than giving his time and talents to his public duties.

It is mortifying to reflect that this pernicious "spoils system" has come to be a controlling element in most of our national elections. Though not openly acknowledged, and though kept under the shadow of set and formal questions put forward in political platforms, yet to gain possession of the national patronage is the most powerful motive that stimulates great numbers of politicians and their followers to intense activity. Indeed, many politicians oppose civil service reform upon the ground that control over the public patronage is necessary to keep their party well organized and in good working condition. It is the selfish and personal considerations that govern this class of men which imbitter and intensify our Presidential elections, and keep the whole country in a blaze of unhealthy excitement, seriously disturbing business, and often giving the canvass any thing but a fair expression of the candor and intelligence of the country.

Take away the hope of reward, not only would the canvass be equally interesting, perhaps equally earnest, but free from bit-

terness, and it would be an honest discussion of great national questions in which a large class of our most substantial men would take an interest—men who now too generally stand aloof, declining to mingle in a contest that seems to be carried on more to get possession of government plunder than for any purpose of public utility.

If the needed reforms in our civil service can be effected and made permanent, our elections would be conducted in a far more honest and satisfactory manner, and would be purged from the inflammatory excitements, extravagances, and dishonesty which now too often attend them. The country would be quiet and free from the agitation of office-seekers, and officials at Washington could attend to the duties their position demand, instead of devoting their time to audiences of the great army of patriots who make forced marches upon the capital at the inauguration of every President, anxious to enlist and serve in any positions that pay well.

Satisfied as we are, and have reason to be, with our own political institutions, may we not yet learn something from countries which have had many centuries of experience in civil government? The English civil service, although now brought to a high standard of honesty and efficiency, was, down to and through George the Third's reign, and later, far more corrupt in all its branches than has ever been the case in America; indeed, corruption and injustice often extended to the judiciary. Powerful lords and commoners actually owned a majority of seats in the House of Commons. They dictated who should be elected to Parliament, and often, very often, they sold seats in the House of Commons for thousands of pounds. So late as 1816, not over one-third the members of the House of Commons were elected by independent voters, limited as suffrage then was. When members thus bought their way into Parliament, we should naturally conclude that they would scarcely be proof against temptation when they got there. Administration measures were too often purchased through the Commons, and the king himself was a high bidder for votes with money, peerages, and other titles of honor. As one writer upon the subject says, "The king had patronage and court favor for the rich, places, pensions, and bribes for the needy."

Horace Walpole relates that to obtain votes in favor of Lord Bute's preliminaries of peace, "a shop was publicly opened at the pay office, whither the members flocked, and received the wages of their venality in bank-bills, even to so low a sum as £200 for their votes on the treaty. £25,000, as Martin, Secretary of the Treasury, afterward owned, were issued in one morning, and in a single fortnight a vast majority was purchased to secure the peace."

All under officers—civil servants as they are termed in Great Britain—were mere stakes played for by the higher officials, as they have come to be with us by the great political parties. The English nation at last became disgusted and alarmed at the magnitude of the evil, and turned for safety to remedial measures. By the exercise of great vigilance in guarding the purity of legislation, and by the adoption of a series of measures to raise the character of their civil service, the evil has been nearly, if not quite, overcome, and the English civil service is now brought so near to what such a service ought to be, that in most respects it is a model for imitation. Competitive examinations have been adopted in all branches of the service, and when new appointments have to be made, the best qualified and most meritorious are accepted. Politics and politicians have no influence over appointments, and, of course, members of Parliament control no patronage. When a new ministry comes in, there is no change of officers, excepting those composing the actual members of the government, such as the cabinet ministers, under secretaries of state, lords of the treasury, the law officers of the crown, and a few others having special relations with the government. Those actual members of the government go out with the retiring ministry; but removals for political reasons are now unknown in the administration of the English government, and no removal is ever made as long as the officer is faithful and efficient. On the contrary, they have a carefully arranged system of pensions, so that when a good officer is worn out in his country's service, he may not be turned adrift penniless. To this desirable condition has experience and necessity brought the English civil service; a similar experience and necessity have finally turned public attention to the importance of a most radical reform in the same branch of service in our own country.

The President and his cabinet are now engaged in earnest attempts at such a reform, and, so far as we can judge by what they have already accomplished, with a firm determination to persevere and carry it through. They will, no doubt, be strongly opposed by partisan politicians, and probably efforts will be made to check the progress of their work; but they have the sympathy and support of the country to sustain them in their patriotic endeavors, and their reforms will be carried to a reasonable, and it is to be hoped to a high, degree of success.

But now comes the very grave question, How can these reforms be made permanent as the established policy of the country? The next administration may overthrow all that has been accomplished, and return to the vicious system which the country condemned in the late Presidential election.

The reforms are now but an administrative measure that may be strengthened and made more difficult to set aside by well-considered laws, and, if need be, by constitutional amendments.

It is true that in making appointments it was intended that the Senate, as a part of the appointing power, should share the responsibility with the President, and be some security against bad appointments. We know that the very object of the framers of the Constitution in creating this joint action in regard to appointments to office was to give the country all the protection they could against improper appointments. Had the Senate always acted in harmony with this object, and rejected all merely political nominations, our civil service never could have been made a party instrument, and the "spoils system" never could have found a foot-hold in our government. But if a body of men who it was intended should act judicially on the subject of confirmations, and to sit in impartial judgment on the fitness of candidates for the places to which they were nominated, has, in obedience to what has been thought to be a political doctrine of the two great parties, adopted the obnoxious system, and if these men claim to control the patronage of their States and to distribute offices among their friends upon political grounds, it is to be feared they are not the men upon whom we should now rely for aid in reforming the civil service, and for protection in the future against a return of the "spoils system."

If we have the protection neither of clearly defined constitutional provisions on the subject of removals, of suitable laws regulating the tenure of office, nor of a Senate earnestly imbued with the spirit of reform to aid the Executive in his difficult task, the chief support must come directly from the people. The popular will, if always vigilant

and ready to move strongly in support of a reformed civil service, must be its best protection. But will the people be ever upon the watch to guard it against encroachment and overthrow? Is there no fear that after a few years of its quiet and successful operation they may rest in confidence that it has become established by usage as the law of the land, and while they slumber in this fancied security, that the time may come when another powerful party may get control of the government, intent on perpetuating its own power by the aid of government patronage distributed as reward to active partisans?

Laws regulating the whole subject of appointments and removals will afford some protection, because they would stand in the way of immediate action on the part of a new Executive, and would have to be removed ere he could begin the work of proscription.

A motion to repeal these laws would be a note of warning and alarm to the people, and they could soon make their power felt so forcibly in the halls of Congress as to stop all interference with the subject. The safest plan, after all, is for the people to take the civil service under their own protection, and never let it again pass into the hands of partisan politicians. If the people will be on their guard, and take care that no candidate for office be nominated by these politicians, and that no delegate unfavorable to a reformed civil service be sent to any political convention, that no candidate for President, Vice-President, or Congress be nominated, or United States Senator elected, who will not heartily support such a service and oppose a revival of the corrupt system inaugurated in 1829, this will be the best security the country can have that our reformed civil service will not be interfered with from any quarter capable of doing it harm.

AMURATH IV.—A.D. 1638.

"And the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."—MILTON.

WHEN Sultan Amurath, "the Cruel," led
His barbarous hordes o'er Bagdad's battered wall,
And of its prostrate throngs devoted all
To slaughter dire, by battle's vengeance fed,
A Persian youth, unawed by scene so dread,
Drew from his harp such tones, so sadly sweet,
The conqueror paused with each melodious beat,
Till from his soul the demon Fury fled;
His fierce command recalled, he now bade spare
Bagdad's dejected people and their homes;
So all its airy minarets and domes
Still swelled toward heaven and echoed calls to prayer;
Nor could this victor Music's self refuse
That grace once yielded the sad Attic Muse.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ONE beautiful June evening in Paris the Easy Chair strolled with a friend into a café upon the Boulevard. They had been to hear *Robert le Diable* at the French Opera, and gayly humming and gossiping they sat upon the broad walk that was still thronged on the still summer night. Presently a dark-haired man came quietly along and seated himself at a table near by. He was alone, and seemed not to care for recognition. He was simply dressed, and was entirely unnoticeable except for the strong Jewish lines of his intellectual face. The Easy Chair's companion whispered, "That is the man to whom we owe the delight of this evening; that is Meyerbeer." After a little while he added, with feeling, "How much we owe to the Jews, and how mean Christendom is!"

It was remarkable how much of the conspicuous work and influence in the world on that evening was due to the genius of a people whose name is so constantly used as a word of reproach. A few months before, Mendelssohn had been buried in Leipsic, and in Berlin the Easy Chair had heard the memorial concert of his music at the Sing Akademie. Rossini was still living, and Verdi was writing operas, but Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were the recognized masters of music. The evening before, the Easy Chair had seen the Jewess Rachel in *Phèdre*—the one woman who contests the laurel with Mrs. Siddons, and who was then incomparably the great living actress. Beyond the Channel, Disraeli, the child of Spanish Jews, was just about to kiss hands as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and to become the political leader of the British Tories. In the vast city in which they were sitting, the Easy Chair knew that the Jewish Heine was living, breathing his weird and melancholy song, while in Paris and London and Frankfort and Vienna the great masters of the mainspring of industrial activity, the capitalists who held peace and war in their hands, and by whose favor kings ruled, were Jews. The philosophy, the art, the industry, the politics, of Christendom were full of the Jewish genius; the gayety of nations, the delight of scholars, the sceptres of princes, the movements of civilization, hung in great degree upon it. It is as true to-day as in that old summer night, and the words of the Easy Chair's friend are still as shamefully true, "How mean Christendom is!"

Recently in New York an estimable and accomplished gentleman was rejected as a member of the Bar Association "for no reason that can be conceived," indignantly said one of the leading members, "except that he was a Jew." Doubtless a few votes would procure the rejection. But the association is not a social club, and presumptively a man who is an honorable member of the bar is a fit member of the association. The few hostile votes, however, represent the prejudice. It is very old and very universal. To the audience of to-day there is nothing in Shakespeare more vital and intelligible than the fervent appeal of Shylock to the common humanity of the world around him. The Jew is still separate, and the prejudice which has pursued him for generations is but slightly relaxed. The lines of demarkation are fine. They are often almost invisible. But they are deep, and apparently absolute. It is one of the most common

and most tenacious of the objections to *Daniel Deronda* that it deals with Jews and Jewish life and character. The fact is sometimes almost resented as an offense to the mass of readers. Even in *Ivanhoe*, although torrents of Christian tears have flowed over the closing pages, where the noble and beautiful Rebecca asks to see the face of the fair Rowena, yet such is the fell and weird outlawry of the Jew from general sympathy, that the catastrophe seems to be an inevitable fate. There is no doubt that this prejudice is as cruel in its effects as it is unreasonable in its origin. Distrust, alienation, a nameless scorn, or by whatever term the feeling be described, fatally chills and discourages the man or the people upon whom it falls. One of the most intelligent and accomplished colored men in this country was so tortured by the prejudice against his race that he said he would gladly be flayed alive if only he could be made white. A slave-holder, trying to prove to Gerrit Smith the "natural inferiority" of the colored man, said to him that although the white and colored children played pleasantly together in perfect equality, yet when they grew older the difference of inferior and superior became evident. Mr. Smith replied that the change was due not to conscious inferiority, but to the consciousness of the negro of the awful stigma of slavery upon his race. A people is oppressed, and the arts by which it avenges or defends itself are urged as reasons for oppression, or drooping despair of successful resistance is claimed as the justification of tyranny.

The legend of the Wandering Jew has a pathos beyond the usual interpretation. The story is that the Jew, who refused to comfort Christ as He toiled under the weight of the cross, was condemned to tarry until He came, and so wanders around the world until the second coming. But it is the symbol also of the restlessness of the race, roaming through Christendom homeless and rejected. It is the curse, says many a zealous Christian heart, of the people that crucified the Redeemer. This is the common theory of the origin of the traditional antipathy to the Jews, and undoubtedly this is with many persons a vague justification of the feeling with which a Jew is regarded. But should it be nothing to such persons that when, as they believe, the Creator would incarnate Himself, He became a Jew? Or, again, do they reflect that if it was in the eternal decrees that the sins of men were to be atoned and condoned by the innocent sacrifice, those who accomplished the sacrifice were but the agents of the Divine will? Are all such ingenious speculations other than devices to explain and justify a mere prejudice of race, such as some African tribes cherish against people of white skins? Those who find in such prejudice a profound significance will continue to plead the feeling as its own sufficient reason. But honorable men will be careful how they heedlessly use the name of a race to which the religion, the literature, the art, the civilized progress of humanity, are so greatly indebted, as a term of utter derision and scorn.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON's resolution to change her career, and to be an actress instead of a lect-

urer, was characteristically courageous, and appealed to the admiration which always attends pluck. It was not, as is generally understood, a sudden determination. Indeed, the stage, as we are told, and not the platform, was her original preference. However that may be, the choice was certainly not surprising, although success was more difficult when she had not only accustomed the public to her appearance as a lecturer, but had accustomed herself to the conditions of the platform, which are very different from those of the stage. There was one thing, also, for her constantly to remember—that an audience is not a person, and that the actress would be judged independently of the lecturer, or even more severely because of the lecturer. She should have anticipated—and perhaps she did anticipate—a little resentment on the part of her old admirers, and a curious distrust among her new audience. The lyceum is more earnest than the theatre. The platform is a lay pulpit; the stage is a recreation. We do not deny that Shakespeare may be as wise a teacher as Jeremy Taylor; we say only that people generally go to the play to be amused, and that they often go to a lecture for a more serious purpose.

Inevitably, also, with these exceptional disadvantages for her new venture, when she first appeared upon the stage, the mistress of the lyceum would be sharply compared with the tyro of the theatre. The critics could probably not escape the feeling that the change was a whim, and involuntarily they would be on the alert to see what they anticipated. They had probably seen her often upon the platform, and they had, perhaps, decided from that observation that she had not the histrionic faculty. The ordeal of a novice was never more severe than that of Miss Dickinson when she appeared upon the stage, and it was not surprising that after some months, stung by what she felt to be singular unfriendliness, she should have fallen back upon a resource the force of which she knew and which the world had approved, and in the guise of the actress suddenly change the stage to the platform and lecture her critics.

Her speech was a plea for fair play. She protested against misrepresentation, and without denying that great genius might defy calumnious falsehood, she showed a proper consciousness of the immense power of the press, with which it might thwart for a time legitimate success. If her assumption was correct, and the critics of the city had combined to deride and belittle her performance, it was no answer to her to say that if she were a great actress, the critics could not conceal the fact. That might be true. But the critics could certainly prejudice the public mind, and delay the recognition of her talent. Her plea was an outburst of impatience, which showed how deeply she felt the shafts that had been flown at her. It was unquestionably an error; for having chosen the kind of art to which she would devote herself, there could be but one vindication of her choice. We understand, of course, that her speech was not meant as such a vindication, and only as an appeal for an impartial hearing. But Miss Dickinson will remember that when the House of Commons laughed and coughed and sneered and crowded Disraeli down, he merely shook his fist at them, and shouted that one day he would make them hear. He conquered at last, not by pleading with them for fair play, but by compelling

them by the power of his eloquence to listen. Miss Dickinson's triumph would have been absolute if she had silently waited, and finally have stood upon the stage before her critics indisputably great and commanding even their admiration.

It was objected that she seemed to suppose that she could at once take a chief place in her new profession, instead of understanding that she could not expect, without long and careful special training, to rival those who have been for many years in practice. But even if this were true, why not? Sudden success upon the stage does not always nor necessarily depend upon will, nor long study, nor special training. There was no reason whatever that she should not immediately take a chief place if she had the essential histrionic talent; and if she had not, it made no difference whether she began as Anne Boleyn or Anne Boleyn's maid. We do not say, indeed, that the want of such success disproves the existence of the talent. Disraeli's failure certainly did not prove that he could not be an orator. There is no rule, and this the critics seem to have forgotten. Their verdict, upon this count at least, implied that Miss Dickinson needed only training and experience to become a chief actress, and that her error lay in claiming at once what she could not justly claim until later. But there is an unsound assumption here, which is that histrionic greatness or success comes only with time and practice. Experience, however, shows that this can not be truthfully asserted. There are, of course, stage details which are to be mastered only by experience. But these are very unimportant to the real issue. There are scores of ladies and gentlemen who appear upon the stage every evening engaged in an arduous service, for which we trust they are well repaid. But have constant years of practice and "special training" brought them any nearer to the chief places in their profession? On the other hand, if a man who has in him the possibility of great acting goes upon the stage ignorant of many of the details and totally unfamiliar with "business," that fact need not and does not always prevent the sure impression of his power upon the audience.

Hard work and training, indeed, can not be disregarded by any aspirant in any direction. But while it is a serious error to suppose this, it is no less an error to suppose that work and training can take the place of native power and adaptability. If the representations of the critics upon her first appearance were correct, all that could fairly be inferred was that Miss Dickinson was not yet a great actress, but nothing more. It was impossible to predict whether she ever would be or would not be. The fallacy lay in the assumption that time and practice might make her so. For if that could be confidently asserted, it was because her latent power was perceived. How immediate and complete a stage triumph may be, was shown in the début of Miss Fanny Kemble. She had no desire to act, and, as she says, no taste for the theatre. Until within a very short time of her appearance she had no thought of going upon the stage. Then her mother drilled her; and at length, on a famous evening in October, 1829, when she was but eighteen years old, at Covent Garden Theatre, she came, was seen, and conquered. The play was *Romeo and Juliet*. Charles Kemble, her father, was Mercutio. Her

mother was Lady Capulet. Miss Kemble was Juliet. "Our hearts did not breathe freely," said Talfourd, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, "till the fair débutante herself had entered, pale, trembling, but resolved, and had found encouragement and shelter in her mother's arms. But another and a happier source of interest was soon opened, for the first act did not close till all fears for Miss Kemble's success had been dispelled; the looks of every spectator conveyed that he was electrified by the influence of new-tried genius, and was collecting emotions, in silence, as he watched its development, to swell its triumph with fresh acclamations. For our own part, the illusion that she was Shakespeare's own Juliet came so speedily upon us as to suspend the power of specific criticism—so delicious was the fascination that we disliked even the remarks of the by-standers that disturbed that illusive spell; and though, half an hour before, we had blessed the applauding bursts of the audience like omens of propitious thunder, we were now half impatient of their frequency and duration, because they intruded on a still higher pleasure, and because we needed no assurance that Miss Kemble's success was sealed."

If it be said that genius is an exception to all rules, we shall not deny it. But we shall nevertheless repeat that in this matter there is no rule. Talfourd said that Miss Kemble seemed to know the stage by intuition, and trod it as if matured by the study and practice of years. Edmund Kean, on the other hand, who was upon the stage almost as soon as he could walk, very slowly made his way in his profession, and was twenty-seven years old before he conquered London as Shylock.

Miss Dickinson may be sure that, even if criticisms are unfair, the public is just to its own perceptions, and if, whether sooner or later, she justifies her confidence in herself, the public will most gladly acknowledge it.

A CENSOR of the minor morals and manners is, of course, constantly observing the aspects of the temperance reform. He knows, as every Spectator and Tatler and Guardian and Connoisseur and Citizen of the World knows, that if the improper use of intoxicating liquors could be stopped, both the minor and the major morals and manners of the community would instantly mend to a degree that would portend an immediate millennium. One of the first steps in the good journey has been hitherto very much neglected, and that is, learning from the enemy. Does the courteous reader remember the Striped Pig, which was very famous in its day? A rigorous law had been passed prohibiting the sale of liquor except in large quantities. A man and his friends might be very thirsty even at a General Training, and might be seriously bent upon a lively day, but they would hesitate at sitting down or standing up to seven gallons of New England rum or rye whiskey; and this was for them the unpromising situation on a certain training-day in New England. On all such days there are always peripatetic shows upon the ground, and on this particular day, on that particular ground, there was a tent with a large flag gayly flying, announcing that the celebrated Striped Pig could be seen within upon the payment of a small fee of admission, which chanced to be precisely the price of a dram. It was remarkable how attractive

that exhibition gradually became. A few loiterers dropped in during the early part of the day with a listless air, but presently emerged with an aspect of such animation that there could be no doubt of the satisfactory nature of the spectacle. The news flew. The crowd came. The interest in natural history was prodigious. The price of the lesson was most cheerfully paid, and the zeal of many students was such that several lessons were not too many for them. The instruction appeared also to be of a most cheerful kind. The contemplation of this singular freak of nature, the Striped Pig, was plainly attended with the most enlivening results. A general hilarity pervaded the field, and the masterly evolutions of the county troops seemed to be forgotten in the charms of the scientific wonder in the tent.

The sagacious reader, of course, guesses the secret. Had he been on the field, his intelligent curiosity would have drawn him with the crowd to the tent. He would have paid the modest entrance fee. He would then have passed in and have seen a youngling, a pigling, painted neatly in alternate stripes of a decided color, and when he had fully satisfied himself with observing it, the generous proprietor would have offered him a glass of the best New England or rye, *without charge*. You paid, in fact, to see the interesting animal, and the manager of the exhibition "treated" you. Here, at the very beginning of the contest between the restrictive laws and the "liquor interest," had you been as quick an observer as you were a true friend of temperance, you would have seen that interest nimbly outwitting the law, and you would have learned of the enemy to be as witty as he.

Not long after this famous exhibition the Easy Chair was in a town where the liquor law was very strictly enforced. A company of gentlemen at the hotel proposed to have a glass of wine. They descended to the office, and one of their number whispered mysteriously to the host. There was a responsive light of intelligence in his eye, and a grave and urbane shake of the head. He moved from behind the counter and passed through a door, and the company of gentlemen followed him. The door was closed, and the host lighted a lantern. He then opened another door, and descended a dark staircase into a dark cellar, followed by the gentlemen, whose conversation began to falter. Reaching the floor, they poked and groped in the dim light among boxes and barrels and amid the unsavory smells of a cellar. The host paused at the door of a little room and unlocked it. The gentlemen entered with him, and he turned the key upon the inside. An obscure light struggled in through a cobwebbed window at the level of the ground. It was an utterly dismal closet, with nothing in it but two old flour barrels standing upright, with an unplanned board lying across them as a table, on which stood a black bottle and half a dozen cloudy tumblers. The gentlemen were silent. They seemed to be a company of sneaking conspirators. Some of them drank a little wine. Some preferred not to drink it under such humiliating circumstances. All groped back again through the cellar, and emerged into the cheerful daylight wiser and sadder men.

Here was another most pregnant hint for the knights of temperance. It was plain that when the law had driven strong drink into a damp and

dingy cellar closet where its use had lost half of its danger by becoming shameful and disgusting, a damaging blow had been struck at dram-drinking. If such drinking could be dissociated from brilliant and attractive rooms, convenient of access, and flaunting their tinsel splendor upon the street like other wantons and decoyers, half the danger to young men would be avoided. They do not especially care to drink. But it is so easily done, and done in such gay society, that before they are aware they are thralls to an appetite as insidious and fatal as the perfume of Rappaccini's flower. Banish the opportunity to a dismal cellar, brand dram-drinking as illicit, disgraceful, sneaking, and a great victory would be won. This, as the Easy Chair is assured by temperance advocates, is the object of prohibitory laws. They are not intended for the reform of old toppers, they are to prevent the growth of new. They aim to diminish dram-drinking by making it disreputable and difficult.

Why do not those advocates learn of their own wisdom? They would limit dram-drinking by depriving it of attractiveness. Why do they not stimulate temperance by making it attractive? The Genius of Temperance is apt to appear to the dram-drinker in one of two forms—either that of the religious zealot, who opens the door of the bright warm bar-room on a winter evening, looks gloomily in, and says, tersely, "You're all going to —;" or in that of the constable, who says, in effect, "You sha'n't drink." These remarks are addressed to poor people whose homes are not inviting. What alternative is offered to them? If you send them out of the bar-room for fear of —, where shall they go? If you take them legally by the collar, and turn them into the street, will they find it pleasanter than the room from which they are expelled? Now, is it not wise for those who by liquor laws are trying to send the bar-room into a dark damp cellar, and to make it disagreeable in every way, to provide in its place a resort which shall be agreeable in every way? If a very large part of the money which is expended for lectures and papers and tracts upon the evils of dram-drinking were devoted to maintaining resorts pleasanter and more attractive than the corner grocery and the brilliant bar-room, the good cause would certainly prosper no less than now. That would be putting the wits of temperance men against the dram interest, as the striped pig was the wit of the dram interest against temperance. It would be pushing home the victory won by sending the bar down cellar, because for every forlorn loiterer whose home is but a cold, dark, desolate chamber it would provide a cheerful and attractive parlor, with games, papers, pipes, and innocent drinks.

This would be legitimately fighting the devil with his own weapons. It would be a kind of "moral suasion" which the severest advocate of severe laws could not deprecate. It would be the introduction of a kindly wisdom into a movement which often seems cold as the water it reveres. The Genius of Drams would be balked and bewildered by an attack which borrowed its tactics from his own. Undoubtedly it would take money and time and trouble. But a community which is not ready to pay that price for temperance is not yet ready to buy. Preaching the wickedness of dram-drinking, and enforcing pro-

hibition even at the point of the bayonet, will not be so efficient an assault as turning the flank of the enemy by making other resorts for recreation cheaper and pleasanter than dram-shops.

A BRIGHT little article in the New York *Times* recently commented, with good-humored satire, upon the American ladies who go abroad, and presently come home calling "coal" "coals," and "really" "weally," and remarking that a friend is very much "cut up" by the loss of a child. In other years this kind of American lady or gentleman returned and informed its friends that the club dinner was "awfully jolly," that Mrs. Stomacher's new crimson velvet was "stunning," and that the young Viscount Lewith was "just the nicest person in the world." The *Times* points out that all this extraordinary use of the English language comes from the fact that the little lady has been to a few dinners and country-houses in England, and has remembered to imitate only the least desirable expressions current in conversation. This effect of the oppression of foreign "grandeur" is comical. Imitation is undoubtedly homage, and the London dandy who says "weally" and "fealleawe" must have a certain gratified but contemptuous amusement in hearing the American snob imitating his affectation.

The imitation of English affectations, as well as of better English things, is not new. It is not very many years since the praise of a young gentleman's manners that they were "so English" was most grateful. The English manner was then apparently supposed to be a supercilious indifference. *Surtout, pas de zèle*, was the true gospel of the drawing-room. Mr. N. P. Willis had mentioned that in English society "scenes" were vulgar to the last degree; so it was necessary for the American gentleman to part with his friend, setting out to circumnavigate the globe, as if he were passing him upon the street, and to receive his most intimate companion after long absence in foreign lands as if he had parted with him at breakfast. The same feeling that eschewed "scenes" also condemned warmth or amplitude of expression. "How do, old feller!" was the maximum of ardor in greeting. If you had been on your travels, Mont Blanc was jolly, and Sorrento was nice. Things did very well. Of course it was not worth while to make a fuss. No gentleman does. But the world was rather a bore. A cock-fight, to be sure, or a shot at pigeons, might be worth attention. But never mind; 'twas all right.

This was a most ludicrous effect of going abroad. But it is very much older than our time and its travellers. Sir Philip Sidney speaks of the young Englishmen of his day who came home from the Continent "full of disguisements, not only of apparel, but of our countenances, as though the credit of a traveller stood all upon his outside." He adds a prophecy, which Shakespeare made haste to fulfill to the very letter. Sidney says, in 1578, "I think, ere it be long, like the mountebanks in Italy, we travellers shall be made sport of in comedies." Twenty years afterward Shakespeare makes Rosalind say, in *As you Like it*, "Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look you, lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will

scarce think you have swam in a gondola." There have been American gentlemen who after a turn in Europe have returned with a slight foreign accent in their speech. Indeed, so subtle and controlling is the foreign influence, as Sidney and Shakespeare saw it in their England, that it may fairly be asked whether Jefferson was wrong in insisting that no American minister should live abroad more than seven years, because in that time he was unconsciously alienated in feeling from his own country. The English diplomatic service opens a career in which, while the minister resides continuously abroad, he rises by promotion from one court to another. But when a British minister of high standing and long service was in company with a sagacious citizen of the country to which he was accredited, the citizen remarked that he was a most excellent man, but that he did not represent England.

We Americans are not usually backward in asserting the greatness and superiority of our own country, and it is doubtless a reactionary feeling from this vulgar boasting which leads many Americans to the other extreme. Lest they should be thought to be of the gross herd who brag and swagger about America, they depreciate it, and by identifying that grossness with Americanism, they not only stimulate their own repugnance, but they feed that of the foreigner. He naturally says that if intelligent and well-bred Americans recoil from their own country, and are evidently a little ashamed of it, it is even worse than has been represented. This is one aspect of the mischiefs for which such Americans are responsible. The truth is that in the reasonable and not the vulgar feeling in regard to the greatness of our own country lies the secret of the self-confidence which is indispensable to really good manners. It is not the insolent assumption that America is in every way the greatest and best of all countries, but the conviction that it is certainly the peer of the best, which will give an American the proper equipoise against the self-assertion of other nationalities.

There is, however, a more complete and a perfect security, and that is, not a just respect for his country, but for himself. Then in every company he will be easily at home.

IN commenting upon the verdict in the case of the Ashtabula disaster, the Easy Chair suggested that the only practicable remedy against such catastrophes lies in prompt and vigorous suits and exemplary damages. This assumed, of course, that the officers and managers of the road were primarily responsible, and that they could be reached effectually only through the pocket. It carried with it, also, a covert implication that there was a criminal carelessness which merited the severest penalty. A friend who is thoroughly informed of all the facts in the Ashtabula case, and who speaks with accurate knowledge in regard to the management of the Lake Shore road, tells the Easy Chair that it has done great injustice both to the railroad company as a body and to certain individuals who were held to be peculiarly responsible for the calamity. This friend states—what is certainly not generally known, and is most creditable to the management of the road, and what, also, entirely relieves it from any charge of indifference made or implied by the Easy Chair or any other critic—that the railroad

officers, without waiting for any legal action, have been paying, ever since the day of the catastrophe, as heavy damages as any court would allow to the wounded and to the families of the dead. They have even sent agents to distant States to those families which were left destitute, with the full amount of the indemnity which a successful lawsuit would have secured them. The accident will probably cost the road more than half a million of dollars, besides the immense loss of reputation.

More than this, the chief managers of the road are gentlemen of the highest honor and of educated conscience, who would suffer as keenly as any men could suffer at so terrible a catastrophe. One of their number, indeed, the late Mr. Collins, was driven mad by the thought that thirty years of unquestioned fidelity and success apparently availed nothing whatever in public estimation when the casualty occurred. It is monstrous to assume, urges this friend—as the Easy Chair did—that such men do not care whether their bridges fall, and their trains are wrecked, and hundreds of lives are lost, and that the only way to teach them common-sense and common humanity is to fine the road heavily.

The same friend, who speaks with the authority of ample personal knowledge, also states that our condemnation of the engineer, Mr. Stone, upon the verdict of the coroner's jury, is especially unjust. He says that the verdict was founded mainly upon the evidence of discharged employes of the road, who were dismissed with good reason. Against their testimony, however, was that of eminent engineers like General Carrington, Mr. Morton, and others. Mr. Stone had had a lifetime of experience in bridge and railway building. He was certainly an engineer of great distinction and of approved skill. The best engineers thought the bridge a good one until it fell. Then it was not difficult to testify that if it had been built differently it might not have fallen.

"Of course," says our friend, "you have the conclusive answer, 'The bridge fell.' But it will add nothing to our stock of information as to the best way to prevent such calamities in future, to assume that it fell for the reasons alleged—because Mr. Stone did not take somebody's advice, because people are lax about suing railroads for damages, because Mr. Collins did not inspect the bridge, or because the managers of the road care nothing for human life."

However just or unjust the comments of the Easy Chair may have been, it can not regret that they have been the occasion of eliciting this evidence of the really careful management of the road, and of the high character of those to whom the public have naturally turned for the explanation of the catastrophe.

THE Easy Chair has space for but a word about the dedication of the Halleck statue in Central Park. It was one of the most memorable and beautiful of such occasions. The day was perfect May; and the presence of the President and of Halleck's fellow-singer Bryant, with the tender poem of Whittier and the eloquent and admirable address of Mr. Butler, gave the event peculiar significance. It was not so much homage to the pleasant poet whose verses are familiar to every American as it was a recognition of the poet as one of the powers of the state. Shakespeare and Goethe and Humboldt were already commemorated in the Park, but

Halleck's is the first statue of an American poet raised under such auspices. Could he who so loved New York have foreseen such a tribute, in such a spot, on such a day, under such auspices,

and in the approving presence of so vast a throng of New Yorkers, he would almost have prayed for his *nunc dimittis* that the happy day might dawn.

Editor's Literary Record.

The Cruise of the Challenger (Harper and Brothers) is made up by W. J. J. SPRY, R.N., of the Engineering Department, from his daily journals. The object of this cruise round the world was not the discovery of new continents or islands, but the exploration of the bottom of the sea. After two brief attempts by the British government to explore the ocean bed by the *Lightning* (1868) and by the *Porcupine* (1869-70), the *Challenger*, a corvette of 2000 tons and 400 horsepower, was assigned to a long cruise—one which actually lasted from 15th November, 1873, to 12th June, 1876. The course pursued was from the Thames River to Gibraltar; across the Atlantic to the West Indies; north to Halifax; thence south again to the Bermudas; across the Atlantic again to the Canary Isles and the Cape Verd Isles; thence southwest to the coast of South America; back again through the South Atlantic Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope; thence by a crooked route across the Indian Ocean to Australia, reaching *en route* a point as far south as 66° to 70° latitude; from Australia to New Zealand; back again to Australia; back and forth through the Malay Archipelago, touching at Hong-Kong; thence, still by a circuitous route, across the Pacific; and so, *via* Cape Horn, home again. Such a tour gave to the author, if not a thorough, at least a wide, acquaintance with the world, and his book may be characterized as a bird's-eye view of all nations. He gives a brief account of the apparatus provided for the dredging and deep-sea soundings, but leaves the scientific results of the explorations to be given hereafter by Sir Charles W. Thomson, under whose direction the scientific staff was placed. The book is fully illustrated, and though the author makes no attempt to give detailed and elaborate descriptions of any one locality or people, we know of no book which covers an equal amount of ground, or introduces the reader to so many and so various scenes.

Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memoirs of his Life, edited by his Wife (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is presented to American readers in an abridged edition, two volumes reduced to one. The work of abridgment was the last literary labor of the lamented EDWARD SEYMOUR. Nothing else need be said as an assurance to the American public that the work has been well done. The result will be to bring within the reading of the American public a life which is full both of instruction and of inspiration, but which only a few would have read in the larger edition. Canon Kingsley was a rare man, and the story of his life at once humiliates and inspires. He possessed the *physique* of an English athlete, the spirituality of a mediæval mystic, and the love for humanity of a modern philanthropist. He was a Churchman without being an ecclesiastic, a freethinker without being a skeptic, and a humanitarian without being a *doctrinaire*. The record of his life is re-

markable for the amount of work which he accomplished, but this is not its most remarkable characteristic. Other men have been, perhaps, as industrious, and achieved as much as he; that which strikes us as the central fact of his life, as the illuminating centre, making it all to glow, is the unconscious spirit of self-sacrifice which pervaded it. He was a man of rare mental and physical power. His temperament made him eager for the fray; he was by nature a warrior; a Samson who delighted in feats of strength for the mere pleasure of doing them; a man of large resource, and of consciousness of resource. He lived, too, in a time of battle, when England was all aflame with agitation; and he felt keenly the wrongs which a defective social organization inflicted upon the working people, and saw clearly the blunders into which the selfishness and the self-conceit of their leaders were bringing them. He could write a placard to be posted on the walls of London whose nervous eloquence made it read by the thousands. He could speak in a church or hall in London to an excited throng and turn the current of their passionate feeling from the dangerous course in which it was rushing. Not only he could do these things, he rejoiced in the doing of them. And yet he could go quietly down to his little country parish at Eversley and there devote himself to the detailed work of a country rector, living on a small salary in a dilapidated house, with uncongenial society, preaching to a small congregation, and devoting himself with enthusiasm to the work of house-to-house visitation. It was a most uncongenial parish. Before his coming to Eversley the church services had been utterly neglected—often, for trifling cause, were omitted. He found the ale-houses full and the church empty. The confirmation classes were accustomed to go over to a distant parish, and confirmation time was made an occasion for junketing, and often for dissipation and drunkenness. At the beginning of his ministry there was not a man or woman among the laboring class who could read or write. The farmers' sheep were turned to browse in the neglected church-yard. Communion was celebrated only three times a year; the alms were collected in an old wooden saucer; a cracked kitchen basin inside the font held the water for baptism; the altar was covered by a moth-eaten cloth; one old broken chair stood beside it; and so conservative were the church-wardens that the new rector was for many years obliged to provide the wine for the monthly communion out of his own pocket. Yet here a man who had the capacities of a reformer, of an orator, of a pamphleteer, of a novelist, of a poet—perhaps we might also say of a politician and a statesman—spent the greater proportion of his life labors, visiting in the week from house to house, going sometimes five or six times a day to the bedside of the sick or the dying; maintaining cottage readings and neighborhood devotion-

al meetings; talking with the whips and the stablemen of a neighboring estate; reading by the hour together to an old woman too blind to see to read herself—in short, doing all that detailed parish work which men of much smaller abilities than himself would account drudgery, and doing it with a hearty enthusiasm and a genuine interest, as though his eye had never seen a wider horizon, his ambition had never felt the spur to a larger work, or his powers the capability to do it. The story of so Christian a life ought to be at least in every parish library, and any church which sees that its pastor is supplied with this book will find more than a recompense in the increased earnestness and consecration of his parochial labors. It ought to be added that the book is valuable as a historical contribution, for it gives an interior view of that period of conflict in Great Britain which was only saved by the solid common-sense of the Anglo-Saxon race from becoming a period of revolution.

The discoveries of Dr. Schliemann in Troy have awakened a general interest in Grecian antiquities. The war in the East has turned many thoughts to modern Greece. J. P. MAHAFFY, in his *Rambles and Studies in Greece* (Macmillan and Co.), introduces the American reader both to the antiquities of the Greece that is past and to the life of the Greece that is present. Mr. Mahaffy has made a study of Grecian character, history, and literature. His pages give not the crude impressions of an uninformed traveller, but the well-digested conclusions of a careful and trustworthy scholar. The illustrations, from photographs, of Grecian ruins and marvels add to the attractiveness of the volume. Mr. Mahaffy is not an enthusiastic admirer of Grecian character. He speaks in honest and sharp though kindly criticism of the Grecian defects. And yet, on the whole, his work gives us a pleasant impression of the modern Greek, and a brighter and better hope for his future than we had before entertained. He accounts the modern Greeks vastly more intelligent, more peaceable, and more civilized than the inhabitants of Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, and he expresses the conviction that the best method of settlement for the Eastern question would be the organization of a new Macedonian kingdom, with an enlargement of the boundaries of Greece, and with Constantinople for its capital. Mr. Mahaffy is not, however, a republican. He does not believe in self-government for all people. He even insists upon it that "hardly any nations in the world are fit for parliamentary government," and maintains that "the best form of rule for them [the Greeks] would be an intelligent and disinterested dictator, like old Pittacus, chosen, as the king was, by themselves, but intrusted with the interests of the country for a considerable number of years." Mr. Mahaffy's descriptions of Greek scenery are picturesque and graphic; and whether the reader agrees with his conception of Greek character or not, he will at least concede that the author has shown considerable power as a portrait painter in depicting it.—The Harpers add to their "Half-hour Series," mentioned last month, *Epochs of English History*, a series of books narrating the history of England at successive epochs. The eight volumes of this series trace the history of England from the time prior to the Norman conquest down to 1875. They are prepared by different authors,

are written in a simple and easy style, deal with the important facts, omitting dry and unimportant details, concern themselves rather with the internal and constitutional progress of England than with mere military events, except as the latter bear on the former, and are generally adapted not only to beginners, but also to busy men who desire to obtain or to recall a knowledge of those essential facts in English history without which no American rightly apprehends the history or even the political character of his own land.—Mr. JOHN M. GOULD's little book, *How to Camp Out* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is, first of all, of a size such that it can easily go in the overcoat pocket. The amateur can therefore carry it with him for ready reference. It wastes no words in eloquent descriptions of the glories of nature, the exhilaration which life in the woods affords, the health of out-of-door life, etc., but is wholly devoted to practical advice. It is a camp hand-book. In it the author tells us how to get ready, what we may take, what we must take, and what we must do without; how to pack and how to carry; what clothing to wear; what cooking utensils are needed, and how to use them; how to march with the least suffering and fatigue; how to select a camping ground, and how to put a camp on it; together with much miscellaneous advice, as on the care of lady companions, keeping a diary, treatment of special cases of accident and disease, and the like. The few simple illustrations help to make clear the author's meaning. He writes evidently from a large experience; his directions are sensible; he puts much wisdom in few words; and his book is to be cordially commended to all who are inclined to try practically the merits of this healthful and economical method of spending a summer's vacation.—J. W. BOUTON reproduces in this country, from the French, *Le Costume Historique*, a quarto containing five hundred pictures, three hundred in colors, gold and silver, two hundred in cameo. The illustrations are accompanied with brief explanatory matter. The range covered is very large, including all ancient as well as modern nations. Together with costumes are some rich interiors, and some illustrations of ancient manners and customs. The work is beautifully done; the printing in colors particularly is of a kind not to be seen outside of France. There is an accuracy of treatment and a delicacy of tone and of shading which give to the plates all the appearance of having been colored by hand. The pictures come in portfolios or loose sheets. Both to the artist and the antiquary the work will be one of peculiar attractiveness and value.

Mar's White Witch, by G. DOUGLAS (Harper and Brothers), is a story composed of somewhat common experiences, as is real life—love, falsehood, separation, reconciliation. But the common is not commonplace, and the story of Celia's love and hate, Captain Mar's love and jealousy, and Denis's love and trustfulness is so wrought out as to keep alive alternate emotions of indignation, of pity, of hope, of sorrow, in the mind of the reader. We may almost say that the story is simply one of love, and we suspect that the author's design, though it is successfully veiled in the dramatic play of the story, has been to show how love, working with various elements of character, and variously trained, directed, developed, may produce any experience, from hate to tenderness, from falsehood to fidelity, from misery the deep-

est to joy the most supreme.—*That Lass o' Lowrie's*, by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is not written merely to entertain, and will not be read merely for entertainment. The scene is laid in a Lancashire mining town. The authoress writes in a hearty and genuine sympathy with the mining folk. Without losing any thing of her own delicacy and refinement, without blurring her pages with coarseness or vulgarity, she pictures graphically their rude life and its effect on character. She has given the dialect perfectly; the Scotch of Walter Scott is not a more faithful reproduction. Her Christian sympathies have taught her, and she teaches finely, how Christian work is to be carried on among a people hardened by toil and embittered by sorrow. The development of Joan from a rude but strong pit-girl to a noble type of womanhood is admirably effected without taxing the reader's credulity by violating the laws of human nature. The book is full of light and shade in the play of contrasted character—Joan and Liz, the self-denying curate and the self-satisfied rector, the "little parson" and the strong engineer. Mrs. Burnett, as those of our readers know who have read her short stories published in this Magazine, has the dramatist's power, and without inventing unnatural incidents, or even extraordinary situations, allows the life which she describes to tell its own story without interpretations or interpolations from herself.—Mr. W. H. H. MURRAY, in the *Adirondack Tales* (The Golden Rule Publishing Co.), has written a book so much in advance of his previous *Adventures in the Wilderness* that it is not easy to conceive it as emanating from the same hand. He takes us into the Adirondacks; he introduces us to a pure child of nature's school—a trapper whose God is the one whom the solitudes have taught him to adore, whose religion is one of reverence, of love, of purity of thought and life. He introduces us to nature herself, and with the enthusiasm of a true lover, sketches her in her various moods. To read this book is like spending a week in the wild itself. The "Story that the Keg told me" is thoroughly unique in conception. This ministry of nature to a miser's heart, and his conversion in God's first temple and through the unspoken word, may, perhaps, be accounted improbable by the theological critic, but it will not seem so to the imagination, whatever philosophy may say to it. The three characters in the second sketch are admirably set off against each other, and we hope we may meet again, in a story that shall be less of a sketch and more of a romance, Henry Herbert, John Norton, and "the man that didn't know much."—*Juliet's Guardian* (Harper and Brothers) is one of those English love stories which only English society could produce, but with which American novel-readers delight to harrow up their feelings.

The second volume of the *Life of the Prince Consort*, by THEODORE MARTIN (D. Appleton and Co.), carries the story of his life from 1848 to 1854. It will be of greater interest than the preceding volume to the student of political history, and of less interest to feminine readers; it is less taken up with the domestic life of the Prince and the Queen, and more with public affairs. The revolution in France, the threatening of socialistic difficulties in Germany, the Irish problem, the great Exhibition, the East-

ern question, the visit of Kossuth to England, are among the subjects with which the Prince concerned himself, and respecting which we get in this volume much information not to be found in ordinary histories.—We are glad to record the fact that Scribner, Armstrong, and Co. have published a new and cheaper edition of FORSYTH'S *Life of Cicero*, the two volumes in one. This is quite the best life of the great orator. The author, while an admirer of Cicero's genius, is not insensible to his faults; his work is neither a critique, a panegyric, nor an apology. His descriptions of ancient life are admirable both for accurate scholarship and for artistic excellence.

Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF'S *Creeds of Christendom* (Harper and Brothers) will be chiefly attractive and chiefly valuable to the professional student. Its bulk, if not its theme, will prevent it from finding many readers outside the range of ecclesiastical students. Yet it deserves to rank among the most important contributions of the age in the realm of ecclesiastical history, and its character should make it both interesting and valuable to all students of the development of religious thought. It consists of three volumes—the first a history of the creeds of Christendom, the two others a collection of those creeds, including all the important symbols of doctrine of the Romish, the Greek, and the various Reformed churches. Such a comprehensive survey of the creeds of Christendom has never before been attempted; such a library of creeds and confessions has never been published together. The creeds and confessions are given in the original languages, with translations for the convenience of the English reader.

Dr. Schaff begins his history with the Bible, and endeavors to make out a list of Scripture confessions; but these are for the most part only such individual utterances as those of Nathanael, Peter, and the eunuch, or such embodiments of doctrine as are found in single passages in the epistles. No one of them is emblazoned on the banner of a church, or made the condition precedent to admission into its communion; no one of them can be characterized as even intended as a summary of all important religious truth in a narrow compass. The earliest creed, as it is still the most sacred and the most catholic, is what is known as the Apostles' Creed. It derives its title from a curious but long since exploded legend, that it was composed by the apostles in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, each apostle contributing one declaration of doctrine. In fact, it was a growth of nearly five centuries, and not the least interesting and instructive part of Dr. Schaff's work is the tracing of this growth, in successive generations and through successive confessions, from the baptismal creed of Irenæus to the present and perfected form, which it did not reach till the close of the fifth century. The Apostles' Creed, the simplest of all doctrinal statements now extant, is really little more than a summary of the facts of Christ's life and death, and the most essential truths of his future re-appearing—truths held in common by all Christendom, papal and Protestant, orthodox and Unitarian. In this creed there is no attempt to formulate any statement respecting the Trinity—a simple faith in God the Father, in Christ as His Son, and in the Holy Ghost suffices; there is no attempt to define the doctrine of atonement—a confession of faith in the forgiveness of sins is all; there is no attempt

to express a conclusion respecting the doom of the wicked; and there is no hint of those damnable clauses which grew up in the later creeds out of bitter controversies. Meanwhile, however, the conflicts, in which the combatants did not confine themselves to the tongue as a weapon, respecting the character of Christ and the procession of the Holy Ghost, had given rise to the Nicene Creed, which is carefully drawn so as to exclude Arians from fellowship in the Church; then followed the Athanasian Creed, which adds to an incomprehensible definition of the Trinity the sanction of a declaration that no one can be saved who does not think according to its unthinkable propositions. Twelve centuries then passed away with no material addition to the formal creed—centuries of little real mental independence or mental activity. During those twelve centuries the doctrines of papal authority, the worship of the Virgin, the adoration of images, transubstantiation, purgatory, and penance all grew up in the Roman Church. But not until Luther, the reforming monk, began his attempt to cut off the dead wood from the tree, that it might bring forth fruit, was any endeavor made to incorporate the faith of the Romish Church in a formal creed; while this very endeavor, and its success in the decrees of the Council of Trent, gave rise in time to a resolute purpose by the reformers to define, with at least equal clearness, the points in which they differed from the Church at Rome. From this era spring all the modern creeds of Christendom. Every one of them was cradled in war, and bears marks of the battle. In every one the endeavor was, not to find a common ground on which all followers of Christ could stand, but to find an exclusive ground from which all followers of Christ whose philosophy was not in accord with the churches and theologians represented, could be fenced off. These creeds were made not as walls to keep off the wolves, but as fences to divide the sheep. They are all, to quote Dr. Schaff's words, "more or less directly or indirectly polemical against opposing error. Each symbol bears the impress of its age and the historical situation out of which it arose." Controversy produces keenness, but it does not produce breadth. The creeds of to-day are the births, for the most part, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; they are clear, but they are narrow; exclusive rather than inclusive; dogmatic rather than experimental; the platforms of contending schools, not the declarations of a common Christian faith. The Church has since then more than gained in breadth what it has lost in acuteness; and not the least service which this library of creeds may be expected to render the Christian Church is that which it will render by teaching the truths that Christianity is more than any of its creeds; that the best creeds are but partial and often prejudiced representations of the truth, as held not in love, but in controversy; that the poorest creeds are partial though also prejudiced representations of truth; and that the whole truth is found only in a study and a combination of them all, as pure light by a combination in a single ray of all the colors of the spectrum.

Aids to Latin Orthography, by WILHELM BRAMBACH. Translated by W. GORDON M'CABE, A.M., Master of the University School, Petersburg, Virginia (Harper and Brothers, 1877). This admirable translation by Mr. M'Cabe of Brambach's

Hilfsbüchlein für lateinische Rechtschreibung supplies a want which must have been felt by all whose lot it is to correct Latin exercises. It gives the normal spelling, that is, the spelling which ought to be adopted by the writer of Latin in the nineteenth century, and which, therefore, every teacher must insist on requiring from his pupils.

The older editors of the Latin writers were generally contented with retaining in their editions the conventional spelling—in other words, the spelling of the transcribers of the Middle Ages; but all modern editors of classical texts make it their first endeavor to reproduce, as far as possible, the very words of their author, and the very form in which he wrote those words. Till we have ascertained, as accurately as may be, what the philosopher, or orator, or historian of antiquity did in fact write, all commentaries must be uncertain, all inferences dubious; and until we replace the spelling of each writer, as far as the hints of grammarians and the indications of manuscripts enable us to do so, we shall be unable to trace the development of forms or the series of changes in pronunciation which took place in the languages of the ancient world. We need not say how necessary a knowledge of such development and of such change is to every student of comparative philology. He has to work backward from a known present to an unknown and prehistoric past; he must trace the word which escapes so lightly to-day from the lips of us all back to its origin, and he can not so trace it unless the steps which it has taken from age to age are distinctly marked. A student of our own language now finds it absolutely necessary to have editions of English writers in the spelling sanctioned by themselves. The spelling of Shakespeare is a link in a chain which without it is imperfect; the spelling of Milton is not the mere vagary of a scribe or a printer, but the deliberate expression by one of the greatest scholars of his day as to the fitting forms of the words he employed.

But critical editions in seeking to give the texts of authors the proper form based upon the history of the language bring us face to face with the difficult question, What spelling ought to be adopted by the modern Latinist? Must we follow the spelling of Cicero and Cæsar, or of Livy and Virgil, or of Tacitus and Quintilian? Moreover, the ancients did not hesitate to use side by side different forms of a word, provided that these forms still held a place in living speech; and thus there arises the further question, Which of these contemporaneous forms is to be preferred?

Since the publication in 1868 of the *Neugestaltung der lateinischen Orthographie in ihrem Verhältniss zur Schule*, Brambach has been regarded, by the general consent of scholars, as the first authority on this special subject; and in 1872 he published the little work which Mr. M'Cabe has so excellently translated, and which is now given to the public in such an attractive guise. Mr. M'Cabe has by no means confined himself to a perfunctory discharge of the task of translator, for we observe, by a comparison of his translation with the original, that scores of erroneous citations in the original have been corrected, and the references to Neue's *Formenlehre* (vol. ii.) made to the new edition of that invaluable

work as far as it has appeared. With such a work within the reach of both teachers and pupils, there can no longer be any excuse for a continuance of the neglect which has been exhibited on this matter in too many of our schools. In Germany the subject has long had due attention paid to it, and the school-masters of England are working steadily in the same direction. The conventional spelling will be discarded in the new edition of Andrews's Latin Lexicon, and we therefore hope that orthography will no longer be ignored in our class-rooms. As a practical educator, Mr. McCabe has felt the want of such a manual as Brambach supplies in every school of Germany, and has succeeded in giving in English dress a work indispensable to every scholar.

Wit and Wisdom of the Haytiens, by JOHN BIGELOW (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). Those who read Mr. Bigelow's entertaining papers on this subject, published in this Magazine two years ago, will be glad to read them again in the dainty volume now offered to the public. During his residence in Hayti in 1854 the author made the intellectual capacity of the people a special study, and in this connection became especially interested in their proverbs, many of them of French origin, but a large and by far the most interesting portion indigenous. The subject is one well worth the attention which Mr. Bigelow has given it, and his own comments are as entertaining as his texts are pithy. The volume is a valuable contribution to American literature.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—We have had to record the re-discovery of *Maia* (66), and by a similar process *Camilla* (107) has also been found. Schufler prepared an ephemeris from January 8 to February 25 from the various systems of elements heretofore determined. That the uncertainty of this was enormous may be seen from the fact that the R. A. on January 8 might have been between 7 h. 35 m. and 10 h. 29 m. The space to be examined was divided between Paris, Marseilles, Berlin, and Pola. On the 2d of March, Palisa, of Pola, after having mapped 2800 stars, detected the missing asteroid.

Comet *b*, 1877, was discovered by Winnecke at Strasburg on April 5, and has since been well observed. It was bright enough to be visible to the naked eye, and had a tail of one or two degrees, and structure was perceptible about the head. Young, of Dartmouth, reports its spectrum to be of the usual cometic type.

Comet *c*, 1877, was discovered by Swift, of Rochester, New York, April 11, at 9 h. 30 m., and the announcement was made to the observatory at Washington and to the Smithsonian Institution. Through some oversight, no telegraphic announcement was made to Europe, and Borelly independently discovered it on April 14. It is very faint.

Schmidt, of Athens, communicates to the *Astronomische Nachrichten* a long series of variable star observations made in 1876.

Burnham, of Chicago, has lately discovered some interesting doubles, among which we may cite L 22020, $p=60^\circ \pm$, $s=0.5''$, mags. 9, 9; O *Arg.* 11836, $p=80^\circ$, $s=1'' \pm$, mags. 8, 9; L 18231, $p=70^\circ$, $s=1.3''$, mags. 8.5, 10. These are remarkably difficult stars to be found with a six-inch aperture, and furnish renewed proofs of the excellence of the Clark telescope and of the observer's eye. Mr. Burnham also notes that 8 *Sextantis*=A. C. 5 is a *rapid* binary, having moved 130° since 1860.

From information received from Mr. H. C. Lewis, of Germantown, we learn that he continues to see the zodiacal light from horizon to horizon, and also that the veritable *Gegenschein*, as an oval spot of light in the zodiacal light, appears distinctly, and from month to month shifts its place in the stars so as to keep about opposite the sun.

Nature for April 12 contains an account of a

remarkably persistent parheliion seen in England; the opposition of Mars (1892); notes on comets, etc.

Proctor publishes an article on the movement of the cloud masses on Jupiter, in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for April.

The *Monthly Notices* of the Royal Astronomical Society for March contains papers by Stone, of Cape of Good Hope, on apparent brightness of stars as an indication of their distance; Newcomb, of Washington, on the phenomena of contacts of transits of Venus; Marth, ephemeris for physical observations of Jupiter; Hind, on two ancient (Chinese) occultations of planets; Neison, on lunar perturbations produced by Jupiter; Tupman, on corrections to nautical almanac places of the moon, in which the observations of several observatories for six months are examined, and do not show any trace of the new lunar inequality; Arcimis, of Cadiz, on visibility of Venus's dark limb, etc.; Gasparis, of Naples, on Kepler's problem; Ball, of Dublin, on a transformation of Lagrange's equations of motion, with additions by Cayley; Abney, on the rotation of stars; Birmingham, on V *Geminorum*; and Burnham, on H. I. 62 (double-star).

We note the establishment of a new astronomical periodical (monthly), under the editorship of Mr. Christie, first assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. He is to be assisted by several eminent astronomers. The first number appears on April 20, 1877, under the name, *The Observatory: a Monthly Review of Astronomy*, and contains articles by Huggins, Gill, Darwin (G. H.), Birmingham, Tupman, Brett, and Marth. There is undoubtedly a field for a good journal of this class.

The semi-annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences took place at Washington during April. Important astronomical papers were read by Young, on a new clock escapement; Pickering, on standard declinations; Langley, on solar spectroscopy; Barnard (J. G.), on precession, etc.; Newcomb, on the lunar theory; Hill, also on the lunar theory. Abstracts of these will be given on their publication.

Major Twining, assisted by Captain Gregory and Lieutenants Greene and Quinn, of the United States Engineer Corps, has just remeasured the whole line of the Pacific railways, and his report

gives interesting data as to the accuracy of chaining, odometer measures, etc. It is printed by order of the Secretary of War.

The death of Dr. Bremiker, at Berlin, on March 26, is a great loss to astronomical and particularly to geodetical science. Dr. Bremiker became early known as the maker of one of the Berlin star charts (by means of which Neptune was found), and since he has constantly been active in astronomy and geodesy. He also has for many years conducted the Nautical Almanac of Germany. The scientific world owes him a debt of gratitude for the extremely valuable series of mathematical tables prepared by him, and now widely current.

In *Physics*, we have to note a paper by Wand on the propagation of electricity in cylindrical conductors, which is an extended mathematical discussion of the whole subject. He finds (1) that the character of the propagation of electric disturbances of equilibrium is different according as the resistances to be overcome are small or great; (2) that with small resistances—such as that of 120 to 400 kilometers of copper wire 2 millimeters in diameter—restoration of the equilibrium takes place by oscillations, the amplitude of which diminishes the more rapidly the greater the resistance; (3) that with great resistances—such as 1000 kilometers of the above wire—no oscillations are observed, the velocity being inversely proportional to the total resistance and to the length of the conductor, and hence, for two conductors of equal specific resistance, being inversely as the square of the length; and (4) that the velocity of electric signals magnetically produced is not, except in cases where the resistance is very large, comparable with that of disturbances of electrical equilibrium, the latter being the greater. One curious result the author draws from his investigation, *i. e.*, that when the resistance in the circuit is very small, the motion of the electricity takes place almost exclusively upon the outer surface of the conductor.

Baxendell has called attention to the fact that the system of protecting buildings from lightning which Professor Maxwell presented at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association was suggested by the late Mr. Sturgeon in a paper read before the London Electrical Society on March 7, 1838. Mr. Sturgeon, moreover, advocated an efficient earth connection—a measure absolutely essential to prevent damage should the building be struck by lightning.

Wright has studied the production of transparent metallic films by the electric discharge in exhausted tubes, and has obtained some curious results. The colors obtained by transmitted light were, for gold, brilliant green, thinning out to pinkish-violet; for silver, pure deep blue; copper, dull green; bismuth, grayish-blue; platinum, gray; palladium, smoky brown; lead, olive brown; zinc and cadmium, grayish-blue, inclining to purple; aluminum, brownish; iron, neutral tint; nickel and cobalt, gray or brownish-gray; tellurium, purple; magnetite, gray-brown. The light transmitted is powerfully polarized, the polarization increasing with the incident angle. The metals of high atomic weight volatilize most readily.

Barat proposes to use, for the Franklin portrait experiment, in place of a gold leaf, a gilded plate of glass, having two strips of tin-foil across the ends and the portrait outline, paper and press

as usual. One spark is sufficient; a second uniformly breaks the apparatus.

Berthelot, having proved that even under the ordinary electric tension of the atmosphere a silent discharge may be caused in a tube containing nitrogen, by means of which this gas may be absorbed by organic bodies to form new compounds, proposes this result as one which must necessarily go on in nature. Hence he insists upon the necessity of studying consecutively and methodically the electric condition of the atmosphere, since upon its tension this absorption of nitrogen depends.

Streintz has described a new form of Noë's thermo battery, and has given the results of some measurements with it. The positive metal consists of an alloy of 62.5 antimony and 36.5 zinc, and the negative metal of German silver wire. The battery contained four series of 27 elements each, so arranged as to be combined in two series or in one only. The electro-motive force estimated by Fechner's method was that of 4.3 Daniell cells; the resistance, 2.7 Siemens units.

Naccari and Bellati have investigated the thermoelectric properties of potassium and of sodium at various temperatures, using pairs formed by one of these metals and copper in the earlier experiments, and lead in the later. The results show that the passage of a unit of electricity from a cold section to another warmer by one degree, transports, following the direction of propagation of the negative fluid, a quantity of heat equivalent respectively to 2529 units of work for the potassium and 4129 units for the sodium. The neutral points are at -62.04° and -212.4° .

Gauduin and Gramme have experimented to determine the effect of the introduction of various more or less difficultly fusible substances into the carbons employed for the electric light in increasing the brightness of the arc. The substances used were bone ash, calcium chloride, borate and silicate, silica, magnesia, magnesium borate and phosphate, alumina, and aluminum silicate. The proportions were so regulated that, when burned, the carbons should contain about five per cent. of the foreign substance. The results show that only with the bone ash was the light increased measurably, but that the fumes produced are serious objections to the use even of this.

Spottiswoode has described the new enormous induction coil made for him by Apps, which is capable of giving sparks 42 inches long. It has two primary coils—one used for long sparks, the wire being 660 yards long and 0.096 inch diameter; the other, for fat sparks, has 84 pounds of wire, instead of 67. The secondary wire is 280 miles long, and forms 341,850 turns. In the two central sections the diameter of this wire is 0.0095 inch, and in the two outer ones 0.0115 and 0.0110 inch. The condenser consists of 126 sheets of tin-foil 18 by 8.5 inches, separated by two thicknesses of varnished paper 0.0055 inch thick. Glass 3 inches thick has been pierced with the 28-inch spark of this coil, using 5 cells of Grove.

In *Chemistry*, we note the discovery, by Johnson, of potassium tri-iodide, by evaporating over sulphuric acid a saturated solution of iodine in potassium iodide. At first dark-colored cubical crystals of the iodide, colored by iodine, were deposited; but in a few days lustrous dark blue prismatic crystals, sometimes two inches long, separated, which had the composition of the tri-iodide,

and were extremely deliquescent. Their specific gravity was 3.498.

Fairley has studied the action of various bodies on hydrogen dioxide, with a view to determine the cause of the decomposing action they exert. In the case of the metals—silver, for example—he believes that there is first an oxidation, and then a reduction again, due to the reaction of the silver oxide upon the hydrogen dioxide.

Berthelot several years ago discovered a new complex sugar in the Briançon manna, an exudation from the larch, to which he gave the name of melezitose. Villiers has now identified with this a sugar obtained from Lahore, and there known as turanjbin, being an exudation from *Albaji maumorum*, a spiny bush belonging to the leguminosæ.

Vincent has examined the products obtained by the dry distillation, in close vessels, of the residue left after fermenting beet-root molasses, called vinasse. He has identified methylamine, methyl alcohol, sulphide and cyanide, hydrocyanic acid, formic, acetic, propionic, butyric, valeric, and caproic acid; phenol, and a series of liquid bases.

Cloëz has detected copper in the blood of two male deer killed wild in the woods. In the first case no special precautions were taken, but in the second the process was conducted with the greatest care, and three milligrams of copper oxide were obtained from 530 grams of blood. In the opinion of the author, the question of its origin is an interesting one, since the metal could have come only from the vegetables eaten or the water drunk by the animal.

Radziszewski has observed that light is emitted when certain aldehydes in alcoholic solution are agitated with potassium hydrate. He suggests that the phosphorescence of marine animals may be due to the formic aldehyde they excrete, which, oxidizing to formic acid, produces the sensation of stinging which they exhibit.

Mineralogy.—Professor Weisbach, who has already described several new uranium minerals, has added recently still another to the list. This he calls *uranocircite*; it occurs in quartz veins in the granite of the Saxon Voigtland, near Falkenstein. In appearance it resembles closely the well-known uranium-mica (autunite), but in composition it is a hydro-phosphate of barium; its specific gravity (3.53), too, is considerably higher than that of autunite (3.1), corresponding to the amount of barium present.

Professor Weisbach has also discovered a new member of the calcite group of rhombohedral carbonates, to which he gives the name *sphaerocobaltite*. It is chemically a protocarbonate of cobalt, and occurs in spherical forms, which are aggregations of minute rhombohedral crystals. It has a deep red color and a red streak, and has the hardness of fluorite. It is found with the rare mineral roselite at Schneeberg, Saxony.

Sonomaite is a name given by Mr. E. Goldsmith to a mineral collected by Professor Hayden near the geysers in Sonoma, California. It is a hydrous sulphate of aluminum and magnesium, and occurs in silky, colorless crystals.

Hydrocastorite is a new mineral from Elba. It occurs in white, mealy masses with beryl, tourmaline, and castorite. It is often found enveloping the grains of castorite, and has evidently been produced by its decomposition. Under the microscope it is seen to be made up of minute pris-

matic crystals; in composition it is a hydrous silicate of aluminum and calcium.

Venerite has been described by Dr. T. Sterry Hunt. It is chemically a copper chlorite. It is found in a more or less impure state at the Jones Mine, near Springfield, Berks County, Pennsylvania, and has been mined as a copper ore for several years; in fact, its metallurgical value gives it its especial interest. It forms irregular layers interstratified with the soft schists. The purest portions have a pea-green color when moist, but are greenish-white on drying, when the mass falls into a powder, which is seen under the microscope to consist of minute transparent scales. A very large amount of this mineral has been already subjected to metallurgical processes.

Microscopy.—Dr. Tyndall has recently repeated at Kew, where he found a purer atmosphere than at the Royal Institution, his last year's experiments, with perfect success, and without the annoying failures due to the atmosphere of the Institution being laden with germs from a quantity of hay, and has thus once more proved his case against Dr. Bastian. In every experiment but one the specimens showed no trace of life; in that one a small aperture like a pin-hole was in the side of the test-tube. Dr. Tyndall's paper is published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society (No. 176).

In the April number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* Rev. S. G. Osborne describes a modification of Reade's "kettle-drum" illuminator, under the novel name of the "Exhibitor." Like most other devices of this class, the practice and patience required to master it will more than counterbalance its advantages, if, indeed, it really has any over the simpler and easier modes of illumination.

In the same journal is an interesting paper, by Professor Giovanni Briosi, of Palermo, on the *phytoptus* of the vine. This disease, producing protuberances, or *cecidii*, on the leaves, oftentimes numerous and confluent, and in fact covering the whole leaf, convex on the upper and concave on the under side of the leaves, is due to punctures and irritation produced in the texture by the *acari*, which lodge in the *cecidium* and live on the leaf. The *acari* were termed *phytoptus*, to express that they are really and solely parasites of living plants; they are invisible to the naked eye, and the male can not be distinguished from the female with certainty; they have but four legs, though Landois supposed that there were two other (rudimentary) pairs, and that in their complete development they possessed four pairs of legs, like other *acari*. Professor Briosi considers that Landois is mistaken, and that these animals constitute a special genus of *acari*, which have only four legs. These *arachnida* possess a most extraordinary tenacity of life, moving the legs twenty-four hours after immersion in glycerine. In the autumn they emigrate from the leaves to nestle under the bracts which cover the winter buds, and they have been found alive in buds which had been exposed shortly before to a cold of -10° F. In the spring, with the swelling of the buds, the animals regain their activity, and lay eggs, which are deposited directly on the young leaves of the developing bud, and the young ones are scarcely born when they find already within reach the food which nourishes them; and the galls, or *cecidii*, appear under the form of small

spots, scarcely raised, and of a slightly different color from the rest of the leaf, but readily seen by allowing the sunlight to shine through. Repeated careful pruning of the stems which showed the disease the preceding summer, and cutting off the attacked leaves, will, in Professor Briosi's opinion, in a few years result in the destruction of this unwelcome visitor.

In the *American Journal of Microscopy* for April the well-known optician Mr. E. Gundlach describes two new illuminating glasses for the microscope. One is a hemispherical lens, which is connected to the object slide by a drop of water or glycerine, and of such thickness that the converging rays from the mirror undergo no refraction at the first or convex surface, but on emerging from the plane surface, or, better, the glycerine, are powerfully refracted, but almost without aberration, as the centre of the curve is in the optical axis of the microscope, and the object itself is very nearly in the centre of curvature. The other is an oblique light-projector, distinguished from the condenser by the fact of the lower surface being plane instead of convex, and parallel with the upper one.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, at Philadelphia, Professor Leidy explained a seeming phosphorescence of the water observed in cloudy afternoons as due to the reflection of light from minute mirror-like appendages of small crustaceans. He also exhibited a tape-worm said to have been taken from the inside of a large cucumber!

Reasoning on certain data more or less theoretical, mathematicians of the first order, notably Helmholtz, had concluded that the limit of vision had been reached, that the optician could practically aid us no further—that, in short, the limits of possibility had been arrived at, since light itself is too coarse to reveal objects smaller than those visible to our finest and most powerful lenses. The limit marked out was about the one-hundred-and-eighty-thousandth of an inch. Recently the Rev. Mr. Dallinger, in a note read before the Liverpool Microscopical Society, gave instances of a remarkable kind, the result of his personal investigation, directed specially to this point, which were proved, by a method of measurement employed specially for the purpose, to carry the power of our most delicately constructed lenses considerably further than the mathematician considered possible, revealing, indeed, smaller objects than those mathematically indicated; and Mr. Dallinger did not, by any means, believe that he had wholly exhausted the power of visibility by these experiments.

Anthropology.—In the March and April numbers of the *Semi-Tropical*, published at Jacksonville, Florida, Dr. Frederick D. Lente publishes two articles on "The Mounds of Florida." The explorations were made in the vicinity of Palatka, and yielded important results. The purpose of the author, even more commendable than his results, is "to impress on the minds of invalids and tourists coming to Florida the importance of devising some means of insuring both physical and mental employment."

The first number of Volume III. of the Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories contains four very interesting papers—two by Schumacher, upon the shell-heaps and graves of Oregon and Southern California; one

by Eells, on the Twana Indians; and one by Lieutenant-Colonel Garrick Mallery, on a calendar of the Dakota nation. This very interesting object is a group of paintings on a buffalo-robe. Beginning at the centre, a series of rude pictures of objects known to the Dakotas, and arranged in a spiral, represents the consecutive years from 1799 to 1871. This calendar is the work of Lone Dog, who was deputed by his tribe to select some event in their history characteristic of each year, and to represent it on the calendar robe by an appropriate symbol.

In *Matériaux* for 1877, No. 2, L. Pigorini reviews the opinions commonly held concerning the wrought stags' horns, called "batons of command." The author thinks that the prehistoric man used them in connection with horse trappings. In Scandinavia at the present time a portion of the headstall of bridles is made of horns similarly wrought.

Those who visited the Government Building at the Centennial Exhibition were struck with the anthropological display of the National Museum, under the direction of Dr. Charles Rau. The French anthropologists have already organized their corps of *savants* to make a fine display at the Exposition of 1878. The collection will be called "A historical exhibition of ancient art in all countries, and of the ethnography of peoples foreign to France."

Mr. Francis Galton delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution of London, Friday, February 9, on "Typical Laws of Heredity." The object of the lecture was to draw attention to the interesting fact that while groups of beings tend to preserve their average dimensions, individuals follow no such law, giants very seldom begetting giants, and children seldom observing the dimensions of their parents, especially if they depart from the average. The lecture, reported in *Nature*, April 5, 12, and 19, was very ingeniously illustrated by dotted diagrams.

The first number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen* for the current year contains an interesting *résumé* of the Russian people. A finely executed colored chart accompanies the number, giving the various stocks—Lithuanians, Slaves, Germans, Greco-Roumanians, Iranians, Iberians, Caucasians, Finns, Turks, Mongolians, etc.—in a very graphic manner.

Mr. Murray, of London, will soon publish General Di Cesnola's work descriptive of his discoveries. It will also contain a history of the archæology of Cyprus, by the author, and a paper on the gems discovered at Kurium, by Mr. C. W. King.

Mr. William Tegg, the author of a work on the history of the burial of the dead, entitled *The Last Act*, has just issued a work entitled *Meetings and Greetings: the Salutations, Obeisances, and Courtesies of all Nations, etc.*

The map of prehistoric France accompanying the *Nouvelle Géographie Universelle* of M. Elisée Reclus locates 396 prehistoric sites of paleolithic times. The neolithic localities comprise 26 natural caverns, 144 artificial caverns, and 2314 dolmens.

Zoology.—Among the lower animals the *Protozoa* claim much attention. The foraminiferous forms—shall we say *varieties* or *species*?—of Barbadoes have been studied by Van den Broeck. His material was received from the West Indies, having been collected by the late Professor Agassiz. He concludes, with all others who have

studied these exceedingly variable forms, "that the terms genus, species, variety, have a very different and broader acceptation than we usually suppose."

A number of new Caribbean sponges are described in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, by Thomas Higgin.

In a recent lecture on the forms of passage between the annelids and mollusks, Professor Perrier seems to adopt the idea, already suggested by two or three naturalists, that the mollusks are in reality, to use Perrier's own words, "worms condensed into two or three segments." Is this the beginning of the end, and are we finally to regard the mollusks as originally descended from worm-like forms, and therefore as not forming a distinct sub-kingdom of animals?

The anatomy of the common mussel (*Mytilus edulis*) is elaborately treated by A. Sabatier in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*. The essay fills 132 pages, and is illustrated by nine folding plates.

The external anatomy of a shelled phyllopod (*Estheria californica*, Pack.) forms the subject of an essay by Dr. H. Lenz. A number of new North American phyllopod crustaceans are described by Packard in Hayden's Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey (Vol. III., No. 1). It appears that the genus *Lepidurus* is better represented in Western and Arctic North America than in any other part of the world so far as known, there being two Western American and one Arctic American species. No species of *Apus* or *Lepidurus* occurs east of the Mississippi Valley, and all these phyllopods occur mostly in the Western States. Several new entomostracous crustaceans from Colorado are described by Mr. V. T. Chambers in the same Bulletin.

M. Mégnin has studied certain mites (*Kytodites glaber*, Mégnin) which live in the air-sacs and cellular tissue of birds. They are of two kinds, one of perfect form (*Sarcoptes cisticola*), the others vermiform, which are the pupæ of an external mite (*Pterolichus falcigerus*, Mégnin). The subcutaneous life of this form tends to preserve the species from complete annihilation resulting from the casting of the feathers between the quills on which the normal form of this mite lives.

An important paper by Professor Plateau on the phenomena of digestion in the harvestmen (*Phalangium*) brings out the fact that the so-called liver of these animals, as well as of spiders and crustacea, is nothing else than the organ of secretion of a digestive fluid intended for the emulsifying of grease and the dissolving of albuminoid substances.

Professor Perez has studied the vitellogene cells of the ovaries of insects which give nourishment to the true egg cells of insects, as in certain crustacea (*Revue Scientifique*, p. 1001).

A new cave-fauna, entirely distinct from that inhabiting Mammoth and other caverns in Kentucky, Indiana, and Virginia, has been discovered by Dr. Packard on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. The different species of animals (a helix, myriapod, harvestman, and poduran) inhabiting the cave are described in Hayden's Bulletin.

Professor C. V. Riley's ninth report on the injurious insects of Missouri contains new and fresh information regarding the Western locust, the Colorado potato beetle, with maps illustrating

their extension East. Other injurious insects are more or less fully treated.

The United States Entomological Commission, having for its object the study of the habits, ravages, and best means of destroying the Western locust, is fairly at work. Circulars asking for information and returns, and two numbers of a bulletin giving timely information to farmers and others regarding its habits, so far as known, and remedies against its ravages, have been issued. The locust area, or nearly all the United States west of the meridian of 94°, has been divided into three departments, each to be visited personally by a member of the commission, which consists of C. V. Riley, A. S. Packard, Jun., and Cyrus Thomas.

The fishes collected by Captain Feilden during the last arctic expedition have been reported upon by Dr. Günther. Among them were several of great interest, especially a new species of char, for which the name *Salmo arcturus* was proposed. This char was discovered in the fresh-water lakes of Grinnell Land, and was stated to be the most Northern fresh-water fish known to exist.

A revision of the fresh-water fishes of Northern Indiana, with descriptions of several new forms, by Professor D. S. Jordan, appears in the proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. This paper is followed by an essay "On the Genera of North American Fresh-water Fishes," by D. S. Jordan and C. H. Gilbert. The catalogue comprises 225 names of genera and subgenera, "whereof about 128 seem to be entitled to generic rank, and the remaining 97 are either synonyms, or else entitled to use only as designations for sections and subgenera in works where the recognition of such groups by name seems desirable."

Dr. Günther has lately described two large fossil lizards, formerly inhabiting the Mascarene Islands.

Some notes on the distributions of birds in North Russia, by J. A. H. Brown, appear in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, while an interesting lecture on the wolf origin of the dog, with a number of valuable illustrations, has been lately delivered by L. H. Jeitteles, before the Society for the Diffusion of Science in Vienna.

The *Popular Science Review* (London) contains an interesting article on the migration of the Norway lemming, by W. D. Crotch. The paper is accompanied by excellent illustrations.

In *Botany*, we have to report a paper on the *Pithophoraceæ*, an order separated from the *Cladophoræ*, by Dr. Veit Wittrock. In the *Botanische Zeitung* Dr. Robert Caspary describes a new species of *Nymphæa*, *N. zanzibarensis*, and gives a synopsis of the species of the genus found in Tropical Africa. In the same journal Dr. Nowakowski gives an account of some new species of *Entomophthora*, found by himself at Warsaw. In Pringsheim's *Jahrbücher* is an important article by the editor on the formation of buds from the fruit of mosses, followed by remarks on the alternation of generations in thallophytes. In the same journal Dr. Celakovsky has an article on the "Morphological Significance of Stamens," illustrated by several plates of monstrous formations of those organs. At the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Professor Asa Gray read a paper on the germination of the seeds of

Megarrhiza californica, in which the primary axis of the plant seems to be a growth from the root-stock itself, rather than to arise from the ordinary development of the plumule.

Botanical science has suffered a severe loss in the death of Professor Alexander Braun, of Berlin. He was in his seventy-second year, and had only a short time before received the honorary title of Geheimrath.

Agricultural Science.—Messrs. Ballart and Comstock report some determinations of the amounts of nitrogen compounds in snow, conducted under the direction of Professor Perkins, of Union College. The proportions of ammonia and organic nitrogen were estimated in three samples each of freshly fallen and old snow. The three samples of fresh snow gave, on the average, in 100,000 parts by weight, 0.0465 part of ammonia, and 0.041 part of organic nitrogen. "With these values," say the authors, "calculating the total amount of ammonia and of organic nitrogen to the acre for each inch of water (that is, melted snow), we find it to be—ammonia, 0.1055 pound; organic nitrogen, 0.093 pound."

Using as a basis the observations at the Dudley Observatory, according to which the total snow-fall last winter (November 1, 1876, to March 31, 1877) was five feet eight inches, and reckoning ten inches of snow equal to one inch of water, the authors calculate that in this winter's snow-fall "there could not have been more than 0.69419 pound of ammonia and 0.61194 pound of organic nitrogen to the acre. This shows that though snow may be a great protective to the ground, still it does not act as a very powerful or rich manure."

The annual report of the New Jersey Board of Agriculture for 1876 devotes some eighty-four pages to a description of the geological characteristics, chemical composition, and agricultural uses of the marls of that State. The general conclusions as to the agricultural value of the greensand marls, which are the most important, are, in substance, that those which contain the largest percentage of phosphoric acid are the most valuable; that those which are rich in carbonate of lime are the most durable; that the potash in them has but very little, if any, present value, it being combined with silica, and hence insoluble; that the greensands containing but little of either phosphoric acid or carbonate of lime become active fertilizers when composted with quicklime; that the injurious effect of sulphate of iron in the marls can be counteracted by composting with lime; that the crops particularly improved by them are, all forage crops (grass, clover, etc.), potatoes, buckwheat, wheat, rye, oats, and corn. The tertiary and calcareous marls seem to be very useful, but less so than the greensand.

The fourth annual report of Professor Goessmann, State Inspector of Fertilizers of Massachusetts, has appeared in the annual report of the secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and in the form of a special pamphlet of some 42 pages. Besides accounts of analyses of the common commercial fertilizers—guano, superphosphates, bone-dust, potash salts, etc.—it gives analyses of a number of waste products of value as fertilizers, and is replete with interesting and valuable matter.

The Legislature of North Carolina has passed a bill providing for the organization of a Department of Agriculture, one of whose functions is to

be the establishment of an agricultural experiment station. Dr. C. Ledebau has been appointed director of the station, and work is to begin soon.

The organization of new experiment stations in Europe is going on rapidly. Among them we note one for wine culture at Würzburg, one for garden culture at Potsdam, and, finally, one for general work in agricultural chemistry at Florida, in the southern part of Spain. Portugal, Turkey, and Greece are now the only European countries without agricultural experiment stations.

Engineering and Mechanics.—One of the most practical attempts at the solution of the problem of introducing steam-cars on city passenger railways was inaugurated during the month of March by the Market Street Passenger Railway Co. of Philadelphia. This company placed seven steam-cars (or dummies, as they are popularly called) on its road on March 21, for the purpose of giving them a thorough and continuous practical test. One of these was built by the Baldwin Works, of Philadelphia, and the other six by Messrs. Gilbert, Bush, and Co., of New York. The experiment appears to have proved very satisfactory, all the cars having continued in operation since they were put on, without accident or objection. The cars are quite noiseless, and, save an occasional puff from the stack, no smoke or steam is visible in their performance.

The following extracts from the sixth report of General Comstock, the government engineer charged with the inspection of the progress of the works for the improvement of the South Pass of the Mississippi River, will be found of interest, as indicating the present condition of these important works. At the mouth of the South Pass, between November 18, 1876, and March 16, 1877, a few new wing dams have been built and some old ones repaired. About 16,000 cubic yards of material have been dredged out at points where the channel was worst. A storm December 30, 1876, damaged the ends of the jetties and the wing dams near them quite severely. Twenty-six thousand feet of the west jetty have been raised by mattresses two or three feet thick, built in place. But little work has been done on the east jetty. The channel, of twenty feet in depth at the mouth of South Pass, which, on December 27, 1876, had a width of 200 feet from the Pass of the Gulf, has narrowed at a point near the sea end of the jetties so as to be but 70 feet in width, and at a point a little below the head of the west jetty so as to be 180 feet in width.

From abroad we glean that the project for tunneling the Simplon Pass is gradually assuming a definitive shape. It appears that a French company, having secured important concessions from the Italian government, is seriously contemplating the undertaking. The projected line of road will commence at Brigue, which will thus become the international station to enter the tunnel, which, as projected, will have a length of 18,340 meters. The end of the tunnel will be near D'Isella, and the line is to proceed thence to Bombo d'Assola. The total length of the line will be 46,900 meters.

The *Iron Age*, in a report upon the condition of the blast-furnaces of the United States on April 1, announces that there were at the date above named fifty-seven charcoal, eighty-two anthracite, and seventy-nine bituminous furnaces in blast, showing a reduction since January 1 of twenty-six furnaces.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of May.—The President, by advice of his cabinet, issued a proclamation, May 5, calling for an extra session of Congress on October 15.

Governor Robinson, May 8, vetoed the bill passed by the New York Legislature allowing women to hold office on school boards.

The entire Crazy Horse band of Indians, numbering 900, surrendered at the Red Cloud Agency, May 6.

The French Chamber of Deputies, May 15, voted to repeal the Press Law of 1875. President M'Mahon wrote immediately to M. Jules Simon, the leader of the ministry, expressing surprise that neither he nor M. Martel, the Minister of Justice, had placed before the Chamber reasons which might have prevented the repeal of this law. The President also complained that the Chamber had during its last few sittings discussed the whole municipal law, and had even adopted some clauses the danger of which M. Simon had himself acknowledged in council (as, for instance, the publicity of sittings of municipal councils), without M. Simon taking any part in the discussions. The letter concluded as follows: "In view of such attitude on the part of the head of the cabinet, the question arises whether he retains sufficient influence to assert his views successfully. An explanation on this point is indispensable; for I myself, although not, like you, answerable to Parliament, have a responsibility toward France which to-day more than ever before must engross my attention." On the 16th, after an interview with the President, M. Simon resigned his position, and a dissolution of the entire cabinet followed. A general meeting of all sections of the Left ensued, 290 members being present. A resolution was unanimously adopted declaring that no cabinet can have the confidence of the Chamber which is not free in its action, and resolved to govern according to republican principles, which alone can secure order and prosperity at home and peace abroad. This resolution was adopted by the Chamber, May 17, by a vote of 355 against 154. On the 18th, the cabinet was reconstituted as follows: Duc de Broglie, President of the Council and Minister of Justice; M. De Fourtou, Minister of the Interior; M. Eugène Caillaux, Minister of Finance; M. Auguste Paris, Minister of Public Works; Vicomte de Meaux, Minister of Agriculture; M. Brunet, Minister of Public Instruction; General Berthaut, Minister of War. The Duc Decazes remains Minister of Foreign Affairs. Of these ministers, M. Brunet is the only republican. During the afternoon of the 18th, a message from President M'Mahon was read in both Chambers, inviting them to suspend their sittings one month. The President explained that while scrupulously conforming to the policy of the constitutional Dufaure and Simon cabinets, he could not take a step further in that direction without making an appeal to the radical factions which desire modifications of French institutions. The triumph of these ideas could only result in disorder and in the humiliation of France. He declared that he would repress any imprudent utterances by the press.

The change in the French government is con-

sidered in Germany a triumph of the ultramontane party, and that nation is strengthening the defenses of her western frontier.

The war between Russia and Turkey has as yet resulted in no very important engagement. While the Russians are upon the line of the Danube in great force, there has been no development of their plan for the European campaign. In Asia greater progress has been made. On the 11th of May the Russians attacked the van-guard of the Turkish army at Batum, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, but were compelled to retire with heavy loss. On the 18th, an unsuccessful assault was made on the outer works of the fortress of Kars; but the same day they succeeded in capturing Ardaban, an important city between Batum and Kars. The government of Roumania has formally asserted its independence of Turkey, and has declared war against her.

The British House of Commons, May 13, rejected Mr. Gladstone's anti-Turkish resolutions by a vote of 354 to 223, and adopted without a division Sir Henry Wolff's amendment, to the effect that the House declines to entertain any resolution which may embarrass the government in its maintenance of peace and the protection of British interests, without indicating any alternative line of policy. In the course of the debate the following distinct declaration was elicited from the Home Secretary: "We should protect the Suez Canal, guard Egypt, and not permit any power to interfere with the freedom of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. Hence we should protect Constantinople from becoming the prize of conquest."

DISASTERS.

May 9.—Fire-damp explosion at the Wadesville Shaft Colliery of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company. Seven lives lost.

May 11.—The dome of the Winnebago County Court-house, Rockford, Illinois, gave way. Ten lives lost.

May 3.—Land-slide in the parish of Ste. Geneviève, Canada. Ten persons buried alive.

May 10.—Destruction of Iquique, Peru, by earthquake. The town had a population of 1000.

OBITUARY.

April 28.—At Bloomfield, New Jersey, Edward Seymour, of the firm of Scribner, Armstrong, and Co., aged forty-two years.

April 29.—At Knoxville, Tennessee, the Hon. William G. Brownlow, aged seventy-two years.

May 2.—In Mobile, Alabama, Colonel John Forsyth, editor of the *Mobile Register*, aged sixty-six years.

May 9.—At New Bedford, Massachusetts, Commodore Benjamin J. Totten, United States navy, aged seventy-one years.

May 11.—At Schenectady, New York, the Rev. Taylor Lewis, D.D., LL.D., aged seventy-five years.

May 16.—At Shrewsbury, New Jersey, Commodore Edward W. Carpender, United States navy, aged eighty years.

May 13.—Announcement of the death, in France, of Louis Joseph Ernest Picard, the distinguished advocate and statesman, aged fifty-six years.

Editor's Drawer.

AWAY back in 1864, Mr. John Woods, of Calaway County, Missouri, went out to try his fortunes in Montana, taking with him old Sam, one of the darkies who had grown up on the home place. Sam had for years, even before he was free, had pretty much his own way, and was well known as a sensible and witty fellow. In Montana he picked up odd jobs, and was in constant requisition. He was one day employed by a Yankee carpenter to hew a log for him, and having completed the job, went to the "boss" for his pay, expecting to charge about seventy-five cents. Meantime the carpenter had made a rough coffin for a poor fellow who had died in the wilderness, and at the time of Sam's call a friend of the deceased was paying for the coffin, the amount being sixty dollars. Turning to Sam, the carpenter, in his quick, snappy way, asked,

"Got that log done?"

"Y-y-es, b-b-boss, all d-d-done."

"Well, how much is it?"

"F-f-four d-d-dollars an' a half."

"Gracious! Why, you'd skin a man alive!"

"Y-y-es, boss; but dat's not as b-b-bad as skin him after he's d-d-dead."

OLD bachelors will read with subdued joy the following epitaph on one of their order, written by himself:

At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wished my father never had.

ONE Mr. Murphy has a store and residence under one roof in Rochester. There was a fire on the premises, to the extinction of which and the removal of the household goods some friends who were junketing with him, and certain Irish laborers, casually at hand, contributed. The fire was trivial, and soon over. Mr. Murphy gathered his friends around him, closed the doors, and quickly, under the inspiring influence of a liberal brewing of punch, forgot all about the humbler friends who had come to his aid, and who, in the cold without, listened longingly to the revel within. Presently a knock at the door. It opened, and these words entered: "Mr. Murphy, have you as much as a glass of clane cowl'd wather for a poor boy?" Needless to say, ample amends were made for the late forgetfulness.

Nor long ago, at the dinner table at the Palette Club, of which the Hon. Noah Davis is president, were gathered a few bright gentlemen to a little feast to John M'Cullough, the actor. Among them were the president, Judge Brady, Rev. Dr. Bellows, Dion Boucicault, Rev. Mr. Alger, District-Attorney Phelps, Lawrence Jerome, William Winter, Consul-General Bodisco, William J. Florence, Clark Bell, and others. There was great hilarity, a rattle of wit, much bright reminiscence and anecdote, to say nothing of the "feast of reason and the slow of foul."

Judge Davis observed as follows: "I remember our friend Larry Jerome when he was not so good a Democrat as he is now. In fact, he professed to talk for the Whigs, and on one occasion this is the description he gave of his present

friends the Democratic voters when they beat his party at Syracuse. 'They approached the polls,' said he, 'on all fours; and, by Jove, it was only when they *reared up to vote* that we discovered they were human beings.'

"That," said John M'Cullough, "reminds me of a Syracuse man who staid overnight at Utica, and went to see Ned Adams play in *Damon and Pythias*. The old fellow kept very quiet until Adams came to the well-known line,

'There is no public virtue left in Syracuse.'

That touched his local pride, and, rising, he exclaimed, in stentorian tones, 'No, by jingo, nor in Utica either, if it comes to that!'

A controversy having arisen between Mr. Jerome and Judge Brady, the latter said, "I am in the position of the negro judge who was asked to grant a nonsuit. 'A what?' he indignantly inquired—'a nonsuit? Dis Court sits here to listen to de trials and lay down de law. It's contempt of dis Court to ask it to say nonsuit, which just means no suit at all. Dis Court don't give up its suits, its privileges, and its own bread and butter. Go right on wid de case!'"

William Winter gave this impromptu:

"Sometimes in poverty the heart grows cold
While it maintains the struggle for high art;
But John M'Cullough, from the land of gold,
Brings, as his precious prize, a golden heart."

And Mr. Boucicault related the following: "A great many years ago—longer than I like to remember—I went to Philadelphia to try one of my pieces, *Jessie Brown*, at one of the theatres. A small actor was cast for a very small part, that of Achmet, I believe. He had only six lines to speak, and he took the stage and spoke them like a tragedian. I called him down and said, 'See here, young man, you're not playing Othello.' 'I know I ain't,' he replied, 'but I will some day,' and then walked off, muttering something about punching my head. His prediction has come true. That bad Achmet, but good Othello, was John M'Cullough."

Now that the dogs of war have been let loose between Russia and Turkey, and the process of scientific slaughter commenced in the most deliberate manner possible, the following lines, taken from Moore's Almanac for 1829, under the head of "Monthly Observations," may be pondered with interest:

Whene'er contending princes fight,
For private pique or public right,
Armies are raised, the fleets are manned,
They combat both by sea and land.

When, after many battles past,
Both, tired with blows, make peace at last,
What is it, after all, the people get?
Why, taxes, widows, wooden legs, and debt.

A NEW *Life of Rowland Hill*, by Mr. Charlesworth, has just appeared in London, with an introduction by the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. It contains many stories of that remarkable man, the best of which seem rather apocryphal. A few of the briefest are as follows:

A note was handed to Mr. Hill while he was preaching for a charity, to ask whether it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute. "No,"

said the preacher; "but, my friends, I would advise you who are not insolvent not to pass the plate this evening, as people will be sure to say, 'There goes the bankrupt.'"

A Scotch minister assisting at an ordination, not being able to reach with his hand the head of the candidate, laid his cane upon it. "This," said Mr. Hill, "did equally well. It was timber to timber." (This sounds apocryphal.)

An Antinomian reproached him with preaching "a legal gospel." "Do you acknowledge," asked Mr. Hill, "the Ten Commandments as a rule of life?"

"Certainly not."

"Charles," said Mr. Hill to the servant, "show that man to the door, and keep your eye upon him till he is beyond the reach of the coats."

WE are quite sure that the ladies who read the Drawer will be glad should the report prove true that Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, will probably succeed Sir Edward Thornton as British minister at Washington, as it will take to the capital his accomplished wife, who is the author of the following witty poem:

KATEY'S LETTER.

Och, girls dear, did you ever hear I wrote my love a letter?

And although he can not read, sure I thought 'twas all the better;

For why should he be puzzled with hard spelling in the matter,

When the *maning* was so plain, that I love him faithfully?

I love him faithfully, and he knows it—oh, he knows it, without one word from me!

I wrote it and I folded it and put a seal upon it; 'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my best bonnet;

For I would not have the postmaster make his remarks upon it;

And I said *inside* the letter that I loved him faithfully.

I love him, etc.

My heart was full, but when I wrote I dared not put the half in.

The neighbors know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing;

So I dared not write his name *outside* for fear they would be laughing;

So I wrote, "From little Kate, to one whom she loves faithfully."

I love him, etc.

Now, girls, would you believe it, that postman, so *consated*,

No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited; But maybe there *mayn't* be one, for the *reason* that I stated,

That my love can neither read nor write; but he loves me faithfully.

He loves me faithfully, he loves me faithfully, And I know where'er my love is that he is true to me.

ONE of the oldest and most highly esteemed of our correspondents contributes a few pleasant anecdotes:

A Penobscot Indian, who never used the first person in speaking, and did not give a positive assertion about any thing, but "supposed," was asked—"Well, John, how did you get through the winter?"

"Well, he s'pose he keep tavern tree times," said John.

"Kept tavern three times during one winter! How is that, John?"

"Well, he s'pose he buy a jug o' whiskey once, and s'pose he keep tavern till it all gone. Well,

s'pose he buy another jug o' whiskey, and he keep tavern till that all gone. Well, s'pose he buy another jug o' whiskey, and he keep tavern till that all gone. So he s'pose he keep tavern tree times. The whiskey lasted—quick!"

A FRIEND of the writer was once travelling in a stage-coach in New England, and arrived at a village at nine o'clock in the evening, where the vehicle was to remain until morning. Having some acquaintances in the town, he went out immediately to call upon one of them. Returning to the tavern at midnight, he found all the beds in the house occupied but one of a dozen cots that had been put up temporarily in the parlor, for it was "court week" at that county seat. During the day my friend had been greatly amused by a fellow-passenger, a lively young Frenchman. Where he was that night my informant did not know when he retired to the unoccupied cot in the parlor, but he soon found out. The sleepers in the other cots were making "night hideous" with their snoring in varied cadences, some puffing, some with long-drawn nasal sounds, and all in discord. At length one of the snorers brought up with a snort and was suddenly silent, when the young Frenchman, who occupied a cot at the farther end of the room, and had been annoyed by the noise of the sleepers, cried out, "Tank God, von ees dead!"

A LITTLE four-year-old daughter had watched with interest the unfolding of flowers in a garden, seeing a rose blossom changed from a bud to a full-blown rose in a short space of time. One day she saw a turkey-cock suddenly expand his tail into a fan, in the act of "strutting," when she ran in to her mother and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I've just seen a turkey bloom out!"

WHAT Edmund Yates says of London, holds equally good in New York. "In these days," says he, "of architectural imbecility, it is pleasant to meet with a candid and unpretending builder who frankly avows his style. Down Denmark Hill may be noticed a lot of brick houses, which are conspicuously announced on a large stone slab to be 'Elizabeth Ann Villas.' There is so much more of the Elizabeth Ann style than of the Elizabethan, nowadays!" But they haven't yet in London any of our "Pointed Ironie" or "Early Cathartic" styles.

AN old New York editor thus pleasantly writes of and to the Drawer:

I have just laid down the April Drawer with the same feeling of regret and pleasure that has been experienced after a perusal of the three hundred and twenty-two installments that preceded it—regret that the Drawer was not a bigger one, and pleasure because it was so full of good things. This month Silas Wegg must have been at your elbow, for I see that you drop into poetry a good deal. I am glad, also, as an old reader and contributor to the Drawer, that the Harpers have again taken to illustrating the Drawer; for since the old days when dear good John M'Lenan used to brighten its pages with his clever pencil, we Drawer readers miss the pictures very much. But I sat down to give you matter, not advice.

Editors of newspapers have a good deal of fun over queer expressions in copy that comes before

them, for reporters are compelled to write so hurriedly that they frequently compose sentences that are extremely funny.

A reporter once gravely stated that an inquest had been held over a child which "was one of a pair of triplets"—a statement that was almost as confusing as the assertion regarding a dead man, "that the places that knew him so long have known him no more ever since."

A writer was once ordered to write an article on an approaching election, and he announced that the "polls would be only open between the hours of sundown and sunset," which was rather short notice for the voters.

Another, in describing a "shooting scrape," stated that the wounded man had been hit by a ball in the head "near the corner of Broadway and Twenty-fifth Street." That was as puzzling a problem in phrenology as the anatomical one contained in the statement that Dennis O'Rafferty had been "wounded in the fore-arm near the left shoulder."

Quite recently an evening paper stated that President Hayes went to Senator Sherman's residence on his arrival in Washington, "where a substantial breakfast and several of his intimate friends had been prepared for him." A cannibal President is not a very cheerful prospect for the office-seekers. Another paper stated that the new President had privately taken the oath of office in the presence of Chief Justice Waite, President Grant, and Mr. Fish, *who were absent*. Now who were absent or who were present on that occasion must remain a mystery forever.

A musical critic once wrote about a performance of the opera of *Il Trovatore*, and told his readers that the rendition of the Marseilles hymn in the forge scene was exceedingly well rendered; and we see no reason why it should not be, if Verdi had condescended to include it in his wonderful score.

A police reporter, in concluding his account of a dreadful murder, made the astonishing statement that "the victim expired *before* making an *ante-mortem* statement."

Another knight of the pencil, in writing on the ice question, declared that "as for the thousand and one carts that go about the city peddling ice under the names of the Crystal Ice Company, etc., they have no existence except on the sides of the wagons." Now what had no existence, the carts or the companies, it is of course impossible to decide.

But reporters are not alone in making funny sentences, for at a recent spiritualists' meeting in this city a medium rose and said he "was prepared to nail every skeptic to the mast-head." Needless to say that no skeptic presented himself for the execution of the direful threat.

In writing about an assault, a reporter stated that the assailant was arrested for striking a man *who was driving a sleigh with a brick*.

I WAS in Washington city at the time when Mason and Slidell were captured, and we thought our troops were about to gain possession of Charleston. I called upon President Lincoln with the late venerated Comptroller Whittlesey, and in the course of conversation I said, "Mr. President, we of the North feel like punishing the Charlestonians a little, for they are arch-offenders."

"I feel a little so myself," he said; "but what

shall we do with Mr. Pettigru?" The latter was a staunch Union man, and remained so while the madmen raged around him.

The question suggested a "little story" to Mr. Lincoln. His eyes sparkled with humor, and he said, "A chap in Illinois was very fond of relating Scripture narratives. At one time he was telling the story of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the promise of the Lord to save the cities if a certain number of righteous men could be found in them.

"How many righteous men did the Lord accept?" asked a listener.

"I don't now exactly remember," said the narrator; "I know Abraham beat down the Lord a good deal."

"So," said Mr. Lincoln, "they may beat us down to Mr. Pettigru, and save Charleston."

IN Crayford church-yard, England, may be found the following singular inscription on a headstone set up by the parishioners in remembrance of Peter Isnell:

Here lieth the body of Peter Isnell (30 years clerk of this parish). He lived respected as a pious and a mirthful man, and died on his way to church to assist at a wedding, on the 31st day of March, 1811, aged 70 years. The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.

The life of this clerk was just three score and ten, Nearly half of which time he had sung out Amen. In his youth he was married, like other young men; But his wife died one day, so he chaunted Amen. A second he took; she departed; what then? He married and buried a third, with Amen. Thus his joys and his sorrows were treble, but then His voice was deep bass as he sung out Amen. On the horn he could blow as well as most men, So his horn was exalted in blowing Amen. But he lost all his wind after three score and ten; And here, with three wives, he waits till *again* The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen.

A CORRESPONDENT at La Jara, Conejos County, Colorado, writes as follows:

DEAR DRAWER,—The subjoined may be acceptable, and in that hope I indite:

In the new mining county of San Juan, in the southwestern portion of Colorado, many curiosities of humor and eccentricity are to be met with on every hand. A most fruitful source of oddity are the location stakes. By the laws of the United States in Colorado, a discoverer of a lode is entitled to 1500 feet on the vein, and 300 across, to each location, and must, within sixty days after discovery, expose the vein to ten feet below its surface. This is called his assessment, and if not completed within the specified period, renders the lode liable to "jumping," or passing into the possession of others. Sometimes, however, unless the lode be very rich, if a man is engaged in working down his assessment when the sixty days expire, his property is rarely jumped, a few days of grace being allowed by the miners.

A case of this kind occurred a short time ago. The period had all but passed, and the shaft yet lacked some three feet of the required depth; but the owner each evening upon quitting work left his tools as a token that he was endeavoring to finish his assessment. There was another, however, intent on jumping the lode, and on the last day of the sixty, as he passed by, the owner having gone home, he wrote upon the spade at the bottom of the shaft, "Spades are not trumps in this game, my boy." The next day the would-be

jumper returned to re-locate, but finding beneath his notice of the preceding day, "No, but clubs are," changed his mind.

Another man, in tramping about, found that one of his mines had been jumped. He took out his pencil and wrote beneath the new location: "This lode has mineral in it, my six-shooter has lead; if you take one, you will have to take the other; so make your choice."

Still another individual wrote on the stake of one of his jumped leads: "I'll play you a game of seven-up as to who holds this location." The jumper saw the notice, and came down to the cabin of the former owner. The game was played, and the jumper lost.

Sometimes these notices are couched in verse: "Don't jump this lead, or I'll make you bleed," is one. Another, "I'll bust your head, or shoot you dead, if you ever jump this lead." But the most elaborate poetical mining couplet I have ever seen is:

I've staked this claim
In my own true name,
And intend to work it too;
And a warning give
To all that live—
They'll get into a stew
If ever they dare
To jump my share,
And my name is

JOHN CONBLEW.

A "jumper" came, and, after re-locating, added:

We've heard ducks talk,
And seen them walk,
But we don't give room;
So stop your jaw,
For Moses' law,
In all its bloom,
Will make your lot
A leaden shot,
And send you up the flume."

That settled it.

The nomenclature, too, is highly original. We have a mine called the "Grub-Stake;" another is "Hard to Beat." There are others with such names as "Pay Rock," "Copper Pot," "Cracker," "Hoosier," "Tar-Heel," "Hunkeydory," "Solid Boy," "Last Trump," "The Ragged Millionaire," etc. Then there are the "Big Maria," "Smashing Jennie," "Jolly Polly," "Hunkey Lucy," "Jilting Helen," and "Heartless Em."

THE amusing scene described below occurred a few Sundays since in the Episcopal church at St. Augustine, Florida, and was afterward jotted down by an old and esteemed friend of the Drawer:

He was past middle age—an editor, they said—and wore a beaming smile as he walked up the middle aisle, glancing from side to side. The pew next to the front was vacant, and he took a seat with a rather uncertain air.

"Can I sit here?" he said, speaking to his neighbor in the adjoining pew.

"Oh yes; the pews are free."

"I want a seat for a friend. She is a granddaughter of Jefferson."

"Certainly."

"Who is the minister?" (in a loud tone).

"Mr. Root."

"No; I mean that other man, the stranger" (snubbingly).

"I do not know."

He was evidently uneasy, and stood up, facing the congregation, with an expectant air. He turn-

ed to Mr. Astor, who sat behind him, and said, in an explanatory way,

"I am expecting a friend, a granddaughter of Jefferson. Can I seat her here?"

"Certainly."

He was not satisfied—perhaps she was already in the church; and he walked down the aisle and back again, peering into every face. He had hardly seated himself again before a lady and child appeared in the aisle, to whom he hastily offered seats.

"Is this your pew, madam?"

"No, Sir."

"May I sit here?"

"Certainly."

"I wish to offer a seat to a friend of mine whom I am expecting. She is a granddaughter of Jefferson."

To this there was no answer, merely a bow. Our friend continued:

"What is your name?" (standing up, and leaning over the child).

"Paine."

"Do you spell it with an *i* or a *y*?"

"With an *i*."

"My name is Walker. What State do you come from?"

"From Massachusetts."

"From near Boston?"

"From Boston."

"Oh!"

He is restless, and looks around. General and Mrs. Dent appear. He gives a seat to the latter, the general—who, by-the-way, is in command at St. Augustine—going over to a far corner. Again the question,

"What is your name?"

"Dent."

"My name is Walker. Mrs. Dent, allow me to introduce you to my friend Mrs. Paine." (Evidently used to the amenities of polite society, he feared the ladies might not feel at ease sitting side by side in church without an introduction.)

Another restless waiting. Then spying General Dent in his far corner, he goes over to him and asks,

"Won't you take my seat?"

"No, thank you."

"You can't see the minister over here."

"No matter."

In the mean time the pew is filled; our friend settles himself upon a front bench, and subsides as the service commences.

The granddaughter of Jefferson does not seem to have made her appearance.

And Walker has faded from Florida.

AN editorial friend connected with the *Daily Oregonian*, published in Portland, Oregon, sends us this story of a preacher over on the John Day River, in Grant County, in that State: As is usual nowadays at the conclusion of the services, this expounder of the Gospel announced that he would take up a collection; and as his hearers were rather slow in starting, he sprung from the pulpit, seized his hat, jerked a half dollar from his vest pocket, and said, "Now there's got to be eighteen dollars raised right here, brethren, and I'll start the thing by throwing in four bits." The effect was magical, and soon twenty-three dollars were collected. The circuit-rider counted it out carefully, and, with a smile breaking over

his chin, said, "Brethren, here are twenty-three dollars; and as we only needed eighteen, I guess I'll take my half dollar back." He then launched off into an extravagant eulogy of the liberality of the miner as compared with the people of the Willamette Valley, who, he said, "would pinch the eagle on a half dollar at a donation meetin' till it just squealed."

An officer of the navy, on board one of our vessels in China, tells us this neat thing in the way of blessing:

A man on board the U. S. S. *Monocacy*, whose term of service had just expired, proceeded to take leave of his late officers. Approaching the commander, he invoked the choicest blessings on his head, in a brogue that left no doubt as to his native sod. And so he went from one to another with a "God bless ye!" or "May Heaven reward ye!" until he came opposite the lieutenant-commander, who had frequently been obliged to sup-

the pulpit or at the bar. We have, however, in the following, sent to us by a friend at Taylor's Falls, Minnesota, a paragraph that is by no means to be sneezed at. It is appended to a notice for the election of school district officers in one of the towns of Rice County, which our informant found fastened to a tree at the cross-roads:

N.B.—The wisdom of our laws having tolerated woman to cast the light of her benign influence beyond the confines of the nursery, by permitting her to practically use the genial rays of her susceptible intelligence in directing the moral and mental culture of man, it is therefore desirable that the lady voters of this school district should use their franchise with a steadfast purpose to advance the social and intellectual training of the rising generation, to whom destiny intrusts the guardianship of human happiness in the near future.

A GENTLEMAN in Boston sends us the following anecdote of the late Dr. Lyman Beecher, which he thinks has not heretofore been in print:

While Dr. Beecher was settled in Litchfield,



CONTEMPLATION.



EXULTATION.



SCATTERATION.

press Pat's love for the "ardent" by stopping his leave. With a reluctant touch of his cap, and downcast eye, he mumbled out, "And may God bless you too, Misther C——, to a sartin extint!"

How most speedily to find a wife is a problem often solved successfully by Anglo-Indians during their brief furlough in England. The following is recorded in a Punjab journal received by last mail:

A disappointed wife-hunter had completed the purchase of an outfit in a well-known establishment in Westburnia, when he was asked by the grateful proprietor, "Can we do any thing more for you to-day?"

"Thanks, nothing," was the reply; "I've all I want—except a wife."

"Will you be pleased to step this way?" said this prince of shop-keepers, leading his customer up to one of the apprentices, a lady-like girl, whom he introduced as the daughter of a deceased officer.

"Wooded an' married an' a'" in a fortnight, the lady is now a happy wife, making one of the dullest Punjab stations bright and lively.

THE act of sneezing is an involuntary one, though the person about to explode into that violent action usually has a momentary premonition of what's coming. "Not to be sneezed at" has come to be a common proverb, understood by the most youthful of ragamuffins, though seldom used for purposes of illustration either in

Connecticut, a young man called upon him with reference to uniting with his church, but expressed a desire to be baptized by immersion. To this the good doctor readily assented, and proposed that they should at once proceed to the river near by for that purpose; which was done, and the young man was dampened to his heart's content. Dr. B. returned to his house, and, sitting down in the kitchen, proceeded to remove his wet shoes, remarking, "Ugh! got my shoes full of sand; *knew 'twan't the way!*"

THIS comes to us from a United States functionary in Tennessee:

During the hotly contested canvass in 1873 between Maynard, Johnson, and Cheatham for Congress, for the State at large, a gentleman met an old friend, an enthusiastic Irish-Catholic Democrat, and asked, "Well, Mr. Mac, will the Irish vote for Mr. Johnson at this election?"

"Yis, ivery wan of them are for him except wan, and I brought him over."

"What was his objection to the President?"

"Well, he said he wouldn't vote for no man who had hung a woman; and I towld him what a friend Andy was to us when he defated the Know-Nothings in 1856; and besides, and wasn't it betther to hang Mrs. Surratt, who was a good Catholic, than to hang some poor Protestant woman who wasn't prepared?"

And the man was not jesting; meant every word of it. Mr. Johnson, to whom it was related, enjoyed it immensely, in his quiet way.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXVII.—AUGUST, 1877.—VOL. LV.



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

SUMMED up in the briefest way possible, the White Mountains are the highest elevations of land east of the Mississippi, next in altitude to the Rockies themselves; they are situated in Northern New Hampshire, and extend about forty miles north and south, and nearly the same distance east and west. The peaks cluster in two groups, the eastern being known as the White Mountains proper, and the western as the Franconia. They rise from a plateau about forty-five miles long, thirty miles wide, and sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Several flashing rivers wind among them, passing through four of the prettiest valleys in America—the Saco, the Connecticut, the Androscoggin, and the Pemigewas-

set. Their constitution is a conglomerate rock resembling granite. Every school-boy knows that Mount Washington is the highest, and next to this are Mounts Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, all of which are in the main range. The highest peaks in the Franconia group are Mounts Pleasant, Lafayette, and Liberty.

Few visitors are ever disappointed in these mountains, however great their anticipations may be, and thousands of tourists of the most fashionable class, who are wearied of nearly all other pleasure resorts, from the blue waters of Lake Como to the tropic walls of St. Augustine, from the Mammoth Cave to the valleys of Iceland, and from the Garden of the Gods to Mount Desert, and who are as much “used up” as Sir Charles Coldstream in Mathews’s farce, visit them again and



NORTH CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

again, and always go away satisfied. There is a peculiar and inexhaustible beauty about them, which is best attested by the number of artists who frequent them year after year. Nowhere else do we so often find the picturesque gentlemen of the easel. The sketch-book and the brush recur with such astonishing frequency that we are at first inclined to believe the whole area must have been transferred to the portfolios of these indefatigable lovers of nature, but a further experience teaches us that each day, each hour, the atmosphere transforms every object, bringing this knoll into greater prominence, subduing that, transmuting the purple into blue, the yellow into gold, lighting crimson fires here and spreading a gloom there, until it seems that a whole lifetime spent in portraying one object only would still leave the task unfinished.

Nor does the variety of the scenery depend on the evanescent effects of the atmosphere alone. The more tangible influences of geology have produced a wonderfully varied conformation of rock in pinnacle, curve, and ravine, while each feature is softened by an indescribable charm which makes the most violent convulsion of nature appear sweet and calm.

The steady increase of visitors to the mountains has developed many ways of reaching them from New York, Boston, and Canada; but one of the pleasantest routes, if the tourist has time and has the sea-going qualities of a good sailor, is that by steamer

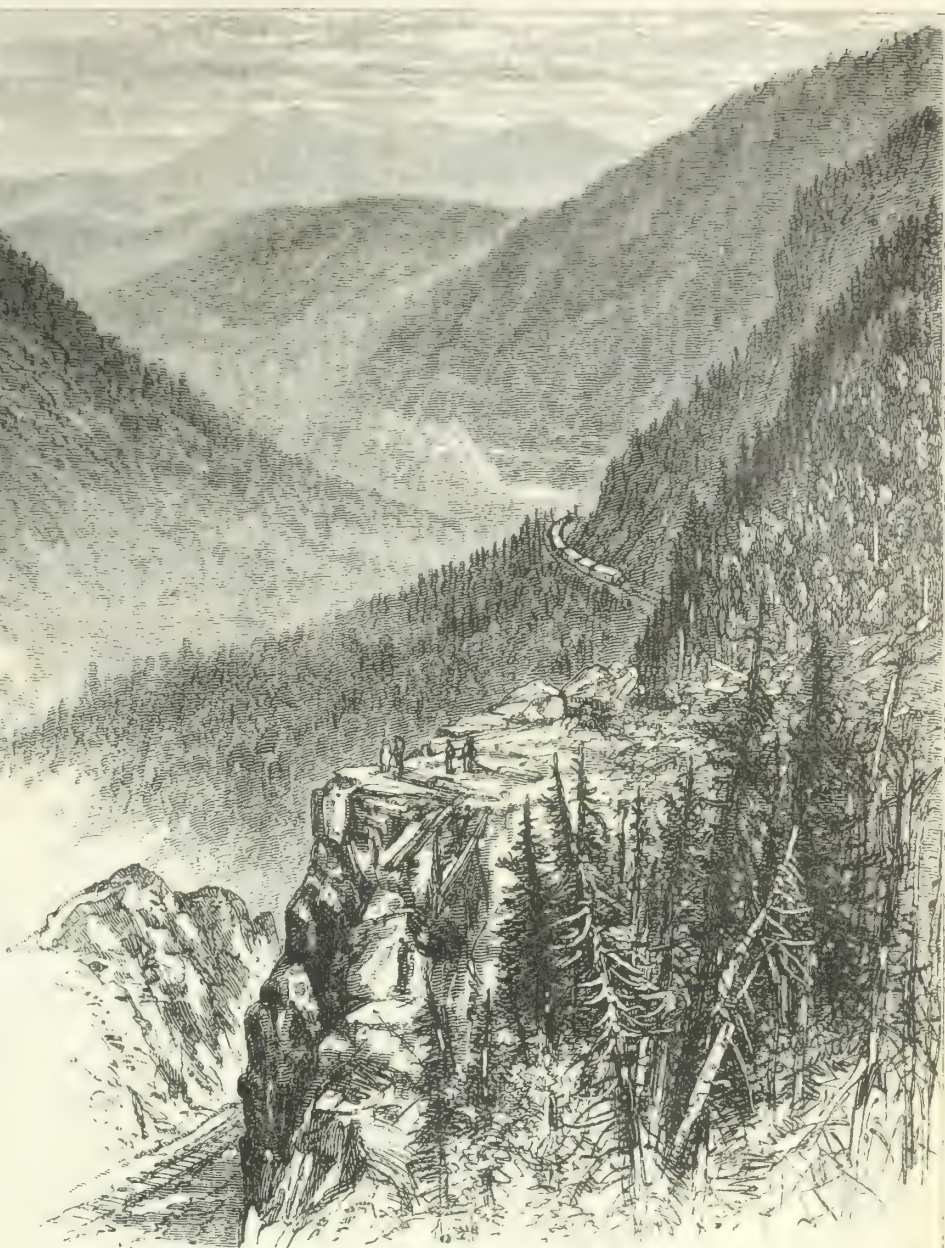
from the metropolis to Portland, which involves a voyage of two days along the New England coast, with many glimpses of sunny beaches and surf-beaten cliffs.

Early on the second morning you are landed in the quiet harbor of Portland, and thence conveyed by rail to Conway—that pastoral spot which has been fervidly painted in water and oil so often that people who have never been there know it almost as well as its inhabitants. What pen can translate the exquisite beauty of this Arcadia—the fragrant exhalations of the meadows in autumn, the deep repose of the hazy hills, the rural perfection that delights the eye every where? The White Mountains found their truest interpreter long ago in Thomas Starr King, who had as intimate a knowledge of them and as subtle a sympathy with them as Herrick had with the English country lanes, and Irving with the quaint life of New Amsterdam; but vivid as his utterance is, it fails to completely grasp the manifold charms that present themselves—a fact that he himself appreciated. “Varying with each hour,” he has written, “the favored visitors will have the full range of summer views, the anthology of a season gathered into a portion of a single week. The mountains seem to overhaul their meteorological wardrobe. They will array themselves by rapid turns in their violets and purples and mode colors, their cloaks of azure and caps of gold, their laces and velvets, and their iris scarfs. One day it will be so clear that,

for the eye, space seems to have been half annihilated. Every sharp ridge lies in the sky like the curving blade of an adze, and the pinnacles tower sharp as spears. The few shadows that spot the slopes seem engraved upon them. Then will come a day sacred to clouds. Or perhaps the south wind fills the air with dusty gold, and

makes each segment of a district that was prosaic enough a week before, seem a sweet fraction of Italy. Possibly it tries its hand at mists. Then what mischief and frolic! It brindles the mountain-sides with them; or it stretches them across their length as though it meant to weave all the vapors which the air could supply into a narrow and interminable web of fog. Now, again, it twines the mist around their necks; then it smothers the peaks with them, and soon tears them apart to let the grim heads look out; and before long, in more serious mood, it bids them steam up and off, like incense from mighty altars."

And here, while we are still at Conway, which is both a rendezvous and a starting-point for all explorers of the mountains, let us look at some of the social characteristics of the region, which are not less interesting than the topography. In the months of July and August the flood of fashion is overwhelming, of course, and the dialect of Boston or New York falls oftener on the ear than the nasal drawl which answers for



VALLEY OF THE SACO.

speech with the native. But the native is there, the indigenous Yankee lineally descended from the early pioneer and mountaineer, whose forefathers trapped and hunted among the pines when the summit of Mount Washington was a white mystery to the oldest and hardiest—an odd, homespun mixture of shrewdness, wit, thrift, and good nature. You find him under the portico of the country store, with a crowd of boon companions, who, like himself, are gaunt, freckled, and sinewy, and whose limbs appear to be hung together on wires. The visitors, constantly coming and going in the train of pleasure, make the summer lively for them; but when these birds of passage are flown, and the mountains are wrapped in snow from summit to base, they will fall into the quiet routine of primitive life in the old farm-houses.

The expensiveness of the hotels excludes the semi-fashionable element from the visitors. To "do" the White Mountains fashionably means an expenditure of fifteen or twenty dollars a day, for the charges of the leading

hotels, high as they are, form only a small item compared with the grand total of "extras," incurred for guides, drives, and other inevitables. The railway fare up Mount Washington is three dollars, and the fare down Mount Washington is an equal amount, an additional sum being charged for any bag or bundle that can not be carried in the hand. The mildest drink costs twenty-five cents. Nearly as much is asked for carriage hire as would buy a respectable horse and buggy. And while the rate for board is four or five dollars a day below the summit, the price at the summit is six dollars a day.

The society is so select, and the accommodations are so excellent, however, that no one who can afford it will complain of

the White Mountains can you find a *garçon* to whom Plato and Darwin, Gibbon and Euclid, Latin hexameters and the whole theory of evolution, are matters of such ready-tongued familiarity as they are to this bright-eyed youth who inquires whether you will have your potatoes stewed, boiled, or mashed?

As I have said, the semi-fashionable element is excluded, and there are comparatively few cheap boarding-houses. The inmates of the hotels belong principally to the best class of American society—the unostentatious representatives of wealth and intellect. And before going farther, I intend to pay the frequenters of the White Mountains an immense but just compliment.

If I wished to show an Englishman the



SELECT WAITERS.

the cost. The polite young gentleman who attends to your wants at table, bringing you a dish of fresh eggs and a glass of creamy milk, if they have been in your order, is a Sophomore at Harvard, and he is not the victim of any bitter reverse in life, as you may be inclined to think. The servants at many of the hotels are college students, who, by service of this kind, are enabled to pay their fees; and the girls in attendance—modest New England girls, with honest, intelligent faces and neatly braided hair—are likewise students. The polished, noiseless, profoundly attentive waiter of good restaurants in Europe may be able to talk with you in three or four different languages, but where else in the world than

best part of American society, I certainly would not take him to Long Branch, for a few diamonds and silks form the line of demarkation between that resort and a much cheaper one—Coney Island. I might take him to Newport, but I would prefer, being anxious that his impressions should be favorable, to introduce him to the company that often gathers, as the weather grows cold, before the big wood fires in the parlors of a White Mountain inn. The divinity that hedges in a king is not easily analyzed, and the charm of good-breeding evades a closer definition than the words "courtesy" and "intelligence" express. There is that within the assemblage of White Mountain travellers which places them on a plane and in an atmosphere of their own, and which is peculiarly grateful to the stranger admitted.

Next to the artists, the most frequent travellers met by a pedestrian on the road are students or clerks who are "footing it," with an infinitesimal quantity of baggage and an infinite degree of zeal and good temper. "Give me youth and a day, and I will make the pomp



MOUNT CHOCORUA.

of emperors ridiculous!" With a stout stick, a knapsack, and a boyish capacity for enjoyment, these ruddy fellows make the sybaritish occupants of hotels and carriages appear miserable. You meet them swarming up the face of the mountains by short-cuts, resting by the bubbling springs and brooks, and puffing their short cutty or brier-wood pipes, chatting with the harvesters in the meadows, and taking Nature in at the pores, as Joey Ladle would say. The other travellers seem to be suffering under the lethargic blight of overrefining; a little more of the rough-and-ready element in their pleasure-seeking would make them happier.

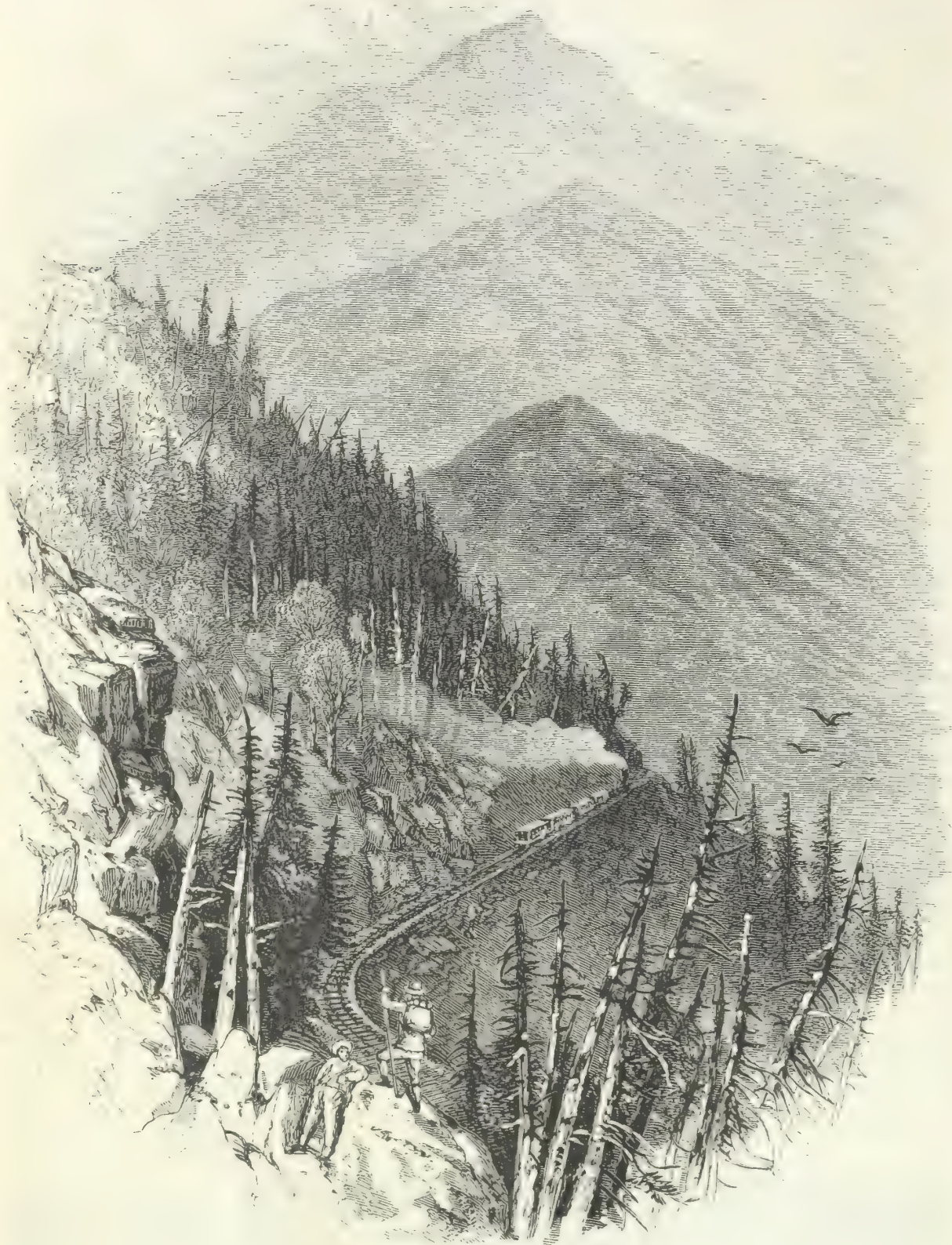
The village of North Conway lies on a fertile upland, surrounded by hills and mountains, and overlooking the reaches of the Saco, at the head of which, apparently, is Mount Washington, a monarch among the regiment of giant forms which cluster about it. To the east is a range of hills, with Mount Kearsarge predominant, and to the west of the river is Moat Mountain and the

Peaks of Chocorua. These four mountains are the most noticeable, but many others loom up in the north, mantled with depths of purple, blue, and gold in the changing light of the day. There is a very ecstasy of color in the morning and evening, a passionate intensity that will not admit of description, and it is not easy to say whether the mountains are most beautiful in the amber daybreak, when watery wreaths of clouds lie upon them, or in the pathetic twilight, when the foliage hangs blackly against the tender gray sky, and the last gorgeous rays of sunset are swallowed up in the victory of night. But it is certain that they are beautiful at all times—beautiful with a beauty of their own that is incomparable to any thing in the Alleghanies or the Rockies.

The neighborhood of Conway contains many natural features of interest, including the Artist's Fall, a picturesque cascade set among forest trees and rocks, and Echo Lake, at the foot of White Horse Ledge. The "White Horse," which can be seen from the



ECHO LAKE, NORTH CONWAY.



CRAWFORD NOTCH.

village, is the figure of a horse impressed upon the perpendicular sides of a range of cliffs, which extend four or five miles along the banks of the river, and vary in height from a hundred to eight hundred feet. At one point a natural cavity, called the Cathedral, has been formed in the solid granite, with walls about eighty feet high, and an arched roof. The floor is strewn with large blocks of granite, and several full-grown trees spring up between the crevices.

Another picturesque spot is that which is romantically called Diana's Bath. This is a little farther north than the Cathedral,

and is reached by a shady woodland path leading over some granite ledges to a rivulet, which trickles and breaks in silver and white until it tumbles over another ledge about ten feet high. The action of the water has worn several basins in the rock, the largest being about nine feet in diameter, and the pools thus formed are indeed fit for as chaste a goddess as Diana.

As we leave Conway we get another view of Mount Kearsarge, which may be ascended by a bridle-path, and our next hostelry is the Crawford House, which is reached through the famous White Mountain Notch.



FRANCONIA VILLAGE AND PROFILE NOTCH.

The valley gradually narrows, and the hills inclosing it become more abrupt as we travel northward. The road winds by the flank of Bartlett Mountain, and over many turbulent brooks. From the Willey House to the gate of the Notch, the walls by which we are inclosed increase to a height of 2000 feet, and at the gate the river flows between sheer cliffs, with harebells and ferns drooping from their faces.

The Willey House is the monument of that disastrous land-slide which has been commemorated in both prose and verse. Here, in 1826, was a little tenement occupied by Samuel Willey, Jun., and his family, and we are told that his hospitable kindness and shelter were as much sought by travellers in winter-time as the shelter of the monks of St. Bernard. One bright June morning, says Starr King, the little meadow farm, flecked with the nibbling sheep, and cooled by the patches of shadow flung far out over the grass from the thick maple foliage, must have seemed, to any one pausing there and hearing the pleasant murmur of the Saco, as romantic a spot as one could fly to for security from the fever and perils of the world. Late in that peaceful June, Willey, looking out of a window, saw a large mass of the mountain sliding down, sweeping rocks and trees before it, and hurling its frightful burden across the road. At first the family were greatly terrified, and resolved to move from the Notch; but Mr. Willey, on reflection, felt confident that such an event was not likely to occur again, and was satisfied with building a strong hut or cave, to which the family might fly should another avalanche seem to threaten their home.

Later in the summer there was a long drought. By the middle of August the earth to a great depth in the mountain region was dried to powder. Then came several days of south wind, betokening copious rain. On

Sunday, August 27, the rain began to fall. On Monday it increased, and the clouds around the White Mountain range, seen from a distance, were heavy, black, and awful. Valleys were flooded, bridges swept away, live stock drowned, and farm buildings demolished. In the little settlement of Gilead thousands of tons of earth and rock were detached from the overhanging hills, and the roar of these slides was far more frightful than the thunder, and the trails of fire from the rushing boulders were more awful than the lightning.

For several hours the Willey family were



THE POOL, FRANCONIA.

in constant terror. The father and mother, anxious for their young children, recalled the land-slide of the previous June. In every pause of the thunder they strained their ears to catch the sound of another grinding avalanche, and at last they heard the moving of a loosened ridge, heard louder and louder its increasing roar, heard—and saw, perhaps—that it was rushing in the line of their little home, and, unable to command their nerves, they ran out of the house into the storm.

The next morning was cloudless, and the

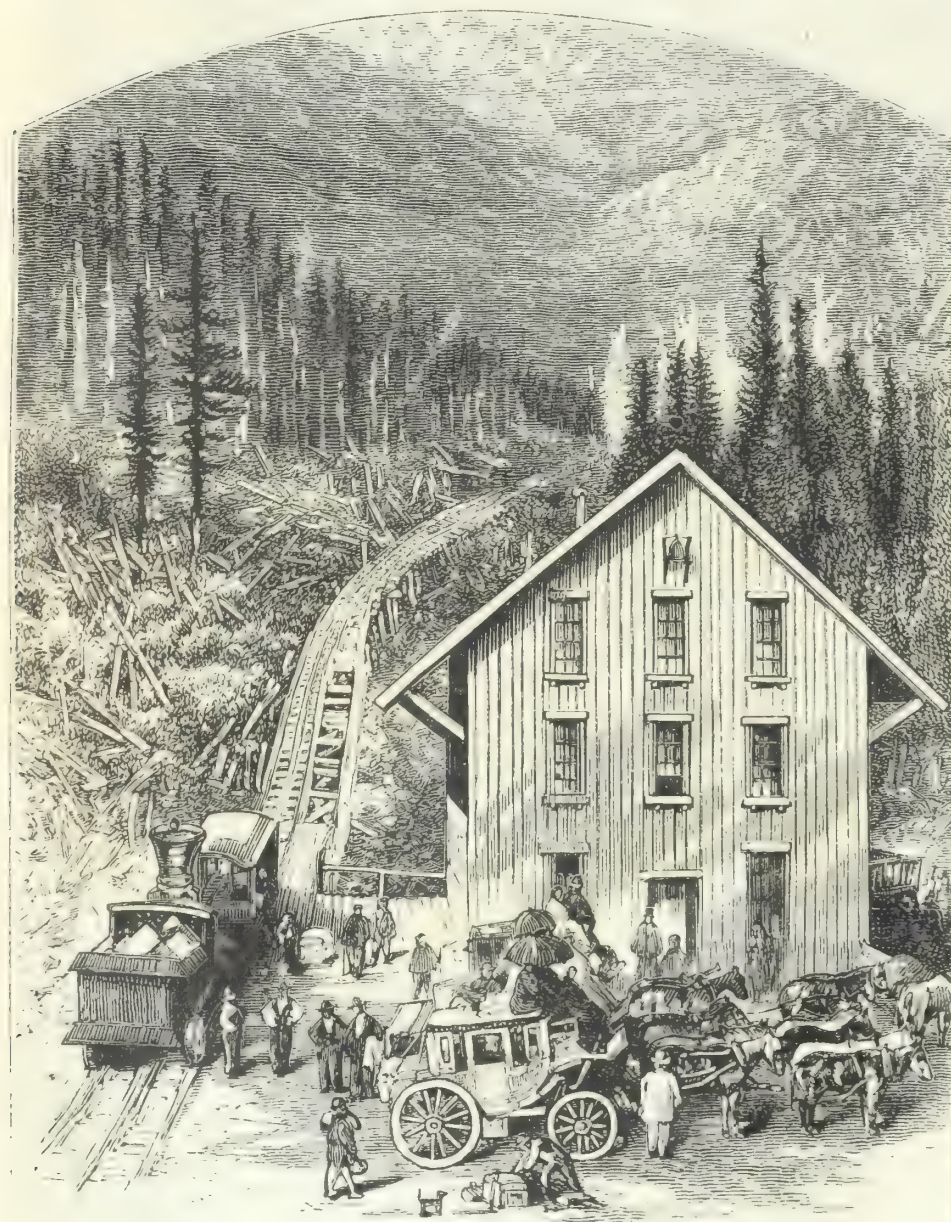
and clothing showed that they had been hurriedly left, and a Bible was lying open on the table, as if it had been read just before the departure of the family. Neither Willey, his wife, nor children could be found, and it was at first supposed that they had retreated to a neighbor's house; but a search discovered them, some days later, buried in the drift.

An ordinary storm in the mountains is terrible enough to a lowlander. It sweeps upon one with the unexpectedness and violence of a tornado. The day may be clear

and warm, and the azure expanse of the sky checked only by a few patches of white cloud; but suddenly the mutterings of thunder proclaim a coming tempest, and before a refuge can be found, the whole earth and the whole heaven are enveloped in a vaporous gray, which distorts or completely blots out every surrounding form with its cheerless monotone.

The first drops of rain fall on the leaves heavily, and the leaves themselves are violently disturbed. Though little wind can be felt by the spectator, the trees seem to shake at their very roots with apprehension, and before long the bravest human heart is appalled by the unusual and terrific force exhibited by the rain, lightning, and thunder.

When the storm



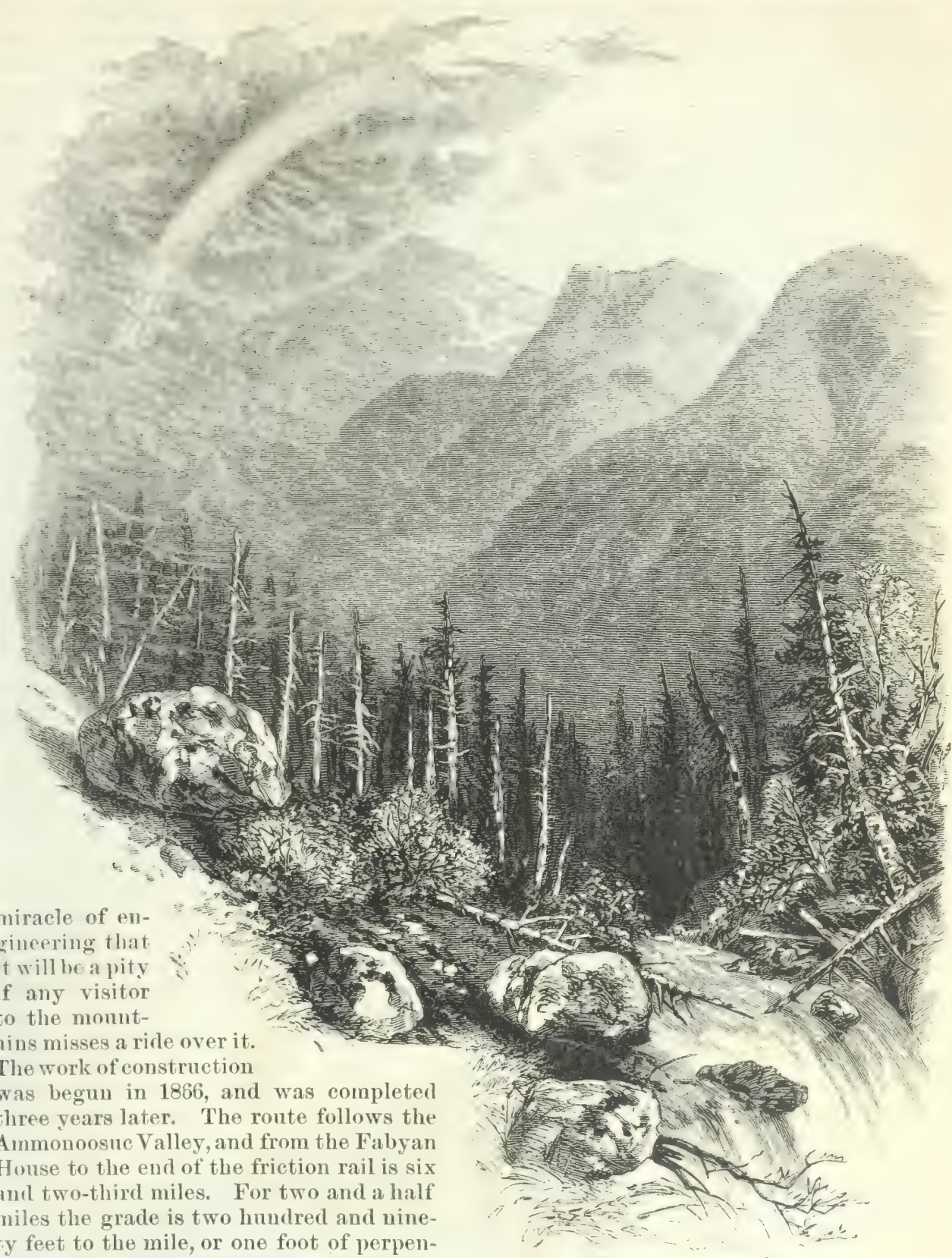
MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY STATION.

air was remarkably transparent, revealing the far and wide devastation caused by the storm. A traveller found the little house in the Notch still standing, but surrounded with desolation. The mountain behind it, once robed in beautiful green, was striped for two or three miles with ravines deep and freshly torn. The meadow in front was covered with wet sand and rocks and the branches of green trees.

The traveller entered the house, and went through it. The doors were all ajar, the beds

breaks, a compensation for this terror comes in the enhanced beauty of the scene. Every cliff and peak, streaming with moisture, has the appearance of a mass of burnished silver, the foliage becomes a prism, and the rainbows seem to rise from one's feet.

From the Crawford House we go on to Fabyan's, and thence ascend Mount Washington. There are three ways of doing this—by the railroad, the carriage road, or afoot. The railway might have suggested Jules Verne's *Journey to the Moon*, and is such a



miracle of engineering that it will be a pity if any visitor to the mountains misses a ride over it.

The work of construction was begun in 1866, and was completed three years later. The route follows the Ammonoosuc Valley, and from the Fabyan House to the end of the friction rail is six and two-third miles. For two and a half miles the grade is two hundred and ninety feet to the mile, or one foot of perpendicular height to eighteen feet of horizontal distance. Besides the usual rails, there is a central rail of peculiar construction to receive the motive power, consisting of two bars of iron, with connecting cross-pieces placed four inches apart. A central cog-wheel on the locomotive plays into this rail, and secures a sure and steady mode of ascent and descent.

The locomotive, as it first comes out of the engine-house, has the appearance of being ready to fall over. The driving-wheel is geared into a smaller wheel, which connects directly with the crank, and four revolutions of the latter are required to make one of the driving-wheel. The locomotive

is not connected with the car, but simply pushes it up in the ascent, and allows it to follow gently in the descent. A wrought-iron dog constantly plays into notches on the driving-wheel, so that should any part of the machinery give way, the train may be immediately stopped. The car is also supplied with friction and atmospheric brakes. The seats are placed at an angle that brings them almost on a level in the ascent, and all of them face down the mountain. The time occupied on the journey up is about an hour and a half, the engine having to

MOUNT WASHINGTON.



MOUNT WASHINGTON CARRIAGE ROAD.

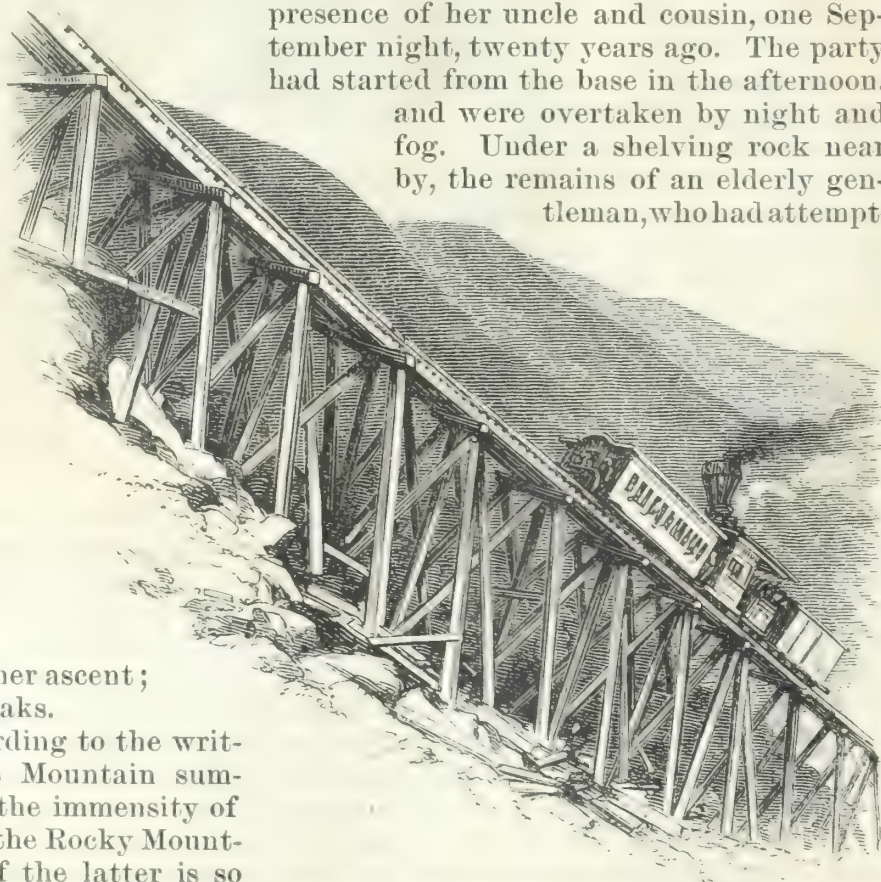
stop several times on the way to take in water. The fare, as I have stated, is three dollars up the mountain, three dollars down, or four dollars up and down on the same train.

The railway has by no means superseded the carriage road, which is still a favorite route to the summit of the mountain. For the first four miles it winds among a dense growth of forest trees, and thence passes through a ravine, and over the eastern side of the mountain. The grade is easy, and the road-bed excellent. Each turn discloses some new prospect—a wide valley, faintly green, with a brook or a river flashing through it; a deep dell, with a swaying sea of foliage; an overhanging cliff that seems to render impossible any further ascent; or a wonderful array of peaks.

It is singular that, according to the writer's impressions, a White Mountain summit gives a fairer idea of the immensity of space than the highest of the Rocky Mountain peaks. The height of the latter is so great that only the pinnacles surrounding

them have a distinct shape. All below is drowned in a yellow mistiness. But the downward glimpses you get in the ascent of Mount Washington reveal so varied an extent of country that it is possible to realize how great your altitude is. Now it is the valley of the Saco that opens before you, and then a wider reach still, with the peaks of Adams, Jefferson, and Madison wedged in, and the other ranges in the blue distance. From the highest of the Rocky Mountains the view unfolded resembles a desolate ocean; from the White Mountains it is an earthly paradise.

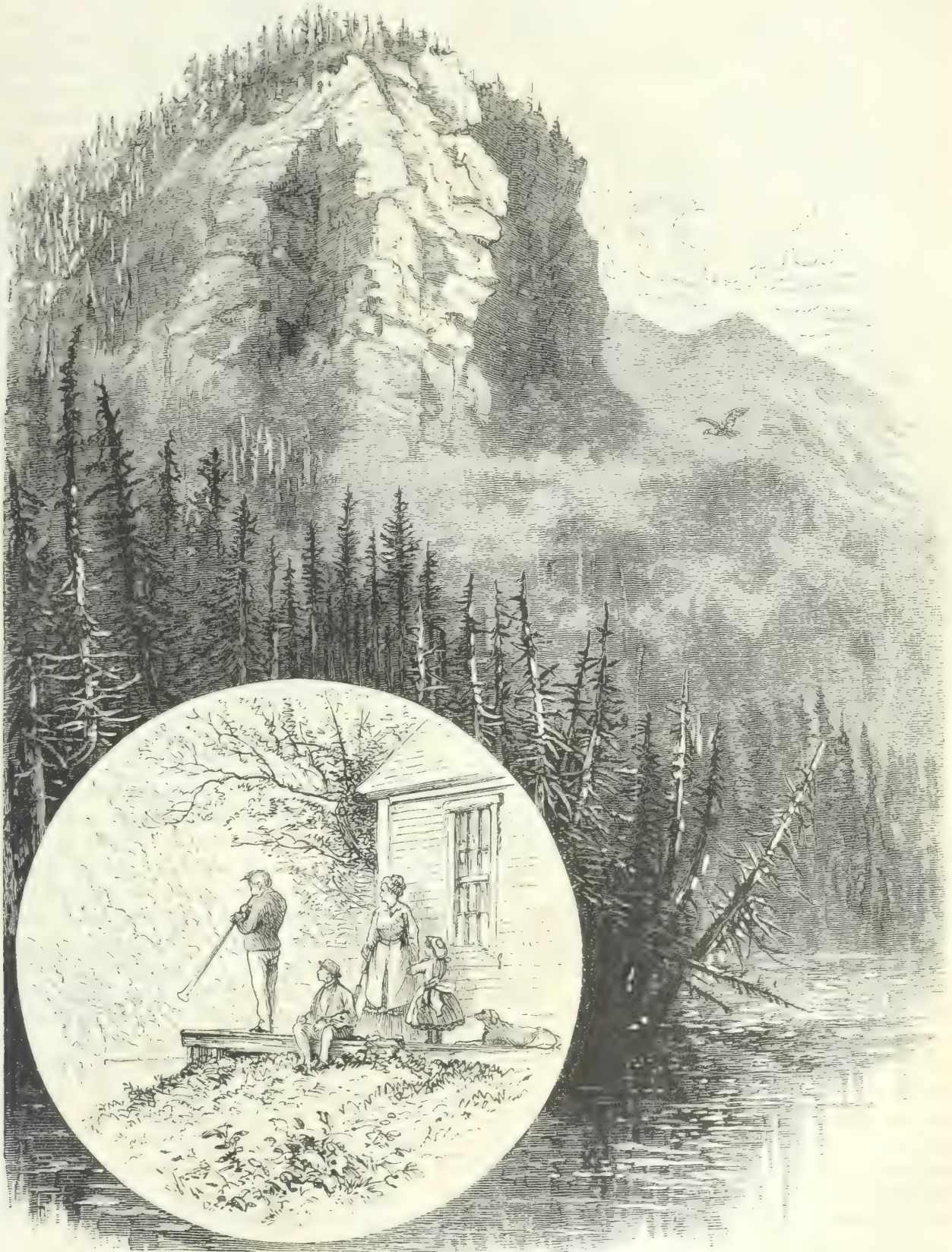
Before the construction of the road the ascent of the mountain was attended by many perils, and grim stories are told of people who have lost their lives in attempting to reach the top without guides. A pile of stones on the road marks the spot where a Miss Bourne died from exhaustion, in the presence of her uncle and cousin, one September night, twenty years ago. The party had started from the base in the afternoon, and were overtaken by night and fog. Under a shelving rock near by, the remains of an elderly gentleman, who had attempt-



JACOB'S LADDER, MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

ed to ascend the mountain alone, were found two years later. His watch and some bank-bills in his vest pocket were uninjured, but, beyond these, nothing remained of him but his skeleton. A little farther below, an unfortunate Bostonian passed two nights and

few minutes before the departure of the stage for the summit is one calculated to impress an observer with an undue sense of the importance of the expedition that is about to be made. The passengers are all wondrously weather-wise, and among them

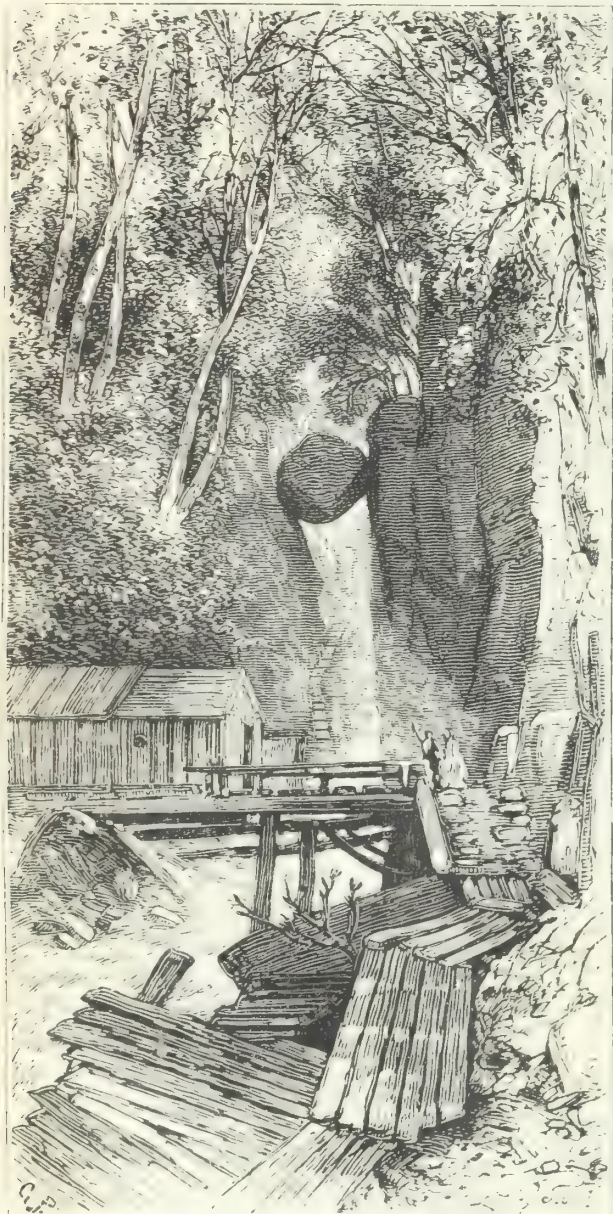


EAGLE CLIFF AND THE ECHO HOUSE.

days, in the snow and sleet of an October storm, without food or covering. No one who exercises any care, however, need be lost in the mountains, the carriage road and bridle-paths offering as distinct a way as the least experienced of travellers could desire. Nevertheless, the scene on the hotel portico a

is sure to be one who is an oracle of the mountains, with a surprising fund of anecdotes about the perils of the journey. You are regaled with numberless bear stories and thrilling descriptions of storms, until it seems that you are to enter a terrible and fatal land, on the brink of which all hope

must be left behind, instead of ascending by a smooth road the majestic peak that looms in the distance. But every one is in good spirits, as even the surliest misanthrope can not help being on a bright White Mountain morning. The young men puff away their impatience in clouds of cigar smoke. The ladies are wrapped up in shawls, which, however thick they are, can not imprison the exhilaration that is generally felt. A



THE FLUME, FRANCONIA RANGE.

crowd of natives stand by, sometimes quizzing the dresses of the tourists, but usually watching every movement with great awe and astonishment, although they may have seen the same things a hundred times before. That, by-the-way, is one of the distinctive characteristics of the New England bucolic—his unlimited capacity for wonderment. He is always curious to know; he is always surprised; but he is never thunder-struck. His greatest surprise is cloaked in a certain stolid reserve, and one surprise never prepares him for another.

By-and-by the coach appears, and when the passengers have taken their places, or, to speak more exactly, when they have wedged

themselves together, the driver cracks his whip, and the merry party are off for the summit.

The view from the top has been described by a graphic writer as a map of New England poetically expressed. If the day is clear, Monadnock may be seen, in a pale blue film, a hundred miles to the southwest; in the east is Mount Katahdin; in the north, Canada; and in the west, the Catskills. Nearer are the Franconia ridge, the twin peaks of Stratford Mountain, the radiant surface of Lake Winnipiseogee, Mounts Crawford and Kearsarge, and the Bartlett Hills. Could the eye reach so far, it might comprehend nearly six hundred miles of country, but its limit is in an area of about one hundred miles.

Descending Mount Washington, we take the stage to Bethlehem, ten miles from Fabyan's, and thence proceed to the Franconia range, where we "put up" at the Profile House, which is situated in a region of wonders. In the woods to the north of the hotel is the beautiful Echo Lake, which is of great depth and transparency, and is surrounded by densely wooded hills. A voice, a bugle blast, or a sound of any kind, is repeated from hill to hill with such marvelous distinctness and sweetness of intonation that Tennyson's exquisite lines are at once recalled to the listener's memory:

"O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfiand faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

Overhanging the hotel almost on the north is Eagle Cliff, an immense columnar crag separated from the crest of the mountain, and apparently held together by a thread; and as you walk down the road to the south of the hotel, a guide-board with the simple legend "Profile" painted upon it indicates that you are approaching that strange conformation of rock so familiar to every body through the means of photographs and engravings. The exercise of a little imagination often enables people to find the resemblance of the human form in a mountain, although without that imaginative effort no resemblance would be seen; but Profile Rock is really fashioned after the head of an old man, and the truth of the likeness makes it a most interesting sight.

We have exhausted our space, and yet we have not exhausted our subject; for to even enumerate all the "points of interest" in the White Mountains would occupy an entire Magazine. The angler, the lover of nature, or the prosaic business man can each find a tranquil charm in this region which will make the granite fastnesses of New Hampshire memorable to him for a lifetime.

THE GOLDEN TREASURES OF KURIUM.



PHŒNICIAN VASE, IN RED LUSTROUS POTTERY.

THIS Magazine, in the number for July, 1872, gave to the world the first account of the wonderful discoveries in Cyprus made by General Luigi P. di Cesnola, United States consul at Larnaca. No explorations in modern times have more widely or more justly attracted the attention of learned men in all countries. General Cesnola was thoroughly correct in the high estimate he placed on the results of his work, and his name stands inseparably connected with the introduction of the modern world to an acquaintance with Phœnician art and the childhood of Greek art, and of all art deriving its origin from Greece.

Our readers are well acquainted with the history of the first Cesnola discoveries. We illustrated them extensively, and they soon became known to the *savants* of Europe and America. The British Museum authorities, recognizing their unexampled importance in art history, desired to purchase them; but for some reason, hitherto unexplained, instead of accepting them at once, when car-

ried to England by the discoverer, chaffered with him about the price, which was ridiculously low, and while they were hesitating, were surprised to learn that on the western side of the Atlantic a museum had been founded which was ready to secure really valuable discoveries of this sort, and had, in fact, by the Atlantic cable, in swift American fashion, closed the purchase of the Cypriot collection from General Di Cesnola.

This, which was a great grief to European scholars, was a great joy to American scholars. The Metropolitan Museum of Art had the wisdom to commence its collections of illustrations of ancient art at the very beginning of all art, and to offer to its visitors and the American public facilities for studying what no European collections illustrate—the birth of art among civilized men, and its growth in the early years. Placed in the museum in Fourteenth Street, the Cesnola collection at once became the subject of curious examination by the thousands who look for curiosity alone, and of diligent study by many American and European scholars. Up to this time only a few fragmentary inscriptions in the Cypriot alphabet had been known, and scholars had hazarded only an occasional guess at the probable value of the characters in the alphabet. Now, however, numerous inscriptions were offered for study, and these in “squeezes” and photographic copies were furnished by the museum to public institutions and private students in all countries. An American scholar, Mr. I. H. Hall, was quick to decipher the unknown alphabet and to read the inscriptions, and his work was accepted as correct.

Previous to the Cesnola discoveries the origin of the ceramic art in Greece was involved in obscurity, the earliest decorations known being variously styled Doric, Carthaginian, Corinthian, or Egyptian.

American students found in the Cesnola collection abundant examples of the art in the early ages, which were recognized as Phœnician, because found in Phœnician tombs, and also by the aid of specimens on which were found Phœnician letters; and following these in order they saw the work influenced by the Egyptians who conquered Cyprus in the fifteenth century before Christ, and then established the succession of mixed art, now known as Egypto-Phœnician, which was the mother of the Greek. In effect the Cesnola collection proved conclusively that Greek art was born of the union of Egyptian with Phœnician.

Meantime, however, General Di Cesnola had returned to Cyprus and resumed his explorations. It was remarkable that among his first discoveries were so few works of



PHOENICIAN WINE PITCHER, WITH HUMAN FIGURES IN COLORS.

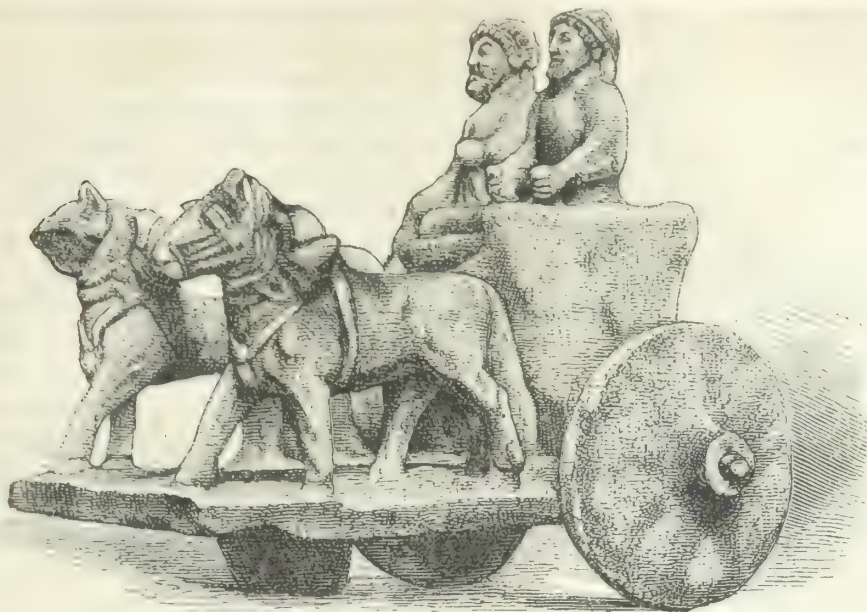
the best Greek period. All that he had found was archaic, except here and there a specimen of the later times, and countless lamps of Roman and Christian periods. Through the years 1874 and 1875 he continued a careful and systematic exploration of the island of Cyprus. The intense interest which attaches to his various discoveries can well be understood by those who value the history of the human race. He has embodied the story of his excavations in a book, to be published simultaneously by Murray in London and by Harper and Brothers in New York, which will relate the incidents attending these most remarkable and important unearthings of the men and the work of Phoenicia and Cyprus in the ages from long before Solomon down to the fifth century of the Christian era.

Again, in the spring of 1876, he closed his work, and gathered his collections, after handing over to the Sultan's representatives the portion which was reserved to the Porte for the Constantinople Museum. The collections were shipped to England. The general had been earnestly anxious that the results of his later explorations should be united with the former collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, forming one great illustration of Cypriot history. He had offered them to and urged them on the museum, but the trustees were without funds, and in the depressed condition of the country had no hope of an appeal to their friends.

It ought to be more generally known than it is that the Museum of Art is not a rich institution, except in the treasures of art which it possesses. Its affairs are conducted by trustees, who give it their personal attention without other compensation than the satisfaction they have in educating the public. The amount of daily labor bestowed on the museum by these gentlemen is equal to that required for the management of a large business establishment. The city of New York and the entire country owe to them a debt of gratitude, which should at least be paid by frequent visits to the museum, and by liberal contributions to its support. The museum is open free to the public on two days in each week, and it is a melancholy fact that a very large number of people take the free day for their visits who are perfectly able to pay the twenty-five cents on another day, which is the only source of revenue to the institution.

It was with great reluctance that Cesnola sent his collection to England, and offered it to European museums to purchase, in one lot. He declined many offers to break up the collection, and thus failed to receive, as he could have done, fully twice the amount at which he finally sold the whole.

The British Museum had now again the opportunity of purchasing, and the authorities were not slow to avail themselves of it. But the government was looking forward to possibilities of war, and would not approve the museum expenditure. At this moment



PHŒNICIAN CHARIOT IN STONE.

the Metropolitan Museum determined to make an appeal to its friends. It would have reduced the importance of their Cesnola collection to have another and possibly finer Cypriot collection in Europe. America could then no longer boast of possessing the best illustrations of early Greek art. Their appeal met with an instant and generous response. Within a few days the required money was subscribed by American patrons of art, ladies of wealth, culture, and public spirit leading the list, and again by telegraph the purchase was closed. The series of telegrams to and fro, all within a few hours of each other, was ended by one from General Cesnola, which showed his cheery good nature, and his love for America and the Museum of Art, in a hearty hurrah by Atlantic cable. The American public were not more rejoiced at the acquisition than was the enthusiastic general when it was settled that the Metropolitan Museum of Art was to possess the entire Cypriot collection. This is now added to the Cesnola collection in the museum in Fourteenth Street, quadrupling its value, and the whole forms a monument of the explorer of which he will not be ashamed, and to which archaeologists and artisans, ethnologists and historians, will make constant pilgrimages.

The later explorations were, like the former, carried on in various parts of the island of Cyprus. We shall not attempt to anticipate General Cesnola's book by any detailed account of his work. Now he sought under the ruins of a temple for the relics of ancient worship; now he excavated long rows of tombs, finding in them the dead men surrounded by more or less of the utensils and ornaments of their lives. He has opened more than ten thousand ancient graves in the island. The reader is not to suppose that the opening of an old tomb is merely the battering in of a door and the entering a vaulted chamber. Such it is in

Egypt, where the tomb is rock-hewn. But in Cyprus the tombs sought by Cesnola are mostly far below the surface of the ground, and invariably filled with earth, which has sifted through the rock walls in the long tremble of the earth rolling over the rough centuries. It is no slight work to reach, much less is it easy to empty, one of these tombs, especially with Cypriot labor and Cypriot tools. The latter are little

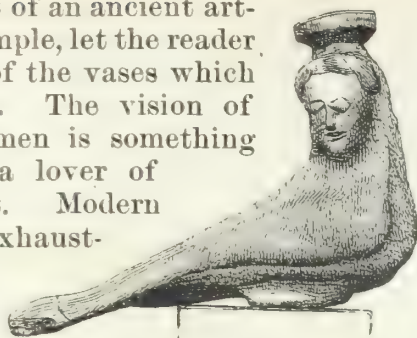
more than fingers to gather and baskets to carry the dirt.

But now and then the explorer, sitting in the sunshine and waiting for something to turn up, is rewarded by a sudden vision into the home of an old Greek or Phœnician, or



BOTTLE IN POTTERY.

into the heart of an ancient artist. For example, let the reader look at one of the vases which we illustrate. The vision of such a specimen is something startling to a lover of beautiful art. Modern potters have exhausted the brains of their designers in patterns for nozzles to

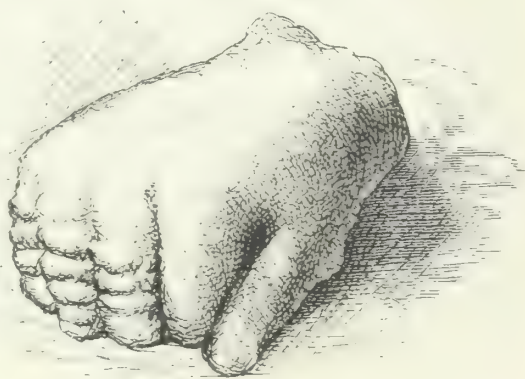


POTTERY BOTTLE.

pitchers and spouts to jugs, tea-pots, and vessels of various kinds. We have certainly seen a thousand different designs for this purpose, and one would imagine that every possibility of form had been put in use by modern factories. What must have been the delight of General Di Cesnola to see emerging from the dust of ages six of these water or wine bottles, now in the museum, of each of which the spout is the graceful and simple design of a figure standing on the curve of the bottle, holding in the hand a pitcher, which rests on the curve, and from which the water or the wine is poured out, as if the little figure poured it! In such a simple artistic thought the modern lover of the beautiful looks into the very soul of the old lover who possessed these bottles and admired them. In shape, in the simple arrangement of the dark lines which encircle the vases, and do not divert attention from the figure, the work is artistic.

Among the many vases added to the mu-

seum by the new purchase there are several others which are of importance in the history of Greek ceramic art. The Cypriot objects are of peculiar importance, because they illustrate local art for a period of more than two thousand years. No such facility of studying art history can be found in any other museum. In tracing the history of Greek pottery, it has been customary with scholars to class vases and articles on which figures in red appear upon a black background as of the best period, and about B.C. 400; vases with figures in black on red ground are supposed to have preceded these, and before them are placed the articles which have coarse red or yellow clay grounds, on which are arranged in bands figures of



MAN'S HAND IN POTTERY.

animals in red and black, with other ornamentations. These latter vases have been regarded as the beginning of artistic work in Greek pottery. They were called by some Doric, by others Corinthian, Carthaginian, and sometimes Egyptian. The human figure rarely appears in painting on any vases of this period.

The Kurium collection abounds in vases showing the progress of the art of decoration from a period more than 1500 B.C. The Egyptian influence brought the lotus flower and other Egyptian favorite patterns into Cyprus about 1400 B.C., and at this time the same influences affected the work and art of other Phœnician colonies. The wine pitcher with figures, which we illustrate in two views, is perhaps the oldest known specimen of pottery on which the human figure ap-



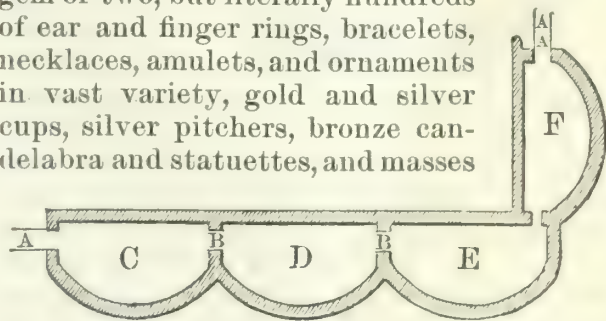
SILVER CUP—ENGRAVED AND REPOUSSE WORK.

pears painted in colors. It is here united with the Egyptian emblems, and is peculiarly interesting as showing the style of dress of the period. What that period is we can only hazard a guess, placing it, with numerous Cesnola vases on which the birds are executed in the same style, at a date approximating to 1000 B.C. The forms of many of the vases are so new and peculiar that they deserve the fullest illustration for the study of those who are interested in ceramic history.

Among the objects are some specimens of the ceramic work of the long centuries which are wonderfully fine. A bottle in the shape of a man sitting, with his head on his knees, asleep, is a superb piece of sculpture, unsurpassed by any specimen known. A pitcher in the shape of a lion, his open mouth the spout, is remarkable. An ancient chariot drawn by two horses, the wheels of pottery turning on the pottery axle, is a good and valuable specimen of unquestionable Phœnician character. There is a group of rude pottery representing two persons apparently washing clothes. A small bottle is in the shape of a dove with a woman's head. A man's hand in pottery is specially interesting, as it shows the fashion of loading the fingers with rings.

But the most wonderful portion of the collection, and that which will attract the attention of the most ordinary visitor as well as the most accomplished antiquarian, consists of the treasures of the temple of Kurium, which the explorer found in the treasure vaults of the temple, where they had lain concealed for twenty-five hundred years.

Gold, silver, alabaster, and bronze, the work of artists and artisans dead more than twenty-five centuries ago, are here gathered; not a few specimens, a ring or two, and a gem or two, but literally hundreds of ear and finger rings, bracelets, necklaces, amulets, and ornaments in vast variety, gold and silver cups, silver pitchers, bronze candelabra and statuettes, and masses



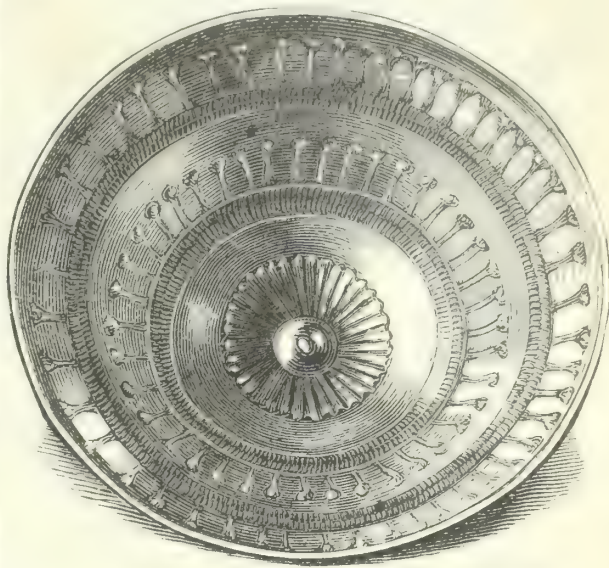
PLAN OF KURIUM TREASURE VAULTS.

A. Entrance passage first discovered.—B, B. Small doorways.—C. Gold room.—D. Silver room.—E. Alabaster and pottery room.—F. Bronze room.—A, A. Dark passage, explored only 130 feet.

of silver so corroded that the original forms can not be recognized.

The ancient city of Kurium, in the southwestern part of Cyprus, was a ruined heap when Greek cities that we now know more of were in their infancy. Cyprus lies nearest of all the Mediterranean islands to the

Phœnician coast, and the home of the second childhood of the human race (after the deluge) in the Euphrates Valley. It was early settled by the movement westward of the families of men, and its advance in knowledge, art, and general civilization was ap-



GOLD CUP.

parently more rapid than that of any other Phœnician colony. Long before the traditional period of the Trojan war, Cyprus had cities and commerce. The Phœnician colony became Egyptian for a while after the fifteenth century B.C. Kurium had probably been founded before the Egyptian conquest in 1442 B.C.; hence the accumulation of the art of many centuries in the treasuries of her temples.

General Cesnola found at Kurium only vast heaps of ruin. The city was built on a bluff three hundred feet in perpendicular height on three sides. The rock of the bluff was soft calcareous stone, and around the city, in the sides of the bluff, he found a terrace a hundred feet wide, cut and hollowed deep in the rock, in the sides of which were tombs. Among the ruins on the hill he identified the site of a temple, and here saw that explorers before him had made excavations, and abandoned them. He was induced to go deeper than they had, under the mosaic floor of the temple. At the depth of twenty feet he struck a dark passageway, which he penetrated till stopped by a low stone door. Bursting this, he found himself at the entrance of a series of vaulted rooms in the rock, of which we give a plan. The rooms were full of fine earth which had sifted through the rock walls.

The explorer did not know where he was, but he was standing at the doorway which leads the student of art into the hitherto unknown fields of investigation among the early Greeks and their Phœnician and Egyptian predecessors. The general soon perceived that the room which he was to enter was not a tomb. Commencing to remove the earth in the slow and careful manner

which the experienced excavator always practices, he began to find beautiful objects in gold lying in heaps on the floor of the vault. Then came the evidence that he had

this room opened another low door into a third vault, in which were found objects in alabaster, terra cotta, etc.; and beyond this vault, and at right angles with it, was a

fourth room, which contained objects in bronze, many of which were in very fair preservation. From this room a narrow passageway descended in the rock, which the general explored for 130 feet, and then abandoned, because of the foul air and the difficulty of proceeding.

And now to describe a few of the articles which composed the treasures of the Kurium temple, and which to-day gleam in the cabinets of the New York Mu-

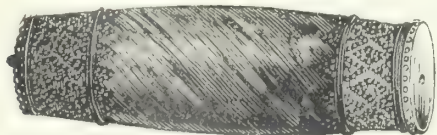
seum of Art. The visitor who proposes to look at them for purposes of study must dismiss from his mind all notions of the early history of Greek art which books and muse-



EAR-RINGS.

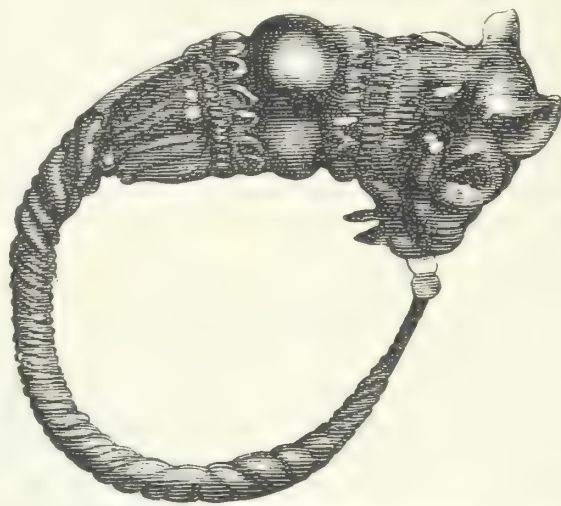
1. Gold ear-ring.—2. Gold ear-ring (bunch of fruit).—3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Gold ear-rings in crescent form.—9. Gold ear-ring worn by men.

opened the treasure chambers of the temple. Twenty-five hundred years ago the priests in the temple were suddenly alarmed by the rush of a besieging army over or through the lofty walls of Kurium. In the wild haste of the unexpected attack, they swept from altars and shrines, where they were exposed, the votive offerings of generations of worshipers, hastened down the dark passage, and threw them, heaps on heaps, into the treasury vault, closed the stone door, and doubtless also closed the secret entrance to the passageway. The enemy came in, and hewed down the priests before the altars, or carried them away captive to Asia. None was left who knew the secret of the vault. The temple was desecrated, robbed, destroyed, its walls and columns hurled



AGATE FROM NECKLACE, GRANULATED GOLD MOUNTING.

down in hideous ruin, and for twenty-five centuries the gold of the old Phœnician and Egyptian and Greek worshipers lay dark and unknown in the vaulted chamber. From the gold chamber a low doorway, two feet seven inches high, opened into the next vault, which was the silver room. Black, corroded, unsightly as it is, this treasure was not less important than the gold. For ancient silver objects are very rare, especially cups and vases. There were piles of these corroded into masses. But a considerable number were perfect, and are of the greatest archaeological importance. From



GOLD EAR-RING WITH EMERALDS AND OTHER STONES.

ums have heretofore given him. The temple was destroyed and the treasure was buried for us some six hundred years before Christ. Yet here are the most exquisite works of artists in gold, of engravers on precious stones and on metals. No modern work in jewelry is any finer in design or more exquisite in delicacy of execution than are a large number of these articles.

Let us begin with a silver cup, which must have belonged to a man of finished taste, as it was the work of an artist who has never been surpassed. Our illustration is reduced from the size of the cup, which is seven inches in diameter. The style of the designs is Assyrian, but there is Egyptian thought pervading the work, and numerous Egyptian hieroglyphs in minute oblong in-



PHŒNICIAN GOLD EAR-RINGS AND ENGRAVED PENDANT.

ber of these rings, which were massive spiral twists, sometimes probably pinching the lobe of the ear, but in other cases attached in an unknown way, possibly by piercing a large hole through the ear. One end of the ring seems to have stood up perpendicular before the ear, and on this end an ornament was often fitted by a gold cap. Many of the

rings in the collection have the ornaments, and some of these are among the most superb works of the goldsmith's art. A massive pair with two winged lions on each is a marvelous work, which no artist of Europe or America could to-day surpass, either in beauty of design or skill of workmanship.

Instead of describing the large variety of ear-rings, we refer the reader to our illustrations of a number of them. It can not fail to strike the observer that the crescent form was a favorite, and many in this form are evidently Phœnician of early date. Simple crescents of plain gold are numerous. After these come plain crescents with raised edges and various wire ornamentations. Then enamels beautify the crescent. Precious stones are placed on them, or form pendants. Then the crescent swells into a solid gold form. Then the hollow gold is shaped in lobes with charming surface ornaments. Then we see agates cut in the new-moon form, and set in gold with delicious granulated patterns. There is no end to the varieties of ear-rings. There are bunches of fruit, rosettes, plaques with impressed images, ear-rings with pendants in every form, and ear-rings without pendants, in the modern form, where a small ornament fits close on the lobe of the ear.

GOLD EAR-RING WITH PENDANTS, ALL IN FILIGREE.

We may well wonder, as we

look at the variety and beauty of the finger-rings, whether this is not all an imagination, a deception, and whether these gems are not things of our own day. Many of them are as perfect as if bought to-day on Broadway.

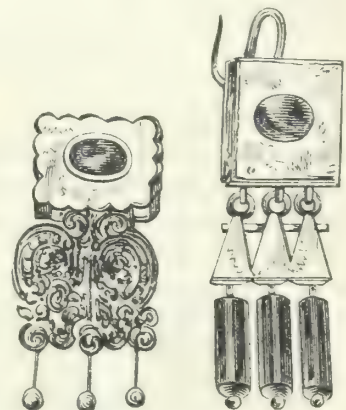
The Egyptian scarabæus is the most frequent form of the stone in rings, but others have emeralds, carbuncles, beryls, sards, agates, enamels, and glass. There is a fine ring whose exquisite setting consists of two figures of a deity bending backward, and with uplifted hands holding the box or chest in which the stone, a brilliant amethyst, is placed. This inclosure of the stone in a box or receiver, more or less ornamented, is one of the most frequently repeated designs. It is familiar to those who have examined Etruscan work, and here is, apparently, the school from which the Etruscans learned many of their much-admired designs in metal-work.

Another very beautiful ring, which we illustrate, holds three stones in its curious form.

Many of the rings were evidently used as signets, but not worn on the finger. Their setting is massive, and shaped more like the modern idea for a pendant seal. One of these, of which we present an il-

lustration, is of solid gold, holding a scarabæus in clear carnelian, on which is engraved the Egyptian hawk of Osiris, crowned, and holding the flail of power. A large number of the seals are held in silver handles too cumbersome to have been worn on the person. An illustration will show the form of these rings. Many finger-rings are of plain gold, and many others are engraved with letters, figures, and devices. One of the most delicious pieces of work in the whole collection is a ring, which we illustrate, of which the top is a rosette in the most delicate gold-work. But this rosette covers an empty box, in which, perhaps, was once some precious object, an engraved stone, or a portrait, or something too rare and delicate for the common eye, and the rosette was a lid, opening and closing above the gem.

But while the rings are beautiful and wonderful as works of art, the engraved gems which they hold are vastly more beautiful and astonishing. The students of glyptic art are, by this great discovery, compelled to re-



GOLD EAR-RINGS WITH ENAMEL DROPS.



GOLD EAR-RINGS.

vise their present theory of the origin and rise of this art in Greece. One of these old stones alone, found in a temple which was destroyed twenty-five hundred years ago, would serve to overthrow a whole library of works based on former discoveries. What, then, is the astonishment of those who have heretofore supposed the art rude and archaic in the fifth century before Christ to find before that works equal to those of the best period!

Hitherto the oldest known engraved stones of Greek workmanship have been considered to be those of the sixth or fifth century B.C. The Berlin Museum has a sard engraved with the death of the Spartan Othryades, who killed himself on the battle-field, of which he was ashamed to be the sole survivor, in the sixth century B.C. This stone is by many scholars regarded as the oldest known Greek gem. In describing it, they are accustomed to call it flat, hard, without grace, "in the oldest Greek style." The school of Greek art is generally divided into three periods: 1, that from Theodorus of



ENGRAVED
SARD (RAPE OF
PERSEPHONE)
IN A GOLD RING.



ENGRAVED CAR-
NELIAN (PHŒNI-
CIAN GOD) IN A
GOLD RING.



ENGRAVED SARD
IN A GOLD
RING.



ENGRAVED
DARK SARD IN
A SILVER RING.



ENGRAVED SARD
(BOREAS AND
ORITHYIA).

Samos, 560 B.C., to Alexander the Great; 2, from Alexander to Augustus Cæsar; 3, after Augustus. The Phœnicians and Egyptians have not been supposed to possess the art of engraving hard stones with much skill. But this collection contains an extensive series of scarabæi and scaraboid gems, and other stones, in styles of progressive art, which point to a period far older than has been supposed for the practice of great skill in the glyptic art among the Phœnicians, as well as the early Greeks. One of the first suggestions from this new mass of material is that the Phœnicians were the instructors of the Etruscans. Aristotle, indeed, gives the name of Mnesarchus as a gem engraver at Samos before 570 B.C., and says he was from Tyre, a Phœnician city. He is perhaps the oldest artist in this work of whom we have any record. There are here many admirable gems, of Egyptian and Phœnician subjects, in archaic settings, or in heavy silver crescent-shaped handles,



ENGRAVED SARD IN
A SILVER RING.

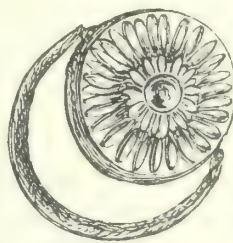
which we are compelled to assign to periods much beyond 570 B.C. An Egyptian scarabæus of the period of Thothmes III., 1440 B.C., is set in the same style of silver handle with many engraved stones of fine work; but this was probably regarded as an antique gem by its possessor, who had it thus set.



GOLD RING WITH
STONE.

An engraving on wood can give but a poor idea of the delicacy of work on a gem; but the stones which we illustrate will show the reader that the age of the Berlin sard was an age of decadence in art, or the stone was the work of a poor engraver. Before the death of Othryades there were gem engravers in the Greek cities of Cyprus who have scarcely been surpassed in later periods. It is noteworthy that the female figure which we illustrate, engraved on a dark sard, has no polish in the interior, and thus the theory that all Greek gems are characterized by a dull polish is overthrown. We find other gems in which parts are polished and other parts, such as the hair, left unpolished. The Cesnola collection makes it necessary to revise the text-books and to begin again the study of Greek art.

"If they could only speak!" said a lady in our hearing the other day, as she leaned over the case containing some of these superb works of art. They do speak in the clearest tones, and many understand their language. More will learn it from the education of the Museum of Art. These rings utter intelligent language in every gleam of their gold and every form engraved on their gems. They tell the most ordinary mind of the luxury, the refinement, the civilization, of the men and women of twenty-five cen-

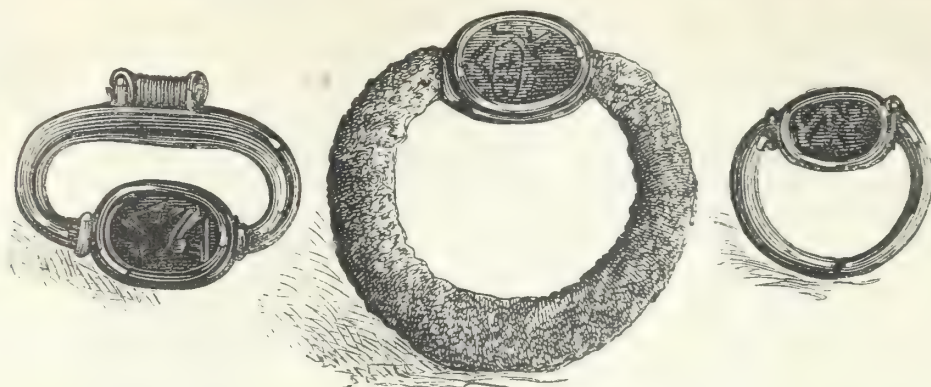


GOLD FINGER-RING WITH
ROSETTE COVERING AN
EMPTY BOX.



GOLD RING WITH
THREE STONES.

turies ago. They tell the lover of art not alone that there were artists in those days, but that there were lovers of art as well. The gems were engraved for lovers of gems. The average Cypriot gentleman who wore on his finger the gem which we copy, illustrating the carrying off of Orithyia, daughter of the Athenian king, by Boreas, perhaps the most superb work of early Greek art hitherto known, appreciated it more than the aver-



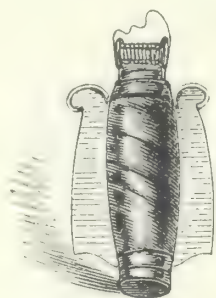
GOLD SEAL-RING
WITH SCARABÆUS
CARNELIAN ENGRAVED.

SCARABÆUS SEAL, CARTOUCHE OF
THOTHMES III., SILVER HANDLE.

GOLD FINGER-RING,
ENGRAVED EMERALD.

age French, English, or American gentleman of our day. It may be humiliating to believe it, but it is nevertheless true, that the art has disappeared. There is not a living engraver of gems above mediocrity, and the reason is very simple and plain—that the men and women of our day do not appreciate the art, and do not, therefore, encourage its pursuit. If the wealthy lover of paintings or of statuary were to be asked to pay a thousand dollars for an engraved stone by a modern artist, however exquisite the work, he would think it an insane idea. Nevertheless, there is no statue of modern times better worth a thousand dollars than is the Cupid, of Solon, engraved on a sard which we know of; and the ability bestowed on it by the artist was fully equal to that of Story on the Cleopatra.

Besides the complete necklaces, there are many fragments of necklaces and pendants, which were either attached to necklaces, or worn as ladies now wear lockets on ribbons. One of the most remarkable of these pendants is engraved in high relief on a heavy piece of gold, and represents one of the non-descript deities or genii, familiar in Assyrian sculptures, crouching rather than standing, in front face, the four legs being entirely engraved in relief. Other pendants are of agate in forms of bottles, and yet others are



AGATE PENDANT,
GOLD MOUNTING.



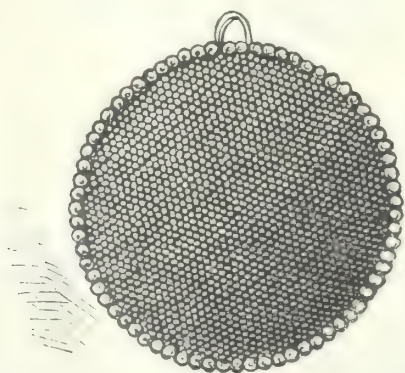
GOLD PENDANT.

stones in settings of gold. There are parts of a necklace in long agates, with gold caps at the ends, on which the decoration is in minute globes of gold, commonly called granulated-work. This style of work, known in Etruscan jewelry, characterizes much of this ancient Greek work, and is a puzzle to modern goldsmiths. We illustrate a gold ornament—a round brooch or amulet—for the sake of describing this remarkable style of work. The surface of this object presents to the eye the appearance of a gold disk stamped in a die, or crossed by numerous fine wires at right angles with each other. On examining it with the magnifying-glass, however, it is found that the effect is produced by minute globes of gold, each one perfectly round and smooth, soldered on the surface in exact lines, each globe touching the next. There are on the

surface of this small object, a little over an inch in diameter, upward of nine hundred of these globes. How were they made, and how were they soldered on in such absolutely true lines? The ablest gold-workers in America (and that is now to say the ablest in the world) tell us that they can not explain it.

Another device of those Greek makers of the beautiful, which is new to modern artists, is in the use of twisted gold wire for ornaments. The moderns draw their wire round, and twist it into cable form, fine or coarse, as they please. But these old Greeks used square wire, which, in twisting, produced facet-like points and double curves, so that an exquisite effect was gotten from even the finest wires, such as the round wire could never produce.

It is not unknown to most readers that it was customary with the Greeks in early times to place over the faces of the dead thin plates of gold, one over the mouth, and another sometimes over the forehead. These are always of thin gold, and General



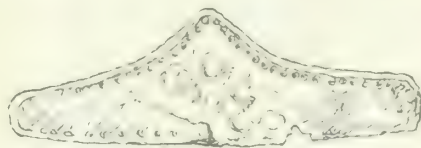
GOLD PENDANT, GRANULATED SURFACE.

Cesnola has, of course, found numbers of them in the tombs. The form of one of the diadems for the forehead is shown in our illustration. This, like many of the others in the collection, is ornamented with a scroll pattern, produced by pressure from a die. The wreath of which we give the half was part of the treasure of the Kurium temple, and when found the gold leaves which compose it were separate. They were probably sewed on a ribbon, forming a wreath for the head of a statue in the temple, or possibly they were originally intended for a mortuary decoration. The restoration is conjectural. Each leaf is a plate of gold, stamped with veins like a natural leaf.

There is scarcely any object in the collection more noteworthy than a superb vinaigrette of rock-crystal, with a golden lining to the neck, and a crystal cover set in beautiful gold-work, attached by a chain to one of the ears of the bottle. We call it a vinaigrette for the reason that it looks as if fresh from a modern jeweler, and it is one of the safest rules in antiquarian research to ask, "What would we call that, and for what purpose would we use it, if it were modern?" Men and women have been very much alike in all ages; and if one doubts this, the study of such a collection will soon prove convincing. Else why those rows on rows of earrings, of patterns so much in esteem now that it seems incredible that these are old; those finger-rings with pendants, a favorite style not many years ago; those handy shawl-pins of silver, closing with a spring, and looking as if lost last year from ladies' heavy wraps?

We have lingered so long among the gold that we have little time to look at the silver and bronze; and yet, if there were nothing else in the collection, these would abundantly repay the art student for many visits to the museum. The silver vault of the temple was very rich. The silver is here, but the gleam and glitter have departed, and it is all black with corrosion. There are many heavy silver cups and pitchers. There are scores of massive silver bracelets—massive in the true sense, for many of these bracelets must weigh more than half a pound each, and there are some that would certainly go near a pound in weight. The trustees have exhibited only a part of the silver, for we are told that great quantities were in fragments, and they exhibit some in masses of silver plates corroded together, looking more like silver ore than silver. Kurium must have grown rich in this metal. Some of the heavy bracelets, which are coils of thick round silver bars, have gold caps on the ends of the coils. Others flatten out into serpents'

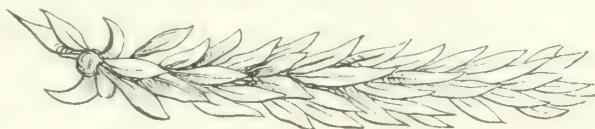
heads curiously engraved. Under the corrosion on many of the cups can be traced the remains of delicate engraving. And there are some things here in silver which,



GOLD MORTUARY DIADEM.

were they perfect, would ravish the eyes of our lady readers, and over which some of them who love old art will bend in delighted rapture. These are silver belts worn by the ladies of Cyprus in the ancient years. Within the past year or two a fashion has prevailed among ladies in America of wearing broad metallic belts of silver or other metal. Could an American lady possess one of these belts of Cypriot make in its original freshness, or its fac-simile, she would be very

happy. Delicately engraved in patterns, inlaid or overlaid with gold, they are exceedingly beautiful. From a brief examination of some of these, we



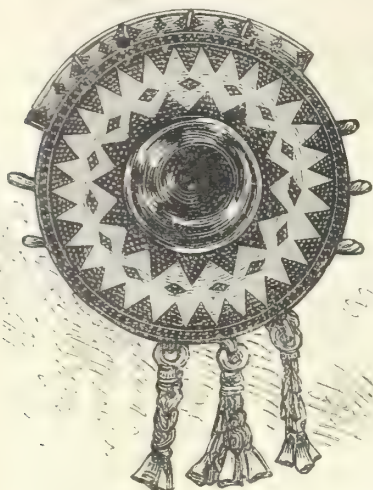
HALF OF A GOLD WREATH.

are struck with the idea that when they were made silver was more precious than gold, and that the gold which shines out of them was used for color to set off the beautiful patterns in silver. Do not imagine, dear madam, from our account that you will see a shining silver belt, the zone of an ancient Venus, when you visit the museum. But you will see rows of rough, dark, ashy-looking fragments, the glow of the ancient splendor showing through the decay. The slender form of beauty, once surrounded by this belt of rare and delicate workmanship, which retains to-day the contour of the form it encircled, is dust of the old island of Cyprus, and the metal zone is almost dust as well.

The bronze, like the gold and silver, shows plainly that the age before the sixth century of the pre-Christian times was one of noble art. There is something wonderful in the boldness of this workmanship, and splendor is mingled with the boldness.

Massive caldrons, that may have served the cooking purposes of the priests, tell us that men were hungry in old days. The hoofs of deer, superbly produced, once sus-

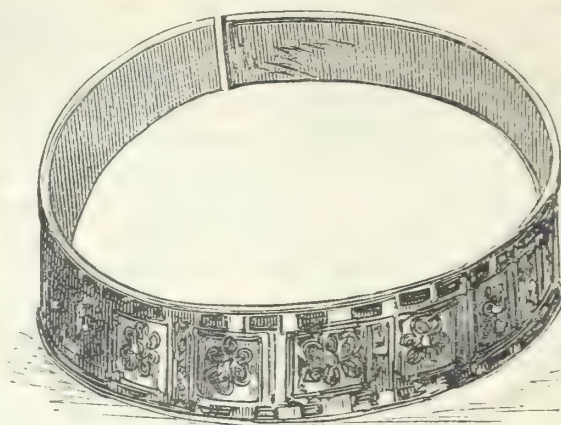
ROCK-CRYSTAL
VINAIGRETTE.



GOLD PENDANT, GRANULATED DECORATION; CENTRAL STONE REPRESENTING AN EYE.

tained the tripods in the temple. Innumerable standards, ornamented with the leaves of the lotus bud, held the lamps that lit the temple. Sacrificial vessels in silver and bronze served the offerings to Astarte.

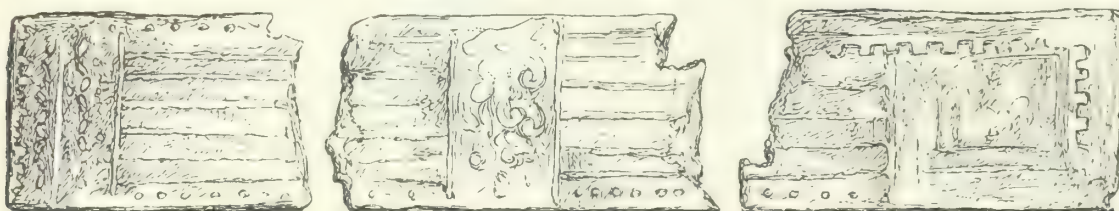
These golden relics of the highest art, these exquisite forms in pottery, in silver, and in bronze, reveal to the modern world the error of those who have supposed that seven centuries before Christ was the iron age of Grecian art. For it must be borne in mind that the treasures of Kurium were the accumulation of centuries, and that, in studying them, we begin where heretofore we have placed the semi-barbarous period,



GOLD BRACELET, CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL.

"shadowing with wings." Assyria was the land of images representing force, power, strength, with wings. Who shall say how much of this mysterious symbolism came from the traditions of the earliest ages?

We ought not to close this sketch without alluding to the unexampled modesty of General Di Cesnola. The discovery of a Greek tomb containing bodies ornamented with jewelry, their faces covered with the thin gold plates which we have described, has always been regarded as an event, and other explorers have become famous by the widely published accounts of such discoveries. Cesnola, with true scientific zeal and motive, seeking, not curious treasure, but materials for history, has worked quietly



PARTS OF A LADY'S SILVER BELT.

and go back into the unknown ages. It was not so long before this date that Hiram the Phœnician helped Solomon to build the temple in Jerusalem. Among the Kurium treasures there are doubtless many which are the work of contemporaries of Solomon. Egypt had long before this time excelled in civilization. Phœnicia had derived from Assyria some knowledge of useful art, and had improved upon it. When the Egyptians brought to the Phœnicians their cultivation, and accepted from them the Assyrian ideas of beauty and symbolism, the union of the two produced the works of high art which have been admired in all subsequent ages.

Let the reader look again for a moment, before he leaves the collection, at the strange forms of winged lions, winged gods, winged scarabs, which abound in silver and gold and gems. Whence came these strange, weird, marvelous fancies of men in an age equal to our own in power of intellect and power of execution? Egypt was the land

and waited patiently for the accomplishment of his objects. One long case in the museum contains articles in gold not found in the Kurium treasure vaults, but in various tombs in Cyprus, face pieces and diadems of the dead, bracelets, ear-rings, and finger-rings, engraved gems, hundreds of objects, which alone surpass all other late discoveries of this class. The Kurium treasure is the most valuable and wonderful single discovery of ancient art ever made. The discoverer might well have been overpowered with the event. Instead, however, of publishing it to the world, he contented himself with making it the subject of a private report to the Museum of Art, and it was not till he had finished his work in Cyprus and was prepared to submit its results to the scientific world that the public heard of the opening of the Kurium vaults. From such a workman in antiquarian fields we may well expect a book of remarkable interest and value.



OWL'S HEAD LIGHT.

A NEW WATERING-PLACE.

"The port ;
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town ;
The light-house ; the dismantled fort ;
The wooden houses, quaint and brown."

THEY have found it at last. At last—and echo answers, *Alas!*

Is it not enough that California, and the Rocky Mountains, and the islands of the Great Lakes, and the forests of Florida have been added to the number of summer resorts, that the Southern springs are again accessible to the whole nation, and that all Europe is an open play-ground for every American? Why could they not have left this one little nook to its natural loneliness of situation and its traditional stagnation of affairs?

Years ago, when a few of the inhabitants, made desperate by lack of business, suggested the policy of holding out lures for summer travellers, a veteran citizen protested. "No," said he; "we don't want the world coming here. Castine is wicked enough as it is!" Those of us who, without subscribing to the good deacon's professional fears, sympathized with his desire for continued quiet, consoled ourselves with the hope that the more progressive spirits in our midst would not be able to carry their theories into practice, and events favored our wishes.

But more than once, before our seclusion was actually invaded, we were startled by the near approach of the enemy in force. Mrs. Stowe wrote her *Pearl of Orr's Island*, and its fascinating descriptions of sheltered cove and pine forest and wide expanse of sun-lit sea answered so well to the scenes in which we daily moved that we feared the crowd of eager tourists, not content with the beauties of Casco Bay, might suspect the existence of still sweet-

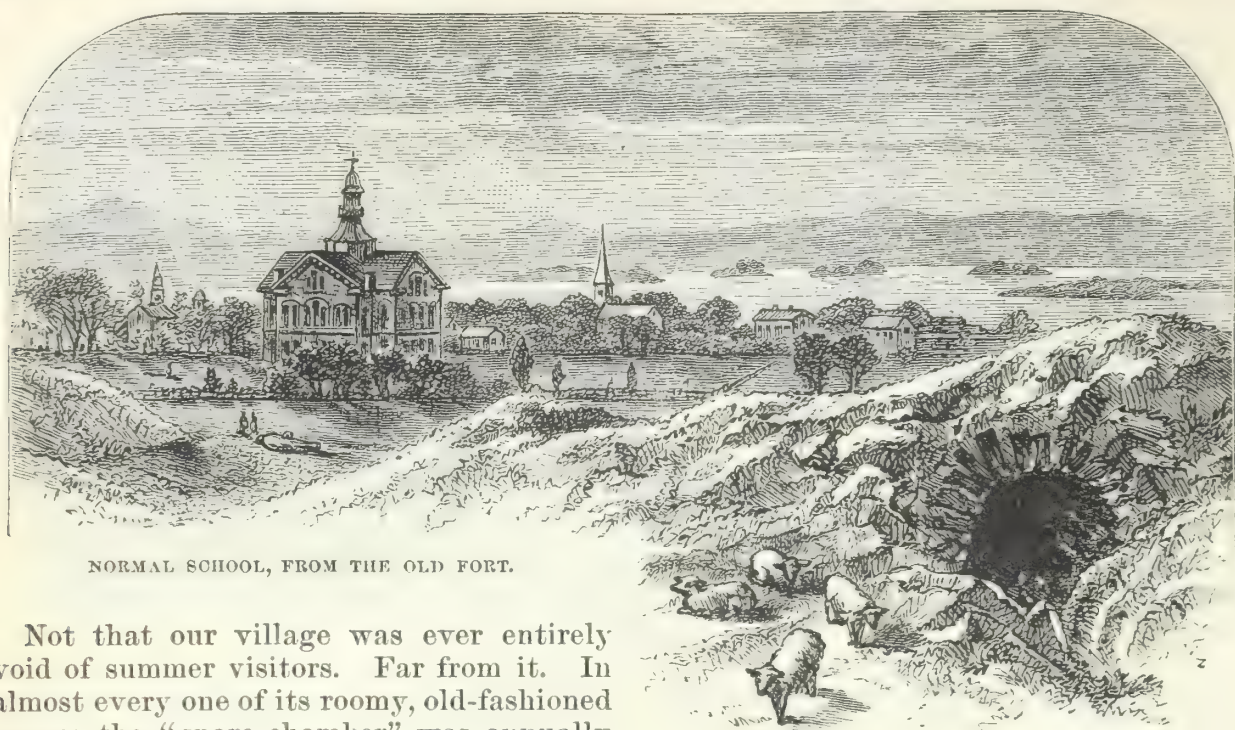
er surprises of nature farther down the coast, and push their investigations accordingly. But the tidal wave of fashion did not reach our isolated shore, and soon retreated, leaving us still undisturbed.

Then Mr. Wasson published his notes of a voyage to Labrador, wherein we read that the glory of the northern mountains, under a northern sky, was such as he had never seen elsewhere, *excepting on Camden Hills at sunset*; and we looked across the bay at those "purple hills of paradise," as *he* had looked in boyhood from Brooksville, and knew how beautiful Labrador must be, and feared that the great world would be curious to test the value of the author's comparison. But this danger also passed by.

Next came the rush for the wild region of Mount Desert, and steamers bound thither actually touched at our wharves on the way; but the greater absorbed the less in the eyes of the expectant passengers, and we breathed more freely when we saw that there was no stir upon the crowded decks as the gangway was lowered for communication with the shore.



"CASTINE IS WICKED ENOUGH AS IT IS!"



NORMAL SCHOOL, FROM THE OLD FORT.

Not that our village was ever entirely void of summer visitors. Far from it. In almost every one of its roomy, old-fashioned houses the "spare chamber" was annually opened for the reception of beloved relatives or faithful friends, who, coming from the distant West or the sultry South, or from busy cities less remote, had looked forward through all the intervening months to the cool tranquillity awaiting them in this enchanted spot. With these came now and then some belle of the ball-room, to forget for a time her coquetries, and grow fresh and sincere among the gentle influences of nature. Sons who had gone away to seek knowledge or a fortune came back for a long holiday, bringing favorite comrades to share their sports; and hither strayed the tired scholar, the dreamy poet, the keen-eyed artist, in search of refreshment and inspiration. The captain of the daily packet was often seen escorting a group of strangers to the one little tavern on the hill; and on Sundays, during the months of June, July, and August, an unwonted air of fashion pervaded the congregations of the old white meeting-house.

It was not an occasional spasmodic outbreak of local enterprise that alarmed us. We know that the ship-yards are empty and

grass-grown, that factories can never flourish in this lonely region, and that Nature, as though in sympathy with her worshipers, has made her one practical gift—the slate rocks on Holbrook's Island—inaccessible as a quarry. Nor when, during the late war, a new battery arose on the site of the old "half-moon fort," and government vessels appeared in our waters to inspect the national defenses, did we apprehend any lasting disturbance of our quiet. It was not the entrance of the rebels by way of the Provinces that we dreaded. We knew well that Leisure and the Love of Beauty were the enemies we had to fear.

But when a Normal School was assigned to Castine, our last hope of continued repose was destroyed. "Behold," said we, "these two or three hundred youths and maidens, rejoicing in the full spring-tide of sentiment; these teachers with trained powers of observation and matured thoughts: not only is their coming in itself an invasion of our solitude, but they can not be expected



CAMDEN HILLS.

to keep the charms of their temporary residence a secret from the rest of the world. Lover and friend will they draw after them, and bring their acquaintance into our sight!"

Hence, we accepted it as quite in the natural order of things that, directly after the rise of a temple of learning in our midst, should come a demand for hotels and all the detestable paraphernalia of a fashionable summer resort.

And why should we object?

Because this influx means new wharves and a daily steamboat—perhaps that worst desecration of forest sanctuaries, a railroad; it means the cutting up of our commons into town lots, the removal of primeval boulders, and the destruction of groves of pine and fir; it means the dotting of our pastures with mushroom cottages, and the turning of our spacious homes into hotels and boarding-houses; it means a carriage-way to the Fort and the Bluff, instead of the narrow winding foot-path of the good old times; it means a ginger-beer shop on Light-house Head and bathing-machines

come. He has won a passport and the freedom of the town through his "Fire of Drift-Wood," which, though immortalizing another locality of the coast, is a charming picture of Castine, as well as an echo of many a sigh that has escaped from dreamers over evening fires in Castine homes.

And there are others whose appreciation of the romance of life upon the shores of "the mournful and misty Atlantic" entitles them to a warm welcome. If Mrs. Stowe would visit us, that trim little yacht, the *Sally Kittredge*, should be placed at her disposal for explorations amid the ocean haunts she describes so well; Whittier should wander undisturbed upon the wooded height of Block-house Point; and Celia Thaxter should be lodged in the neat parlor of the Light-house Cottage.

But that a host of aimless, thoughtless people should pour in among us, only because they have exhausted every other place; should, so to speak, trample down our one bit of greensward, when there are acres of verdure kept mown for them elsewhere;



CASTINE.

at Hatch's Point; it means daily promenades to Trask's Rock, a constant succession of picnics at Gray's, and mammoth chowder parties on Holbrook's Island.

That is why—and reason enough for mourning!

"Let the young people enjoy themselves?"

That's just where it is! They could enjoy themselves exactly as well at Saratoga, or Gloucester, or the White Mountains, as here. Given a company of young people, with the two sexes in due proportion, and they will be happy any where; while as for those whom years and disappointments have taught to find solace in the beauties of nature, and for whom the mournful loveliness of this retreat may have a peculiar charm, they can find the same characteristics, with still grander features of landscape, at Mount Desert, which is professedly given up to tourists; whereas we must live here all the year round, and would prefer not to be first robbed of our own summer romance, and then haunted all winter by the ghosts of alien pleasures.

We are willing that Longfellow should

should, through their senseless noises during a month of midsummer, scare away forever the naiads and dryads of our tiny forest—this is our grievance!

There is the Cobb house already transformed into the "Acadian Hotel." What a profanation to those who can remember the cheerful hospitality that once warmed its great square chambers and broad halls! Better far the succeeding occupancy of chance tenants than this final degradation; for then there was always the possibility that some son of the soil, grown rich upon the sea or in a more enterprising section of our wide country, would come back to buy the stately mansion, and restore its sunken terraces and neglected shrubbery to their former beauty. But the most that we can expect now is a croquet ground for the morning flirtations of the city belles and beaux, and perhaps an arbor for the indulgence of their moonlight sentimentalities.

Nor is the mischief likely to stop with the modernizing of this more central relic of by-gone social prosperity. One of these days we shall hear that the rich carvings



HACKS AT MAIN WHARF.

and panelings of the Ellis house have been given over to the scrubbing-brushes of hotel chamber-maids and the jackknives of nomadic children; and that the noble old dancing hall of the Hooke house has been partitioned off into ten-by-twelve bedrooms for bachelor guests.

Already two hacks are established on the main wharf, and after every arrival of the steamer our tiny peninsula echoes to the crack of the driver's whip and the rattle of wheels upon the graveled streets, as the new-comers are whirled up to the hotel entrance, or dropped more quietly at the various private houses which have opened their doors to city boarders. Time was when we rivaled Venice in the use of the sea as a highway, and in the consequent silence of our streets. Those were the blessed days when the rolling of a carriage was mistaken for thunder, and the creaking of an infrequent hay cart or wood rack was sufficiently startling to send a whole family to the windows. Within the last few years we have accustomed ourselves to the daily passing up and down Main Street of the slow white horse and covered chaise of our octogenarian deacon, and we are disposed to resent the appearance of the hacks as a trespass upon his right of way. But this is only one of many matters in which we must

suffer intrusion; well for us if we are not in every respect driven to the wall, or forced to retire altogether before the invading crowd!

However, in some things we can hold our own. Our history belongs to us—no one else will ever care for its *minutiæ* as we do.

The government of the Baron de St. Castin was so entirely local in its influence that the details of his romantic sojourn are not widely known; and the part which this little community played in the wars with European powers has been overlooked in the apparently more important events which occurred in localities less remote from the great centres of strife.

Many of our guests will have come fresh from Old-World travels, their memories filled with historical associations set in the framework of the very scenes in which the events took place. Others, narrowed by continual residence in one section of their native country, will not allow that any story of the past can equal in interest their own local traditions; and, to all alike, a lively remembrance of the recent war of emancipation will throw into the shade the half-forgotten sufferings of colonial times and the more familiar vicissitudes of the struggle for independence. To those who have visited Versailles and Fontainebleau, what is it that more than

two hundred years ago a French nobleman, weary of the world, sought a retreat in the Acadian forest, married an Indian maiden, and spent the rest of his life among the gentle and unspoiled Tarrantines?

Who that has seen the magnificent cathedrals, the secluded monasteries, the picturesque way-side shrines, which attest the power and influ-



THE DEACON'S CHAISE.



HOLBROOK'S ISLAND.

ence of the Romish Church upon its native ground, will care to know that here was once a tiny chapel dedicated to "Our Lady of Holy Hope," and that Jesuit missionaries were among the first arrivals at the new settlement?

The wanderers over European battle-fields will pass unheeding the wooded hill which contains the bones of the few score victims of the Revolution in this remote and thinly peopled region; and though they may listen with interest to our standard boast that the *Great Eastern* itself could come up to our very wharves and turn around without difficulty or danger, they are not likely to hear how a hostile British fleet once rode at anchor in the harbor, and British troops twice held possession of the town.

What am I saying? Every American is patriotic, whatever else he or she may be; and no degree of foreign association or amount of individual experience can make our countrymen and country-women insensible to the thrilling romance of early American history.

The faint depression in the soil which still designates the site of Castin's fort is not so picturesque a landmark of the past as are the ruined castles on the Rhine; but our summer guests will trace the outlines with eager eyes, and call up many a vision of the courtly nobleman and his dusky bride, as they pick out shells from the embankment facing the sea, or wander along the shore at low tide in the hope of catching a glimpse of the sunken pier which formed the landing for the baron's boats. The ruined fort on the hill will be, of course, the favorite promenade and lounging-place of the strangers; nor will they forget that Sir John Moore,

the immortal hero of Charles Wolfe's celebrated poem,

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,"

began in this spot the military career which terminated so early and so brilliantly in Spain. Never will they pass Trask's Rock without a thought of the brave little fifer-boy who, seated behind the immense boulder, cheered his comrades to the attack with his shrill music while the bullets whistled around his head. They will pause before the white house in Main Street where Talleyrand once lodged, and will welcome any chance that gives them admission to the mansion which still bears in one of its floors the marks of the boot heels of the British officers who danced there at balls given during the foreign occupation. To them the Castine relics will be, as they are to us, objects of deep interest. They will study the curious coins, and muse over the disfigured copper tablet upon which the Capuchin friar Leo recorded the date of the foundation of a chapel which perished long ago and left

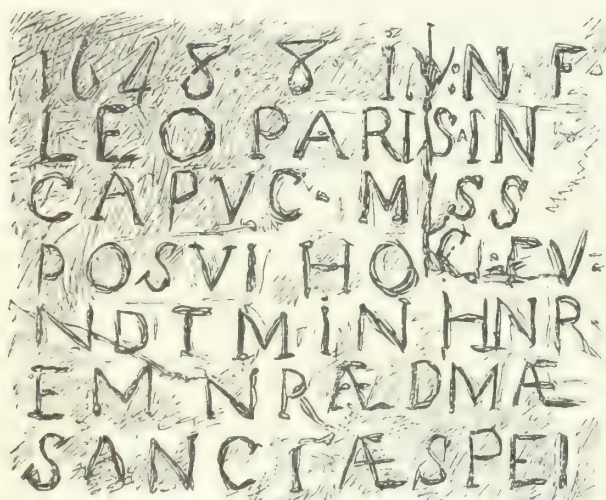


AN OLD WHARF.



OLD CASTINE COINS.

no trace of its location. They will smile at the characteristic boast of an English officer, traced with a diamond upon a window-pane during the Revolutionary war—a representation of the British flag with the “Stars and Stripes” underneath, upside down, and the words, “Yankee Doodle upset!” Nor will it be to their discredit if those among them who are familiar with

COPPER-PLATE WITH CAPUCHIN FRIAR'S INSCRIPTION.
[SEE PAGE 349.]

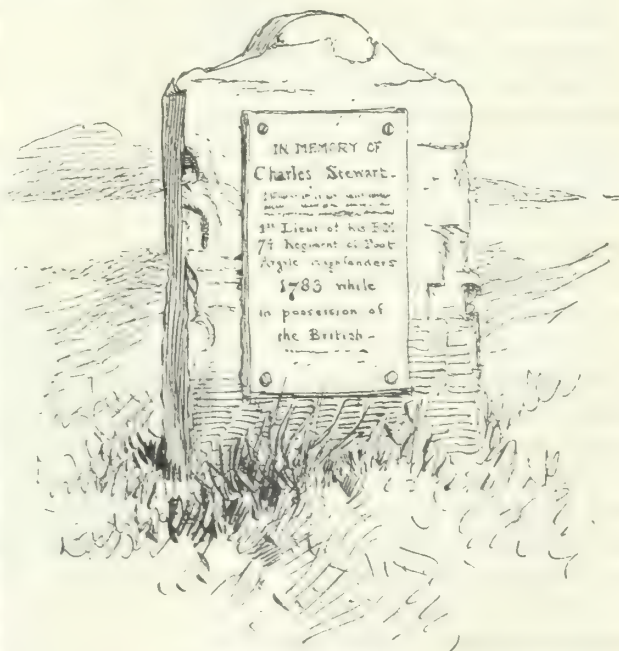
the sculptures of the Louvre and the Vatican should refuse the meed of admiration to “Cotton’s Head,” the one original specimen of plastic art of which Castine can boast.

Thus, with strangers navigating our waters, occupying our houses, enjoying our scenery, and sympathizing with our history, what is there left to us for our exclusive possession? Nothing but the associations of our immediate past; the familiar household events of our own and the preceding generation; the incidents of daily life which bring us near to one another; the bitterness which each heart knoweth for itself, and the joy with which a stranger doth not intermeddle.

The frolics of a few summer days can not endear this region so deeply to visitors as do the reminiscences of years to us who remain; and though many a heart may date the love of a lifetime from a chance meeting in this romantic spot, still the charm of scenery so in harmony with the tender sentiment can not make itself felt to these as

to young lovers of our community, who recognize in their own sweetly troublous experiences an echo and repetition of the story of their elders in the midst of the same familiar scenes. We too find a romantic interest in connecting our past with that of the hero of Corunna; but nearer to our hearts is the memory of our centenarian soldier who fought against Sir John Moore and his comrades, and having lived to see the republic he helped to create emerge triumphant and undivided from the rebellion, died in peace and was buried in the flag he had defended in his youth and honored all his days; while we have among us men still young who, no less patriotic than old Hutchings, have suffered more than he ever knew of the horrors of war in their experiences of battle-fields.

That distant inclosure to the eastward, conspicuous by its dark fir-trees and white monuments, and famous for its charming views of bay and islands, will doubtless be the boundary of many a summer’s ramble. But though visitors may be arrested by the kindly tribute to a fallen foe, “the earliest occupant of this mansion of the dead,” who was laid here in 1783, and may pause to read the name of a well-beloved citizen, the only one among the victims of the recent war who had the happiness to die at home—



GRAVE OF THE FALLEN FOE.

though they may be struck by some pathetic epitaph upon a little child, or by the frequency of the mournful record, "Lost at sea"—they can never know the home-like feeling which soothes while it saddens us as we enter that burial-place where so many of our loved ones are lying, and where we expect one day to take our places. Who of us ever forgets to glance at the solitary mound in the corner by the gate?—the grave of the young Spanish sailor, Carlos de Eschanagoucias, who, straying to our bleak coast in his boyhood, found a home among our people for the few remaining years of his short life. What a contrast must our snowy hills and stunted evergreens have been to the sunny plains and luxuriant vegetation of his native land! How many thoughts in which wife and children could not share must have imbibed the slow

Leaving the lonely grave-yard and returning to the homes and haunts of the living, how many tender and sad and happy and mirthful associations are for us connected with this little cluster of comfortable dwellings! Strangers may single out the mansions dating from colonial days; but they know nothing of the family histories of these any more than of the modern habitations. If, perchance, they find temporary lodgment in the parlors or spare chambers of a Castine home, still they do not penetrate to all the treasures which have been accumulating for generations under its ample roof.

There is the garret, not full of moth-eaten refuse and festooned with cobwebs, as are the garrets of romancers, but clean, light, and airy, the favorite play-room of the little folks, and the frequent resort of their



MILL ON GOOSE CREEK.

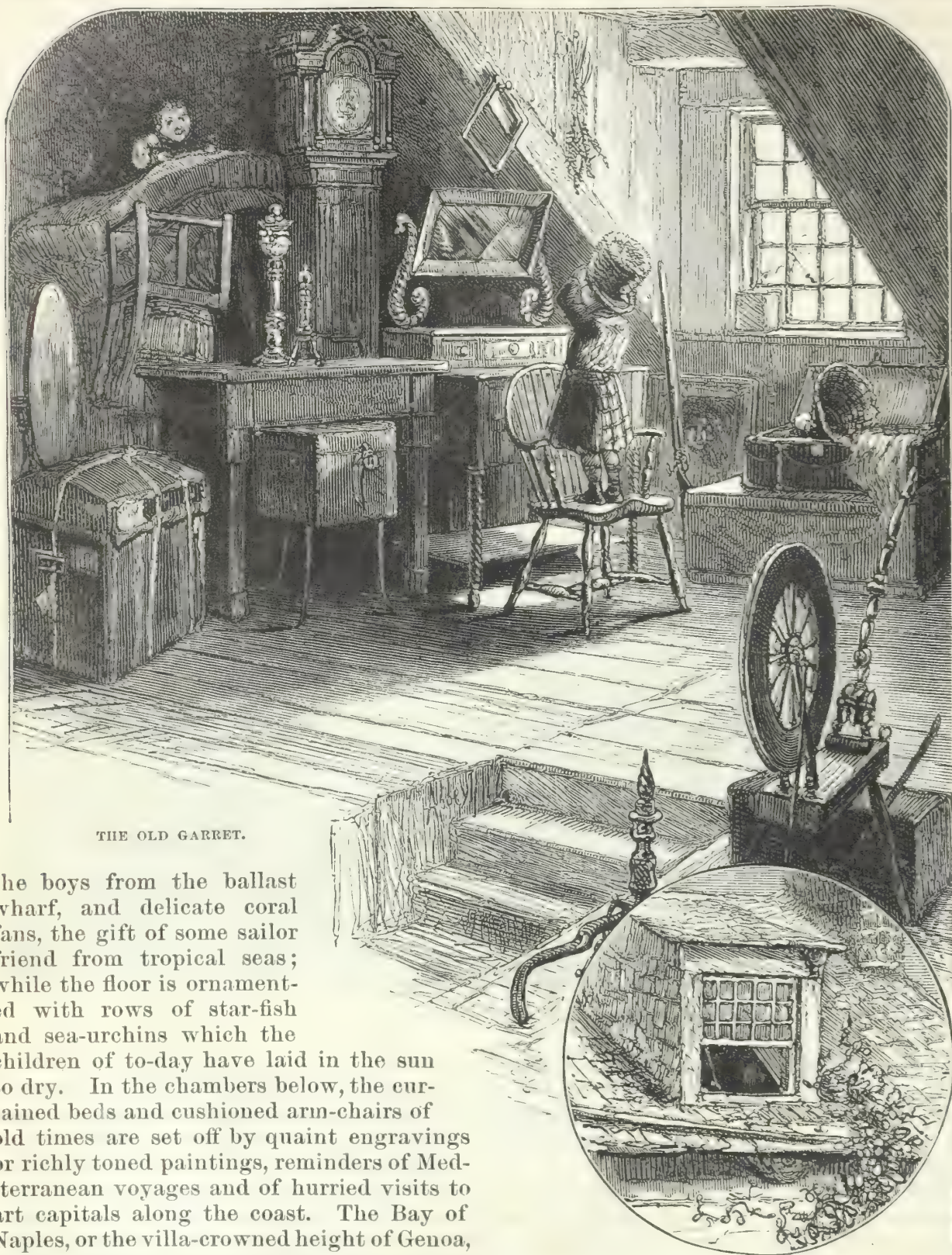
decline of this waif of a Southern race! One might well say that his fervid blood and passionate nature were gradually frozen by the cold climate and methodical ways of this Puritan settlement.

Passing along the narrow walks which separate the rows of head-stones, we can picture to ourselves many a face now hid

"under the coffin lid,"

and call to mind the various circumstances which made each death a peculiar grief to the survivors. Yonder is the tomb containing husband, wife, and infant child, who perished in the icy bay in full sight of their happy home and of the friends who cherished them so tenderly. And here we pause before *Bethia's* early grave, and think with a sigh of her bright summer's day spent with her on a neighboring island, when the gayety of the party was checked at the sound of her "church-yard cough," which, in spite of her still blooming cheeks and careless laugh, we all knew to be the knell of her speedy doom.

elders when the bay is to be swept with a glass in search of an expected pleasure-boat, or a look-out kept for the first glimpse of a gaff-topsail as the *Spy* comes creeping around Light-house Head, hugging the shore too closely for unaccustomed eyes to distinguish the slowly gliding masts from the stationary objects on the bank above. There are heavy chests filled with the discarded finery of former generations, the flowered brocade of the great-grandmother who danced with the British officers being the chief treasure of the hoard. The now obsolete spinning-wheel occupies a distant corner, and ranged along the wall are decrepit chairs with wide carved backs, and claw-footed tables too cumbrous for the taste of the present day. Nor is there wanting even here that suggestion of the sea which gives a quaint touch and flavor to all the belongings of Castine. There are rows of huge conch-shells, for which fashion no longer demands a place upon the parlor mantel-piece, and boxes of curiosities collected by childish hands; there are masses of coral rock brought home by



THE OLD GARRET.

the boys from the ballast wharf, and delicate coral fans, the gift of some sailor friend from tropical seas; while the floor is ornamented with rows of star-fish and sea-urchins which the children of to-day have laid in the sun to dry. In the chambers below, the curtained beds and cushioned arm-chairs of old times are set off by quaint engravings or richly toned paintings, reminders of Mediterranean voyages and of hurried visits to art capitals along the coast. The Bay of Naples, or the villa-crowned height of Genoa, smiles from the wall upon the scarcely less beautiful panorama of sea and shore outside the windows; and the sewing-table is adorned with a basket of finest workmanship, the gift of the sailor son, who remembers in Eastern bazars his mother's patient stitching and mending in the days of his boisterous youth. Her daughter's bureau drawers in the opposite room are stored with foreign treasures. All her garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia. When she goes to pay visits, she attires herself in a shawl so wondrously embroidered as to be above the caprices of fashion; and her ivory card-case is a miracle of Chinese art. The grave father of the family cuts his Boston *Transcript* with a sandal-wood paper-knife, and

writes his business letters at a solid desk of camphor-wood, whose massive brass frame fairly lights up the corner of the sitting-room, where it has an abiding-place and a table of its own.

In the parlor the mantel-piece is gay with the artistically grouped feathers of tropical birds; upon the shelves of the what-not are glass jars of the spices of Ceylon, arranged in the various developments of their fruitage; the drawers of the book-case are full of Chinese pictures, innocent of perspective and brilliant in coloring; the table is strewn with ingenious puzzles; and a never-failing source of amusement for stranger guests is the Japanese fan, which, opened aright, of-

fers a brave show of costumed figures, and reversed, tumbles into rags and empty sticks. Even the dining-room and kitchen partake of the foreign element which the great and wide sea brings to this remote shore. Every one in the house recognizes the subtle fragrance when a certain tiny saucepan is brought into requisition, and the children rejoice to see upon the tea table the pale blue jar ornamented with a watery landscape, which hints of preserved ginger within.

Nor is it alone the great square houses that contain these cosmopolitan treasures. The neat white cottages by the shore are made picturesque by their imported belongings. Queer beads and heathenish necklaces dangle from the frames of the looking-glasses; exquisite shells adorn the bureau in the best room; and the tame gray parrot sits on the fence and scolds the passers-by in a foreign jargon, but with an emphasis unmistakably suggestive of his meaning.

Strangers may note with approbation the erection of new houses and the furbishing up of old ones; but it takes us a long time to adopt an addition to the number of long-established roof-trees, or to recover from the loss of a familiar landmark. What native of Castine can hear without a pang of the demolition of the rope-walk?—

“that building, long and low,
Where the wheels go round and round
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.”

Which of us in childhood ever passed up or down the lonely lane upon which it fronts without coveting for playthings the enormous spools lying just inside the half-opened

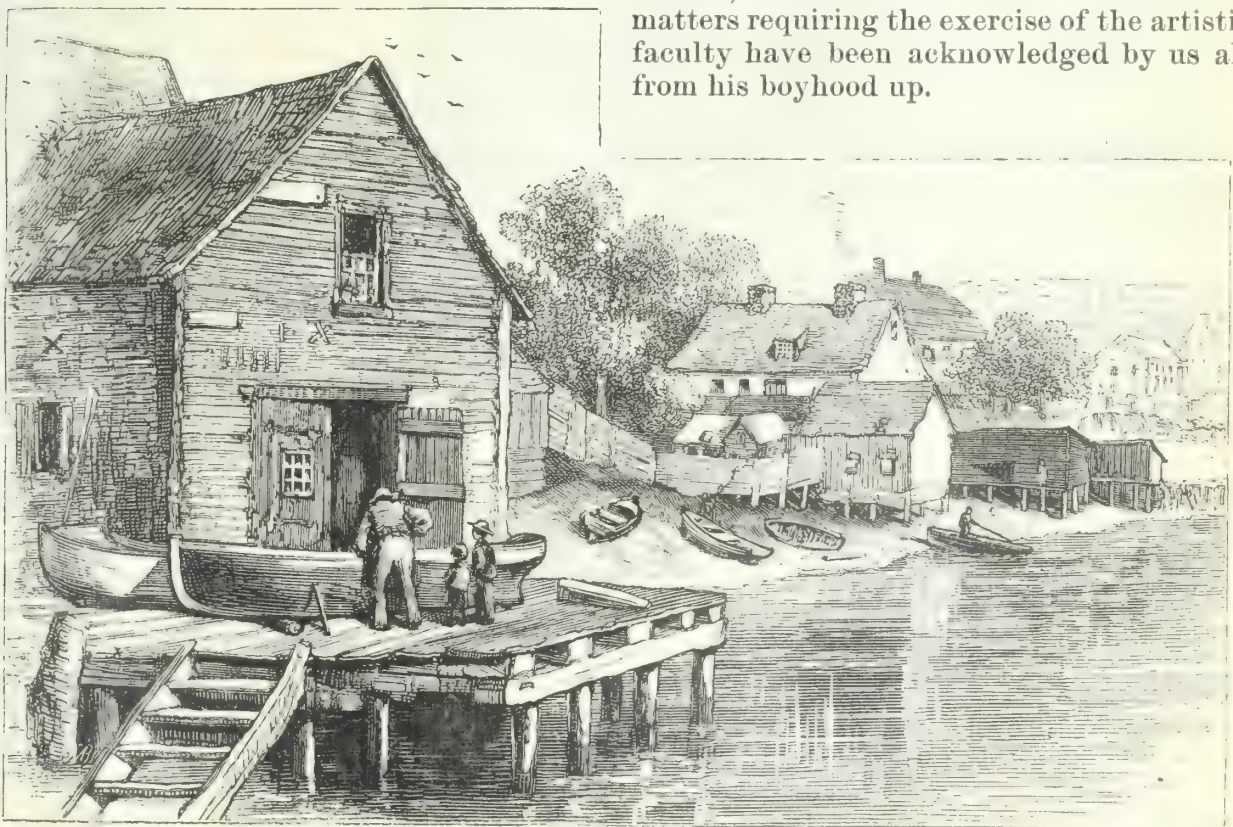
door? And how wonderful was it to recognize on Sundays the chief of the “human spiders” in the sweet-voiced tenor of the “orthodox” choir!

The old meeting-house now boasts of a lengthened body and a heightened tower, with inner improvements to match; but dearer to us than the sight of its modernized proportions is the memory of its former low belfry and plain windows; its platform with sofa and chairs, like a miniature parlor; its narrow vestry-room over the front entry, where we listened once a month to items of missionary intelligence, and on other stated occasions to the less exciting reports of individual Christian experience at home.

The stately Normal School which crowns the village height is to us an object of pride, not alone because it indicates the possession of unusual advantages of education, but because it is the design of a local amateur architect, whose remarkable skill and taste in matters requiring the exercise of the artistic faculty have been acknowledged by us all from his boyhood up.



THE SCOLDING PARROT.



ALONG SHORE.

But though our pride is gratified by the noble appearance of our Normal School, our hearts remain true to the old Academy on the common, hallowed by the memory of our earliest strivings after knowledge, and of the boy-and-girl friendships that sweetened study. And then the later gatherings in winter evenings for mature debate and lighter intellectual pleasures!

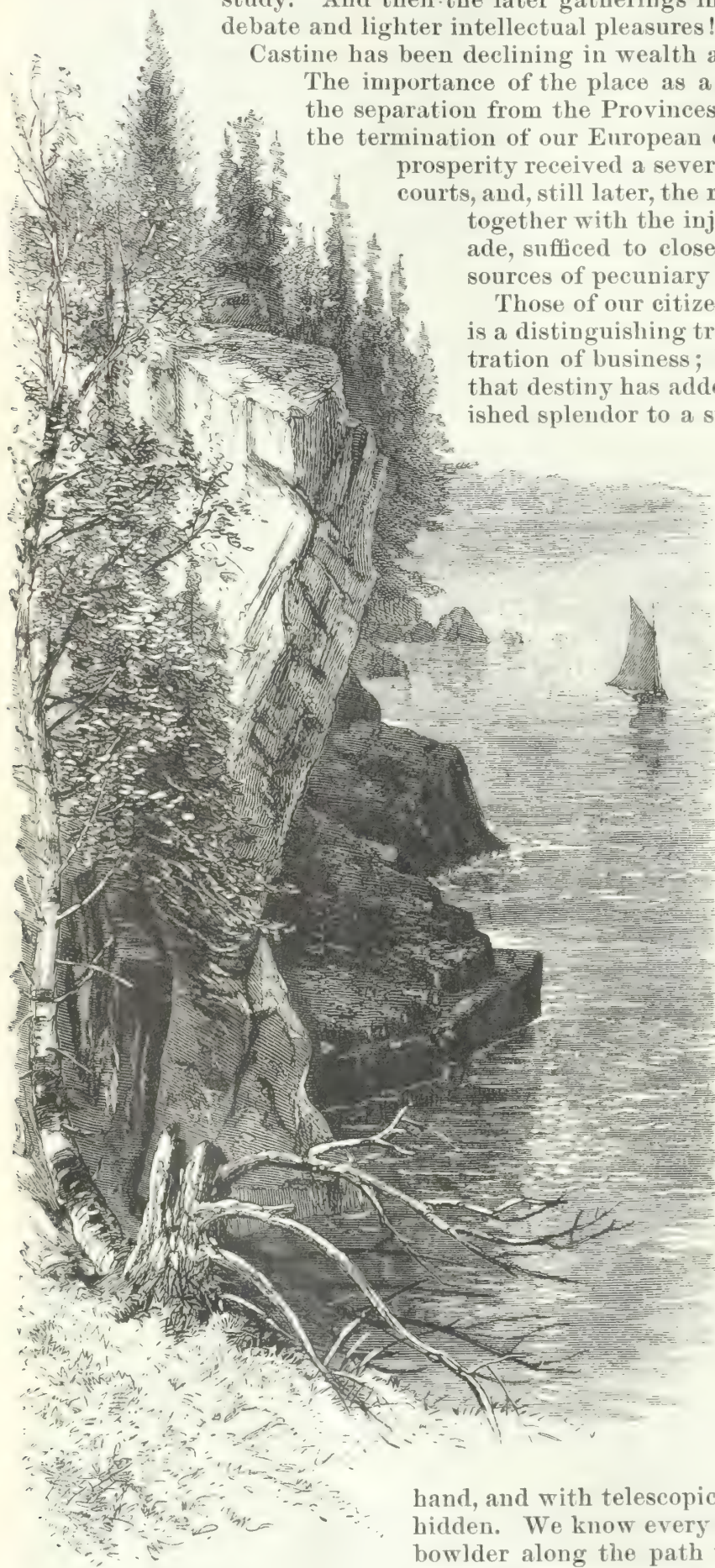
Castine has been declining in wealth and influence for many years. The importance of the place as a trading station ceased with the separation from the Provinces, and as a military post with the termination of our European difficulties, while subsequent prosperity received a severe check in the removal of the courts, and, still later, the repeal of the fishing bounties, together with the injury resulting from the blockade, sufficed to close all the remaining principal sources of pecuniary profit.

Those of our citizens in whom practical wisdom is a distinguishing trait bewail this complete prostration of business; but we romantic ones rejoice that destiny has added the subtle charm of a vanished splendor to a spot so mournfully fair by nature, and which has no right to assume a brisk and cheerful front.

It was formerly a boast that one might walk the whole length of the quay upon the decks of vessels. But more in keeping with the spirit of the place are the decaying wharves, where, in the summer twilight, groups of friends accompany the music of the lapping waves with songs and laughter and murmured conversation, or sit in pensive silence while a solitary vessel drops slowly down the tide, its dark sails transfigured into silver wings as they cross the path of light which the risen moon has traced upon the quiet sea.

Ah! let us not grudge a share in these pure enjoyments to the world-weary pilgrims who come hither to be refreshed, for, however appreciative of the charms of our scenery such persons may be, they can never know the whole secret of our attachment to this sea-side home. It is as though our eyes were endowed with microscopic power for objects close at hand, and with telescopic range for things remote and hidden. We know every tuft of moss and outcropping boulder along the path to the Bluff, and all the tiny ocean treasures that cluster upon the blackened timbers underneath the wharves. And when from the bastions of the Fort we contemplate the wonderful panorama of our land-locked bay, we are able to add to the features which are visible many points which lie within and beyond the curiously indented shores.

Every body can see the mountains—the dim gray line of the Mount Desert range,



WINONA CLIFF.

Every body can see the mountains—the dim gray line of the Mount Desert range,

the green heights of Camden, the hazy pyramid of Blue Hill—breaking the horizon line to the east, west, and south. But we look toward Mount Desert over Brooksville and Deer Isle, including in our glance their scattered farms and neat villages, and the homes of dear friends who dwell in those secluded nooks. To us the offing shows not only the mysterious line where sky and water meet, but regions that to unauoointed eyes are sunk “below the verge.” With fancy and memory to direct our gaze, we can see Isle au Haut, with its little church upon the steep cliff, and Saddleback Rock, bare of vegetation and swept by every wave, where stands a friendly light-house—first token of the welcome land to returning mariners, last warning to outward-bound ships of danger on the lee. To the westward we can trace the bold promontory of Owl’s Head; the granite coast of Rockland; Camden, with its high mountain overshadowing the village, and its light-house planted on a little tuft of an island just large enough to hold the slender tower, with its cottage and garden; Belfast, picturesque and busy; Bucksport, guarding with frowning batteries the entrance to the river highway. And so around to the northward the main-land incloses beautiful varieties of forest and mountain—fitting background to the gem-like islands that stud the bay, and the peninsula of Castine, itself almost an island, which leads and crowns them all.

And then, too, while strangers carry away with them only an impression of the greenness and brightness of our short summer, to us belong innumerable pictures created by the changing seasons through successive years. We know how Castine looks, transformed into fairy-land under the enchantment of a sudden heavy fall of snow, when every black and lifeless tree is thrown into relief by the white tracery, and every fir and pine bears marvelous fruit upon its rounded tips; when cheery voices echo far in the silent air, and the snow-shovels clang melodiously as the joyful youngsters work a covered pathway through the drift from the house door to the street; when patient oxen plough open the principal roads, and the daily mail can neither come nor go, and a ghastly rumor is afloat of a country funeral where the dead was buried in a shroud, because the messenger sent to Castine for a coffin could not get back in time.

There are other phases of winter less picturesque and more uncomfortable—days of intense cold, when the earth is bare and the bay is frozen over; nights of furious storm, when the chimneys roar and the salt spray carried by the gale is crusted upon windows far up the village street.

And how delightful is the return of spring, after the long bondage of ice is broken!—when buttercups and eyebrights star the

pathway to the Fort, and the gloom of the woods is lighted up by the fresh buds of the spruce and the pale green tassels of the birch; when the good doctor’s tulip bed is ablaze with color, and the lily-of-the-valley borders in the Tilden door-yard entrance the whole neighborhood with the pure loveliness and delicate fragrance of their myriad bells; when double windows and storm doors are consigned to the attic, and the mild air is allowed to stream through the long-closed northeast chamber; when housewives are busy putting away the winter furs and flannels, and the little girls vie with the flower gardens as they go to school in their pretty calico dresses and pink sun-bonnets.

There comes a summer so warm and soft that the peach-tree near the south door of the Witherle mansion, which has hitherto borne nothing but leaves, bursts into rosy bloom. Through the long calm mornings the glassy bay is varied with streaks of white amid the blue, sole token of the currents underneath; but in the afternoon the strong south wind shivers the surface into glittering waves which break with a hollow roar against the light-house cliffs, displaying to us who sit in the cool shadow of the pines the grandeur without the horrors of a storm at sea.

These are the days when baskets are filled and sails are spread for a picnic at Gray’s, or a chowder party at Holbrook’s Island; when less ambitious companies stroll to the light-house woods and take their supper upon the rocks beside the spring; when young girls left at home cluster together in the hospitable porch, or saunter up and down the sidewalk with arms interlaced, rehearsing in friendship the future drama of love.

At this season, too, all avenues of approach to our shores are keenly watched, in anticipation of the arrival of expected friends. The *Lazy Lawrence* seems to puff along more slowly than ever; the *Spy* is an age in rounding the Point, and the old red stage comes creeping at a snail’s pace down the upper end of the “mile square.” On one of these fine mornings we all go down to the wharf to see our white-haired deacon and his handsome wife start on their annual journey to Saratoga, to come back in a few weeks rejuvenated, with perhaps a trace of the vanities of the gay world in their outward attire, but with no diminution of interest in Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting—which state of things is a yearly marvel to the “unconverted” young folks, who can not understand how people can spend a season at Saratoga and *stay pious*!

But shadows begin to fall over the sunny landscape. A chill is in the air, and the consumptive, whose courage had revived under the blue sky of August, droops again,

now that summer is on the wane. Somebody has found the first blossomed spike of the golden-rod—sure harbinger of autumn—and the ominous news makes us all melancholy. The days shorten sensibly, and the nights grow colder. The Witherle peaches, seventeen in number, which had swelled into fair proportions during the heats of July, are stationary, their hard green cheeks showing no signs of the paling and flushing that betoken approaching ripeness. Friends in council offer artificial helps to the process—



FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

es of nature: one suggests the kitchen mantel-piece, another the south windows, another a dark closet, as a proper forcing-bed for the reluctant fruit. A guest, who has seen somewhere in the bleak region of Aroostook a vine with its separate bunches of grapes tied up in black crape to draw the heat of the sun, proposes to envelop each of the seventeen peaches in the same material; but the mistress of the mansion shudders at the thought of the mournful appearance of the tree—so near the house door, too!—and the unexpected crop is left to wilt and fall with the decaying leaves.

Now and then, as the season advances, comes an interval of soft, dreamy weather, recalling the story of *Evangeline* and the "Summer of St. Martin" in the old Acadia, of which Castine was formerly a part.

On one such day all the town gathers upon the shore to witness the launching of a vessel, in which each inhabitant feels a lively interest—an interest entirely apart from any speculation connected with the material results of future voyages. For the brig has been built on historic ground, just below the site of the old French fort; and as it glides swiftly down the ways and strikes the water above the sunken pier of two hun-

dred years ago, the name of the *Baron de Castine* is again heard among the ruins of his old home, and is greeted with cheers, to which the languid atmosphere imparts a mournful and muffled tone, like voices sounding in a dream, or as though the sound were indeed an echo of the past.

But besides these common experiences, in which the weather and the aspect of external nature bear so important a part, each one of us is conscious of special revelations from earth and sky, which were as epochs in our lives, and will remain sacred and separate in our thoughts forever:—some moment at evening, when the world was full of tender light, the sunset flush still lingering in the clouds and reflected in the waters, the crescent moon and evening star hanging low in the west, the paler ray of the light-house relieved against a background of pines, and afar to the eastward the camp fire of a pleasure party illuminating a shadowy cove: a winter twilight, still and dreary; the sky a sullen gray, excepting at the horizon, where a broad belt of that pale translucent green seen only in high latitudes gives certain

signal of approaching storms: a summer morning among the wild rapids of the northern bay, where a group of friends watch in silence the gambols of young seals upon the rocks: a thunder-storm on Holbrook's Island, and a rainbow hung midway between two shores, its ends lost in the water, and a boat passing beneath the radiant arch: a foggy forenoon in spring, the village hidden and the sea a mist; voices at a distance are wafted mysteriously near, and the tinkle of cowbells on Nautilus Island is heard at the light-house; but the compelling rays from above send first a yellow tinge through the dull gray of the steaming atmosphere, then a single beam pierces the veil, and, lo! the fog begins to lift, the lighter portions detach themselves and float upward as little white clouds; soon the whole mass scatters and vanishes into the upper blue, and the fresh green islands are seen mirrored with magical distinctness in the still depths below. Such scenes as these can never fade from the memory; they haunt us every where, and draw our hearts back to the beloved spot, even when our footsteps may not follow.

To us the magnetic centre of the earth will always be Castine.



JOHN KEATS.—[FROM SEVERN'S SKETCH.]

THE POET KEATS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, in his *Recol-lections of British Poets*, says, "There are few poets whose works contain slighter hints of their personal history than those of Keats."

Every one who has read the poetry of Keats will agree with Mr. Lowell in this assertion. He seems to have been somewhat sensitive regarding family matters and history, and but little can be found concerning them in biographies of the dead poet.

Two of his nieces are residents of Louisville, Kentucky, both married ladies of high standing in society. I became acquainted with one of them some time ago, and we enjoyed a long and pleasant conversation concerning Keats, spending not a little of our time in examining sheets of his original manuscript. The lady with whom I conversed is Mrs. Philip Speed, daughter of George Keats, the poet's brother. She is a lady of more than ordinary intelligence and of good conversational ability. The other niece is Mrs. George N. Peay.

Mrs. Speed's brother-in-law, James Speed, was Attorney-General under Mr. Lincoln, and all her husband's brothers have held positions of trust in the State of Kentucky. She related to me that her father, George Keats, came to this country with Sir George Flower, and falling in with Audubon, the naturalist, the trio first settled in Harmony, Indiana. They then removed to Henderson, Kentucky, and from there Keats came to Louisville.

"My father always upbraided himself," said Mrs. Speed, "for leaving his brother John in England; he told me of his intention to relate much of the poet's history to myself as soon as I became old enough to understand it.

"Mr. James Freeman Clarke, the Unitarian minister, lived here then, and upon his advice I went to the school of Margaret Fuller, in Massachusetts. She was an excellent and eloquent woman, and I was charmed at the first by her magnificent speech."

"Did your father finally relate to you the history of his brother?" asked I.

"No, Sir; he died when I was but seven-



GEORGE KEATS.—[FROM SEVERN'S SKETCH.]

teen, and up to his death failed to keep his promise—most likely because of my age.

"My father was the eldest of four children. He was a gentleman of elegant manners and fine address. After coming here he built the first saw-mill ever known in Kentucky. He followed mercantile pursuits, and was very successful in doing so. He often spoke of his younger brother John, and frequently chided himself for ever leaving him. My uncle John went to Italy, and father came here. The former was delicate, and in love with one who seems not to have reciprocated the feeling he felt for her. He went to Italy to recover his health, and while at Rome died. Mr. Severn, a devoted friend and admirer of my uncle, went to Italy with him, and remained at his bedside until death. The sketch you see yonder upon the wall was painted by Severn before the poet went to Italy. Severn still lives at Rome. He at one time represented the British government as consul at Rome. In 1858 Dr. Lewis Rogers, of Louisville, while in Italy, visited Severn, and was presented by him with his son's sketch of Keats's grave in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. Dr. Rogers gave me this sketch. That is it over there."

I arose to look at the sketches. One was a picture of John and the other of George Keats, both by old Joe Severn, who knew the brothers well. They are in water-colors upon a kid surface. Severn had a warm affection for John Keats, who was younger than himself, but whom he has outlived long enough to see the poet's fame grow

brighter and brighter, and cause him to feel more than proud of their friendship in former years.

The water-color sketch of Keats, although unfinished, is very good. It represents him leaning upon his elbow, with his hand at his cheek, looking dreamily into distance. Although it is the farthest remove from glad or merry, it is not at all despairing or hopeless, expressing rather the spirit of young poetic reverie, pensive yet ardent, tender yet flushed with the rapt longings of a warm and glowing imagination.

The forehead is broad and open, the waving brown-auburn hair parted and brushed away from the brow. The eyes have great clear depths of hazel-brown; the nose is finely cut; the lips and chin have a sensuous fullness combined with the most sensitive delicacy in a union of rare beauty. Engravings which form the frontispieces of several editions of his works, including those edited by Monckton Milnes and James Russell Lowell, are all taken from the colored sketch just described. The first copy was taken for Mr. Milnes, who wrote to Mrs. Speed for the original, and also such manuscripts as might be in her possession. The engravings from this colored sketch lose the exquisite charm of the mouth, and express the longing and almost morbid sensibility without any of the beautiful roundness of the lines in the original. This deficiency is due to the lack of color, and the sketch is very noteworthy in that respect. The hue of the skin is that of health, the red mantles naturally in the cheeks, the eyes look out from under their brown brows unvexed with suffering, and the whole face glows with the appearance of full, if not robust, healthfulness.

Keats had consumption, probably, when the portrait was sketched, but its ravages



SEVERN'S LAST SKETCH OF KEATS.

had not begun to appear. Joseph Severn did the little water-color of Keats not long before the two in company left England for Italy.

There is another sketch in pencil which the same artist made of his friend, in sad contrast with the first. The last was done when the young poet lay upon his death-bed. Severn sat by him in his agony, at-

through the late Dr. Lewis Rogers, of Louisville, to Mrs. Speed.

A son of the old artist also sent her a sketch of Keats's grave in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome. It will be remembered that this grave was neglected for years, and in 1875 was repaired by friends. The sketch alluded to was made prior to the repairing and setting up of a medallion.



KEATS'S GRAVE.

tempting to divert him from bodily pain and painful thoughts by making a rough drawing of his features. It is a sad and piteous picture. Thin and wasted, with heavy lids whose dark lashes fall upon hollow cheeks, with hair disheveled and tremulous lips, the poor boy-poet seems to have been tossing and beating out his life. His head droops to one side upon his pillow, and in this moment of exhaustion and quiet the faithful friend, who loved him and staid by him to the last, presents the closing scene in the short, mournful drama of his life.

The sketch was afterward copied at Rome by Mrs. Sarah Clarke, and sent by her,

The grave was then neglected. The headstone is low, and contains the epitaph:

"This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired the words to be engraved on his tomb,

"HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER."

In its renewed condition box-wood fences it; violets grow upon the grave itself; and a young and noble English lady has given a sum of money which provides that these shall be cared for, and when any wither, they shall be replaced, so that violets will always grow there. Our illustration shows the grave in its present condition. These repairs were made with funds furnished by

Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Severn, an English lady, and Mrs. Speed. The following letter to Mrs. Speed shows what interest was taken in the matter by the English and Americans at Rome.

"ROME, April 7, 1875.

"MY DEAR EMMA,—I received both your letters—that containing the remittance a few days since. I have the pleasure to inclose you a photograph of the grave as it now is. We think it looks very well. This was taken from beyond the fosse, and, as you see, the inscription now is quite legible from that point. It will now keep in good condition for at least one hundred years, and perhaps much more. The stone itself is very thick and solid, and perfectly sound, and the setting it upon a low pedestal has been all that could well be done for it, except restoring the inscription, which was the chief part of the expense. I like it all except the marble border around the grave, which looks too near and staring; but I have given orders for some ivy plants to be placed along this border, to run over it and break the lines. Every one is much interested about it, and the guardian of the cemetery says that the people are now all the time inquiring for the grave of Keats. They have heard something about these events. Sir Vincent Eyre has set on foot a subscription among the English and Americans for a medallion likeness of the poet, to be made from the mask in Mr. Severn's possession, and it is already begun. Mr. Warrington Wood, a sculptor of good reputation, has offered to give his services in modeling the medallion as his part of the subscription; so the thing will be easily accomplished. It is proposed to place it in a part of the walk near the grave, and which you can see at the same time you are looking at the old stone, though it does not come into the view that I send you. I like this plan rather better than the one of combining it with the old stone. Mr. Severn has painted a charming picture of the grave of Keats by moonlight, a sleeping shepherd lying on it, and goats browsing about. This is in allusion to the poem of 'Endymion.' Mr. Severn, though more than eighty years of age, still paints and enjoys his life. Though his hands are disabled with rheumatism, so that he can no longer play on the piano, this does not hinder him from painting, and I don't know any one who seems to enjoy his life more. Truly your friend,
SARAH CLARKE."

The medallion mentioned is placed upon the pilaster of the small arched gateway spanning the fosse which surrounds the old cemetery. The grave, it has been stated, is close to this gate; and as the spectator stands before the tombstone, he has the medallion immediately upon the left. It is sculptured upon a rectangular slab, and is surrounded by a circular wreath, beneath which are inscribed the following lines, the initials of which form an acrostic:

"Keats, if thy cherished name be 'writ in water,'
Each drop has fallen on some woman's cheek—
A sacred tribute such as heroes seek,
Though oft in vain, for dazzling deeds of slaughter.
Sleep on! not honored less for epitaph so meek."

—SIR VINCENT EYRE.

This was inclosed to Mrs. Speed in a letter from the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, written with a gold pen given him by the late Hon. Charles Sumner.

The other sketch, that of George Keats, the brother of John, who came to America, and father of Mrs. Speed, is in a more finished state. It is well executed, like the other, and presents a handsome face strongly resembling the poet's, but having a more alert and keener expression. There is a ready directness in his glance, and an intelligent, adaptable look which indicates clearly a man likely to succeed in life. It is, however, a refined face, and very fine-looking, with a lofty forehead, independent expression, and the high-bred look of a cultivated man of the world. The sketch was drawn in England about the same time as that of the poet. Among the memorials shown me I found a letter from J. W. Reynolds. He appears to have been a very ardent admirer

*The wonders of all-ruling Providence;
The joys that from celestial Mercy flow;
Essential beauty; perfect excellence,
Ennobled and refine the native glow
The poet feels — and thence his best resource
To paint his feelings with sublimest force.*

April 23. 1817

*The plain English of this, — is
The Bible is the best book
for a poet to form his taste by.*

of Keats, and in his note advises the young poet to "annul the *Quarterly Review* by the best of all answers."

In closing, Reynolds says, "Do *you* get fame, and *I* shall have it in being your steady friend. There is no one I am more interested in, and there is no one that I have more pleasure in communicating my happiness to."

Mrs. Speed has in her possession quite a number of Keats's original MSS. I had the pleasure of looking at several of them. The poet's letters are of a medium size, and well formed. His sheets are neat, and from the few scratches and blots it is evident that Keats's train of thought was quite free. Among unpublished effusions I found the following:

SONNET.

- "There was a season when the fabled name
Of high Parnassus and Apollo's lyre
Seemed terms of excellence to my desire;
Therefore a youthful bard I may not blame.
- "But when the page of everlasting Truth
Has on the attentive mind its force imprest,
Then vanish all the affections dear in youth,
And Love immortal fills the grateful breast.
- "The wonders of all-ruling Providence,
The joys that from celestial Mercy flow,
Essential beauty, perfect excellence,
Ennoble and refine the native glow

The poet feels; and thence his best resource
To paint his feelings with sublimest force."

The preceding is written in plain characters upon a half sheet of parchment paper. The date attached is April 23, 1817. Following this are the words, "The plain English of this is, the Bible is the best book for a poet to form his taste by."

In one of the letters from Keats to his brother he alludes to an evening at the "Mermaid" with Horace Twiss and Horace Smith, saying their being together at this place revived thoughts of Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, and others who used to assemble there in days of yore. Upon the occasion in question Keats composed the lines commencing,

"Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Fairer than the Mermaid tavern?"

"Reynolds, Dilke, and others," says Keats, "were pleased with this beyond any thing I ever did."

In this letter Keats alludes to the fondness of Twiss for repeating extempore verses—written, however, at home—and incloses a very clever take-off on him and his verses by Horace Smith.

THE JEET-BLACK GROOM.

PART I.

THE rain maks a' the Tweed drumlie;
Sae does it a' the Tyne.
In Berwick sit twa gey guid knights,
Drinkin' the bluid-red wine.

"O whaur will I get a groom, Sir Hugh,
To tak my horse in han'?
For I hae lost the bonnie boy
That cam frae a foreign lan'.

"The witless wicht, he aye wud ride—
Forbidden he wudna be—
Wi' neither bit na bridle-rein,
Amang the cliffs sae hie.

"Ae immis nicht, at Burntisland,
He rade 's gin he'd been fey,
Until he cam whaur King Alshinur
Did meet his dyin' day.

"An' there he stude on high horseback,
An' leukit i' the faem,
An' left twa foot-prints i' the sna',
But never mair cam hame.

"An' I hae taen fu' mony a page,
An' mony a churl's loon,
But there's nae mair that can compare
Wi' him that sae did droon."

"O haud yer tongue, Sir Thomas Moncrieff;
There's mony as guid as he;
For I hae twa i' my castle ha',
An' ane I'll gie tae thee.

"The tane's as white as the sea-mew's down;
The tither's as black 's the slae.
The tane sall bide wi' my horse Tristrem;
The tither wi' you sall gae.

"The tane sall bide wi' my horse Tristrem:
There was ne'er sae gallant a steed;
There's nae his like in a' Scotlan'.
Frae Pentland Frith tae Tweed."

"O haud yer tongue," said Sir Thomas;
"There's mony as guid as he.
There's a horse that stan's in my stable,
His marrow did never see."

"Noo I will wager," said proud Sir Hugh,
"Against or mair or less,
A hundred pounds in guid red gowd,
That Tristrem will win a race."

"There's neither gowd nor fee, Sir Hugh,
Amang my kith an' kin;
But I'll wager my head an' my horse Rolan'
That Rolan' the race will win."

They made a pact atween them twa
That, on a day in June,
Their horses sud rin o' the joustin' groun'
By the castle in Stirlin' toon.

An' up it startit a little page—
His een wi' tears ran ower—
An' he has run tae Sir Thomas' ladye,
An' fand her in her bower.

"O wae is me, fair lady," he said;
"For ill luck I do guess:
Sir Thomas has wager'd his head wi' Sir Hugh
That Rolan' will win a race."

"O wae is me," said Sir Thomas' ladye,
As the saut tears trinkled doon;
"I wud gie a' my jewels the day
For him that ance did droon.

"Your brither lies by Burntisland,
Fu' deep i' the green-hiwe sea;
But O for a leuk at that bonnie face,
An' a blink o' that blythe black e'e!"

Then up it spak her ae dauchter,
An' her face was like the dawn:
"O never fear, my mither dear,
My faither's in God's han'.



"THEY MADE A PACT BETWEEN THEM TWA."

"I dreamt a dream—'twas sin' yestreen:
Sic dreams bode never ill.
I dreamt my faither's white heron cam hame,
Jeet-black-frae tail tae bill.
"He set himsel on Rolan's back,
An' baith flew fast awa';
But when they cam tae the trystin'-stane,
The heron was white as sna'.
"Gae doon, gae doon, my little page,
As fast as ye can gae,
An' lay this glove in Rolan's crieve,
An' gie him corn an' hay."
An' when he cam tae the stable door,
The door stude open wide,
An' Sir Hugh was there, wi' 's foot i' the stirrup.
Jist ready for tae ride.
"O whaur are ye gaun, ye little page,
An' what do ye bear away?"
"I gang tae lay this glove in Rolan's crieve,
An' gie him corn an' hay."
"Whaur gat ye the glove," said the proud Sir Hugh,
"An' why lay ye it there?"
"Wha brings nae the glove o' Lady Ann,
He canna gae Rolan' near.
"The marrow she gae tae my brither dear,
Ere he droont i' the faem;
An' aye when Rolan' waxes wood,
Nocht else his rage can tame.
"But never sae wood does Rolan' wax,
An' never does rear sae hie,

But a touch o' this glove an' a word in his ear
Will bring him tae his knee."

"Gie me the glove," said the proud Sir Hugh,
"An' I'll gie him hay an' corn;
For I hae promised Sir Thomas a groom—
His like was never born."

"I winna gie ye the glove, ye fause Sir Hugh—
I winna gie ye the glove;
For ye wud tak my maister's life,
An' wrang his ain dear love."

Sir Hugh loupit doon frae his high saddle,
An' grippit him by the arm;
He's taen the glove frae the little page,
An' done him meikle harm.

An' awa' he rade tae his ain castèl,
An' tirlèd at the pin;
An' wha was there but the jeet-black groom
Tae lat his maister in.

"Come hither, come hither, my jeet-black groom—
Come hither, an' speak tae me;
For I hae wark tae do i' the dark,
An' nane sall ken but thee.

"I gae ye hose, an' I gae ye shoon,
An' I took ye frae the byre;
I've gien ye meat, an' I've gien ye drink,
An' I've paid ye weel yer hire.

"Noo ye maun gang tae Sir Thomas' ha'
Early the morrow morn,
An' ye maun groom his horse Rolan'
An' gie him hay an' corn.

"An' ye maun tak this silken glove,
 An' wear 't, ae day in June,
 When Rolan' rins a race wi' Tristrem
 By the castle in Stirlin' toon.
 "For Sir Thomas has wager'd a wood wager—
 May God forgie his sin!—
 He's wager'd his head an' his horse Rolan'
 That Rolan' the race will win.
 "An' when ye come to the half-way stane,
 An' Rolan' first sall be,

A touch o' this glove an' a word in his ear
 Will bring him tae his knee.

"But an ye win this race for me,
 An' Sir Thomas lose his life,
 Ye sall hae twenty pounds in gowd,
 An' his dauchter to be yer wife."

"O never fear," said the jeet-black groom,
 "Gin ye'll do as ye say;
 For I hae heard o' Sir Thomas' dauchter,
 An' she is a winsome may."

PART II.

The sun shines bricht frae Forth tae Clyde,
 He shines on Stirlin' toon;
 An' there's mony a lord an' mony a dame
 Gather'd that day in June.

For the twa best steeds in a' Scotlan',
 Wi' their groons upo' their back,
 Are tae rin a race for a wood wager:
 Wae worth whae'er does slack!

At the break o' day Sir Thomas' ladye,
 Wi' meikle dule and care,
 Raise up an' gaed doon to Rolan's stable,
 An' the jeet-black groom was there.

He kamed him back, an' he kamed him fore,
 An' he kamed his lang black mane,
 An' he lilted a sang wi' an owercome sweet:
 "This nicht at the trystin'-stane!"

"Wae worth! wae worth ye! jeet-black groom;
 What gars ye sing sae sweet?
 Hoo can ye sing wi' a lightsome heart?
 Mair cause ye hae tae greet.

"Ye little ken what's in store for me
 An' Sir Thomas lose his life.
 I wud rather be rowed i' my windin'-sheet
 Than be Hugh Seton's wife."

"Cheer up, cheer up, my gay ladye,
 An' leukna sae forlorn;
 There's mony a slip 'tween the cup an' the lip,
 An' the langest nicht has a morn."

"But an ye win the race," she said,
 "An' save baith mine an' me,
 Then ask a boon; ye sallna want
 The best that I can gie."

The lady gaed tae Rolan's sta',
 An' a word spak in his ear:
 "Gin ye but win the race the day,
 Ye'se hae baith gowd an' gear.

"I'll tak the necklace aff my neck,
 An' the rings frae aff my han',
 An' ye sall be shod wi' burnin' gowd,
 The best in a' the lan'."

The jeet-black groom led Rolan' oot,
 An' they're a' to the joustin' green;
 An' mony a lady bade him *Godspeed*,
 Wi' the saut tears in her een.

But when they cam tae the startin'-stane,
 An' baith were ready tae rin,
 Tristrem had saddle an' bridle an' bit,
 But Rolan' he had nane;
 But the jeet-black groom sat on his back
 As gin the twa war ane.

The bugles blew; the horses flew
 Like stour afore the win';
 An' breast tae breast for mony a rood,
 I wat they didna blinne.

But when they cam where Lady Mary stude,
 Wi' meikle dule an' care,
 The jeet-black groom stude tae his feet,
 An' a glove threw i' the air.

It lichtit at Lady Mary's foot,
 An' gart her lat doon her een;

But when she rais'd them up again,
 Nae Rolan' cud be seen,
 But a thick black cloud o' risin' stour,
 An' Tristrem rinnin' him lane.

But Lady Ann lootit, an' liftit the glove,
 An' her wan face grew like flame.
 "O mither! O mither! the richt-han' glove—
 My faither's white heron's come hame!"

"O haud yer tongue," said Lady Mary;
 An' nae mair cud she say;
 For a deavin' shout ran up the crowd:
 "It's Rolan' has won the day!"

She took the necklace aff her neck,
 An' the rings frae aff her han'.
 "Rolan' sall be shod wi' burnin' gowd,
 The best in a' the lan'.

"God bless ye, God bless ye, jeet-black groom!
 May a' guid ye befa'!
 Gin I had gowd as I hae will,
 Ye sud hae baith house an' ha'."

An' up it cam the little page,
 An' the tears ran doon his face:
 "O wae is me! for the jeet-black groom
 Lies lifeless o' the grass.

"He stoppit ower short wi' his horse Rolan'
 When he cam tae the stannin'-stane.
 Sir Thomas is washin' his bluidy face,
 An' that face is as white's yer ain."

"Wae worth ye! wae worth ye!" said Lady Ann;
 "Why tell ye me that for shame?
 I tauld ye weel, my mither dear—
 My faither's white heron's come hame.

"But I maun gang tae whaur he lies—
 O mither, gang wi' me!
 An' I but kiss his bonnie cheek
 An' his chin, he daurna dee."

An' when she cam she knelt her doon,
 An' kissed him cheek an' chin:
 "O better I lo'e ye, fremsted groom,
 Than a' my kith an' kin."

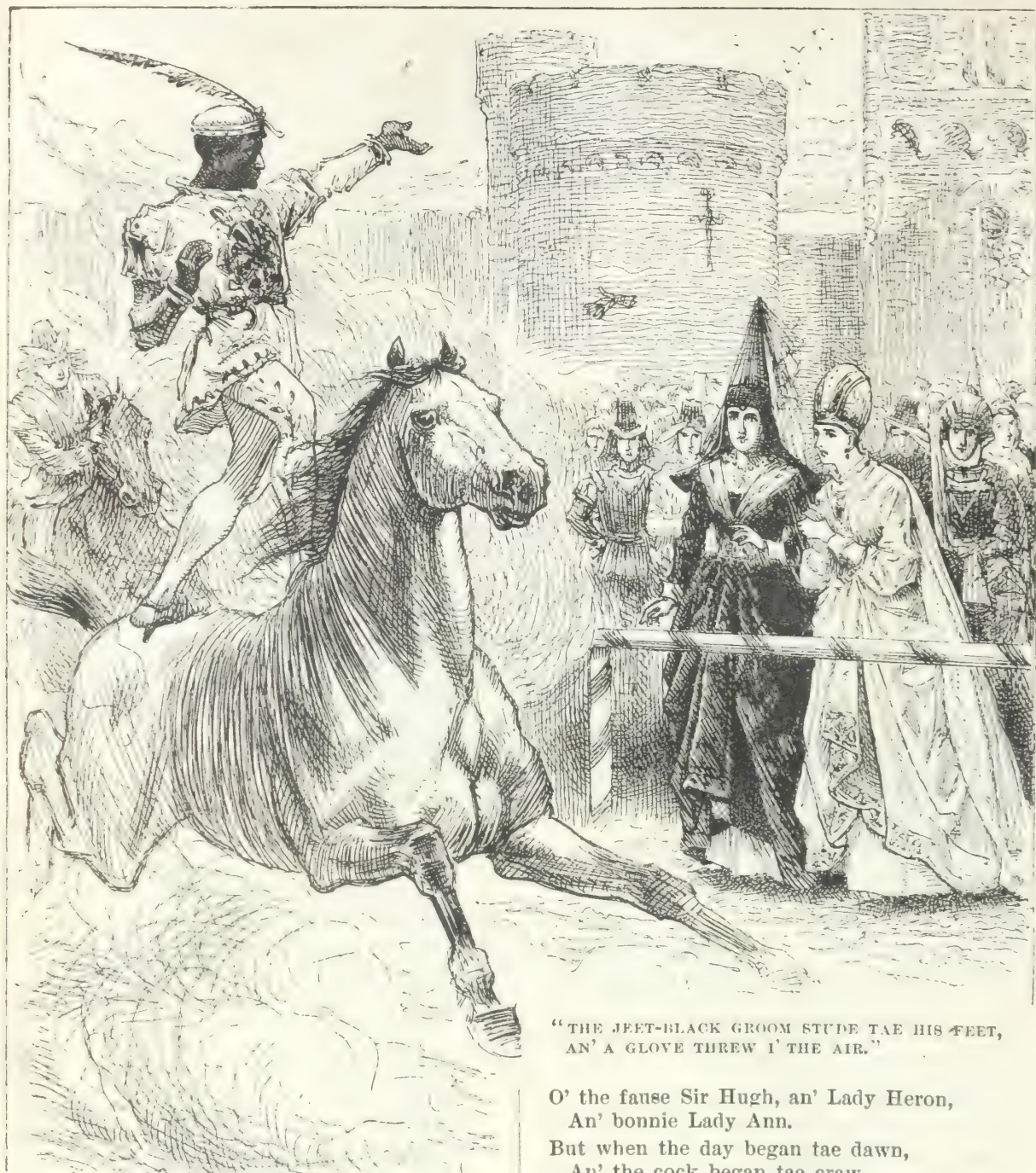
"O wae is me!" said Lady Mary,
 As she stude by her side;
 "Gin he'd been but spart, my ae dauchter,
 Ye nicht hae been his bride."

An' up it spak a haughty lord,
 Wi' a loud lauch turn'd him roun':
 "It's better he's dead than a lady gay
 Sud wed wi' a churl's loon."

"O haud yer tongue," said the little page,
 "Or else ye'll rue 't anon.
 Yer ain bluid ran i' that young man's veins:
 Lord Heron, d'ye ken yer son?"

"Yer cruel wife an' the fause Sir Hugh
 Wud fain hae strangled us baith;
 But we wan away, an' twice we saved
 Lady Mary frae waur than death."

He turned him richt an' round aboot,
 An' his face grew pale an' wan.
 "O God o' my kin! my ain twa boys
 That I've socht in ilka lan'!



"THE JEET-BLACK GROOM STUDE TAE HIS FEET,
AN' A GLOVE THREW I' THE AIR."

"I've socht ye east, an' I've socht ye west,
I've socht ye frae morn tae e'en;
An' noo the tane stan's there an' tells
That the tither lies dead o' the green."

He knelt him doon by the pale, pale face:
"O this is sair tae bide!
Gin he'd been but spar't the day, ladye,
Ye micht hae been his bride."

He lifted him up frae the bluidy grass—
O gin his lips were red!—
An' bore him tae a shepherd's lodge,
An' laid him on a bed.

"A leech! a leech!" Lord Heron cried;
"Gae bring a leech wi' speed;
For, oh! his heart begins tae beat,
An' his wounds begin tae bleed."

They wush his wounds wi' silken towels,
An' band them wi' hollan' fine,
An' they bathed his face wi' rose-water,
An' his lips wi' bluid-red wine.

An' a' that day they waukit him,
An' a' that lee-lang nicht.

They spak never a word; but Lady Ann
Prayed fast wi' a' her micht.

An' aye he maned, an' aye he spak,
An' glammacht wi' his han',

O' the fause Sir Hugh, an' Lady Heron,
An' bonnie Lady Ann.

But when the day began tae dawn,
An' the cock began tae craw,
There cam a page frae Lord Heron's castle:
"Lady Heron has run awa'!"

"She's ower the border wi' fause Sir Hugh,
As fast as she can dree."

"Christ's curse gae wi' her!" said Lord Heron,
"An' an ill death mat she dee!"

"She sent my twa sons tae the fremd,
An' their life she fain had taen."
Lord Heron's heir gae a lang, lang mane,
An' opened baith his een.

He leukit richt, he leukit left:

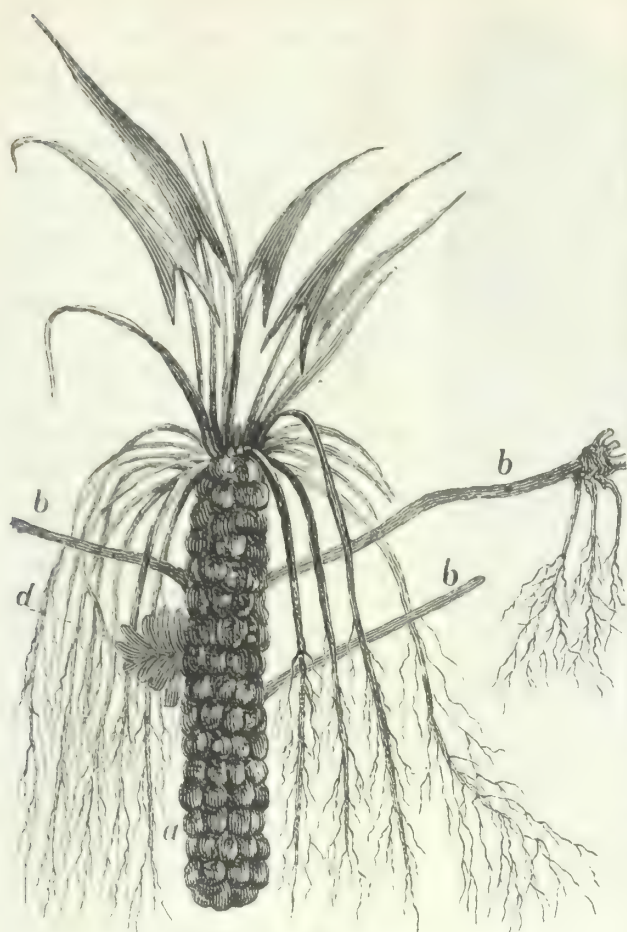
"I surely hae sleepit lang;
An' whaur is the fause Sir Hugh," he said,
"An' whaur is Lady Ann?"

Lord Heron kissed him on the brow,
An' he kissed him on the cheek;
But nane cud greet, an' nane cud smile,
An' nane a word cud speak.

Lady Mary lifted her daughter up,
An' her een were red as flame.

"Yer prayer is heard, my dear daughter,
An' yer faither's white heron's come hame."

There's a bridal the morn in Stirlin' toon,
An' mony a lord 'll be there,
An' mony a dame; for bonnie Lady Ann
Is to wed Lord Heron's heir.



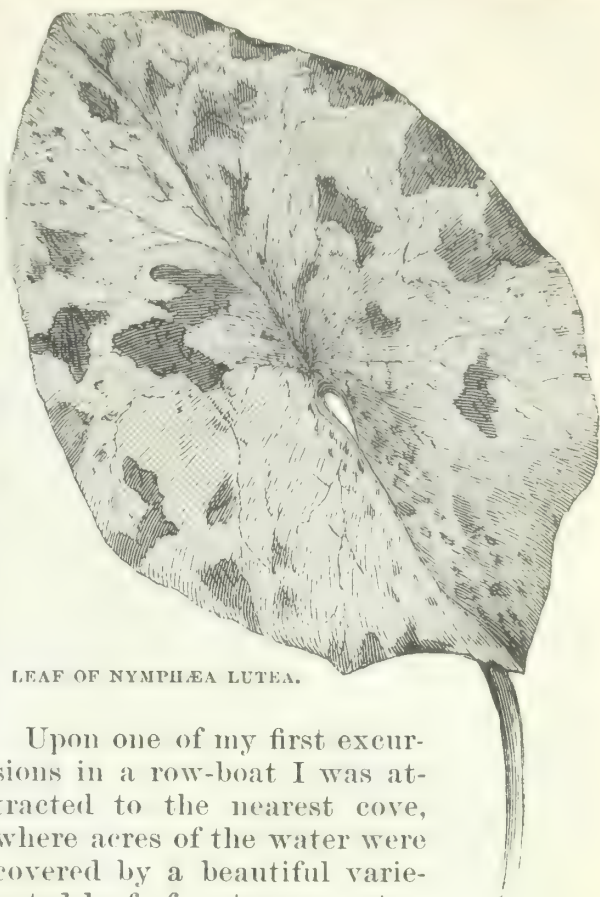
NYMPHÆA LUTEA.

HOME OBSERVATIONS IN FLORIDA.*

ANIMAL and vegetable life here in Florida is in striking contrast with what I see around me at the North. I can botanize all winter without leaving home; and not only do I find many plants new to me, but some are new to science, having been overlooked by tourists and men of science who take a wide range, not being obliged to settle down and stay in one spot.

Even the streams and pools of Florida are no more like those of the North than is the vegetable and animal life with which they abound. Strange fish and alligators and many wonderful plants live in the deep narrow streams that find their way to the broad St. Johns. And the St. Johns itself, where is its like? Five miles broad, flowing northward, deep and dark, but not always quiet and lazy, as some poetic writers depict it, as we who live upon its banks can testify. A strong northeast wind will soon agitate and stir the water almost to its very depth, making it extremely dangerous for small boats. But there are weeks together when the river is so quiet that we feel perfectly safe to trust ourselves upon its placid surface in a row-boat, by which means we can visit the coves near home which have escaped the eyes of the botanists who have traversed the river's length in larger craft.

* With illustrations, by Mrs. P. T. W. Campbell.



LEAF OF NYMPHÆA LUTEA.

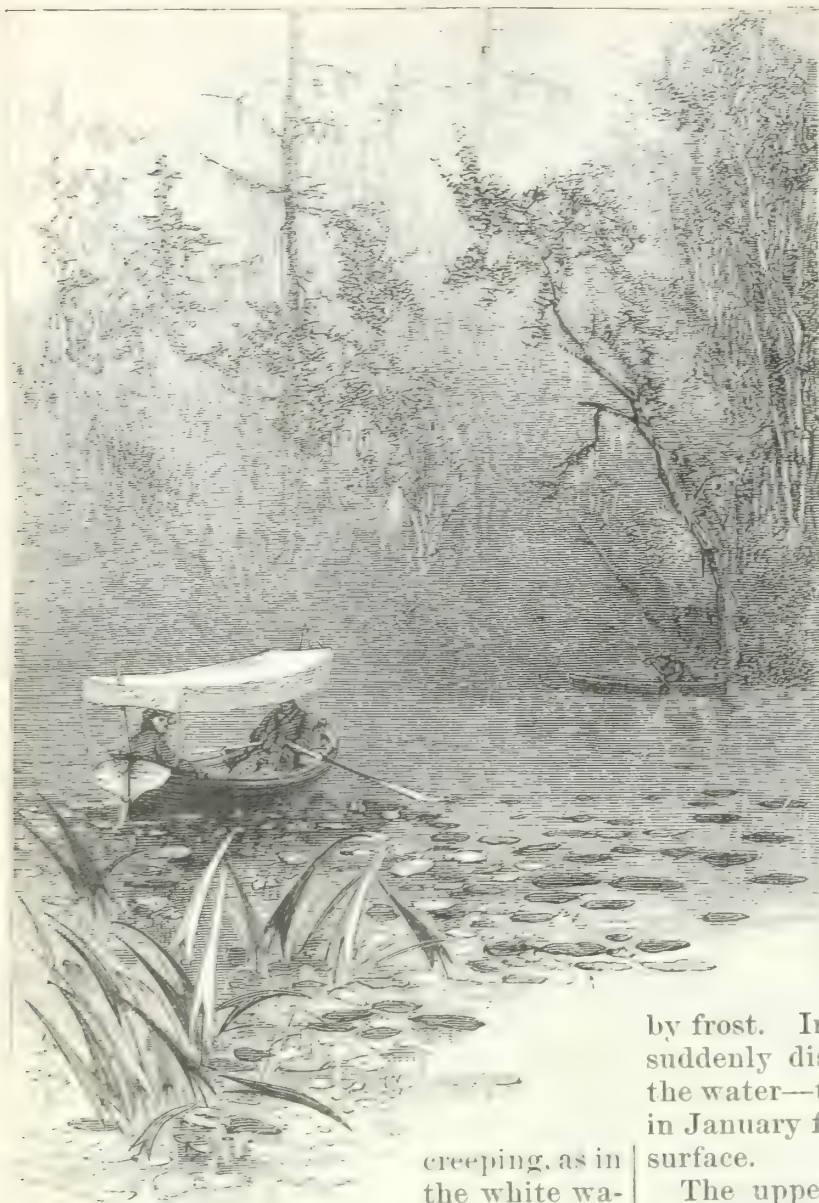
Upon one of my first excursions in a row-boat I was attracted to the nearest cove, where acres of the water were covered by a beautiful variegated leaf of a strange water-lily, which bore a yellow flower. I saw it was a *nymphaea*; but its manner of growth and whole appearance were so unlike our white water-lily (*Nymphaea odorata*, Ait.) that I knew it must be a distinct species, of which no mention was made in the text-books of Gray or Chapman.

I soon wrote to Dr. Asa Gray, our authority on botany, and to Professor Sargent, director of the Botanic Garden at Harvard, telling them of my discovery. They seemed as much elated over it as myself, and informed me that Audubon had figured a yellow water-lily in his book of birds of the South, but had made no mention of it in the text, and so botanists had generally believed it to be simply a fancy of the author. But here it was, acres and acres, a living testimony to Audubon's truth and skill.*

Its manner of growth is peculiar. How it maintains a foot-hold in the soft oozy mud, when the water is so often agitated, is almost a mystery. The rhizoma is not

* Since the above was written and passed from my hands, I have received the following additional information respecting the yellow water-lily from Professor Sargent:

"The authority for the name of *Nymphaea flava* rests on the figure of the white American swan (t 384) in Audubon's *Birds of America*, in which there is a very good representation of your plant. Under it, it says, '*Nymphaea flava*, Lutren.' There is no description of the flower or any character given, so that *Nymphaea flava* has never been published yet. It will, however, be proper to preserve Lutren's name, and he should stand always as authority for the species, whoever may draw up and print the technical description. You know, I dare say, that Lutren was a young German who, years ago, botanized in Florida, and who was killed there by the Indians. He probably made notes of his discoveries, but, so far as I know, these have never been published."



GOVERNOR'S CREEK.

creeping, as in the white water-lily, but always stands in an upright

position, and I have never found it more than a foot in length; the lower part rots away as the plant extends upward. Each year a new circle of leaves starts out above the old ones, the old ones dropping away, leaving the scars on the rhizoma; so, also, a new set of roots starts just beneath the new leaves, the old roots dying away like the leaves. This makes the rhizoma a scarred, straight, under-ground stem, apparently useless.

In the larger plants it is a foot in length, and six or eight inches in circumference. After it has done its work of supplying the plant with leaves and roots, this seemingly worthless appendage performs new duties in order to perpetuate its race. It sends out long white runners, often a yard in length, and on the end of each a little plant grows; as soon as this plant is well started, the runner continues, and throws out another plant, the same as the strawberry, only this is on a much grander scale. Sometimes as many as four runners are attached to one rhizoma, and three or four small plants strung along each runner. As soon as the new plants become well established,

the runner decays, and the little ones are now able to stand by themselves, and each has an independent existence, repeating the history of its parent. But this is not the only way that the lily is perpetuated: it also forms small bulbs or bulb-lets, which drop into the soft mud and take root.

This work is all going on in the spring before the plant blossoms. It does not bloom until about the 1st of May. The flower is like the white pond-lily in form, but the inner surface of the petals is plain yellow, while the outer surface—as we often see in the white lily—is streaked with pink. It probably ripens seeds, but I staid in Florida only long enough to see it well in flower, and when I returned, late in autumn, I could find no seeds.

The first figure represents a plant soon after the old leaves have been cut down by frost. In December, 1866, the leaves all suddenly disappeared from the surface of the water—the effects of a sharp frost—but in January following new ones reached the surface.

The upper surface of these new leaves is beautifully variegated with dark purple and light and dark shades of green, and sometimes yellow; the under surface is a deep purplish-red.

In a large cove only a few rods from home this lily extends over several acres. The beautiful leaves lie thick upon the water; and in May, when the flowers appear, it is one of the grandest sights I ever beheld. It grows in water from one to five feet in depth, the length of the leaf stems and flower scapes depending upon the depth of the water.

How far it extends remains to be seen. I have traced it about forty miles along the St. Johns. It grows all about Jacksonville—thirty-five miles below us—within a few yards of the Grand National Hotel, and how it has so long escaped the botanist is a mystery. But the plants around Jacksonville are not so beautiful and striking in appearance as those near home, probably owing to the rough treatment to which they must naturally be subjected.

Last year I shipped a good supply of plants to the Botanic Garden at Harvard, which are doing well, and they hope for blossoms this spring.

A short distance from home is a deep,

narrow stream, known as Governor's Creek, which takes its rise in the low marshy grounds, and pursues its course amid a wild and tangled forest, increasing in size as it approaches the St. Johns, in whose murky water it is lost.

Alone on this stream, or with a single oarsman, and no sound save the plash of the oar, one's thoughts revert to primeval times. But the boats with their gay and fashionable occupants have almost spoiled the pristine look.

At the mouth of this creek we also find our lily — *Nymphaea lutea* — in abundance, but it is soon replaced by the common yellow lily, or bonnets (*Nuphar advena*, Ait.), which here assume gigantic proportions. The leaves measure from eighteen to twenty inches across, and cover the water on either side of the deep channel for the distance of a mile or more. The leaves and flowers reach the surface of the water in some places from a depth of ten feet. A bouquet of these, with ten feet of flower scape and leaf stalk, would do to present to Swift's Brobdignagian heroine!

Forcing our boat through these immense lilies to the shore, we land amid a tangled thicket of flowering shrubs and vines. The beautiful snow-drop-tree (*Halesia diptera*, L.), with its clusters or short racemes of pure white blossoms, is one of the first to reward us for our effort. Myriads of insects are hovering about the flowers with a loud humming noise, as if warning us to beware of their anger. The yellow jasmine (*Gelsemium sempervirens*, Ait.) clambers over shrubs and trees in the greatest profusion, filling the air with its delicious fragrance.

A gigantic cypress (*Taxodium distichum*, Rich.), an old dying monarch of the forest, whose trunk measures thirty feet in circumference, is clothed from base to the towering branches above with the large shining emerald-green leaves of a lovely vine (*Decumaria barbara*, L.). It clings close to the trunk, throwing out little rootlets, which grasp the bark so closely that the vine seems a part of the tree. It is just coming into flower; the flower stems are six to eight inches in length, and stand straight out from the tree, and are scattered thickly along the entire length of the trunk, and each stem bears three or four pairs of large leaves, and is terminated by a cyme of numerous fragrant white blossoms.

Several members of the heath family are also in flower, the most conspicuous being the swamp-honeysuckle (*Azalea nudiflora*, L.). Some of these shrubs bear large clusters of pure white flowers, while others have deep rose-pink blossoms. This azalea is here so ambitious to appear foremost among the flowering shrubs that it fairly forfeits the title of *nudiflora*, the blossoms appearing amidst the old setting of leaves.

But my delight culminated in finding a beautiful amaryllis lily growing amid the dense thicket in the soft mucky soil along the banks of the stream.

The leaf is much broader and longer than the old form of *Amaryllis atamasco*, L., and the flower finer and larger, and blooms some two months earlier. Some of the largest leaves measure two feet in length, and the largest flowers five inches across, and five inches in length.

It commences to bloom in January, and continues in flower until March. It bears transplanting to common garden soil, where it does not depreciate in size of leaf or flower.

Last year I sent some three hundred bulbs



FLOWER OF NYMPHEA LUTEA.

to the Botanic Garden at Harvard to have it tested, and the director writes me, under date of February 2, 1877, "Your atamasco lily is a splendid thing, much finer than the old form, and is now charmingly in flower, and very beautiful."

Early in February the damp pine-barrens are flecked with the golden and purple flowers of the pinguiculas. These flowers are arranged upon such a plan that cross-fertilization must depend upon the agency of some small insect. The stamens and pistil are concealed in a little cavity in the throat of the corolla, so that it is necessary to pull the flower to pieces in order to see them, and as the throat is half closed, only a small insect can do the fertilizing work.

Taking my stand in the midst of these



AMARYLLIS ATAMASCO.

flowers on a clear still day, I soon had the satisfaction of becoming acquainted with the little agent who accomplished the work.

It was a hymenopterous insect—a spiteful little bee, so small that it could easily enter the half-closed throat, and disappear in the bulge or swelling of the upper part of the spur, where it was large enough for it to turn round and make its exit head-first. Placing my hand over the flower after the bee disappeared, I held it a prisoner, but not without a retaliating sting.

I watched these insects several successive days, and found them to be unerring workmen. Although there were other flowers in close proximity about the same size, color, and height of the pinguiculas (*helianthemums* and *ascyruns*), yet these, as far as I saw, were never visited by the little bee. How it could so unerringly discriminate between these flowers is almost a marvel. Half a dozen yards distant, I could not tell whether the golden-yellow flowers were those of *Pinguicula lutea* or *Helianthemum carolinianum*.

Butterflies visited the flowers indiscriminately, and, as they could be of no use to the plant—not being able to come in contact with the stamens—it was not necessary for them to discriminate. But every time the bee passed in and out of the throat, it unavoidably rubbed against the stamens, and carried with it some of the pollen, to be left on the stigma of the next flower visited.

EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NOT AT HOME.

MRS. HOCKIN, however, had not the pleasure promised her by the facetious Major of seeing me “make up to my grandmamma.” For although we set off at once to catch the strange woman who had roused so much curiosity, and though, as we passed the door of Bruntlands, we saw her still at her post in the valley, like Major Hockin’s new letter-box, for some reason best known to herself we could not see any more of her. For, hurry as he might upon other occasions, nothing would make the Major cut a corner of his winding “drive” when descending it with a visitor. He enjoyed every yard of its length, because it was his own at every step, and he counted his paces in an under-tone, to be sure of the length, for perhaps the thousandth time. It was long enough in a straight line, one would have thought, but he was not the one who thought so; and therefore he had doubled it by judicious windings, as if for the purpose of breaking the descent.

“Three hundred and twenty-one,” he said, as he came to a post, where he meant to have a lodge as soon as his wife would let him; “now the old woman stands fifty-five

yards on, at a spot where I mean to have an ornamental bridge, because our fine saline element runs up there when the new moon is perigee. My dear, I am a little out of breath, which affects my sight for the moment. Doubtless that is why I do not see her.”

“If I may offer an opinion,” I said, “in my ignorance of all the changes you have made, the reason why we do not see her may be that she is gone out of sight.”

“Impossible!” Major Hockin cried—“simply impossible, Erema! She never moves for an hour and a half. And she was not come, was she, when you came by?”

“I will not be certain,” I answered; “but I think that I must have seen her if she had been there, because I was looking about particularly at all your works as we came by.”

“Then she must be there still; let us tackle her.”

This was easier said than done, for we found no sign of any body at the place where she certainly had been standing less than five minutes ago. We stood at the very end and last corner of the ancient river trough, where a little seam went inland from it, as if some trifle of a brook had stolen down while it found a good river to welcome it. But now there was only a little

oozy gloss from the gleam of the sun upon some lees of marshy brine left among the rushes by the last high tide.

"You see my new road and the key to my intentions?" said the Major, forgetting all about his witch, and flourishing his geological hammer, while standing thus at his "nucleus." "To understand all, you have only to stand here. You see those leveling posts, adjusted with scientific accuracy. You see all those angles, calculated with micrometric precision. You see how the curves are radiated—"

"It is very beautiful, I have no doubt; but you can not have Uncle Sam's gift of machinery. And do you understand every bit of it yourself?"

"Erema, not a jot of it. I like to talk about it freely when I can, because I see all its beauties. But as to understanding it, my dear, you might set to, if you were an educated female, and deliver me a lecture upon my own plan. Intellect is, in such matters, a bubble. I know good bricks, good mortar, and good foundations."

"With your great ability, you must do that," I answered, very gently, being touched with his humility and allowance of my opinion; "you will make a noble town of it. But when is the railway coming?"

"Not yet. We have first to get our Act; and a miserable-minded wretch, who owns nothing but a rabbit-warren, means to oppose it. Don't let us talk of him. It puts one out of patience when a man can not see his own interest. But come and see our assembly-rooms, literary institute, baths, etc., etc.—that is what we are urging forward now."

"But may I not go first and look for my strange namesake? Would it be wrong of me to call upon her?"

"No harm whatever," replied my companion; "likewise no good. Call fifty times, but you will get no answer. However, it is not a very great round, and you will understand my plans more clearly. Step out, my dear, as if you had got a troop of Mexicans after you. Ah, what a fine turn for that lot now!" He was thinking of the war which had broken out, and the battle of Bull's Run.

Without any such headlong speed, we soon came to the dwelling-place of the stranger, and really for once the good Major had not much overdone his description. Truly it was almost tumbling down, though massively built, and a good house long ago; and it looked the more miserable now from being placed in a hollow of the ground, whose slopes were tufted with rushes and thistles and ragwort. The lower windows were blocked up from within, the upper were shattered and crumbling and dangerous, with blocks of cracked stone jutting over them; and the last surviving chimney gave less smoke than a workman's homeward

whiff of his pipe to comfort and relieve the air.

The only door that we could see was of heavy black oak, without any knocker; but I clinched my hand, having thick gloves on, and made what I thought a very creditable knock, while the Major stood by, with his blue-lights up, and keenly gazed and gently smiled.

"Knock again, my dear," he said; "you don't knock half hard enough."

I knocked again with all my might, and got a bruised hand for a fortnight, but there was not even the momentary content produced by an active echo. The door was as dead as every thing else.

"Now for my hammer," my companion cried. "This house, in all sound law, is my own. I will have a 'John Doe and Richard Roe'—a fine action of ejectment. Shall I be barred out upon my own manor?"

With hot indignation he swung his hammer, but nothing came of it except more noise. Then the Major grew warm and angry.

"My charter contains the right of burning witches or drowning them, according to their color. The execution is specially imposed upon the bailiff of this ancient town, and he is my own pickled-pork man. His name is Hopkins, and I will have him out with his seal and stick and all the rest. Am I to be laughed at in this way?"

For we thought we heard a little screech of laughter from the loneliness of the deep dark place, but no other answer came, and perhaps it was only our own imagining.

"Is there no other door—perhaps one at the back?" I asked, as the lord of the manor stamped.

"No, that has been walled up long ago. The villain has defied me from the very first. Well, we shall see. This is all very fine. You witness that they deny the owner entrance?"

"Undoubtedly I can depose to that. But we must not waste your valuable time."

"After all, the poor ruin is worthless," he went on, calming down as we retired. "It must be leveled, and that hole filled up. It is quite an eye-sore to our new parade. And no doubt it belongs to me—no doubt it does. The fellow who claims it was turned out of the law. Fancy any man turned out of the law! Erema, in all your far West experience, did you ever see a man bad enough to be turned out of the law?"

"Major Hockin, how can I tell? But I fear that their practice was very, very sad—they very nearly always used to hang them."

"The best use—the best use a rogue can be put to. Some big thief has put it the opposite way, because he was afraid of his own turn. The constitution must be upheld, and, by the Lord! it shall be—at any

rate, in East Bruntsea. West Bruntsea is all a small-pox warren out of my control, and a skewer in my flesh. And some of my tenants have gone across the line to snap their dirty hands at me."

Being once in this cue, Major Hockin went on, not talking to me much, but rather to himself, though expecting me now and then to say "yes;" and this I did when necessary, for his principles of action were beyond all challenge, and the only question was how he carried them out.

He took me to his rampart, which was sure to stop the sea, and at the same time to afford the finest place in all Great Britain for a view of it. Even an invalid might sit here in perfect shelter from the heaviest gale, and watch such billows as were not to be seen except upon the Major's property.

"The reason of that is quite simple," he said, "and a child may see the force of it. In no other part of the kingdom can you find so steep a beach fronting the south-west winds, which are ten to one of all other winds, without any break of sand or rock outside. Hence we have what you can not have on a shallow shore—grand rollers: straight from the very Atlantic, Erema; you and I have seen them. You may see by the map that they all end here, with the wind in the proper quarter."

"Oh, please not to talk of such horrors," I said. "Why, your ramparts would go like pie crust."

The Major smiled a superior smile, and after more talk we went home to dinner.

From something more than mere curiosity, I waited at Bruntsea for a day or two, hoping to see that strange namesake of mine who had shown so much inhospitality. For she must have been at home when we made that pressing call, inasmuch as there was no other place to hide her within the needful distance of the spot where she had stood. But the longer I waited, the less would she come out—to borrow the good Irishman's expression—and the Major's pillar-box, her favorite resort, was left in conspicuous solitude. And when a letter came from Sir Montague Hockin, asking leave to be at Bruntlands on the following evening, I packed up my goods with all haste, and set off, not an hour too soon, for Shoxford.

But before taking leave of these kind friends, I begged them to do for me one little thing, without asking me to explain my reason, which, indeed, was more than I could do. I begged them, not of course to watch Sir Montague, for that they could not well do to a guest, but simply to keep their eyes open and prepared for any sign of intercourse, if such there were, between this gentleman and that strange interloper. Major Hockin stared, and his wife looked at me as if my poor mind must have gone astray, and even to myself my own thought appeared

absurd. Remembering, however, what Sir Montague had said, and other little things as well, I did not laugh as they did. But perhaps one part of my conduct was not right, though the wrong (if any) had been done before that—to wit, I had faithfully promised Mrs. Price not to say a word at Bruntlands about their visitor's low and sinful treachery toward my cousin. To give such a promise had perhaps been wrong, but still without it I should have heard nothing of matters that concerned me nearly. And now it seemed almost worse to keep than to break such a pledge, when I thought of a pious, pure-minded, and holy-hearted woman, like my dear "Aunt Mary," unwittingly brought into friendly contact with a man of the lowest nature. And as for the Major, instead of sitting down with such a man to dinner, what would he have done but drive him straightway from the door, and chase him to the utmost verge of his manor with the peak end of his "geological hammer?"

However, away I went without a word against that contemptible and base man, toward whom—though he never had injured me—I cherished, for my poor cousin's sake, the implacable hatred of virtuous youth. And a wild idea had occurred to me (as many wild ideas did now in the crowd of things gathering round me) that this strange woman, concealed from the world, yet keenly watching some members of it, might be that fallen and miserable creature who had fled from a good man with a bad one, because he was more like herself—Flittamore, Lady Castlewood. Not that she could be an "old woman" yet, but she might look old, either by disguise, or through her own wickedness; and every body knows how suddenly those southern beauties fall off, alike in face and figure. Mrs. Price had not told me what became of her, or even whether she was dead or alive, but merely said, with a meaning look, that she was "punished" for her sin, and I had not ventured to inquire how, the subject being so distasteful.

To my great surprise, and uneasiness as well, I had found at Bruntlands no letter whatever, either to the Major or myself, from Uncle Sam or any other person at the saw-mills. There had not been time for any answer to my letter of some two months back, yet being alarmed by the Sawyer's last tidings, I longed, with some terror, for later news. And all the United Kingdom was now watching with tender interest the dismemberment, as it almost appeared, of the other mighty Union. Not with malice, or snug satisfaction, as the men of the North in their agony said, but certainly without any proper anguish yet, and rather as a genial and sprightly spectator, whose love of fair play perhaps kindles his applause of the spirit and skill of the weaker side. "'Tis a

good fight—let them fight it out!" seemed to be the general sentiment; but in spite of some American vaunt and menace (which of late years had been galling) every true Englishman deeply would have mourned the humiliation of his kindred.

In this anxiety for news I begged that my letters might be forwarded under cover to the postmistress at Shoxford, and bearing my initials. For now I had made up my mind to let Mrs. Busk know whatever I could tell her. I had found her a cross and well-educated woman, far above her neighbors, and determined to remain so. Gossip, that universal leveler, theoretically she despised; and she had that magnificent esteem for rank which works so beautifully in England. And now when my good nurse reasonably said that, much as she loved to be with me, her business would allow that delight no longer, and it also came home to my own mind that money would be running short again, and small hope left in this dreadful civil war of our nugget escaping pillage (which made me shudder horribly at internal discord), I just did this—I dismissed Betsy, or rather I let her dismiss herself, which she might not have altogether meant to do, although she threatened it so often. For here she had nothing to do but live well, and protest against tricks of her own profession which she practiced as necessary laws at home; and so, with much affection, for the time we parted.

Mrs. Busk was delighted at her departure, for she never had liked to be criticised so keenly while she was doing her very best. And as soon as the wheels of Betsy's fly had shown their last spoke at the corner, she told me, with a smile, that her mind had been made up to give us notice that very evening to seek for better lodgings. But she could not wish for a quieter, pleasanter, or more easily pleased young lady than I was without any mischief-maker; and so, on the spur of the moment, I took her into my own room, while her little girl minded the shop, and there and then I told her who I was, and what I wanted.

And now she behaved most admirably. Instead of expressing surprise, she assured me that all along she had felt there was something, and that I must be somebody. Lovely as my paintings were (which I never heard, before or since, from any impartial censor), she had known that it could not be that alone which had kept me so long in their happy valley. And now she did hope I would do her the honor to stay beneath her humble roof, though entitled to one so different. And was the fairy ring in the church-yard made of all my family?

I replied that too surely this was so, and that nothing would please me better than to find, according to my stature, room to sleep inside it as soon as ever I should have

solved the mystery of its origin. At the moment this was no exaggeration, so depressing was the sense of fighting against the unknown so long, with scarcely any one to stand by me, or avenge me if I fell. And Betsy's departure, though I tried to take it mildly, had left me with a readiness to catch my breath.

But to dwell upon sadness no more than need be (a need as sure as hunger), it was manifest now to my wondering mind that once more I had chanced upon a good, and warm, and steadfast heart. Every body is said to be born, whether that happens by night or day, with a certain little widowed star, which has lost its previous mortal, concentrating from a billion billion of miles, or leagues, or larger measure, intense, but generally invisible, radiance upon him or her; and to take for the moment this old fable as of serious meaning, my star was to find bad facts at a glance, but no bad folk without long gaze.

CHAPTER XL.

THE MAN AT LAST.

THIS new alliance with Mrs. Busk not only refreshed my courage, but helped me forward most importantly. In truth, if it had not been for this I never could have borne what I had to bear, and met the perils which I had to meet. For I had the confidence of feeling now that here was some one close at hand, an intelligent person, and well acquainted with the place and neighborhood, upon whom I could rely for warning, succor, and, if the worst should come to the very worst, revenge. It is true that already I had Jacob Rigg, and perhaps the protector promised by my cousin; but the former was as ignorant as he was honest, and of the latter, as he made no sign, how could I tell any thing?

Above all things, Mrs. Busk's position, as mistress of the letters, gave me very great advantage both for offense and defense. For without the smallest breach of duty or of loyal honor she could see that my letters passed direct to me or from me, as the case might be, at the same time that she was bound to observe all epistles addressed to strangers or new-comers in her district, which extended throughout the valley. And by putting my letters in the Portsmouth bag, instead of that for Winchester, I could freely correspond with any of my friends without any one seeing name or postmark in the neighboring villages.

It is needless to say that I had long since explored and examined with great diligence that lonely spot where my grandfather met his terrible and mysterious fate. Not that there seemed to be any hope now, after almost nineteen years, of finding even any

token of the crime committed there. Only that it was natural for me, feeling great horror of this place, to seek to know it thoroughly.

For this I had good opportunity, because the timid people of the valley, toward the close of day, would rather trudge another half mile of the homeward road than save brave legs at the thumping cost of hearts not so courageous. For the planks were now called "Murder-bridge;" and every body knew that the red spots on it, which could never be seen by daylight, began to gleam toward the hour of the deed, and glowed (as if they would burn the wood) when the church clock struck eleven.

This phenomenon was beyond my gifts of observation; and knowing that my poor grandfather had scarcely set foot on the bridge, if ever he set foot there at all—which at present was very doubtful—also that he had fallen backward, and only bled internally, I could not reconcile tradition (however recent) with proven truth. And sure of no disturbance from the step of any native, here I often sat in a little bowered shelter of my own, well established up the rise, down which the path made zigzag, and screened from that and the bridge as well by sheaf of twigs and lop of leaves. It was a little forward thicket, quite detached from the upland copse, to which perhaps it had once belonged, and crusted up from the meadow slope with sod and mould in alternate steps. And being quite the elbow of a foreland of the meadow-reach, it yielded almost a "bird's-eye view" of the beautiful glade and the wandering brook.

One evening when I was sitting here, neither drawing, nor working, nor even thinking with any set purpose, but idly allowing my mind to rove, like the rivulet, without any heed, I became aware of a moving figure in the valley. At first it did not appear to me as a thing at all worth notice; it might be a very straightforward cow, or a horse, coming on like a stalking-horse, keeping hind-legs strictly behind, in direct desire of water. I had often seen those sweet things that enjoy four legs walking in the line of distance as if they were no better off than we are, kindly desiring, perhaps, to make the biped spectator content with himself. And I was content to admire this cow or horse, or whatever it might be, without any more than could be helped of that invidious feeling which has driven the human race now to establish its right to a tail, and its hope of four legs. So little, indeed, did I think of what I saw, that when among the hazel twigs, parted carelessly by my hand, a cluster of nuts hung manifest, I gathered it, and began to crack and eat, although they were scarcely ripe yet.

But while employed in this pleasant way, I happened to glance again through my

leafy screen, and then I distinguished the figure in the distance as that of a man walking rapidly. He was coming down the mill-stream meadow toward the wooden bridge, carrying a fishing rod, but clearly not intent on angling. For instead of following the course of the stream, he was keeping quite away from it, avoiding also the foot-path, or, at any rate, seeming to prefer the long shadows of the trees and the tufted places. This made me look at him, and very soon I shrank into my nest and watched him.

As he came nearer any one could tell that he was no village workman, bolder than the rest, and venturesome to cross the "Murder-bridge" in his haste to be at home. The fishing rod alone was enough to show this when it came into clearer view; for our good people, though they fished sometimes, only used rough rods of their own making, without any varnish or brass thing for the line. And the man was of different height and walk and dress from any of our natives.

"Who can he be?" I whispered to myself, as my heart began to beat heavily, and then seemed almost to stop, as it answered, "This is the man who was in the churchyard." Ignoble as it was, and contemptible, and vile, and traitorous to all duty, my first thought was about my own escape; for I felt that if this man saw me there he would rush up the hill and murder me. Within pistol-shot of the very place where my grandfather had been murdered—a lonely place, an unholy spot, and I was looking at the hand that did it.

The thought of this made me tremble so, though well aware that my death might ensue from a twig on the rustle, or a leaf upon the flutter, that my chance of making off unseen was gone ere I could seize it. For now the man was taking long strides over the worn-out planks of the bridge, disdain-ing the hand-rail, and looking upward, as if to shun sight of the footing. Advancing thus, he must have had his gaze point-blank upon my lair of leafage; but, luckily for me, there was gorse upon the ridge, and bracken and rag-thistles, so that none could spy up and through the footing of my lurking-place. But if any person could have spied me, this man was the one to do it. So carefully did he scan the distance and inspect the foreground, as if he were resolved that no eye should be upon him while he was doing what he came to do. And he even drew forth a little double telescope, such as are called "binoculars," and fixed it on the thicket which hid me from him, and then on some other dark places.

No effort would compose or hush the heavy beating of my heart; my lips were stiffened with dread of loud breath, and all power of motion left me. For even a puff of wind might betray me, the ruffle of a spray, or the

lifting of a leaf, or the random bounce of a beetle. Great peril had encompassed me ere now, but never had it grasped me as this did, and paralyzed all the powers of my body. Rather would I have stood in the midst of a score of Mexican rovers than thus in the presence of that one man. And yet was not this the very thing for which I had waited, longed, and labored? I scorned myself for this craven loss of nerve, but that did not enable me to help it. In this benumbed horror I durst not even peep at the doings of my enemy; but presently I became aware that he had moved from the end of the planks (where he stood for some time as calmly as if he had done nothing there), and had passed round the back of the hawthorn-tree, and gone down to the place where the body was found, and was making most narrow and minute search there. And now I could watch him without much danger, standing as I did well above him, while his eyes were steadfastly bent downward. And, not content with eyesight only, he seemed to be feeling every blade of grass or weed, every single stick or stone, craning into each cranny of the ground, and probing every clod with his hands. Then, after vainly searching with the very utmost care all the space from the hawthorn trunk to the meadow-leet (which was dry as usual), he ran, in a fury of impatience, to his rod, which he had stuck into the bank, as now I saw, and drew off the butt end, and removed the wheel, or whatever it is that holds the fishing line; and this butt had a long spike to it, shining like a halberd in a picture.

This made me shudder; but my spirit was returning, and therewith my power of reasoning, and a deep stir of curiosity. After so many years and such a quantity of searching, what could there still be left to seek for in this haunted and horrible place? And who was the man that was looking for it?

The latter question partly solved itself. It must be the murderer, and no other, whoever he might be among the many black spots of humanity. But as to the other point, no light could be thrown upon it, unless the search should be successful, and perhaps not even then. But now this anxiety, and shame of terror, made me so bold—for I can not call it brave—that I could not rest satisfied where I was, and instead of blessing every leaf and twig that hid me from the enemy, nothing would do for me but to creep nearer, in spite of that truculent long bright spike.

I thought of my father, and each fibre of my frame seemed to harden with vigor and fleetness. Every muscle of my body could be trusted now. I had always been remarkably light of foot. Could a man of that age catch me? It was almost as much as Firm Gundry could do, as in childish days I had

proved to him. And this man, although his hair was not gray, must be on the slow side of fifty now, and perhaps getting short of his very wicked breath. Then I thought of poor Firm, and of good Uncle Sam, and how they scorned poltroonery; and, better still, I thought of that great Power which always had protected me: in a word, I resolved to risk it.

But I had not reckoned upon fire-arms, which such a scoundrel was pretty sure to have; and that idea struck cold upon my valor. Nevertheless, I would not turn back. With no more sound than a field-mouse makes in the building of its silken nest, and feet as light as the step of the wind upon the scarcely ruffled grass, I quitted my screen, and went gliding down a hedge, or rather the residue of some old hedge, which would shelter me a little toward the hollow of the banks. I passed low places, where the man must have seen me if he had happened to look up; but he was stooping with his back to me, and working in the hollow of the dry water trough. He was digging with the long spike of his rod, and I heard the rattle of each pebble that he struck.

Before he stood up again, to ease his back and to look at the ground which he still had to turn, I was kneeling behind a short, close-branched holly, the very last bush of the hedge-row, scarcely fifteen yards from the hawthorn-tree. It was quite impossible to get nearer without coming face to face with him. And now I began again to tremble, but with a great effort conquered it.

The man was panting with his labor, and seemed to be in a vile temper too. He did not swear, but made low noises full of disappointment. And then he caught up his tool, with a savage self-control, and fell to again.

Now was my time to see what he was like, and engrave him on my memory. But, lo! in a moment I need not do that. The face was the bad image of my father's. A lowered, and vicious, and ill-bred image of a noble countenance—such as it was just possible to dream that my dear father's might have fallen to, if his mind and soul had plunged away from the good inborn and implanted in them. The figure was that of a tall strong man, with shoulders rather slouching, and a habit of keeping his head thrown back, which made a long chin look longer. Altogether he seemed a perilous foe, and perhaps a friend still more perilous.

Be he what he might, he was working very hard. Not one of all Uncle Sam's men, to my knowledge, least of all Martin, would have worked so hard. With his narrow and ill-adapted tool he contrived to turn over, in less than twenty minutes, the entire bed of the meadow-leet, or trough, for a length of about ten yards. Then he came to the mouth, where the water of the main stream lapped

back into it, and he turned up the bottom as far as he could reach, and waited for the mud he had raised to clear away. When this had flowed down with the stream, he walked in for some little distance till the pool grew deep; but in spite of all his labor, there was nothing.

Meanwhile the sunset glow was failing, and a gray autumnal haze crept up the tranquil valley. Shadows waned and faded into dimness more diffuse, and light grew soft and vague and vaporous. The gleam of water, and the gloss of grass, and deep relief of trees, began to lose their several phase and mingle into one large twilight blend. And cattle, from their milking sheds, came lowing for more pasture; and the bark of a shepherd's dog rang quick, as if his sheep were drowsy.

In the midst of innocent sights and sounds that murderer's heart misgave him. He left his vain quest off, and gazed, with fear and hate of nature's beauty; at the change from day to night which had not waited for him. Some touch of his childhood moved him perhaps, some thought of times when he played "I spy," or listened to twilight ghost tales; at any rate, as he rose and faced the evening, he sighed heavily.

Then he strode away; and although he passed me almost within length of his rod, there was little fear of his discovering me, because his mind was elsewhere.

It will, perhaps, be confessed by all who are not as brave as lions that so far I had acquitted myself pretty well in this trying matter. Horribly scared as I was at first, I had not allowed this to conquer me, but had even rushed into new jeopardy. But now the best part of my courage was spent; and when the tall stranger refixed his rod and calmly recrossed those ominous planks, I durst not set forth on the perilous errand of spying out his ways and tracking him. A glance was enough to show the impossibility in those long meadows of following without being seen in this stage of the twilight. Moreover, my nerves had been tried too long, and presence of mind could not last forever. All I could do, therefore, was to creep as far as the trunk of the hawthorn-tree, and thence observe that my enemy did not return by the way he had come, but hastened down the dusky valley.

One part of his labors has not been described, though doubtless a highly needful one. To erase the traces of his work, or at least obscure them to a careless eye, when he had turned as much ground as he thought it worth his while to meddle with, he trod it back again to its level as nearly as might be, and then (with a can out of his fishing basket) sluiced the place well with the water of the stream. This made it look to any heedless person, who would not descend to examine it, as if there had been nothing

more than a little reflux from the river, caused by a flush from the mill-pond. This little stratagem increased my fear of a cunning and active villain.

CHAPTER XLI.

A STRONG TEMPTATION.

Now it will be said, and I also knew, that there was nothing as yet, except most frail and feeble evidence, to connect that nameless stranger with the crime charged upon my father. Indeed, it might be argued well that there was no evidence at all, only inference and suspicion. That, however, was no fault of mine; and I felt as sure about it as if I had seen him in the very act. And this conclusion was not mine alone; for Mrs. Busk, a most clever woman, and the one who kept the post-office, entirely agreed with me that there could be no doubt on earth about it.

But when she went on to ask me what it was my intention to do next, for the moment I could do nothing more than inquire what her opinion was. And she told me that she must have a good night's rest before advising any thing. For the thought of having such a heinous character in her own delivery district was enough to unhinge her from her postal duties, some of which might be useful to me.

With a significant glance she left me to my own thoughts, which were sad enough, and too sad to be worth recording. For Mrs. Busk had not the art of rousing people and cheering them, such as Betsy Strouss, my old nurse, had, perhaps from her knowledge of the nursery. My present landlady might be the more sagacious and sensible woman of the two, and therefore the better adviser; but for keeping one up to the mark she was not in any way equal to Betsy.

There is no ingratitude in saying this, because she herself admitted it. A clever woman, with a well-balanced mind, knows what she can do, and wherein she fails, better than a man of her own proportion does. And Mrs. Busk often lamented, without much real mortification, that she had not been "born sympathetic."

All the more perhaps for that, she was born sagacious, which is a less pleasing, but, in a bitter pinch, a more really useful, quality. And before I had time to think much of her defects, in the crowd of more important thought, in she came again, with a letter in her hand, and a sparkle of triumph in her small black eyes. After looking back along the passage, and closing my door, she saw that my little bay-window had its old-fashioned shutters fastened, and then, in a very low whisper, she said, "What you want to know is here, miss."

"Indeed!" I answered, in my usual voice. "How can you know that? The letter is sealed."

"Hush! Would you have me ruined for your sake? This was at the bottom of the Nepheton bag. It fell on the floor. That was God's will, to place it in your power."

"It is not in my power," I answered, whispering in my turn, and staring at it, in the strong temptation. "I have no right even to look at it. It is meant for some one else, and sealed."

"The seal is nothing. I can manage that. Another drop of wax—and I strike our stamp by accident over the breakage. I refuse to know any thing about it. I am too busy with the other letters. Five minutes—lock the door—and I will come again."

This was a desperate conflict for me, worse even than bodily danger. My first impulse was to have nothing to do with it—even to let the letter lie untouched, and, if possible, unglanced at. But already it was too late for the eyes to turn away. The address had flashed upon me before I thought of any thing, and while Mrs. Busk held it up to me. And now that address was staring at me, like a contemptuous challenge, while the seal, the symbol of private rights and deterrent honor, lay undermost. The letter was directed to "H. W. C., Post-office, Newport, Sussex." The writing was in round hand, and clear, so as not to demand any scrutiny, and to seem like that of a lawyer's clerk, and the envelope was of thin repellent blue.

My second impulse was to break the letter open and read it without shrinking. Public duty must conquer private scruples. Nothing but the hand of Providence itself could have placed this deadly secret in my power so amazingly. Away with all squeamishness, and perhaps prevent more murder.

But that "perhaps" gave me sudden pause. I had caught up the letter, and stood near the candle to soften the wax and lift the cover with a small sharp paper-knife, when it flashed on my mind that my cousin would condemn and scorn what I was doing. Unconsciously I must have made him now my standard of human judgment, or what made me think of him at that moment? I threw down the letter, and then I knew. The image of Lord Castlewood had crossed my mind, because the initials were his own—those of Herbert William Castlewood. This strange coincidence—if it were, indeed, an accident—once more set me thinking. Might not this letter be from his agent, of whom he had spoken as my protector here, but to whom as all unseen I scarcely ever gave a thought? Might not young Stixon, who so often was at Bruntsea, be employed to call at Newport for such letters, and return with them to his master? It was not very likely, for my cousin had the strongest contempt of anonymous doings. Still it was

possible, and the bare possibility doubled my reluctance to break the seal.

For one minute longer I stood in doubt, and then honor and candor and truth prevailed. If any other life had been in peril but my own, duty to another might have overridden all. But duty to one's self, if overpushed in such a case, would hold some taint of cowardice. So I threw the letter, with a sense of loathing, on a chair. Whatever it might contain, it should pass, at least for me, inviolate.

Now when Mrs. Busk came to see what I had done, or rather left undone, she flew into a towering passion, until she had no time to go on with it. The rattle of the rickety old mail-cart, on its way to Winchester that night, was heard, and the horn of the driver as he passed the church.

"Give it me. 'A mercy! A young natural, that you are!" the good woman cried, as she flung out of the room to dash her office stamp upon that hateful missive, and to seal the leathern bag. "Seal, indeed! Inviolable! How many seals have I got to make every day of my life?"

I heard a great thump from the corner of the shop where the business of the mails was conducted; and she told me afterward that she was so put out, that broken that seal should be—one way or another. Accordingly she smashed it with the office stamp, which was rather like a woman's act, methought; and then, having broken it, she never looked inside—which, perhaps, was even more so.

When she recovered her leisure and serenity, and came in, to forgive me and be forgiven, we resolved to dismiss the moral aspect of the question, as we never should agree about it, although Mrs. Busk was not so certain as she had been, when she found that the initials were the initials of a lord. And then I asked her how she came to fix upon that letter among so many others, and to feel so sure that it came from my treacherous enemy.

"In the first place, I know every letter from Nepheton," she answered, very sensibly. "There are only fourteen people that write letters in the place, and twelve of those fourteen buy their paper in my shop—there is no shop at all at Nepheton. In the next place, none of them could write a hand like that, except the parson and the doctor, who are far above disguise. And two other things made me certain as could be. That letter was written at the 'Green Man' ale-house; not on their paper, nor yet with their ink; but being in great hurry, it was dusted with their sand—a sand that turns red upon ink, miss. And the time of dispatch there is just what he would catch, by walking fast after his dig where you saw him, going in that direction too, and then having his materials ready to save time. And if all that

is not enough to convince you, miss—you remember that you told me our old sexton's tale?"

"To be sure I do. The first evening I was left alone here. And you have been so kind, there is nothing I would hide from you."

"Well, miss, the time of old Jacob's tale is fixed by the death of poor old Sally Mock; and the stranger came again after you were here, just before the death of the miller's eldest daughter, and you might almost have seen him. Poor thing! we all called her the 'flower of the Moon,' meaning our little river. What a fine young woman she was, to be sure! Whenever we heard of any strangers about, we thought they were prowling after her. I was invited to her funeral, and I went, and nothing could be done nicer. But they never will be punctual with burials here; they like to dwell on them, and keep the bell going, for the sake of the body, and the souls that must come after it. And so, when it was done, I was twenty minutes late for the up mail and the cross-country post, and had to move my hands pretty sharp, I can assure you. That doesn't matter; I got through it, with the driver of the cart obliging, by means of some beer and cold bacon. But what I feared most was the Nepheton bag, having seen the old man at the funeral, and knowing what they do afterward. I could not return him 'too late' again, or he would lose his place for certain, and a shilling a day made all the difference to him, between wife and no wife. The old pair without it must go to the work-house, and never see one another. However, when I was despairing quite of him, up he comes with his bag quite correct, but only one letter to sort in it, and that letter was, miss, the very identical of the one you held in your hands just now. And a letter as like it as two peas had come when we buried old Sally. It puzzled me then, but I had no clue to it; only now, you see, putting this and that together, the things we behold must have some meaning for us; and to let them go without it is against the will of God; especially when at the bottom of the bag."

"If you hear so soon of any stranger in the valley," I asked, to escape the re-opening of the opening question, "how can that man come and go—a man of remarkable stature and appearance—without any body asking who he is?"

"You scarcely could have put it better, miss, for me to give the answer. They do ask who he is, and they want to know it, and would like any body to tell them. But being of a different breed, as they are, from all outside the long valley, speaking also with a different voice, they fear to talk so freely out of their own ways and places. Any thing they can learn in and out among

themselves, they will learn; but any thing out of that they let go, in the sense of outlandish matter. Bless you, miss, if your poor grandfather had been shot any where else in England, how different it would have been for him!"

"For us, you mean, Mrs. Busk. Do you think the man who did it had that in his mind?"

"Not unless he knew the place, as few know it. No, that was an accident of his luck, as many other things have been. But the best luck stops at last, Miss Erema; and unless I am very much mistaken, you will be the stop of his. I shall find out, in a few days, where he came from, where he staid, and when he went away. I suppose you mean to let him go away?"

"What else am I to do?" I asked. "I have no evidence at all against him; only my own ideas. The police would scarcely take it up, even if—"

"Oh, don't talk of them. They spoil every thing. And none of our people would say a word, or care to help us, if it came to that. The police are all strangers, and our people hate them. And, indeed, I believe that the worst thing ever done was the meddling of that old Jobbins. The old stupe is still alive at Petersfield, and as pompous-headed as ever. My father would have been the man for your sad affair, miss, if the police had only been invented in his time. Ah, yes, he was sharp! Not a Moonstock man—you may take your oath of that, miss—but a good honest native from Essex. But he married my mother, a Moonstock woman; or they would not put up with me here at all. You quality people have your ideas to hold by, and despise all others, and reasonable in your opinions; but you know nothing—nothing—nothing—of the stiffness of the people under you."

"How should I know any thing of that?" I answered; "all these things are new to me. I have not been brought up in this country, as you know. I come from a larger land, where your stiffness may have burst out into roughness, from having so much room suddenly. But tell me what you think now your father would have done in such a case as mine is."

"Miss Erema, he was that long-headed that nobody could play leap-frog with him. None of them ever cleared over his barrel. He walked into this village fifty-five years back, this very month, with his spade upon his shoulder and the knowledge of every body in his eye. They all put up against him, but they never put him down; and in less than three months he went to church, I do assure you, with the only daughter of the only baker. After that he went into the baking line himself; he turned his spade into a shovel, as he said, and he introduced new practices."

"Oh, Mrs. Busk, not adulteration?"

"No, miss, no! The very last thing he would think of. Only the good use of potatoes in the bread, when flour was frightful bad and painful dear. What is the best meal of the day? he used to reason. Dinner. And why? Why, because of the potatoes. If I can make people take potato for their breakfast, and potato for their supper too, I am giving them three meals a day instead of one. And the health of the village corresponded to it."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Busk, he might have made them do it by persuasion, or at least with their own knowledge—"

"No, miss, no! The whole nature of our people, Moonstock or out of it, is never to take victuals by any sort of persuasion. If St. Paul was to come and preach, 'Eat this or that,' all I had of it in the shop would go rotten. They hate any meddling with their likings, and they suspect doctor's rubbish in all of it."

"I am quite of their opinion," I replied; "and I am glad to hear of their independence. I always used to hear that in England none of the poor people dared have a will of their own."

Mrs. Busk lifted up her hands to express amazement at my ignorance, and said that she "must run away and put the shutters up, or else the policeman would come rapping, and look for a glass of beer, which he had no right to till it came to the bottom of the firkin; and this one was only tapped last Sunday week. Don't you ever think of the police, miss."

Probably this was good advice, and it quite agreed with the opinions of others, and my own impressions as to the arrogant lethargy of "the force," as they called themselves, in my father's case. Mrs. Busk had more activity and intelligence in her little head than all the fat sergeants and inspectors of the county, helmet, belt, and staff, and all.

CHAPTER XLII.

MASTER WITHYPOOL.

AT first I was much inclined to run for help, or at least for counsel, either to Lord Castlewood or to Major Hockin; but further consideration kept me from doing any thing of the kind. In the first place, neither of them would do much good; for my cousin's ill health would prevent him from helping me, even if his strange view of the case did not, while the excellent Major was much too hot and hasty for a delicate task like this. And, again, I might lose the most valuable and important of all chances by being away from the spot just now. And so I remained at Shoxford for a while, keeping strict watch upon the stranger's haunt,

and asking about him by means of Mrs. Busk.

"I have heard more about him, miss," she said one day, when the down letters had been dispatched, which happened about middle-day. "He has been here only those three times this summer, upon excuse of fishing always. He stays at old Wellham, about five miles down the river, where the people are not true Moonites. And one thing that puzzles them is, that although he puts up there simply for the angling, he always chooses times when the water is so low that to catch fish is next to impossible. He left his fishing quarters upon the very day after you saw him searching so; and he spoke as if he did not mean to come again this season. And they say that they don't want him neither, he is such a morose, close-fisted man; and drinking nothing but water, there is very little profit with him."

"And did you find out what his name is? How cleverly you have managed!"

"He passes by the name of 'Captain Brown;' but the landlord of his inn, who has been an old soldier, is sure he was never in the army, nor any other branch of the service. He thinks that he lives by inventing things, for he is always at some experiments, and one of his great points is to make a lamp that will burn and move about under water. To be sure you see the object of that, miss?"

"No, really, Mrs. Busk, I can not. I have not your penetration."

"Why, of course, to find what he can not find upon land. There is something of great importance there, either for its value or its meaning. Have you ever been told that your poor grandfather wore any diamonds or precious jewels?"

"No. I have asked about that most especially. He had nothing about him to tempt a robber. He was a very strong-willed man, and he hated outward trumpery."

"Then it must be something that this man himself has dropped, unless it were a document, or any other token, missing from his lordship. And few things of that sort would last for twenty years almost."

"Nineteen years the day after to-morrow," I answered, with a glance at my pocket-book. "I determined to be here on that very day. No doubt I am very superstitious. But one thing I can not understand is this—what reason can there have been for his letting so many years pass, and then hunting like this?"

"No one can answer that question, miss, without knowing more than we know. But many reasons might be supposed. He might have been roving abroad, for instance, just as you and your father have been. Or he might not have known that the thing was

there; or it might not have been of importance till lately; or he might have been afraid, until something else happened. Does he know that you are now in England?"

"How can I possibly tell, Mrs. Busk? He seems to know a great deal too much. He found me out when I was at Colonel Gundry's. At least I conclude so, from what I know now; but I hope he does not know"—and at such a dreadful idea I shuddered.

"I am almost sure that he can not know it," the good postmistress answered, "or he would have found means to put an end to you. That would have been his first object."

"But, Mrs. Busk," I said, being much disturbed by her calmness, "surely, surely he is not to be allowed to make an end of every one! I came to this country with the full intention of going into every thing. But I did not mean at all, except in my very best moments, to sacrifice myself. It seems too bad—too bad to think of."

"So it is, Miss Erema," Mrs. Busk replied, without any congenial excitement. "It does seem hard for them that have the liability on them. But still, miss, you have always shown such a high sense of duty, and of what you were about—"

"I can't—I can not. There are times, I do assure you, when I am fit for nothing, Mrs. Busk, and wish myself back in America. And if this man is to have it all his own way—"

"Not he, miss—not he. Be you in no hurry. Could he even have his way with our old miller? No; Master Withypool was too many for him."

"That is a new thing. You never told me that. What did he try to do with the miller?"

"I don't justly know what it was, Miss Erema. I never spoke to miller about it, and, indeed, I have had no time since I heard of it. But those that told me said that the tall strange gentleman was terribly put out, and left the gate with a black cloud upon his face, and the very next day the miller's daughter died, quite sudden and mysterious."

"How very strange! But now I have got a new idea. Has the miller a strong high dam to his pond, and a good stout sluice-gate at the end?"

"Yes, miss, to be sure he has," said Mrs. Busk; "otherwise how could he grind at all, when the river is so low as it is sometimes?"

"Then I know what he wanted, and I will take a leaf out of his own book—the miscreant! He wanted the miller to stop back the water and leave the pool dry at the 'Murder-bridge.' Would it be possible for him to do that?"

"I can not tell you, miss; but your thought is very clever. It is likely enough that he did want that, though he never

would dare to ask without some pretense—some other cause I mean, to show for it. He may have been thinking that whatever he was wanting was likely to be under water. And that shows another thing, if it is so."

"Mrs. Busk, my head goes round with such a host of complications. I do my best to think them out—and then there comes another!"

"No, miss; this only clears things up a little. If the man can not be sure whether what he is looking for is on land or under water, it seems to me almost to show that it was lost at the murder time in the dark and flurry. A man would know if he dropped any thing in the water by daylight, from the splash and the ripple, and so on, for the stream is quite slow at that corner. He dropped it, miss, when he did the deed, or else it came away from his lordship."

"Nothing was lost, as I said before, from the body of my grandfather, so far at least as our knowledge goes. Whatever was lost was the murderer's. Now please to tell me all about the miller, and how I may get round him."

"You make me laugh in the middle of black things, miss, by the way you have of putting them. But as to the miller—Master Withypool is a wonder, as concerns the ladies. He is one of those men that stand up for every thing when a man tries upper side of them. But let a woman come, and get up under, and there he is—a pie crust lifted. Why, I, at my age, could get round him, as you call it. But you, miss—and more than that, you are something like his daughter; and the old man frets after her terrible. Go you into his yard, and just smile upon him, miss, and if the Moon River can be stopped, he'll stop it for you."

This seemed a very easy way to do it. But I told Mrs. Busk that I would pay well also, for the loss of a day's work at the mill was more than fifty smiles could make up.

But she told me, above all things, not to do that. For old Master Withypool was of that sort that he would stand for an hour with his hands in his pocket for a half-penny, if not justly owing from him. But nothing more angered him than a bribe to step outside of his duty. He had plenty of money, and was proud of it. But sooner would he lose a day's work to do a kindness, when he was sure of having right behind it, than take a week's profit without earning it. And very likely that was where the dark man failed, from presuming that money would do every thing. However, there was nothing like judging for one's self; and if I would like to be introduced, she could do it for me with the best effect; taking as she did a good hundred-weight of best "households" from him every week, although not

herself in the baking line, but always keeping quartern bags, because the new baker did adulterate so.

I thought of her father, and how things work round; but that they would do without remarks of mine. So I said nothing on that point, but asked whether Master Withypool would require any introduction. And to this Mrs. Busk said, "Oh dear, no!" And her throat had been a little rough since Sunday, and the dog was chained tight, even if any dog would bite a sweet young lady; and to her mind the miller would be more taken up and less fit to vapor into obstacles, if I were to hit upon him all alone, just when he came out to the bank of his cabbage garden, not so very long after his dinner, to smoke his pipe and to see his things a-growing.

It was time to get ready if I meant to catch him then, for he always dined at one o'clock, and the mill was some three or four meadows up the stream; therefore as soon as Mrs. Busk had re-assured me that she was quite certain of my enemy's departure, I took my drawing things and set forth to call upon Master Withypool.

Passing through the church-yard, which was my nearest way, and glancing sadly at the "fairy ring," I began to have some uneasiness about the possible issue of my new scheme. Such a thing required more thinking out than I had given to it. For instance, what reason could I give the miller for asking so strange a thing of him? And how could the whole of the valley be hindered from making the greatest talk about the stoppage of their own beloved Moon, even if the Moon could be stopped without every one of them rushing down to see it? And if it was so talked of, would it not be certain to come to the ears of that awful man? And if so, how long before he found me out, and sent me to rejoin my family?

These thoughts compelled me to be more discreet; and having lately done a most honorable thing, in refusing to read that letter, I felt a certain right to play a little trick now of a purely harmless character. I ran back therefore to my writing-desk, and took from its secret drawer a beautiful golden American eagle, a large coin, larger and handsomer than any in the English coinage. Uncle Sam gave it to me on my birthday, and I would not have taken £50 for it. With this I hurried to that bridge of fear, which I had not yet brought myself to go across; and then, not to tell any story about it, I snipped a little hole in the corner of my pocket, while my hand was still steady ere I had to mount the bridge. Then pinching that hole up with a squeeze, I ran and got upon that wicked bridge, and then let go. The heavy gold coin fell upon the rotten plank, and happily rolled into the water, as if it were glad not to tempt

its makers to any more sin for the sake of it.

Shutting up thought, for fear of despising myself for the coinage of such a little trick, I hurried across the long meadow to the mill, and went through the cow-gate into the yard, and the dog began to bark at me. Seeing that he had a strong chain on, I regarded him with lofty indignation. "Do you know what Jowler would do to you?" I said; "Jowler, a dog worth ten of you. He would take you by the neck and drop you into that pond for daring to insult his mistress!" The dog appeared to feel the force of my remarks, for he lay down again, and with one eye watched me in a manner amusing, but insidious. Then, taking good care to keep out of his reach, I went to the mill-pond and examined it.

It looked like a very nice pond indeed, long, and large, and well banked up, not made into any particular shape, but producing little rushy elbows. The water was now rather low, and very bright (though the Moon itself is not a crystal stream), and a school of young minnows, just watching a water-spider with desirous awe, at sight of me broke away, and reunited, with a speed and precision that might shame the whole of our very best modern fighting. Then many other things made a dart away, and furrowed the shadow of the willows, till distance quieted the fear of man—that most mysterious thing in nature—and the shallow pool was at peace again, and bright with unruffled reflections.

"What ails the dog?" said a deep gruff voice; and the poor dog received a contemptuous push, not enough to hurt him, but to wound his feelings for doing his primary duty. "Servant, miss. What can I do for you? Foot-path is t'other side of that there hedge."

"Yes, but I left the foot-path on purpose. I came to have a talk with you, if you will allow me."

"Sartain! sartain," the miller replied, lifting a broad floury hat and showing a large gray head. "Will you come into house, miss, or into gearden?"

I chose the garden, and he led the way, and set me down upon an old oak bench, where the tinkle of the water through the flood-gates could be heard.

"So you be come to paint the mill at last," he said. "Many a time I've looked out for you. The young leddy down to Mother Busk's, of course. Many's the time we've longed for you to come, you reminds us so of somebody. Why, my old missus can't set eyes on you in church, miss, without being forced to sit down a'most. But we thought it very pretty of you not to come, miss, while the trouble was so new upon us."

Something in my look or voice made the old man often turn away, while I told him

that I would make the very best drawing of his mill that I could manage, and would beg him to accept it.

"Her ought to 'a been on the plank," he said, with trouble in getting his words out. "But there! what good? Her never will stand on that plank no more. No, nor any other plank."

I told him that I would put her on the plank, if he had any portrait of her showing her dress and her attitude. Without saying what he had, he led me to the house, and stood behind me, while I went inside. And then he could not keep his voice as I went from one picture of his darling to another, not thinking (as I should have done) of what his feelings might be, but trying, as no two were at all alike, to extract a general idea of her.

"Nobody knows what her were to me," the old man said, with a quiet little noise and a sniff behind my shoulder. "And with one day's illness her died—her died."

"But you have others left. She was not the only one. Please, Mr. Withypool, to try to think of that. And your dear wife still alive to share your trouble. Just think for a moment of what happened to my father. His wife and six children all swept off in a month—and I just born, to be brought up with a bottle!"

I never meant, of course, to have said a word of this, but was carried away by that common old idea of consoling great sorrow with a greater one. And the sense of my imprudence broke vexatiously upon me when the old man came and stood between me and his daughter's portraits.

"Well, I never!" he exclaimed, with his bright eyes steadfast with amazement. "I know you now, miss. Now I knows you. To think what a set of blind newts us must be! And you the very moral of your poor father, in a female kind of way! To be sure, how well I knew the Captain! A nicer man never walked the earth, neither a more unlucky one."

"I beg you—let me beg you," I began to say; "since you have found me out like this—"

"Hush, miss, hush! Not my own wife shall know, unless your own tongue telleth her. A proud man I shall be, Miss Raumur," he continued, with emphasis on my local name, "if aught can be found in my power to serve you. Why, Lord bless you, miss," he whispered, looking round, "your father and I has spent hours together! He were that pleasant in his ways and words, he would drop in from his fishing, when the water was too low, and sit on that very same bench where you sat, and smoke his pipe with me, and tell me about battles, and ask me about bread. And many a time I have slipped up the gate, to give him more water for his flies to play, and the fish not to see him so plain-

ly. Ah, we have had many pleasant spells together; and his eldest boy and girl, Master George and Miss Henrietta, used to come and fetch our eggs. My Polly there was in love with him, we said; she sat upon his lap so, when she were two years old, and played with his beautiful hair, and blubbered—oh, she did blubber, when the Captain went away!"

This invested Polly with new interest for me, and made me determine to spare no pains in putting her pretty figure well upon the plank. Then I said to the miller, "How kind of you to draw up your sluice-gates to oblige my father! Now will you put them down and keep them down, to do a great service both to him and me?"

Without a moment's hesitation, he promised that any thing he could do should be done, if I would only tell him what I wanted. But perhaps it would be better to have our talk outside. Taking this hint, I followed him back to the bench in the open garden, and there explained what I wished to have done, and no longer concealed the true reason. The good miller answered that with all his heart he would do that much to oblige me, and a hundred times more than that; but some little thought and care were needful. With the river so low as it was now, he could easily stop the back-water, and receive the whole of the current in his dam, and keep it from flowing down his wheel trough, and thus dry the lower channel for perhaps half an hour, which would be ample for my purpose. Engineering difficulties there were none; but two or three other things must be heeded. Miller Sims, a mile or so down river, must be settled with, to fill his dam well, and begin to discharge, when the upper water failed, so as not to dry the Moon all down the valley, which would have caused a commotion. Miller Sims being own brother-in-law to Master Withypool, that could be arranged easily enough, after one day's notice. But a harder thing to manage would be to do the business without rousing curiosity, and setting abroad a rumor which would be sure to reach my enemy. And the hardest thing of all, said Master Withypool, smiling as he thought of what himself had once been, would be to keep those blessed boys away, who find out every thing, and go every where. Not a boy of Shoxford but would be in the river, or dancing upon its empty bed, screeching and scolloping up into his cap any poor bewildered trout chased into the puddles, if it were allowed to leak out, however feebly, that the Moon water was to stop running. And then how was I to seek for any thing?

This was a puzzle. But, with counsel, we did solve it. And we quietly stopped the Moon, without man or boy being much the wiser.

CHAPTER XLIII.

GOING TO THE BOTTOM.

It is not needful to explain every thing, any more than it was for me to tell the miller about my golden eagle, and how I had managed to lose it in the Moon—a trick of which now I was heartily ashamed, in the face of honest kindness. So I need not tell how Master Withypool managed to settle with his men, and to keep the boys unwitting of what was about to come to pass. Enough that I got a note from him to tell me that the little river would be run out, just when all Shoxford was intent upon its dinner, on the second day after I had seen him. And he could not say for certain, but thought it pretty safe, that nobody would come near me, if I managed to be there at a quarter before one, when the stream would begin to run dry, and I could watch it. I sent back a line by the pretty little girl, a sister of poor Polly, to say how much I thanked him, and how much I hoped that he himself would meet me there, if his time allowed. For he had been too delicate to say a word of that; but I felt that he had a good right to be there, and, knowing him now, I was not afraid.

Nearly every thing came about as well as could be wished almost. Master Withypool took the precaution, early in the morning, to set his great fierce bull at large, who always stopped the foot-path. This bull knew well the powers of a valley in conducting sound; and he loved to stand, as if at the mouth of a funnel, and roar down it to another bull a mile below him, belonging to his master's brother-in-law. And when he did this, there was scarcely a boy, much less a man or woman, with any desire to assert against him the public right of thoroughfare. Throughout that forenoon, then, this bull bellowed nobly, still finding many very wicked flies about, so that two mitching boys, who meant to fish for minnows with a pin, were obliged to run away again.

However, I was in the dark about him, and as much afraid of him as any body, when he broke into sight of me round a corner, without any tokens of amity. I had seen a great many great bulls before, including Uncle Sam's good black one, who might not have meant any mischief at all, and atoned for it—if he did—by being washed away so.

And therefore my courage soon returned, when it became quite clear that this animal now had been fastened with a rope, and could come no nearer. For some little time, then, I waited all alone, as near that bridge as I could bring myself to stand, for Mrs. Busk, my landlady, could not leave the house yet, on account of the mid-day letters. Moreover, she thought that she had better stay away, as our object was to do things as quietly as could be.

Much as I had watched this bridge from a distance, or from my sheltering-place, I had never been able to bring myself to make any kind of sketch of it, or even to insert it in a landscape, although it was very well suited and expressive, from its crooked and antique simplicity. The overhanging, also, of the hawthorn-tree (not ruddy yet, but russety with its coloring crop of coral), and the shaggy freaks of ivy above the twisted trunk, and the curve of the meadows and bold elbow of the brook, were such as an artist would have pitched his tent for, and tantalized poor London people with a dream of cool repose.

As yet the little river showed no signs of doing what the rustic—or surely it should have been the cockney—was supposed to stand still and wait for. There was no great rush of headlong water, for that is not the manner of the stream in the very worst of weather; but there was the usual style of coming on, with lips and steps at the sides, and cords of running toward the middle. Quite enough, at any rate, to make the trout jump, without any omen of impending drought, and to keep all the play and the sway of movement going on serenely.

I began to be afraid that the miller must have failed in his stratagem against the water-god, and that, as I had read in Pope's Homer, the liquid deity would beat the hero, when all of a sudden there were signs that man was the master of this little rustic. Broadswords of flag and rapiers of water-grass, which had been quivering merrily, began to hang down and to dip themselves in loops, and the stones of the brink showed dark green stripes on their sides as they stood naked. Then fine little cakes of conglomerated stuff, which only a great man of nature could describe, came floating about, and curdling into corners, and holding on to one another in long-tailed strings. But they might do what they liked, and make their very best of it, as they fell away to nothing upon stones and mud. For now more important things began to open, the like of which never had been yielded up before—plots of slimy gravel, varied with long streaks of yellow mud, dotted with large double shells, and parted into little oozy runs by wriggling water-weeds. And here was great commotion and sad panic of the fish, large fellows splashing and quite jumping out of water, as their favorite hovers and shelves ran dry, and darting away, with their poor backs in the air, to the deepest hole they could think of. Hundreds must have come to flour, lard, and butter if boys had been there to take advantage. But luckily things had been done so well that boys were now in their least injurious moment, destroying nothing worse than their own dinners.

A very little way below the old wooden bridge the little river ran into a deepish pool, as generally happens at or near a corner, especially where there is a confluence sometimes. And seeing nothing, as I began to search intently, stirring with a long-handled spud which I had brought, I concluded that even my golden eagle had been carried into that deep place. However, water or no water, I resolved to have it out with that dark pool as soon as the rest of the channel should be drained, which took a tormenting time to do; and having thick boots on, I pinned up my skirts, and jumping down into the shoals, began to paddle in a fashion which reminded me of childish days passed pleasantly in the Blue River.

Too busy thus to give a thought to any other thing, I did not even see the miller, until he said,

"Good-day, miss," lifting his hat, with a nice kind smile. "Very busy, miss, I see, and right you are to be so. The water will be upon us again in less than half an hour. Now let me clear away they black weeds for you. I brought this little shivel a-purpose. If I may make so bold, miss, what do 'e look to find here?"

"I have not the very smallest notion," I could only answer; "but if there is any thing, it must be in that hole. I have searched all the shallow part so closely that I doubt whether even a sixpence could escape me, unless it were buried in the mud or pebbles. Oh, how can I manage to search that hole? There must be a yard of water there."

"One thing I ought to have told 'e for to do," Master Withypool whispered, as he went on shoveling—"to do what the boys do when they lose a farden—to send another after un. If so be now, afore the water was run out, you had stood on that there bridge, and dropped a bright coin into it, a new half crown or a two-shilling piece, why, the chances would be that the run of the current would 'a taken it nigh to the likeliest spot for holding any other little matter as might 'a dropped, permiskous, you might say, into this same water."

"I have done so," I answered; "I have done that very thing, though not at all with that object. The day before yesterday a beautiful coin, a golden eagle of America, fell from my pocket on that upper plank, and rolled into the water. I would not lose it for a great deal, because it was given to me by my dearest friend, the greatest of all millers."

"And ha'n't you found it yet, miss? Well, that is queer. Perhaps we shall find it now, with something to the back of it. I thought yon hole was too far below the bridge. But there your gold must be, and something else, most likely. Plaise to wait a little bit, and us 'll have the wet out of un. I never should

'a thought of that but for your gold guinea, though."

With these words Master Withypool pulled his coat off and rolled up his shirt sleeves, displaying arms fit to hold their own even with Uncle Sam's almost; and then he fell to with his shovel and dug, while I ran with my little spud to help.

"Plaise keep out of way, miss; I be afeard of knocking you. Not but what you works very brave indeed, miss."

Knowing what men are concerning "female efforts," I got out of the strong man's way, although there was plenty of room for me. What he wanted to do was plain enough—to dig a trench down the empty bed of the Moon River, deep enough to drain that pit before the stream came down again.

"Never thought to run a race against my own old dam," he said, as he stopped for a moment to recover breath. "Us never knows what us may have to do. Old dam must be a'most busting now. But her's sound enough, till her beginneth to run over."

I did not say a word, because it might have done some mischief, but I could not help looking rather anxiously up stream, for fear of the water coming down with a rush, as it very soon must do. Master Withypool had been working, not as I myself would have done, from the lips of the dark pit downward, but from a steep run some twenty yards below, where there was almost a little cascade when the river was full flowing; from this he had made his channel upward, cutting deeper as he came along, till now, at the brink of the obstinate pool, his trench was two feet deep almost. I had no idea that any man could work so with a shovel, which seems such a clumsy tool compared with a spade: but a gentleman who knows the country and the people told me that, with their native weapon, Moonites will do as much digging in an hour as other folk get through in an hour and a half with a spade. But this may be only, perhaps, because they are working harder.

"Now," said Master Withypool at last, standing up, with a very red face, and desiring to keep all that unheeded—"now, miss, to you it belongeth to tap this here little cornder, if desirable. Plaise to excoose of me going up of bank to tell 'e when the wet cometh down again."

"Please to do nothing of the sort," I answered, knowing that he offered to stand out of sight from a delicate dread of intrusion. "Please to tap the pool yourself, and stay here, as a witness of what we find in it."

"As you plaise, miss, as you plaise. Not a moment for to lose in arguing. Harken now, the water is atopping of our dam. Her will be here in five minutes."

With three or four rapid turns of his shovel, which he spun almost as fast as a house-maid spins a mop, he fetched out the

plug of earth severing his channel from the deep, reluctant hole. And then I saw the wisdom of his way of working: for if he had dug downward from the pool itself, the water would have followed him all the way, and even drowned his tool out of its own strokes; whereas now, with a swirl and a curl of ropy mud, away rushed the thick, sluggish, obstinate fluid, and in less than two minutes the hole was almost dry.

The first thing I saw was my golden eagle, lodged about half-way down the slope on a crust of black sludge, from which I caught it up and presented it to Master Withypool, as a small token and record of his kindness; and to this day he carries it upon his Sunday watch chain.

"I always am lucky in finding things," I exclaimed, while he watched me, and the up stream too, whence a babble of water was approaching. "As sure as I live I have found it!"

"No doubt about your living, miss. And the Captain were always lively. But what have your bright eyes hit upon? I see nort for the life of me."

"Look there," I cried, "at the very bottom of it—almost under the water. Here, where I put my spud—a bright blue line! Oh, can I go down, or is it quicksand?"

"No quicksand in our little river, miss. But your father's daughter shannot go into the muck, while John Withypool stands by. I see un now, sure enough; now I see un! But her needeth care, or her may all goo away in mullock. Well, I thought my eyes was sharp enough; but I'm blest if I should have spied that, though. A bit of flint, mebbe, or of blue glass bottle. Anyhow, us will see the bottom of un."

He was wasting no time while he spoke, but working steadfastly for his purpose, fixing the blade of his shovel below the little blue line I was peering at, so that no slip of the soft yellow slush should bury it down, and plunge over it. If that had once happened, good-by to all chance of ever beholding this thing again, for the river was coming, with fury and foam, to assert its ancient right of way.

With a short laugh the miller jumped down into the pit. "Me to be served so, by my own mill-stream! Lor', if I don't pay you out for this!"

His righteous wrath failed to stop the water from pouring into the pit behind him; and, strong as he was, he nearly lost his footing, having only mud to stand upon. It seemed to me that he was going to be drowned, and I offered him the handle of my spud to help him; but he stopped where he was, and was not going to be hurried.

"I got un now," he said; "now I don't mind coming out. You see if I don't pay you out for this! Why, I always took you for a reasonable hanimal."

He shook his fist strongly at the river, which had him well up to the middle by this time; and then he disdainfully waded out, with wrath in all his countenance.

"I've a great mind to stop there, and see what her would do," he said to me, forgetting altogether what he went for. "And I would, if I had had my dinner. A seat of a thing as I can manage with my thumb! Ah, you have made a bad day of it."

"But what have you found, Mr. Withypool?" I asked, for I could not enter into his wrath against the water, wet as he was to the shoulders. "You have something in your hand. May I see it, if you please? And then do please to go home and change your clothes."

"A thing I never did in my life, miss, and should be ashamed to begin at this age. Clothes gets wet, and clothes dries on us, same as un did on the sheep afore us; else they gets stiff and creasy. What this little thing is ne'er a body may tell, in my line of life—but look'th aristocratic."

The "mullock," as he called it, from his hands, and from the bed where it had lain so long, so crusted the little thing which he gave me, that I dipped it again in the swelling stream, and rubbed it with both hands, to make out what it was. And then I thought how long it had lain there; and suddenly to my memory it came, that in all likelihood the time of that was nineteen years this very day.

"Will another year pass," I cried, "before I make out all about it? What are you, and who, now looking at me with such sad, sad eyes?"

For I held in my hand a most handsome locket, of blue enamel and diamonds, with a back of chased gold, and in front the miniature of a beautiful young woman, done as they never seem to do them now. The work was so good, and the fitting so close, that no drop of water had entered, and the face shone through the crystal glass as fresh as the day it was painted. A very lovely face it was, yet touched with a shade of sadness, as the loveliest faces generally are; and the first thought of any beholder would be, "That woman was born for sorrow."

The miller said as much when I showed it to him.

"Lord bless my heart! I hope the poor craitur' hathn't lasted half so long as her pictur' hath."

REALITY.

FROM "MIRZA SCHIAFFY."

I SANG of woman's beauty;
I sang of foaming wine
And jolly midnight revels:
Resounding praise was mine.

But when, my song believing,
I dwelt in Beauty's bower,
And drained the flowing goblet,
Men scorned me from that hour.

VOODOO VIOLET.

A BICENTENNIAL STORY, IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SOME OLD PAPERS.

NESTLED in one of the most charming valleys that lead to and border the Connecticut lies the village of Deepegrove. The turnpike makes a sharp curve around a mountain and comes upon it suddenly, as it lies hidden in the vale below, under spreading elms, whose thick leafage completely covers the single street of commodious, almost stately, American country-houses. Only in winter would you suspect the presence of a town, so effectually do the green arms of the guardian elms cover their infant charge—a baby that has grown old without increasing in size, for of elms and houses there are few which have not kept each other company for at least a hundred years, and some souvenirs which antedate the Revolution by more than a century. A bicentennial village, though by no means alone or pre-eminent in its boast, for Hadley, with its legend of the regicides, Bloody Brook, where Lothrop and “the flower of Essex” perished, Springfield, with its tale of witchcraft, and Deerfield’s ill-luck-bringing bell of St. Regis, are among its neighbors.

I had passed the winter in a Southern city, but spring was treading upon the skirts of summer, and one dusty, glaring day I bethought me of the cool shadows and quiet walks of Deepegrove, and escaping from the sultry South, and almost the only passenger in the great stage-coach, I slipped down the descending road to the little village, whose presence we knew from the summit of the hill only by its canopy of greenery. “Buried alive,” I said to myself, as I threaded its busiest street, which resembled one of the quietest of English lanes. The Catacombs are noisier than this quaint little Sleepy Hollow, and Pompeii carries on more of business enterprise. When a little tinge of loneliness and longing for human companionship came over me, as it not unfrequently did in Deepegrove, I went to the old burial-ground, the meeting-place of the first settlers of the town. Here was society enough, and close companionship, for the small “God’s-acre” was so closely filled that, could the sleepers have stretched out their arms under the daisies, they might have clasped each others’ hands caressingly in the darkness. I would lie in the warm sunlight, with my head pillowed on one of these nameless graves, wondering what life had brought to its occupant, tangling my fingers in the coarse grass, secure from observation, for these head-stones bore dates too ancient to interest the inhabitants of Deepegrove. All that told of recent grief, or that were erected

by any one now living, stood white and new in the orderly modern cemetery. In the old burial-ground was one grave that was a perfect bank of English violets. The blossoms were large, oppressively sweet, and darkly purple, almost black, quite different from the wild New England variety, that grew also within the grounds—a pale, faintly perfumed sisterhood, lifting their tiny, tear-washed eyes timidly beside their bolder, stronger cousins. There was no record of name or date above the grave, only a wooden head-board, on which some modern visitor had written, in pencil, these lines from Rev. Leigh Richmond:

“In heaven the land of glory lies;
If I should enter there,
I’ll tell the saints and angels too
Thou heardest a negro’s prayer.”

My landlady, Mrs. Hailstone, whom the necessity of answering the numerous inquiries of her summer boarders had rendered *au fait* in all matters of local tradition, told me that it was the grave of a negro witch; but whether she had suffered death for her sorceries in the good old time, she could not say, though she thought it quite probable.

History repeats itself, and so do types of character. I had left behind me in Louisiana a tall, powerfully formed negress of the jettiest Congo type, who had interested me much. The medium of our acquaintance had been her marvelous skill in fluting ruffles and “doing up” embroideries and laces. There seemed to be real magic in the metallic lustre of the shirt bosoms which left her hands, and she had the reputation among her own people of being a sorceress. Her name was Voodoo Violet. In conversation with her I became convinced that, however much of efficacy there might be in them, she, at all events, believed in her own charms and enchantments, and was therefore in one sense not an impostor. Her incantations seemed innocent enough, and aimed, for the most part, at the healing of the sick, the finding of lost articles, and the telling of fortunes. She was essentially a clairvoyant, and as I read over the old accounts of the developments of witchcraft in New England, vouched for by the most eminent divines of the day, I questioned seriously if all that was not imposture might not come under the head of clairvoyance and animal magnetism. Its manifestations resembled Voodooism, and the conduct of the bewitched was not unlike the vagaries of Violet when passing through a trance. I was puzzled at this resemblance, until one day, while reading a work on the Salem witchcraft, I found the statement that the witch tragedies originated with a circle of young girls who met at the house of the pastor to learn fortune-telling from a negress from the West Indies, Tituba by name. This

same negress figured largely in all the subsequent proceedings. Whittier's fair witch of Wenham was not the only one of whom

"Tituba, the Indian, saith,
At Quasycung she took
The Black Man's godless sacrament,
And signed his dreadful book."

By a curious chain of circumstance, the story of Violet, the witch of Deepegrove,

"How strange it is," I remarked to him one day, "that the original settlers should have given this village so appropriate a name as Deepegrove! These elms could hardly have been set out then. There really seems to be something prophetic in it."

My friend smiled. "The name is appropriate," he replied; "but the village was named for its founder and first pastor, Re-



"I WOULD LIE WITH MY HEAD PILLOWED ON ONE OF THESE NAMELESS GRAVES."

became known to me, bringing with it from the obscurity of the past another more romantic and happier. It would be far more interesting if I could transport you to that early day, and relate the events in the sequence and with the local coloring in which they occurred; but this I am not enough of an antiquarian to do; there would be many and manifest discrepancies and anachronisms which would seem to impeach the truth of the whole narrative, and I prefer to lay it before you in piecemeal, as I hunted it out, or as it was placed in my way by a magic which, for aught I know, may have been thrown upon it by a spell woven by Voodoo Violet herself.

My friends in Deepegrove were not confined to the ancient inhabitants of the town now at rest in the old burial-ground. Its present population numbers many peculiarly bright and interesting persons, one of the most cultivated among them being the young preceptor of the academy. He was an Englishman, and had just returned from spending his last vacation in his native land.

solv'd Deepegrove, with no thought of these trees. While making a trip through England last summer I saw that my route took me past a railway station of the same name, and having plenty of time at my disposal, I determined to stop for a day or two and make its acquaintance. I was attracted principally by the association of the name, but I found the place so charming, situated as it was near a castle of the same name, and boasting a picturesque old church, that I made a much longer stay than I had at first intended. I gained access to the church records, and found a mention of one of its clergymen, Mr. Ralph Deepegrove, a younger son of the lord of that name during the reign of Charles I., who had been so carried away by Puritan notions as to renounce the Church in which he had been educated, and who had possessed so much influence among his people as to entice many of them to the embracing of the same errors and the following him across seas to plant a colony in the wilds of Massachusetts. In token of his resolution, and in conformity to the cus-

tom of the day, he had changed his name from Ralph to Resolv'd. His flock followed his example. Subjoined to the account of the schism in the church records a list was given of the seceding members under their new names. It was so odd that I copied it, and you are welcome to glance it over, if you think it sufficiently interesting. As you will see, some of the names are most outrageous; indeed, I could not believe them authentic were it not for those still more absurd that we find in history."

The paper which my friend had copied seemed to have been sent to the mother church in England by the colonists as an assurance of the prosperity of those who, while they differed in religious faith, must still be dear to many at home. It stated that permission had been granted to Mr. Deepegrove by the General Court to purchase lands of the Indians upon the frontier, and begin a settlement, provided twenty men could be found willing to join in the enterprise; "and whereas," the chronicle went on to state, "but twelve men came with him out of England, yet has there been no lack, for other eight did join themselves unto us on this side, so that the following is a true list of all who do now compose our colony:

"Mr. Resolv'd Deepegrove, and Lettice his daughter, with two Blackamores out of New Spain. The same Mr. Deepegrove to act as Pastor, and in matters of small importance as Magistrate; in matters of greater note, the Worshipfull Major Pyncheon, of Agawam, to decide.

"Praisever Pococke, Phisition and Chirurgion, with Mercy Pococke his wife.

"Be-faithful Adams, Builder and Joiner, and Deborah his wife.

"Weep-not Billings, Blacksmith.

"More-fruit Bobbitt, Weaver, and Good-wife Bobbitt his mother.

"Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White, Shoe-maker, Perseverance his wife, and their six children.

"Fly-debate Ridaway, Lock-smith, Gunsmith, and Clock-maker.

"Kill-sin Pimple and Mistress Pimple, Brewers.

"Meek Saltonstall and his familie, being 12 persons.

"Stand-fast-on-high Stringer, Chemist, Trafficker and Marchant, Dealer in cloth, gunpowder, and other eatables.

"God-reward Smart, Pedagogue.

"Faint-not Gumble and his familie, being 5 souls.

"Mistris Lucy Crabtree, Widow, and Experience Pickles, Spinster, maker and mender of men's cloathes.

"These all came out of England with Mr. Resolv'd Deepegrove. To whom joined themselves the following out of Plymouth, Duxburrow, Scittuate, Rehoboth, Swansey,

and other towns out of the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts:

"Capitaine Abednego Scarlett, and Nanaquaket his wife, being an Indian woman, and Ensign Lumpkin, being both men of war expert against y^e wiles of y^e barbarous salvages.

"Antipas Palfrey, and Feare his daughter.

"Gershom Hatherle.

"Manasses and Ephraim Grigory, twin sons of Mr. Deliverance Grigory, of Yarmouth.

"Isaack Hailstone, and Too-good Hailstone his wife, out of Barnstable.

"Mr. Preserved Tinckham.

"Richard de la Forrest, a frenchman.

"And Thou-shalt-not-beare-falce-witness Trimmer (who also came out of England with Mr. Deepegrove), Towne Clarke, with Goody Trimmer his mother, dairy-woman and cheese-monger."

This was the first of the old papers. It was interesting in giving me the society of which the settlement was originally composed. The old burial-ground verified the conjecture that this was the Deepegrove spoken of in the record, by reproducing nearly all the names upon lichen-covered and sunken tombstones. My friend said that there was one fact which puzzled him. Sir Tristram Deepegrove, who flourished under the reign of Charles II., was stated to have married his cousin Lettice, and yet here was her name among the voluntary exiles. That she had returned to England or that he had sought her in this country was equally improbable; and yet the latter alternative was possible, for there was a tradition that Sir Tristram had sought refuge beyond seas—locality unnamed—during the Protectorate. My friend had seen her portrait in the picture-gallery of the castle—the meek face of a saint in the garb of a princess: too much pomp of this world for one who had been a simple Puritan lass. But then, perhaps Lady Lettice Deepegrove never was a little Puritan, I suggested. My friend, however, was sure of it; and the suggestion that a fugitive Cavalier had been successfully hidden here in a community of Roundheads fired my enthusiasm. It seemed to me to possess elements of interest even beyond those in the case of Goffe and Whalley. My friend said that he had looked through the town records, but the first volume, the very one in which some scrap bearing on the question might be met, was missing. Nothing disheartened, I went over the same ground. On an upper shelf, behind some old law-books, sermons, and worm-eaten MSS., I discovered a closely written volume, bound heavily in calf. It might have lain there for a century, for the dust of ages had settled on the unread folios that guarded its hiding-place. One glance as-

sured me. It was the long-sought volume—the records of the town for the first half century of its existence. I seized my prize eagerly, and, obtaining the proper permission, carried it home, where I might consult it at my leisure. It was indeed a treasure-trove. During the first years of the settlement there seemed to have been little of a legal nature to chronicle; but the “Town Clarke,” Witness Trimmer, was a man fully equal to the occasion, possessing, as he did, “an infinite resource of language, sometimes spreading little turfs of thought into prairies of expression, and capable of running through all the latitudes of diplomacy in so simple a mission as that of borrowing a peck of corn.” He had a supreme appreciation of the dignity of his office, and could not let a day pass without making an entry in the journal. The records were filled with side notes and remarks on whatever was going on, and furnished invaluable data for the historian. Side by side with such grave proceedings as the public whipping and expulsion from the colony as a Quaker of Gershon Hatherle, and the disfranchisement of the two Grigory boys for playing at cards, and “wantonly persisting in the same,” would be found other items supposed to have interest as indicating the progress of the colony—a statement at one time relative to the increase of Mistress Pimple’s pigs, and at another that Ensign Lumpkin had killed a wild beast, whether rabbit, or catamount, or one of the “lyons roaring exceedingly” (which, another early record states, peopled our forests), was not specified.

In this volume I came upon the first trace of which I was in search—a scrap from some London paper giving the news at which my friend the preceptor had already hinted, that Sir Tristram Deepegrove had fled, as it was supposed, beyond seas, thus evading the warrant of arrest as a malignant which was issued against him. The town-clerk could not let such an incident pass without comment.

Under this entry was the following item, remarkable only for its juxtaposition with the foregoing:

“This day our pastor, the very Revd. Resolv’d Deepegrove, is returned from a long and painfull journey to the Bay for supplies for the colonists. And shortlie after his entrance into the village, a strange, tall woman, in a red cloath cloke, the hood thereof drawn closely about her face, was met by Experience Pickles, spinster, at the edge of the towne. The daylight having declined, she could not plainly see her countenance; and she passing so swiftly, she did at first take her for a specter or a vision, and was much afrighted; but turning presently about, she saw her stand upon the steppes of the minister’s house, when suddenly there was a flash of great light, and the specter,

vision, or woman vanished away, as though the ground did open to receive her, or she had suddenly been drawn up into the air.”

Under two different dates subsequent to this, the “strange, tall woman” was mentioned again. Once as having been seen walking alone by the river-side, by Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White’s children, who were watching cows in the meadow; and again by Goody Pococke, who was searching for herbs and simples; “and the said Goody Pococke, as well as the children, being strictly interrogated by me, testify that the said tall, strange woman wore the scarlett cloke abovesaid; that her face was dark, and her eyes and eyebrows exceedingly black; that when she saw them, she frowned in a fearful manner, and turning about, proceeded a little way down the river, and then presently vanished away. The children took her for an Indian squaw, who slipped away in a cannow hidden under the bank; but Goody Pococke hath it upon her mind that it was some manifestation of the Deuil, conjured up by the Blackamore gerle pertaining to Mr. Deepegrove, who is well known to be given to divers uncouth and heathenish practices; for the appearance, saith she, had its face black and mannish, and the phisicke which she made from the herbs gathered that day had not its accustomed virtue, being rather injuriouse and dangerous. All of which I have layed before Mr. Deepegrove as magistrate; but he maketh light of the whole matter, saying that Goody Pococke was doubtless in her cups, so that she gathered jimson weed for boneset, and that the children had most seemingly the right of it, for that not unfrequently Indians do adventure themselves so near the settlement as the river, and he will not that further inquisition be made.”

In this entry of Witness Trimmer’s I found the first reference to Voodoo Violet, and with it an explanation of the uncanny name of one of the prettiest paths in the village—one leading under the low cliffs along the river. It was so retired and beautiful that the worn-out appellation of Lovers’ Lane would have seemed most natural; but from time immemorial it had been known to the dwellers in Deepegrove as Witch Walk.

CHAPTER II.

“IN MY LADY’S CHAMBER.”

THE house in which I had taken up my abode for the summer was, so good Mrs. Hailstone informed me, one of great interest to antiquarians on account of a secret staircase which had lately been discovered, the family having resided in the house for many years with no suspicion of its existence. One day a tall but light piece of antique

furniture was moved from its place, and a narrow door was discovered with a staircase leading upward to a small space boarded off in the attic between the chimney and the sloping roof. There was not room to stand erect in it, but plenty for reclining, and there were evidences that a couch had been placed here. A lantern hung upon a nail, and on the floor beneath there was a stain, as though ink had been spilled, showing plainly that the occupant of this strange lair had passed away his time in writing. The room below from which the secret staircase led was the best in the house, and was known as "My Lady's Chamber"—why, even Mrs. Hailstone herself, who had a reason for almost every thing, could not tell; "for surely," she would say, "there never were any lords or ladies in this country." The room was ceiled with cedar, and the presence of hooks and rings seemed to imply that it had once been hung with tapestry. The toilet-table which guarded the hidden door was the only piece that remained of the original furnishing, but the mirror was of such size, the wood-work so exquisitely inlaid, and its entire design so pure and artistic, as to argue its European workmanship, though the casters which enabled it to be easily moved about were rudely fitted, and seemed to be of home manufacture. One of the first settlers had evidently brought it with him from his English home. As I glanced over the list of names, I saw but one that seemed in any way congruous with aristocratic belongings—that of Resolv'd Deepegrove; and an entry of Witness Trimmer's, which I came across somewhat later, gave proof that the toilet-table, and probably the house, had once belonged to him. The record stated that "Weep-not Billings, Blacksmith, having charged twice in the matter of a set of rowlers for a toilet for Mr. Deepegrove, was fined 10 shilling."

The discovery of the secret door, staircase, and closet under the roof so stirred up the family that a system of sounding of walls, sawing of panels, and taking up of floors was at once instituted to see what other secrets the old house could be made to divulge, the only important result being the finding of a trap-door in the floor of a dark closet opening out of My Lady's Chamber, which revealed a continuation of the staircase, a sort of steep ladder following the great chimney, by which one could easily drop into the cellar. Here there were evidences of an under-ground passage leading to a natural cave just under the cliffs, whose opening was passed by Witch Walk. The family were somewhat alarmed by these traces of accommodations for another set of occupants entirely independent and possibly beyond the cognizance of the recognized householders, and many were the conjectures raised as to what all this could mean.

I suspected that the lair had had a noble occupant, for whom, perhaps, it was originally planned and built, and I was sure now that the "strange tall woman" whose walks by the river-side had given that promenade its disreputable name was no other than the fugitive Cavalier, Sir Tristram Deepegrove.

The next link in my chain of romance lay between the leaves of the town records, in the guise of a small, thin book formed of sheets of pale blue paper folded down to *carte-de-visite* size and stitched clumsily together with coarse black thread. It was the private diary of Witness Trimmer, Towne Clarke. Its presence among the records was accounted for by an indorsement over the signature of the clerk of the General Court, stating that it had been used as evidence in the trial for witchcraft of Violet, servant of Mr. Resolv'd Deepegrove, of the town of Deepegrove, on the Connecticut.

The little book seemed to have originated in a lack of employment, and was a sad voucher for the statement that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Some physical defect appeared to have debarred Witness Trimmer from out-of-door occupations and sports; the keeping of the public journal filled but a small portion of his time, and the rest, he stated, he gave to the perusal of godly and sober books, mostly from the library of Mr. Deepegrove. These books related to the history of witchcraft as it had just manifested itself in England and Scotland, and his mind, shriveled and deformed, as his body probably was, reveled in the grotesque and the horrible. It feasted on the weird and terrible manifestations, to the truth of which the sanction and authority of the Church was given, until, little by little, it exchanged the real for the unreal world, and the conviction pressed itself upon him that he, Witness Trimmer, was bewitched. A hallucination almost as unfortunate, and perhaps the cause of this darker species of insanity, had preceded it. Lettice Deepegrove was the most beautiful and by far the most attractive girl in the colony, and Witness Trimmer, looking up from dissertations on the black-art, as he sat in her father's library, saw the fair enchantress flit before him, and was more truly bewitched than he afterward imagined himself to be. He was not the only one fascinated by the sorcery of her beauty; it had its effect on nearly every unwedded man in the settlement—a witchery of which her father could not have been entirely unconscious, for,

"Meek as she sits in meeting-time,
The godly minister
Notes well the spell that doth compel
The young men's eyes to her."

There is no evidence that he was displeased, though in all his congregation there was none whose attraction could cause a thrill of pride in the breast of Resolv'd Deepegrove.



THE STRANGE, TALL WOMAN IN WITCH WALK.

In the little diary, which the town-clerk evidently did not at first intend for other eyes than his own, Witness Trimmer confessed his love for Lettice. That her image floated before his eyes continually, and "in the breaches of the night had no thought but of her, so that I no longer suffer any exposition of sleep, but am constrained to rise and write pathological verses in her honor, with such elegance and wit withal of which I had not deemed myself capable." Some of these he seems to have been bold enough to send her, for he states further on that they were returned to him by the "Blackamore gerle with answers which, for so gentle a mayd as Lettice Deepegrove, did seem wondrous unpolite, and somewhat less than civil." From what followed it was easy to guess that the town-clerk persisted in his advances, that Violet was the medium through which all "discurridging" replies were conveyed, and that chiefly on this account the aversion which he had always felt for her on account of her African blood—an aversion shared even more universally by New Englanders of that day than by those of the present, on account of the smaller proportion in society of the negro element, a black face carrying with it something monstrous and frightful—gradually in his particular case deepened into such dislike and nervous dread that he could not abide her coming, it seeming to him to be the prelude to some fresh "greefe or mischief." "So that before she had delivered her errand, and oftines

before she was yet come in sight, I was ware of her approach by shiverings in my back, twitching of the legs, feebleness in the knees, loathing of the stomach, a sudden bigness of the hart so that I was like to choke, pallor of the countenance, megrims in the head, or such like disorders."

As he became conscious of the fact that he loved in vain, the sweet delirium gave place to a gloomy and more serious mental disorder. He began to see sights and hear sounds unseen and unheard by others, and for which he could give no explanation. Sometimes, as he read alone in the library, he heard phantom steps mounting and descending stairs where no stairs were, and once, to assure himself whence the sound came, he opened the door of the china closet, "whereupon there was a scrambling in the wall nigh unto the chimney, and presently the Blackamore gerle did appear at the door, and questioned if I had heard aught; to whom I answered, stoutly, Nay, having in mind that Scripture, 'Resist the devill, and he will flee from you,' and being determined not to give place to the adversary." Sometimes he would stand late at night staring up at the dimity curtains which softened the light that streamed, pure and holy as from a lamp of alabaster, through the windows of Lettice Deepegrove's chamber, and here, in spite of biting wind and driving snow, his blood would boil to his cheeks if her shadow traced its silhouette upon them. But here, too, the spell of the evil one was upon him, for twice he distinctly saw the shadow of a tall man, and that not of Mr. Deepegrove or of any one that he knew, cast upon the curtain; and once—horror of horrors—this fiendish shade threw its long spectral arm (probably exaggerated from the position of the light) around Lettice's shadowy form.

Such a state of mind could not exist for any time in such a man as Mr. Witness Trimmer without coming under the observation of others. Mr. Praisever Pococke, Phisition and Chirurgeon, finding the case beyond his medical skill, did not hesitate to tell him plainly that he was bewitched. At the same time the current of popular opinion seemed to set more decidedly against Violet; for in the town record, under dates corresponding to the last pages of the private diary, there were numerous complaints entered against her odd pranks, culminating at last in an account of a trial before the General Court for witchcraft.

The principal accusation against the unfortunate creature was that "Mr. Witness Trimmer, by her wicked arts, on the fift day of may, in the year abovesaid, and divers other days and times, as well before as after, was, and is, tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted, and tormented, for which the plaintife cometh to be damnified."

New England was not yet ripe for the witchcraft tragedy. Mr. Deepegrove himself defended the poor girl, bringing to the case ability of no mean order; and, not content with simply clearing her, on the close of the trial brought on a case of "defamation and slaunder against the above-mentioned Mr. Falce Witness Trimmer, in the matter of fourty pound," asserting that he had used "deceipt," and that he would presently prove him to be a "foresworn, lying knaue;" making good his assertion, too, as it would seem from the verdict, copied with great care in the town-clerk's own hand: "The Court haue ordered vpon the case, *imprimis*, that the plaintife is to have satisfaction to the amount named, for his, the defendant's, illegal, injurious, and unjust troubling and molesting of Lettice Deepegrove, gentlewoman, in the matter of the shadow upon her curtain; *item*, that the said Witness Trimmer shall acknowledge his fault publickly in what place soever the said Mr. Deepegrove shall determine, adding unto his confession the words, In all of which I, the said Falce Witness Trimmer, did sinfully and wickedly speake; and *item*, that the said defendant is to pay the charge of the present suite, which is 9 shilling sixpence, and 10 shilling for Waitstill Warner, yeoman, sometime of Toughende, his attendance att the this present Court as attorney for the prisoner, all of the said fines and fees to be payed in currant siluer money, or in calves and cheeses or butter from his mother's dairy, and that as soon as conveniently may be; and *item*, the prisoner, in further penalty for his falce oath, is sentenced to forfeit the title of a gentleman, being no more called *Mr.*, but simply Falce Witness Trimmer, giving up likewise all right and title to that part of his name heretofore going before the words Falce Witness. In testimony whereunto I have this day set the seal of the Generall Court."

Thus ended the first scene in the tragedy. I was now at a loss to account for the fact that the town-clerk had written out so minutely his heavy penalty. The page upon which this copy appeared was worn almost to obliteration; on reading farther in the record I became convinced that the man so disgraced consulted it at least daily, that his mind might be wrought up, whenever proper occasion should present, to a terrible revenge of his humiliation.

CHAPTER III.

"THE WONDER OF FYER."

THE first entry of any consequence in the Deepegrove town records, after the remarkable report of the trial of the clerk, was one of great political importance, being the an-

nouncement that on "the fift of June, 1661, Charles the Second, Kinge of England, Scotland, firance, and Ireland, &c., was Sollemnly Proclaimed Att Plymouth in New England."

The accession of King Charles could hardly have been received with pleasure by more than one family in Deepegrove, but Witness Trimmer, for a wonder, refrained from any comment upon it; he seemed more interested in the departure, which he recorded immediately beneath it, of Lettice Deepegrove for England: "Whereat I doe not greatly marvel, she being ever prodigious pragmatical" (that is, fond of sight-seeing), "in-somuch that I have oftimes wondered that she could abide so contentedly and happily under her father's roof, taking no part in the sports of the younger sort, but gravely and soberly supplying the place which her mother hath long since left vacant, well chusing another world to the hypocrisy and cruelties which, without doubt, she suffered in this. But I doe here record that I have no grudge, malice, or ill-will whatsoever toward Lettice Deepegrove. I do wish her all joye and pleasance in the goodlie land to which she has gone, praying ever that those joyes may not endanger her soule's salvation, and thanking Him who hath doubtless called her away from beholding the judgments which He will shortly visit upon other members of her familie."

The last part of this remarkable volume of records was devoted to notices of intention to marry, and certificates of the performance of the ceremony. Each of these occupied a separate page, the reason seeming to be that the clerk had not taken the trouble to copy the documents, but had simply stitched the original paper into the book, indorsing its authenticity over his own signature and the seal of the town. One of these notices of intention interested me by the number of indorsements upon its margin and back, under different dates and in various-colored inks. I did not at first notice the names of the contracting parties, for the instrument proper was in a pale brown ink; and, though entire, an attempt appeared to have been made at some time to destroy it by fire, for the entire surface was scorched and the edges burned. The first indorsement, under a date several years previous to the trial recorded in the last chapter, read as follows:

"This is to certify that, while blowing the conch shell to call the people unto the publick worship of God, I, Witness Trimmer, took knowledge of a parcel of boys and gerles upon the meeting-house steppes, endeavoring to spy into the cage of wire in the which it is our wont to post all warnings of intent to marrie; and having dispersed the assembly, I did, in accordance with my duty, open the aforesaid cage to

take from it the aboue-mencioned instrument. Whereupon, to my great bewilderment, I found naught but this present bit of blank paper, and was minded to cast it from me as the unseemly geste of some mad fellow; but Mr. Deepegrove, coming presently that way, warned me that in such act I might, with reason, be impeached for non-fulfilment of duty, I having solemnly sworne to faithfully place upon record each and every paper found in this box. I do therefore certify that this present hath been duly exhibited the required number of Lord's days before the eyes of the community at large, in the place, and after the manner (in the matter of intention to marrie), in the Statute made and provided." Signed, sealed, dated, etc.

A corresponding entry further on showed that among the certificates of marriage handed him by the Rev. Deepegrove a blank leaf had also been found. If the indorsement that accompanied the foregoing was peculiar, the one which I now read was startling. It bore a date some three years subsequent to the accession of Charles II.:

"And now cometh Mr. Resolv'd Deepegrove, and maketh inquisition in the matter of the record of the marriage of his daughter, which, saith he, hath been regularly entered in these records, and prayeth that a certified copy of the same be drawn up and sent to his daughter in England, to her aiding and abetting in the securing to her son of the estates of her husband, now lately deceased. And no such record appearing, the said Mr. Resolv'd Deepegrove counselled that the blank leaves of this record be layed upon the fyer, lest some naughty persons should be minded to inscribe their names or those of others thereupon, and so errors and mischiefs do creepe in. And Major Pyncheon having ordered the same to be done, it was done, and whether by conjuration with the diuill or by other means, there immediately appeared upon these blank leaves, writ by the fingers of the flame, the notice of intention and the certificate of marriage between Sir Tristram Deepegrove, Bart., of Deepegrove, England, and Lettice Deepegrove, gentlewoman, of Deepegrove Colony of Massachusetts, which they now beare, and which the Worshipful Major Pyncheon did snatch from the flames before they had other power over them."

The certificate represented the Rev. Resolv'd Deepegrove as having performed the ceremony, and bore a rude representation of a violet as witness. The papers were further indorsed as having been copied according to request, and the copies forwarded to Lady Lettice Deepegrove.

At last the secret was out, and the community at large, and Witness Trimmer in particular, could ill brook the disclosure that a Cavalier of the bluest blood, and

probably of the same type of character as the elegant, accomplished, and profligate Rochester, or even of the witty, adventurous, and unscrupulous Buckingham, had been secreted during the entire rule of the Protectorate in the house of their pastor; and, bitterest fact of all, and the one against which most of rancor and spite was launched, that this elegant profligate had wedded during the first days of his stay the pride of the settlement, who had all the time received the attentions of the youth of the colony "as though she had righte thereunto as a guileless and vertuous mayd, and were not legally and lawfully, that is, after the strict letter of the law, though spuriously, subtly, deceitfully, and grievously against the spirit of the same, contracted, married, and wedded."

The real culprits were beyond their reach, but the father and minister who had so gravely betrayed them was still in their power. Charles II. was restored; they could not therefore arrest their victim for harboring the political fugitive, and once again the charge of witchcraft was brought forward. Mr. Deepegrove, at the preliminary examination held in his own house, explained as clearly as he could that he had tampered with no arts of the adversary; that the expedient which had served him was a very simple one, and consisted only in the use of a sympathetic ink prepared by his negro girl; that this ink was chemically of such a nature that it would turn dark under the action of fire; but unless heat was applied, would remain invisible. He felt that this was not the real cause of their displeasure; but he had nothing to say in defense of his harboring the young man his nephew, who had thrown himself without invitation upon his mercy, as he knew that no excuse which he could offer would be received by them. It did not, however, seem possible to him at the time to deliver up his own blood to death; and that his acts, meaning the marriage and its concealment, subsequent to affording an asylum to the young Cavalier, were only such as any devoted father among them would perform for the child he loved. The case was referred for settlement to the General Court at Boston, and Mr. Deepegrove was conveyed to that city for a trial which was destined not to take place, as he was assisted before the time set for it in making his escape to England. Arrived at his destination, he sent Violet money, with directions to place herself under the care of a sea-captain who would be in Boston at a certain day, and would bring her to her friends. When the letter arrived in Deepegrove, Violet was no longer there, and it was accordingly placed in the hands of Witness Trimmer, and filed with the town papers. The bolt which had glanced aside from the head of the prominent man had fallen upon

that of the obscure and friendless negro girl, and Violet was in jail awaiting trial for the second time as a witch. That she had been cleared once of such an accusation would only count against her, now the public mind was in a more disordered and feverish state; only the match of circumstance was needed now to set into terrible explosion the wide-spread mines of superstition, of which Witness Trimmer's darkened mind was only a type. If Resolv'd Deepegrove could have foreseen the result, he would have cut off his right hand rather than have thrown suspicion upon Violet by assigning to her the manufacture of the mystical ink. I have, perhaps, already quoted too largely from the records, but I can not forbear making one more transcript—that of Violet's indictment:

<i>Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England.</i>	}	In the — yeare of the Raigne of our Souaigne Lord Charles II. by the Grace of God of England Scotland France and Ireland King Defender of the Fayth etc.
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The Jurors for our sovereign lord the King present, that one Violet, spinster, blackamore, and of New Spain, the Barbadoes, or some other heathen country, in the service of Mr. Resolv'd Deepegrove, sometime minister in Deepegrove in the county of Hampshire, wilfully, maliciously, and feloniously, a covenant with the Devil did make; and signed the Devil's book and received as wages a Gally pot of Devil's ink, consenting to serve and worship him, and promising to be his both body and soul, here and hereafter; by which diabolical covenant the said Violet is become a detestable witch, having certain detestable arts called witchcrafts and sorceries, wickedly and injuriously used, practised, and exercised at and within the said towne of Deepegrove aforesaid, in, upon, and against the towne records, causing certain blank leaves when layed upon the fyer suddenly to become written upon without visible cause, means, or agency. The abovesaid Resolv'd Deepegrove at examination had in the aforesaid towne having testified, acknowledged, and confessed that he used the said Devil's ink which the said Violet gave him, it being white, which is contrary to nature and confirmeth its authorship, the Devil so working that that which is wrong doth appear right, and that which is black white. And the said Resolv'd Deepegrove having fled, departed, and absconded these provinces. All this against the peace of our sovereign lord the King, his crown and dignity, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided.

Endorsed EZEKIEL TOOTHAKER, Forman.

How many terrible crimes—selfish brutality, frivolous feigning, blight of burning passion, cold cruelty, heartless unfaith, deliberate foulness of sensuality, or blackness of revenge—are daily committed in the name of Love! It was a great love for a sweet and gentle girl that, compressed in a soul too small for so mighty a passion, had turned to revenge, and had driven Witness Trimmer relentlessly on until its work was accomplished, and Violet lay in a felon's cell awaiting a trial of whose verdict and sentence there was no doubt. And Witness Trimmer, as he jogged homeward to await the time appointed for the trial, confessed to himself that the revenge was sweet.

Instead of the satisfaction which he thought would come, there was a vague

feeling of unrest. A great mist of doubt enshrouded him; he was dogged by an uneasy conscience. He had wished that Violet should meet the just doom of her own evil deeds, not that she should be the victim of his private spite; and since the recent revelations had swept away all the weight of the mysterious circumstances in the past, he began to wonder if something might not explain even this "wonder of

be needed at the Bay, a foreign letter was placed in his hand. His heart gave a great throb, for he knew the angular hand of Lettice Deepgrove, modeled so carefully after his own long ago in the little school-room in England." How often he felt the flicker of the pulse in the little blue-veined wrist as he guided the unskillful fingers in the difficult curve of the D! He could not trust himself to break the coronet-impressed seal



"A SLIGHT NOISE AT THE WINDOW DISTURBED HIM."

fyer." He wished that the interval before Violet's trial was not so long, that she might be convicted and executed before any thing should occur to weaken his faith in her guilt, his condition of mind being just that in which he "would not play false, and yet would wrongly win." The struggle went on for several days. At length, as the time was drawing near when his testimony would

in the presence of any one, and he hurried away to the cool retirement of his mother's spring house. A little brook entered the room at one side, made its circuit in a channel prepared for it, cooling in its way a score of capacious milk pans, standing half in and half out of the water, and making its exit at a place somewhat lower in grade, but not far from its entrance. He sat down on

the elevated island centre, and read eagerly. A slight noise at the wooden-barred window disturbed him, and a shadow fell upon the letter. The green eyes of a gaunt, half-starved black cat looked hungrily through the grating at the milk below. "It had been Lettice Deepegrove's pet, but had left the deserted house, and was now as savage and fierce as a wild-cat. Remembering how, as a kitten, she would roll it into a soft round ball, and deposit it mischievously in one of her father's broad-flapped pockets, or even in his reverend hat, witnessing with childish merriment the good man's surprise on feeling the creature upon his carefully curled wig, Witness Trimmer rose to admit and feed it. The frightened animal, misunderstanding the action, gave a wild leap, and disappeared. The thought that the familiars of witches sometimes appeared under the guise of black cats crossed his mind, and he returned to his letter with a shudder.

"It irks me," Lettice Deepegrove said, "that my father should have returned without that poor child Violet, and I feare me much that she may become entangled in some mischief in the matter of the ink wherewith my certificate was writ. It being no uncommon thing that, when any one hath discovered one of the forces of nature or uses of science heretofore unknown to mankind, presently there is raised a great hue and cry of witchcraft, and that in matters the most simple and guileless of evil either in their nature or tendency. Therefore I have thought best to certify thee that the writing was not made with ink prepared by any subtlety of man's device or charm of spirit or demon, being traced in the purest and freshest of milk; and I do beg of thee to make trial of the same, that proof may be, if at any time need doe arise, of the innocency of such writing. And I doe pray thee, Witness Trimmer, by the good affection which thou didst formerly profess for me, if there be any honor, if there be any praise, that thou do befriend the friendless and defend the guiltless, even that poor gerle Violet."

There was more, but this was enough, and Witness Trimmer fell upon his face, moaning with the intensity of the struggle going on within him. All around him stood pans of whitest milk, tempting him to make trial whether this thing were so. He was on the point of making the experiment, when the vision of the witch-cat poisoning all that pure flood with her "evil-eye" deterred him, and thrusting the letter in his breast, he went out to another day of doubt and torture. At the close of twenty-four hours the strain was too intense to be longer borne, and trimming a fresh goose-quill, and providing himself with a sheet of his whitest paper, he sought the spring house again. Even then he prefaced the trial

with an hour of strong wrestling in prayer, during which a strange calm dawned upon his half-crazed brain, and the passage of Scripture, "No man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed: and no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost," seemed called to his mind by divine inspiration. Violet had said to him, fearlessly, at their last meeting, "The God whom I serve is able to deliver me out of your hand;" and when he had asked, "Who is your God?" she had repeated the name of Christ. He would make a similar confession in writing, and if he found it traced plainly by the fingers of the flame, he felt that this double assertion had Bible warrant for the impossibility of its fiendish agency.

The victory over himself was won; his quill passed rapidly over paper which it left as traceless as the fields between the dairy and the parsonage had lain in winter mornings, white with the snow which had blurred the air as he hurried across them from his midnight scrutiny of Lettice Deepegrove's window. Then, with fingers which heeded not the heat, he held the paper before the flame in his wide-mouthed fire-place until, as though fresh from the impress of a brand, there smoked upon it the words, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

All this was written out painfully in the quaint language of the little diary. Violet was saved, it stated, "but so as by fyer, being plucked as a brand from the burning." Her experience of the ocean in a slave-ship deterred her from attempting another voyage, and she found a grave under the violets in the Deepegrove burying-ground. I have transcribed the story found in Witness Trimmer's records, thinking that, though the tale is old, human nature is the same from age to age, and its moral of tolerance in belief and of forgiveness of injuries may not be out of place at the present day—

"For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh al this newe come fro yere to yere;
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh al this new science that men lere."

I found his grave yesterday; it bore the name which the General Court had condemned him to wear, False Witness Trimmer, and the epitaph, strangely appropriate, though not original:

"He tried
To live without her, lik'd it not, and dyed."

GOOD-MORROW.

WHEN thus the morning weeps,
I say, good cheer,
Blue sky is near;
But when the day his rainy mantle keeps,
And wraps about him till with eve he sleeps,
I say "good-night" to sorrow,
Soon comes "good-morrow."

PAN-FISH ANGLING.



NE must be able
to take several
weeks from his

business, and expend an amount of money not only greatly disproportionate to the sport, but quite beyond the means of many ardent anglers, before he can think of indulging in fishing for salmon, trout, pompano, or any other of the more famous game fish of America. But it has become quite "fashionable" to affect a knowledge of angling as practiced in taking these larger fishes, while the charming sport of angling for the "smaller fry," or pan fishes, has been ignored or pooh-poohed as child's-play.

It is a part of the sad experience of every man who has been in the habit of breaking away from business in the trouting or salmon-fishing season for a few weeks' sport with these fishes, that much of the recorded pleasure of such recreation is more the result of mere after-thought than of fulfilled anticipations of rare sport. Tired limbs, drenched clothes, sullen fish that would not rise, long tramps to uninhabited pools, vexations of a thousand shades, fill up a large part of the true history of the summer excursions of the amateur anglers to our many noted fishing regions. I have known not a few cases where an experienced sportsman has returned from a month's stay in one or another of those regions without having killed as many fish as himself could have eaten in the time. Of course each angler, under such circumstances, has many excuses to offer for his ill luck, not one of which tends to establish what he inwardly regards as indubitable, viz., that these excursions never pay, in any sense of the word. But it is not my purpose to decry angling for heavy fish, or to deny that right royal sport can be had with salmon on the Canada rivers, with blue-fish along the Atlantic coast, and with trout in the Northern brooks. On the contrary, I can bear testimony to the exciting and fascinating nature of a strong battle with a twenty or thirty pound fish of

any sort; and as for brook trout, when they are to be found, they are full of sport. What I do maintain is that the commoner and generally overlooked fishes of our little inland brooks, or "creeks," as our people call them, are capable of affording excellent pastime, without any of the inconvenience, and with very little of the toil and expense, attendant on trout, salmon, or coast fishing.

Take, for instance, a stream not over four or five yards wide, and of an average depth of three feet, with here and there still pools of double that depth of blue, pure, but opaque water, in which you find small bass (say, a pound and a half for the heaviest fish), shoals of goggle-eyed perch, sun-perch, yellow perch, shiners, and red chub. Here you may depend on a week or two of quiet sport at any time during the months of May, June, and July, if you but know how to get at your business. There are hundreds of such streams in the United States into which a genuine angler has never cast a hook, and that, too, in our most thickly settled regions, within an hour's travel of large cities. Find such a stream, and at almost every pool, in season and out of season, you will see a man or boy, mayhap a woman, fishing with the conventional rod, line, and angle-worm, snatching out the spot-tail minnows and an occasional sun-perch; but such people do not dream of "goggle-eyes" and bass, or, if they do, they impale a live minnow on a great big hook, and patiently await impossibilities, hoping against hope that a half-pound bass will attempt to swallow a six-inch fish. It is a very interesting surprise to these sylvan conservative fishermen when you appear among them armed with your fragile-looking bamboo rod, with its hundred-foot silk line and nickel-plated stop-reel, your flies, your spoons, your artificial grasshoppers and counterfeit worms—a surprise, I say, and an interesting one, to them, because they soon discover that their streams are really well stocked with fine game fish. I remember an old fellow who said he had been for forty years fishing in a little stream of Middle Indiana, who was utterly taken aback when he saw me lift sixteen fine goggle-eyes out of a pool in sight of his home. He had always caught a few with worms early in the spring, but they were invariably small. He had never seen as large ones as those I killed; but no one had ever before cast a spoon and fly in that water.

As the object of this paper is to present in compact form all the information necessary to any one desiring to fully enjoy the exquisite sport afforded by angling in our small fresh-water brooks, I will take up in the order of their game qualities some of the principal ones of our pan fish, and discuss their habits while pointing out the best methods of killing them.

The striped bass of our larger streams is a noble fish, often weighing ten or twelve pounds; but in the little brooks of the Middle and Southern States he rarely reaches two pounds. I may therefore place him at the head of the list as at once the largest, strongest, gamest, liveliest, and finest-flavored of all the pan fish. He is found from Florida to the Lakes in all our streams, varying somewhat in markings and outline, according to locality and the kind of water he inhabits, but every where the same fish of prey; bold, swift, and merciless, darting upon and swallowing craw-fish, spot-tail minnows, small frogs, and every other live thing his throat can compass. You can soon discover his whereabouts by seeing the little fish skip out of the water to evade him. Usually his position will be in the shadow of a large boulder or close by a tuft of water grass, under a lily pad, or among the roots of some aquatic shrubs such as fringe our smaller streams. From such a hiding-place he rushes almost with the

whirling right before him. Ten to one he will pounce upon it at once; but he may not like the color. If after a few trials he refuses, change the tuft for a gray and red one. If that does not tempt him, put on a grasshopper stuck with a red feather, and so on, changing till you please him. This is the test for the day, and may be for several days. If he takes a certain spoon tuft, it is pretty certain that every other bass found that day will do the same. He darts at the bait and takes it with a snap. You give him just the slightest quick jerk, and away he goes, making your reel sing, till you arrest him and begin to fight him. If he weighs as much as a pound, he will pull like a savage. You will think you have hung a twelve-pounder. To properly land him, especially where the stream is fringed with hazel, pawpaw, or button-wood thickets, is a matter requiring no little skill. You have first to tire him down, and then gently lead him to some point where you can draw him ashore, shorten line, and lift

him out. Small bass will sometimes rise to a fly made of cardinal-bird's feathers, silver-leaf, and the gold feathers of the meadow-lark: but a very small whirling spoon, tufted in the hollow with scarlet and brown, is the best for general use after the 1st of June.

The goggle-eyed perch (*Pomotis rhomboides*), a beautiful fish, rarely exceeding a pound in weight, is very common in all the inland streams of the Middle and Southern States, and bites readily to an artificial minnow, a spoon set with yellow and red feathers, and to a live minnow, but it will



"TO PROPERLY LAND HIM," ETC.

swiftness of an arrow upon his prey. But he is not always successful, and as his digestion is strong and his appetite boundless, he seems never to be satisfied. Now, having spied out his lair, you may get some sport if you are properly prepared. Reel off line enough to reach him, and deftly launch a silver spoon tufted with red and blue feathers so that your little cork bob will keep it

not rise to a fly, or at least it can not be relied upon to do so. It can generally be found in small schools under the falls of the country mill-dams, and in the deep holes of the smallest streams, especially if the bottom be stony and full of crevices where they can hide. One of the finest days of sport I ever enjoyed was passed fishing in a series of pools on a little brooklet in Indiana,

where, wading from boulder to boulder, I cast my spoon into the deep currents between the stones on the confines of the pools, and hooked goggle-eyes as fast as I could handle them. It seemed that every crevice and pit in the stream's bottom had its swarm of these voracious fish, and none that I caught fell two ounces short of three-quarters of a pound in weight, and only one or two out of the 118 I killed went over that. It is often the case that no reliance can be put on piscatorial information obtained from the dwellers on the banks of a good perch stream, for unless the fish will take angle-worms for bait—a thing they often utterly refuse to do—these people have no means of discovering the presence of goggle-eyes, and will invariably tell you that none are in the stream. It is safe to say that nine-tenths of the smaller brooklets from the Lake Michigan region to that of the Gulf of Mexico are well-stocked with the *Pomotis rhomboides* during the spring and early summer months, and a little practice and careful observation will give the angler sufficient knowledge of its habits to direct him in killing it. A light, narrow silver spoon tufted with the scarlet feathers of the cardinal-bird will generally attract the fish, but you may have to add some brown feathers, and sometimes he will refuse every thing but a small minnow of the shiner or spot-tail. The goggle-eye is a gamer fish, in proportion to his size, than the bass, but he is generally found in narrow rapids and in very small pools where there is less room for sport than in bass-fishing. Sometimes, however, a spirited fellow will give you all you can attend to for a few minutes, and not unfrequently the most skilled angler will lose his fish.

On a little stream called Walnut Creek, in Middle Indiana, whither I go in the season to shoot wood-ducks with the long-bow, a friend and I killed in three hours a string of over thirty goggle-eyes, in the rapids below the falls of a mill-dam, with no bait but small fragments of a silver-side fish.

The sun-perch (*Pomotis vulgaris*) is the most beautiful of all our pan fish. He is commonly called sunfish, but the name does not belong to him. Seen in clear water, he shines with a brilliancy indescribable, his sides and under line, of a red-orange, shading off to golden yellow, fairly flaming if the sunlight reaches him. His width is about three-fifths of his length, and his stiff spiked fins give him a stubborn appearance well in accord with his nature. In our brooklets his weight seldom exceeds half a pound. He will sometimes rise to a sober gray or silver-winged fly lightly skittered, but usually the bait must drop to within a foot of bottom before he will take it. In any case he prefers live bait, seeming to be attracted to it rather by scent than sight. In spring

this fish runs in considerable schools, and may be found in the deep still eddies. It spawns in May, June, or July, according to latitude, in a nest hollowed in the pebbly bottom of a stream, where, if the water is clear, you may see it swimming round and round, savagely attacking and driving away every other fish that approaches. The smaller sun-perch will readily take an angle-worm, but the larger ones refuse; wherefore your skilled angler, with his small minnow or silver fly, gets all the fine fish, to the infinite envy of the urchins who follow him and patiently drop their cotton lines and clumsy hooks close in beside his fly or minnow, hoping by some rare chance to hook a "big one." I recollect a lad who thus haunted me on a perch stream, and who for a few brief moments one day enjoyed all the anguish of having actually landed a three-quarter-pound sun-perch. I was fishing with a minnow's tail for bait, and the boy cast, as usual, right across my line. At this moment the fish above mentioned struck, and in handling him I got him tangled in the boy's line. Such a jerk as that ragged scamp gave, it seems to me, would have landed a medium-sized shark; and out came my fish, line and all, every thing flying back over my head, upon the ground to my rear. The boy's eyes dilated to nearly twice their normal size as he precipitated himself bodily upon the fish; but when I showed him that my hook and not his was in the perch's mouth, he collapsed wofully and sneaked off. I laughed loudly at him, and he troubled me no more.

The black or blue bream (*Ichthelis incisor*) is a pan fish, of about the size of the goggle-eye, which abounds in the small brooklets of North Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. I have never found it north of the Cumberland Mountains. Its habits are those of the red-bellied perch, and at times it takes the common earth-worm as fast as presented; indeed, it never can be relied upon to take any but live bait, and its taste is exceedingly capricious even when that is offered. I recollect once, while fishing in the Oothecalog Creek, in the hill country of Cherokee Georgia, I tried every bait—fly, spoon, etc.—that past experience and the vexing perversity of the bream could bring to mind, with no result, and had about come to the conclusion that the fish had all left the creek, when I came upon a negro boy who had killed, with a short cane pole and a home-made line, a string of nearly fifty large bream. This made me inquisitive in the extreme, and I lost no time in approaching this ebony-skinned young sportsman with questions of the most leading character.

"What kind o' bait I use, masser? W'y, de was' nes', to be suah," he replied to one interrogatory.

"And what is was' nes'?" I inquired.

With a smile that had contempt and pity

at its root, the boy drew from his ragged coat pocket a huge wasps' nest, which was full of the larvæ of the wasps.

"Dem's de bait," he added, with a nod.

After that I had no trouble taking plenty of bream. In the South the large red wasps

The horned or red chub—a small pan fish found in nearly all of our lesser streams—is a favorite of mine, though I seem to be all alone in my estimate of his game qualities. To be sure, he greedily takes the angle-worm, and is the legitimate prize of any urchin



"WHAT IS WAS' NES'?"

build on the vines of the blackberry, and one nest contains enough bait for a day's fishing. You have only to stick one of the larvæ on your hook and cast it into a bream pool. If a fish is there, he is yours.

The blue bream is a strong, active, long-winded fish when hooked, and if you undertake to force him at first, you are pretty sure to lose him. He should be managed adroitly after the style of playing a small bass, and landed by a quick, steady lift as soon as he is led ashore.

No one who is fond of angling should ever pass through the South, especially North Georgia, in the fishing season, without stopping off to spend a week on a bream brook. In North Georgia the fish arrive about the last week of March, and the season lasts till the middle of June. Not only is the sport excellent of itself, but the weather is nearly always as fine as that of our Northern Indian summer, and the scenery is of the wildest and charmingest kind.

The yellow perch (*Perca flavescens*) I have never caught in Northern waters, but in the Southern brooks it is abundant and easily caught. Its habits are those of the sun-perch. It is an excellent table fish.

who can afford a hook and line; but he will also rise to a fly with all the promptness and vigor of a brook trout, and when he weighs nearly half a pound, he will run beautifully, and give your slender rod some considerable strains before you land him.

Several others of our pan fishes might be mentioned, but I have made the list long enough to serve my purpose, which is to direct the attention of the lovers of angling to a source of sport almost entirely overlooked. Those gentlemen who can not afford the luxury of a yacht, a month's excursion to the salmon streams of Canada, or a trip to our Western lakes, will find better sport in the first brook they can reach than may be had in some of the best trout streams of the North, provided always that they have made themselves acquainted with the habits of our pan fish, and the best means of taking them.

As a general thing, you will find two or three kinds of pan fish in a stream, and when one kind proves sullen, another may be in its glory. Thus I have often tried a "creek" for bass in vain, when goggle-eyes bit as soon as I offered them a chance to. When both bass and goggle-eyes refuse, you

may try for sun-perch, or bream, or chub, or shiner, or yellow perch, or red-billed perch, or roach. Some one of them will be sure to be ready for you, no matter how the weather is.

This brooklet fishing has scarcely a trace in it of the toil, danger, privation, and exposure incident to angling in the celebrated regions of salmon, trout, blue-fish, and channel bass. Sportsmen, as a rule, however, seem to adopt the delusive theory that the further they go the better their chances for fine sport.

At the farm-houses near our brooks excellent board and lodging may be had, with a boy to guide you, for about six or seven dollars per week; or, if you prefer to tent out, you can get cream, butter, eggs, "salt-rising" bread, and bacon from the country folk, and need suffer no lack of all the ordinary luxuries of town life, and at the same time enjoy all that is in the least enjoyable of the free experiences of open-air existence and adventure by field and flood.

A friend and I once fitted up a small skiff, which drew only a few inches of water, and in it drifted down a little brook for many miles, trawling for bass and goggle-eyes, stopping here and there to spend a day at some promising pool or stony rapid. We had with us a small fly-tent and the necessary cooking utensils, and no pleasure party in a steam-yacht ever experienced a more charming trip. True, it cost some labor to drag the boat over the frequent shoals, but every new pool we discovered more than repaid us for the effort it had required to reach it. A little way up a small tributary to this stream, at the mouth of which we pitched our tent for a day, I caught my first red chub with a fly. The water of the stream (a mere "branch") was quite clear, and I happened to see a chub rise and strike a small dead dragon-fly which was floating on the surface of a little pool. Acting on this hint, I took from my book a gray fly, attach-

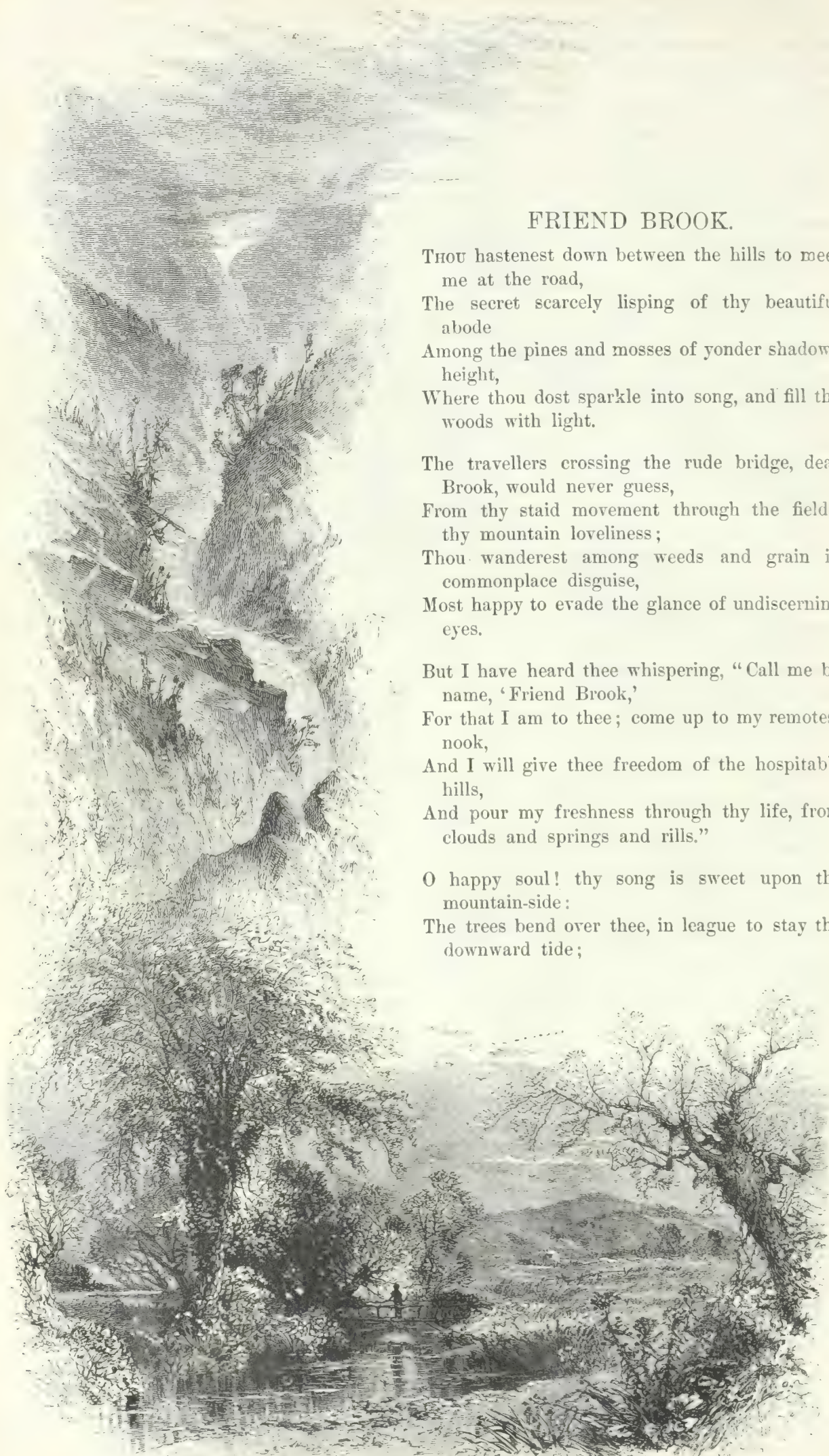
ed it to my line, and dropped it on the water. Almost instantly a chub struck it. For half an hour or more I had rare sport there, taking about four pounds of fish as game as any trout.

The table qualities of our pan fish can never be questioned. The goggle-eye, the sun-perch, the small bass, and the red chub are the finest frying fish in the world, and the blue bream surpasses even the bass when roasted and served with salad. The negro cooks of the South know how to fry pan fish to perfection, rolling them in coarse corn meal or cracked rice before putting them into the butter. They are brought to the table crisp and dry outside, but juicy and soft within. Sometimes they parboil the fish, bone them, then work them into rolls with mashed Irish potatoes, and fry them brown.

In concluding this paper I would respectfully beg of any angler who may think of trying a "bout" for pan fish not to do so with a view of angling at hap-hazard. The killing of goggle-eyes and sun-perch is an art worth some pains to acquire. No "slouch" can ever succeed in bringing one of these little fellows to land in good style, nor can a careless observer keep before him all the facts necessary to success in this delightful sport; but close attention to the habits of the fish and the varying conditions of weather and water, together with some intelligent experimenting with different kinds of flies and spoons, will soon give him all he requires to master the situation.

When once you have properly begun fishing for pan fish, you are sure to get enthusiastically fond of the sport. It will grow on you day by day, till every other piscatorial pastime is crowded out of your mind. The babble of perch brooks will follow you to your business and enliven the tedious dryness of office labor, and the singing of the wind in the leaves of the great plane-trees will stay in your ears for days and days after you have put by the rod for the season.





FRIEND BROOK.

THOU hastenest down between the hills to meet
me at the road,
The secret scarcely lisping of thy beautiful
abode
Among the pines and mosses of yonder shadowy
height,
Where thou dost sparkle into song, and fill the
woods with light.

The travellers crossing the rude bridge, dear
Brook, would never guess,
From thy staid movement through the fields,
thy mountain loveliness;
Thou wanderest among weeds and grain in
commonplace disguise,
Most happy to evade the glance of undiscerning
eyes.

But I have heard thee whispering, "Call me by
name, 'Friend Brook,'
For that I am to thee; come up to my remotest
nook,
And I will give thee freedom of the hospitable
hills,
And pour my freshness through thy life, from
clouds and springs and rills."

O happy soul! thy song is sweet upon the
mountain-side:
The trees bend over thee, in league to stay thy
downward tide;

The wild arbutus, flushed with haste, trails close to make appeal
For brief delay, and after her the wet-eyed violets steal.

But not the white wake-robin, nor the wood-stars on thy brink,
Nor any summer flower whose roots from thee refreshment drink,
Can need thee with my need, Friend Brook; and never any bird
Can trill such gratitude to thee as my heart chants unheard.

No; not the wood-thrush singing in the pine-trees' twilight shade,
As if one-half his melody the boughs' low murmur made—
A love-song eloquent with breaks of speechless tenderness,
A music heard through thy soft rush, too sweet to tell or guess;

For thou respondest humanly, almost, to human thought,
Soothing the silent pain wherewith a stranger meddled not,
Healing sick fancies from thy clear life's overflowing cup,
And winning flagging foot and heart forever up and up.

Friend Brook, I hold thee dearest yet for what I do not know
Of thy pure secret springs afar, the mystery of thy flow
Out of the mountain caverns, hid by tangled brier and fern:
A friend is most a friend of whom the best remains to learn.

New-born each moment, flashing light through worn, accustomed ways,
With gentle hinderance, gay surprise, sweet hurryings and delays—
Spirit that issueth forth from wells of life unguessed, unseen,
A revelation thou of all that holiest friendships mean.

I will not name the hills that meet to hold thee hand in hand,
The summits leaning toward thy voice, the mountain, lone and grand
That looks across to welcome thee into the open light:
Be hidden, O my Brook, from all save love's anointed sight!

Yet am I glad that every year, and all the summer long,
Some wayfarers will seek thy side, and listen to thy song,
And feel their hearts bound on with thine over the rocks of care:
With such as these, through shade and shine, thy friendship will I share.

And out of their abounding joy new loveliness and grace
Shall grow into the memory of thy green abiding-place.
Thou veilest thyself in sun-touched mists through which I may not look,
Yet blends my being with thy flow, in stir and rest, Friend Brook!



MAHOMET.¹

MECCA seems to be one of those places where men would least care to dwell. A narrow valley, shut in by tall and barren rocks, opens amidst an almost boundless desert. No green thing softens the fearful waste, and for three days' journey, until the traveller ascends to the lovely gardens of Tayif, he sees only a few stunted shrubs and a hot expanse of stony sands. The city, inclosed by its circle or wall of mountains, cut off from the cooling winds, without shade, forest trees, verdure, or even a flower, is often visited by such intolerable heat as is scarcely known even in the heart of the desert. No rain falls for months; the sun's rays reverberate through the narrow valley; a stifling atmosphere nearly destroys life; and the glare of the rocks, sands, and skies completes the torrid desolation.² When the rain comes at last it sometimes falls in such torrents as to convert the whole valley into the bed of a raging stream, and the Kaaba itself was once swept away in one of these fierce inundations. But in general a perpetual drought prevails in the sacred city, and the thirsty Arabs pant and sigh for a paradise teeming with groves and fountains, and those fair and animated landscapes which nature bestows so liberally on the Syrian and the Persian.

A few brackish but never-failing wells or springs made Mecca at an early period the resort of caravans passing from Yemen, on the Red Sea, to Petra and Damascus; and in the cleft between the rocks, Abraham, it was believed, rested from his vicarious sacrifice, and Hagar and Ishmael took refuge. It is the boast of the Arabs that they are the descendants of the Hebrew patriarch, and the worship of Abraham is in some obscure way connected with the black stone and the hallowed temple in the Meccan valley. All Arabia looked upon Mecca as a holy city centuries before Mahomet; throngs of pilgrims came from all parts of the peninsula to pace round the Kaaba or kiss the mysterious stone; and the germs of Mohammedanism must be looked for in that star and stone worship which seems to have blended with Judaism, and transformed the early Arabs into the grossest idolaters. When commerce had turned away from its ancient course, and the caravan had been supplanted by the fleets of Ormus and the Ind, the greatness of Mecca must have passed away altogether; and it might have sunk into a

solitary ruin as desolate as Petra or Palmyra had not superstition still hallowed its sandy vale with the legends of Abraham, Hagar, and Ishmael.¹ A haunt of the wild Arabs of the desert from whom Mahomet drew his origin, and whose impulsive virtues and vices he never ceased to share, the hot and arid scene was peopled by the fertile Oriental fancy with raging Jinn, who covered the mountain peaks with their legions, and angels of spotless purity, who often met and put to flight their spiritual foes. To the Arab the air was full of spiritual forms, and an omen lay hidden in every passing cloud.

In their hot and sandy cleft amidst the rocks, where even in winter the air is stifling, and where the fierce simoom sometimes strikes men dead on the streets, the Meccans atoned for the aridity of their landscape by the vigor of their fancies. They had poets who contended at the national festivals for the sacred laurel, whose language was chosen with the nicest care, and whose honors were coveted as a priceless possession. Some trace of a high intellectual nature seems mingled with the sensual manners of the impulsive natives. Their songs and legends were labored and splendid, and their language had been modulated by the study of ages. For their savage birth-place they retained a patriotic affection, and the exiles of Medina sang in plaintive verses of their lost home. The dark-skinned, agile, and ever-active race, often tall, well-formed, and graceful, clung like wild beasts or insects to their desert, where no other living thing seemed willing to dwell. Yet they were men with all the common virtues and passions of their race. They were busy and successful merchants trading in the fairs of Syria, and wandering to the lovely vales of Yemen; they made their profits from the throng of pilgrims who visited the holy places; they had their camels, slaves, and flocks of goats and sheep; a rigid aristocracy prevailed among them; their savage society was divided into nobles and plebeians; and the notion of human equality had never dawned upon their uncultured minds. Compared with the intellectual Hebrew or the polished Greek, the Arabs of Mecca were barbarians. Their festive meetings were interrupted by savage quarrels, and their arid streets were often stained with blood. Nor did it seem possible that the children of Ishmael were ever destined to perform an important part in the civilization of nations, that the songs of Arab poets and the genius of Arab philosophers should awaken mankind to a new progress, or a hundred millions of the human race turn with reverence and affection to the sandy vale where Abra-

¹ *Mohammed and Mohammedanism*. By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875. We have used the more familiar name Mahomet in preference to that of the authorities.

² Burckhardt, Burton. No Christian, said Carsten Niebuhr (1762), dares enter Mecca, c. 66; but at Medina he saw Mahomet's tomb, a plain structure. Sale, Koran, should be consulted, with Muir, Weil, Sprenger, Lane's Arabian Nights, and Gibbon.

¹ M. Amari's *Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia* has traced the division of the Arab race and the fierce ancestry of Mahomet.

ham was believed to have founded the Kaaba on its green rocks, or Hagar wept in her desolation.

Twenty-five centuries had passed since the patriarch* had fallen asleep amidst his flocks and deserts, when Abd al Muttalib, a venerable Bedouin chief, was the wealthiest and most distinguished of the Meccans. Like Abraham, from whom he probably traced his long genealogy, he was rich in cattle and in slaves. He was now seventy years old, and as the chief of the Meccans, guarded the Kaaba and the sacred stone. Warrior as well as merchant and cattle-drover, Abd al Muttalib had just repelled or evaded the attack of the Christian Abyssinians upon the Meccan territory, and the "War of the Elephant," as it was called, from the single elephant that accompanied the invaders, had been concluded by a sudden pestilence which had swept away the Abyssinians with fearful torments. Mecca had escaped from its foes; and the generous old man was famous for his hospitality, his alms, his virtues and wisdom, no less than as the deliverer of his country. His youngest son, Abdallah, was the fairest of the Meccan youth, and his charms, his high birth and apparent wealth, had won the affections of many a noble maiden of the valley. But Abd al Muttalib took him away from them all, and married him to Amina, the loveliest of the daughters of the desert, and at the same time married himself Hâlah, Amina's cousin, who bore him a son, named Hamza. The two weddings seem to have happened in the year 570 or 571. The first at least was unfortunate; the beautiful Abdallah died soon after his marriage at Medina,¹ and Amina was left poor, dependent, and sorrowful, for her whole possessions consisted of five camels, a flock of goats, a slave girl, and a small house at Mecca.

Not long after Abdallah's death, Amina became a mother, and her only son was to be known to all succeeding ages as the Prophet and the Vicar of God. Tradition has covered his birth with miraculous legends; the heavens opened, and birds-of-paradise, gleaming with gems, sang around the humble cottage of Amina. But Mahomet himself seems never to have countenanced the extravagant fancies of his followers, and so little did Amina feel the divine mission of her son that she hastened to send him away to be nursed among the wild tribes of the desert.

It was the custom, it seems, among the women of Mecca, like those of Paris, to forget or neglect their natural duties, and the young Mahomet lived until he was five years old with his nurse Halîma and her husband. Halîma was a tender foster-

mother. Once only she brought the strange child back to Amina, when she believed that he had become possessed by Satan, for he had apparently epileptic fits from his cradle; and once the young Mahomet fixed his teeth so deeply in the shoulder of his foster-sister that the scar remained ever after. Halîma consented to take him back to her tribe, but still watched, with some awe, the nervous and strange child; and at last, terrified by what she supposed some new proof of the presence of an evil spirit, restored him in his sixth year to his mother.¹ He remained with Amina probably a year, when she died, and Mahomet was left an orphan, impoverished and alone, to the care of his grandfather, Abd al Muttalib. The venerable chief received with joy the son of his beloved Abdallah. He would carry the child to the Kaaba, and when any one strove to separate them, would say, "Let my little son alone," and stroke him on the back. But in 578 Abd al Muttalib too died,² and Mahomet was seen weeping bitterly as he followed him to the tomb. Misfortune and death had pursued him incessantly, a cloud had settled on his childhood; but a generous uncle—Abu Talib—now assumed the guardianship of the helpless boy, and treated him with unchanging kindness, nor do the Arabs seem ever to have been wanting in the elements of natural benevolence.

With his uncle Mahomet went on a mercantile journey to Syria, and saw the solemn ruins of Petra, the remains of fallen nations, the lonely waters of the Dead Sea, and perhaps the splendid ritual of the Christian churches, and the intellectual worship of the Jews. The sad and somewhat gloomy temperament of the boy would at least draw instruction from the spectacle of decay. His poverty was now extreme, according to tradition; his uncle's family were sometimes oppressed by actual famine, and Mahomet, in his distress, became a goat-herd, tending his flock in the tall hills around Mecca. Here, in utter solitude, covered by the mysterious company of the stars, he may have meditated on the miserable weakness of his race, and felt that he clung, like the leaves and the insects, to a world that must soon cast him off forever. He went, apparently with the Koreish, on a military expedition to the fair fields of Taggib, three days' journey from Mecca, among the mountains, and here heard, perhaps, a Christian bishop preach with zeal and sincerity a purer faith. He never learned to read and write, but he had listened to the songs of poets and the voice of native eloquence, had seen the most eminent men of his tribe, and lived among

¹ These legends are at least illustrative of Arab life, and are told by Wäckidi, Mahomet's best biographer. See Muir, i. p. 19, etc.

¹ Wäckidi relates the marvels. See Sprenger, i. 145, and note, p. 164-5.

² He was eighty-two years old, but Gibbon would have him one hundred and two.

the wisest of his contemporaries. An instinctive refinement had kept him from vice, and he was accustomed to record or to survey with pleasure his own pure and untainted youth. He was almost a coward, and shrank from pain, and from all the traits of human weakness and degradation. He was early known at Mecca as Al Amin, "The Faithful," a man of integrity and honor.

Lingering almost useless and forgotten in his uncle's house, Mahomet may have lamented the swift flight of time, and, in his three-and-twentieth year, anticipated the youthful complaint of Milton. The goat-herd and the poet probably pined with a not dissimilar passion. But when Mahomet was about twenty-five, his uncle, it is related, called him to his side, and said: "I am, as thou knowest, a man of little property, and the times are hard. Now here is Khadijah about to send a caravan to Syria. Offer thy services, and she will accept them." Four camels was the price demanded for Mahomet's hire. The liberal widow consented. The Prophet managed his business well. He travelled to Bostra and Damascus, and may have seen the gross degradation of the Syrian Christians, the universal spread of monkish idolatry, and caught at Gaza a distant view of huge ships sailing like mountains over the billows of the Mediterranean. He returned full of triumph to Mecca. Khadijah, sitting with her maids on the upper story of her house, saw him ride into the town, fair, young, and prosperous, at the head of her caravan, and soon heard from his eloquent lips the story of his toils, dangers, and success. Desdemona was not more fatally ensnared.¹ Khadijah was forty, rich, powerful, and well-born, fair and liberal; her Othello was only twenty-four or twenty-five. Yet millions and hundreds of millions of the dark-skinned races of the East have dwelt with exultation in all later ages on the passion of the generous widow for their Prophet, and acknowledged, with Mahomet, the surpassing virtue of Khadijah. "She helped me," he said, "when all men neglected me, and believed when all others doubted."

Mahomet had inherited the rare personal attractions of Abdallah and Amina. He was tall, graceful, and dignified, his countenance engaging, his eyes dark and lustrous; his thick black beard reached down upon his breast; intelligence and a pensive melancholy marked his carriage; he spoke seldom, yet always in language musical and refined; sometimes he broke into sallies of humor and loud peals of laughter; he was passionate but forgiving, gentle yet full of dignity. "Never did he speak to me an

unkind word," said one of his slaves of him. Yet his air was so commanding and austere as at times to awaken an indescribable awe. A vein in his forehead swelled in his moments of excitement, and his eyes, blood-shot and restless, seldom fixed upon any single object, but were full of the inspiration or the poetry of a prophet or a seer.

Khadijah, who had been sought in marriage by many noble Meccans, had rejected every offer, and lived in retirement, adding to her large fortune by a successful trade. Mahomet alone had won her heart. Yet we are told she hesitated how to make known her preference, and a sister or a servant opportunely lent her aid—went to the young man and said, "What is it, O Mahomet, that keeps thee from marrying?" "I have nothing," he replied, "in my hands wherewith to marry." "But what if some beautiful and wealthy lady should offer to place thee in affluence, wouldst thou have her?" "And who can that be?" said the astonished Mahomet. "It is Khadijah." "But how can I aspire to her?" "Let that be my care," said the confidante. "I am ready," he said. And the servant went to tell all to Khadijah. But one obstacle still seemed to threaten discomfiture to all their hopes; for Khadijah's father, a powerful and wealthy Meccan, was certain to refuse to bestow his daughter on her poor and obscure suitor, and a lover's stratagem was employed to deceive the unsuspecting old man. Hamza, Mahomet's uncle and friend, was bidden to the wedding. Khadijah prepared a feast for her father, and when he was overpowered by wine, cast over him the perfume of ambergris, and dressed him in a marriage garment. He woke only to discover that his daughter was married to the obscure Mahomet, and, full of rage, denounced the unequal match. Fierce words were spoken, weapons were drawn, but the quarrel ended in reconciliation. And thus Mahomet and Khadijah began their married life with a pious fraud. The legend is told, not without reluctance, by the Prophet's most accurate biographers.

Thus raised, Aladdin-like, to sudden affluence and distinction, Mahomet lived with his Khadijah in a fair house at Mecca, the site of which is still shown to the traveller. Faithful and devoted to his generous wife, they dwelt in happiness together, although that strange restlessness and peculiar temperament which had alarmed his Bedouin nurse in childhood seem never to have deserted him. His busy and poetic intellect grew cloudy and stormy in repose. Often he fled from his fine house and affluent ease to hide in a solitary cave on one of the hills above the city, to give himself to fasting and meditation, and wrestle with the evil

¹ Tradition and his biographers supply Mahomet with two angels to accompany him on his ride into Mecca. Sprenger, i. 185.

¹ The legend is told by the biographers. Sprenger, i. 194.

spirits that pursued his path. He kept the fast of the Rajab with austere severity. His wife, touched by his religious fervor, or careful of his safety, sometimes went with him to his cave. Yet often he was alone, and such wild visions and fearful anticipations came upon him that he was nearly driven to suicide. Two or three miles to the north of Mecca rise the bare rocks of Mount Hira, or the Mount of Light, and on its side the cave is shown—the most solemn spot in the story of Mohammedanism¹—where the Prophet wrestled with the mysteries of life and death, and where the angel at last descended to summon him to the conversion of mankind. It is indeed a scene well suited for an eremite and a recluse. All around is a spectacle of desolation: the bare and arid desert, the black and barren hills, the white sandy valleys without a trace of life or joy. His excitement grew with meditation and solitude, and he began to pour forth the intense thoughts that maddened him in poetical strains that are at times not without Miltonic energy.² In Sura CIII. he sings:

“By the declining day I swear!
Verily, man is in the way of ruin:
Excepting such as possess the Faith
And do the things that be right,
And stir up one another to truth and steadfastness.”

It was not unnatural that Mahomet, to whom all other sources of mental progress were closed, should turn to religious speculation. The atmosphere of Mecca, above all other places except Jerusalem, was filled with the memories of the prophets and the seers. It was a holy city and hallowed ground, and if its people were probably noted rather for their avarice than their piety, the ideal of a higher life still hovered over the home of Abraham. Yet its spiritual condition might well claim the unsparing hand of the reformer. Mecca had long fallen away from the pure creed of Abraham into gross idolatry. Three hundred and sixty idols of various shapes and unequal worth defiled the precincts of the Kaaba.³ The God of Abraham was forgotten by the worshipers of the temple he had founded; the idols Al Lât and Ossa engrossed their gifts and their sacrifices; men, women, children, had been immolated at their barbarous shrines; the city was steeped in cruelty and license; its wine shops and its

bazars teemed with profligacy; and the austere and rigid Mahomet had seen with fierce contempt and shame the decay of faith and virtue.

Puritanism is the necessary alternative of an aspiring intellect shocked by the spectacle of human degradation, touched by the sudden glimpse of immortality, and Mahomet went beyond even the bounds of puritanism, to an asceticism that could only have increased the pains of his mental torture. From his fortieth to his forty-third year his paroxysms of religious insanity increased. An eremite amidst the gloom of his silent cave, he shunned all the allurements of the senses. Often in his agony he meditated death, and resolved upon self-destruction. A tendency to suicide seems to have been inherent to his constitution;¹ an early acquaintance with bereavement and misfortune had covered him with an incessant melancholy. In his solitude the flames of a fiery hell seemed to threaten all mankind. The knowledge of the true God had departed, and Mahomet pursued with his uninformed yet acute intellect a rigorous search for truth. Of his sincerity at this period of his career there can be no doubt. Wealth, ease, and pleasure he had abandoned to give himself to the cause of benevolence and charity, to awaken mankind to a higher faith. “Woe,” he cried, “to the slanderer and defamer, to him that heapeth up riches! he shall be cast into the crushing Fire, for the Fire of God is kindled,”² etc. It was to the relief of the poor, the orphan, and the stranger that he had devoted himself, and his mind plainly tended to a religion whose foundation was universal charity. He had some acquaintance with the principles of Judaism and Christianity, but the idols of the Christians were as shocking to him as those of the Kaaba, and he turned rather to the pure monotheism of the Hebrew prophets than to the more complicated and degenerate faith of Syria. He was anxious only to revive the conception of the God of Abraham, to exchange the law of Moses for his own; and hence, as the learned Deutsch indicated, the religion of Mahomet was almost a continuation of the dissertations of the Talmudists. Yet it differs from them in quality if not in nature, for the composers of the Midrash were men of rare intellectual culture, studious, laborious, and refined. Mahomet was an illiterate Arab, chanting forth a system that was covered with fanatical obscurity and lost in clouds of contradiction.

In his moments of inspiration, his followers relate—and they gazed, no doubt, with intense attention upon his august form—

¹ Noldeke, *Gesch. des Korans*, p. 17. Whether Mahomet was in the actual presence of the Deity is still a question discussed by his followers. His own claims are not of immediate revelations.

² The Koran is written in irregular verse, usually rhyming, and broken by constant “refrains.” Noldeke, *Gesch. des Korans*, p. 27. Die Rede in kurze Glieder zerfällt, von denen immer zwei oder mehrere auf einander reimen, etc. It is divided into Suras, or stanzas.

³ Sale, *Prelim. Discourse*, describes the idols. One was a vulture, another a piece of dough.

¹ Muir, ii. p. 71.

² Sura XC.:

“And what shall cause thee to know what the Ascent is?
Freeing the captive, and giving food,” etc.

the Prophet was covered with anxiety, and his countenance was troubled; he fell to the ground like one intoxicated; on the coldest day his forehead was covered with great drops of perspiration. His inspired moments came upon him suddenly, nor did any one know when the divine communication might descend. In one of these paroxysms he was alone in his cave. A horror rested upon him; the solemn desert, the wild rocks, the speechless stars, were the only witnesses of his agony; when suddenly a light encompassed him, heaven opened, and a glorious form approached, clad in a majesty almost divine.¹ It was the angel Gabriel. In one word he embraced the genius of Mohammedanism. "Cry," said the stately vision, famed in the traditions of the Arabs as the heavenly messenger to the lonely thinker—"cry, for thou art the Prophet of God." Often from this time the gracious Gabriel, most beautiful of the angels, descended to communicate the will of God to the Prophet. He was now sure of his own divine mission. At first Mahomet had fancied that it was the Jinn or genii, so famed in the Arab legends, that had covered him with mournful anticipations and tempted him to self-destruction. The Jinn were a race of fallen spirits who hovered around the limits of paradise, and sometimes caught faint intimations of the purposes of the Almighty, which they communicated to their servants on earth, the soothsayers and magicians. But now the approach of Mahomet banished them forever from the sacred boundaries; and a flight of shooting-stars which happened at this time was believed by the faithful to be the fiery bolts shot by the angels at the flying but audacious Jinn. The appearance of Gabriel opened his new career to Mahomet, and he began at once to preach.

A new prophet at Mecca can not have aroused at first any intense interest, for the sacred city had ever been the favored scene of spiritual impulses and religious aspirations. Every idol had its faithful worshippers, and those who adored a vulture were naturally the enemies of those who knelt before an unhewn stone. The wiser Arabs seem to have often lamented the spiritual divisions of their country. But from his forty-fourth year, Mahomet, no longer hiding in his solitary cave, began to stand in the streets of Mecca and point his countrymen to the faith of Allah and his Prophet. His first convert, his faithful wife, had at once acknowledged his divine mission; the slave Zeid, the boy Ali, and one or two more made up the company of the faithful. The Prophet was still looked upon as a madman, and only the generous Abu Talib and the

sympathy of the Hashemites saved him from some rigorous persecution. Yet year after year he persisted in his solitary cry. The pilgrims to Mecca heard him as they came to pace swiftly around the sacred temple; the news of a new revelation spread through Arabia, and the people of Medina were prepared to follow the iconoclastic faith. The Hashemites, his cousins and relations, long fallen from their former greatness into poverty and neglect, one by one yielded to the eloquent declamation of Mahomet. Orator and poet, he was never without an audience. He preached to the slave and the noble, the aged and the young. His wild bursts of rhapsody and wisdom, of keen intelligence and utter frenzy, told of the paradise glowing with rich fields of pleasure, and an inferno hotter than the simoom of the desert—of immortality, purity, a single deity, and an overruling fate.¹ Such ideas, presented with the intense fervor of an undoubting faith by Mahomet and his disciples, could not fail to win the favor of the honest and the wise, and Abu Bekr, Hamza, Omar, Othman, were ranged on the Prophet's side. Some of the most eminent of the Meccans were found in the ranks of the companions of Mahomet.

Yet, as the Prophet may possibly have foreseen, the religious reformation soon assumed a political aspect, and the enemies of the Hashemites may have discovered in their secret assemblies the omens of revolution. The Koreish keepers of the Kaaba, the oligarchy of Mecca, might well have feared that with the fall of its idols the attractions of the sacred city would pass away, that the profits of the pilgrimages would cease with the new faith, or at least that the Hashemites, led by the illustrious Mahomet, would snatch from them by force the keys of the sacred places. A persecution began. The followers of Mahomet fled from the city to Medina, or to Abyssinia. Touching legends are told of the pains of the martyrs and the constancy of the humble converts. Some slaves were exposed to the hot sun of Mecca, clad in brazen armor, yet were not all won from the faith. A ban was laid on the Hashemites. The first Mahometans gathered together in a safe quarter of the city around Abu Talib's house, and were prepared to defend themselves with the temporal sword. For two, perhaps three, years the Hashemites lived in their retreat, impoverished and persecuted, venturing out only when the period of pilgrimage insured a general peace. They were cut off from all friendly intercourse. No one would sell them corn. The cries of their hungry children were heard by the people, and some

¹ The appearance of Gabriel is variously described by the biographers, yet all unite in the fact and the place.

¹ Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, *Mahomet et le Koran*, calls the religion of Islam "la vraie et sainte doctrine que Mahomet est venu prêcher au monde arabe," but its errors plainly overbalance its truth. Pref., x.

gentle hearts gave them charity by stealth. The Prophet stood among them patient and immovable. At last they were released and the ban removed, but with intense and bitter grief Mahomet saw his wife Khadijah and his uncle Abu Talib die in the midst of their distresses. He was overborne by a fierce burst of passion. Accustomed to lean on the generous support of his two benefactors, he saw them pass from him with bitter tears.

To Khadijah, Sprenger traces much of what is pure in Islam, and many of the noblest impulses of the Koran; after her death, he thinks there was a plain decline in the moral tendencies of the Prophet.¹ For twenty-five years she had watched over her impulsive husband with parental care, his Egeria and benefactress. Nor had Mahomet ever failed to win her perfect trust. Without her love and faith, we may fancy, with the biographer, he would never have become the Prophet of Islam, and in her death mankind received a serious wound. Four daughters and two sons² were born to them, of whom one alone, the famous Fatima, survived, to become the wife of Ali and the parent of an illustrious and ill-fated line. The death of Khadijah left Mahomet once more impoverished and helpless. He found little faith in Mecca. He wandered away with Zeid to preach in the fair gardens of Tayif, but the people drove him away with stones. He came back timid, discouraged, and, afraid to enter the city, hid once more in the cave on the Mountain of Light. Yet such is the inconstancy even of heroic affection that we find the Prophet, two months after his wife's death, married again to Sawda, another widow; and at the same time he seems to have been betrothed or married to the young daughter of Abu Bekr, Ayesha, whose jealous hatred of Fatima and her descendants was to convulse the East with an endless schism. Ayesha was only six or seven years old, her husband fifty, and the disparity does not seem to have been noticed by the devout Abu Bekr. But Mahomet now heard, what was of signal importance to him, that the people of Medina had become converts to the new faith, or were at least willing to receive with favor his devoted disciples. He now planned a complete secession from Mecca to the friendly city, and, one by one or in parties of considerable size, the Mahometans made their way by night, in disguise or in various methods of concealment, from the hands of their persecutors to the walls of Medina. Here they were received with generous hospitality by its people. Even the Jews met them with favors. Ma-

homet, Abu Bekr, and Ali, with their families, alone remained at Mecca, and the Prophet waited for a divine command before he should commence the memorable journey. Secretly, however, the three Mahometans had made preparations for their flight. Abu Bekr had purchased two swift camels; a guide was hired. The long path from Mecca to Medina led through blazing sands and stony deserts, a distance of two hundred and seventy miles, and they must fly by unknown ways, hidden from their enemies. It was time for them to go. The Koreish had learned to fear the Prophet as a rebel and a reformer. One night the chiefs, or the assassins, came to his house, but found only Ali, who slept in the Prophet's bed. Mahomet, alarmed, had gone to the home of Abu Bekr. They descended together to the street, in the shade of evening, from a back window, passed through the suburbs of the city, climbed a lofty mountain, and crept into a cave. They were pursued. The enemy came to the mouth of the cave; but a pigeon laid its eggs at the entrance, a spider wove its web across the rock, and the Meccans, deceived, passed on. "We are but two," said the trembling Abu Bekr, "and shall be discovered." "There is a third," said the Prophet, "for God is with us."

In June, the 20th, 622, two swift camels came stealthily to the foot of Mount Thaur, climbed its barren side, and bore away the two Mahometans toward Medina. The Hegira is one of those epochs in the history of the world that are of more importance than the shock of armies and the fate of battles, and invention, discovery, science, art, hung trembling in the balance as the swift camels bore the fugitives away from their pursuers. Yet as a pure and peaceful religion the doctrine of Mahomet was to exist no more. The Hegira changed the Prophet into a political chief, bent upon endless war with the idolaters of Mecca, preaching the efficacy of the temporal sword instead of universal charity, hanging like a blazing flame of destruction over the nations, the omen of bloodshed, desolation, despair. In the Middle Ages it was usual to look upon Mahomet as a frightful demon and the spirit of destruction. Nor was the conception unjust. The lapse of centuries had not diminished to our ancestors the terror with which they learned that a new prophet had arisen in Arabia; that his symbol was the crescent and the sword; that the hordes of the desert had spread like locusts over the fairest regions of Christendom; and that the Arabian impostor or his followers ruled over Jerusalem, and menaced Constantinople and Rome.

As the two Arabs ride stealthily along the sea-coast from Mecca to Medina, unconscious that the fate of ages and of inventive progress hangs upon their safety, we may survey

¹ Sprenger, i. 355. Ohne die Liebe und den Glauben der Chadija wäre Mohammed nie zum Propheten geworden, etc. Khadijah has always formed a happy model of virtue to the Mahometans.

² Gibbon incautiously enlarges the number to eight.

briefly the condition of that world around him with whose character and people the Prophet was wholly unfamiliar. In the year 622 Arabia was still, as ever, unconquered, and a fierce spirit of independence had always marked the wild tenants of the desert. Yet that the Bedouins should ever break from their native peninsula to overrun and subdue the fairest portions of Europe, Asia, and Africa, was a supposition that could never have been entertained. They had never before, as they have never since, ventured beyond their native sands. The destroying genius of Mahomet was to unite them for a moment into one animated and harmonious body, the conquerors and colonists of a decaying world; and the historical inference seems to follow that we can form no complete conception of the powers of any separate race when touched by the rage of fanaticism and inspired by a poet's fancy. Barbarous, uncultivated, almost unarmed, save with the spiritual fire of the Koran, the Arabs met armies clad in steel, aided by all the appliances of high civilization, led by practiced commanders with undaunted skill and courage, and routed them from the Caspian to the Atlantic. Nothing could resist their novel tactics, their mounted squadrons, their flashing ciméters, and terrible cries. For nearly two centuries from the Hegira the wild children of the desert continued their mad race over the world, plundering, converting, enslaving, destroying. Nor was there any power within the limits of civilization that could manacle and restrain the hordes of Arab robbers.

Could Mahomet have looked from the shores of the Arabian Gulf upon the condition of his contemporaries in 622, he would have seen a world broken into hopeless disorder and nations perishing in a general barbarism. In England a horde of Saxon savages were destroying the remains of Roman order and the pure germs of Northern Christianity, and the papal missionaries in Kent had just begun to spread the later superstitions of Rome over the ruling race. France and Spain were passing through a not dissimilar process, conquered at once by the Northern barbarians and the idols of the South. The Germans were still rude or savage, their fair land covered by forests, the birth-place of new empires. There was a feeble and wicked emperor ruling at Constantinople, for the real virtues and heroism of Heraclius seem to have passed away with his youth; and he who had overthrown the might of Chosroes by a series of wonderful exploits did nothing to check the advance of the Arab legions. Timidity or indolence ruled in the councils of the East. Italy still obeyed Heraclius, and its popes, unworthy successors even of Gregory the Great, sat amidst the ruins of Rome, spectacles of moral decay. Rome was almost a deserted city.

In Athens a thin horde of robbers occupied the home of Pericles, and looked upon the unshattered portico of the Parthenon. Persia was fallen into decline; the Greeks still held Jerusalem, Alexandria, Cyrene, Carthage; but the central power of a great government had fallen with the genius of Rome, and it was not the least valuable part of the political labor of the Saracens that they constructed a new fabric from the shattered waste of nations, and gave a stable government to a large part of mankind. The Saracenic Empire almost rivaled that of Rome; but it fell, as all despotisms must fall, by the swift decay of the people. It rose and disappeared like some graceful vision along the path of mediæval history. Yet it gave to European barbarians an example of government where life and property were respected, where manners were often gentle, and conversation sometimes refined.

Still more memorable was the influence of the Arabian reformer upon the religions of modern Europe, and Christianity owes something of its recent progress to the flight from Mecca. For the opening of the seventh century was a period of intense idolatry.¹ All over Europe the worship of images had grown up amidst the general ignorance. From the pure adoration of a single deity inculcated by Paul and John, men had sunk back into the deepest superstition. The Christian churches, like the Kaaba, were filled with idols, relics, the coarsest impostures, the rudest gods. A nail, a single hair, a napkin, a piece of wood, were worshiped as reverently as Al Lât or Ossa, and Rome and Constantinople were provided with as many deities as Mecca. To the tendency of the intellect of his time Mahomet was to administer a swift remedy, and wherever his institutions ruled, idols were cast down, and the children of Abraham admitted only a single deity, beneficent and wise. The Allah of the Prophet would have neither images nor representations. The sword of the Saracens purged Jerusalem from idolatry, and founded a new school of religious thought in Europe. Leo, in the next century, began at Constantinople the war upon images; Charlemagne inspired Germany with a terror of idolatry; the Saracens and the Jews scoffed at the relics and glittering shrines of Christendom; the reformers of the North caught up the Arabian impulse; the Greek Church confined itself at length to the worship of pictures, and the Roman Church alone held fast to its throng of images or idols, and enforced their claims by a merciless persecution. Wherever the papal arms extended, the churches

¹ From the culture of the Jews, the most civilized people of the time, Mahomet gathered his leading ideas. See Deutsch, *Islam*, p. 329. But the Jews had never been able to spread their ideas to the gentiles, nor desired it.

were filled with their grotesque and fanciful representations of spiritual forms; wherever the Saracen came, he dashed in pieces the glittering idols; and in every mosque the presence of the God of Abraham was recognized by the spiritual eye alone.¹ To teach such a lesson was not without its happy influence upon the revival of a purer Christianity. Cruelty, terror, a severe intolerance, were to mark the religious progress of Mohammedanism; yet in one instance at least it eradicated a vice which not all the lessons of modern reformers have been able to encounter with success. A Dow or a Mathew might envy the thoroughness with which the Arabs closed every wine shop from the Caspian to the Atlantic, and made perfect abstinence the practice of the most civilized part of mankind. No temperance reform was ever so effective as that of Mahomet. But Mahomet inculcated his principles with the cimeter, and the heretic who touched wine might forfeit the joys of paradise, and be subjected to temporal punishment. It was a bold rebuke to the savage license of the Northern barbarians, whose feasts were drunken revelries, and whose rude banquets usually ended in strife and disorder. The morals and the manners of the Arabs were at least preferable to those of the savage Saxons and Normans.

But the chief achievements of the Arab teacher were to be in the aery realms of letters, and in that world of pure science from which a Newton and a Galileo were to gain an insight into the mightiest principles of nature, from which a chemical transformation was to carry thought from land to land and create the novel powers of mechanics. And the wild chant of the Koran may be said to be the most practical of poems, since it gave to men chemistry and mathematics.² Every Moslem was taught to labor by the descendants of the mercantile Arabians; a free school was planted by every mosque; and for four centuries the keen and subtle intellect of an industrious and inquisitive race was directed to the pursuit of science. It is scarcely necessary to recall their colleges, libraries, and schools that sprang up under the care of the literary yet semi-barbarous tyrants of Bagdad and Cordova; but the results of this period of study are so memorable as to deserve to be ranked among the most valuable of human labors. The Moslems gave themselves with such ardor

to the examination of the laws of nature as to invent the science of chemistry; they enlarged or revived algebra; they restored medicine to a scientific rank; and so infinite and so wonderful were their various inventions and discoveries that by their contemporaries in France and England they were uniformly looked upon as magicians and sorcerers. No one but Satan, William of Malmesbury and his monkish authorities tell us, could produce the strange machines, the curious books, and the fearful powers of the Arabs. The finest intellects of early Europe naturally turned to the Mahometan schools for instruction in elementary science; and Albertus Magnus and Pope Sylvester II. learned from Spain the principles of arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, and chemistry with which they astonished and awakened the barbarians of the North. Pope Sylvester, as the scholar Gerbert, had gained from the Arabs not only the secrets of science, but the art of teaching. His school at Rheims was attended by the son of Hugh Capet and the heir of the German Empire. The genius of Mahomet enlightened the two royal lines of Germany and France; Europe borrowed its science from Cordova and its literature from the amorous strains of Moslem poetry; and the mental supremacy of the Arabs of the tenth and eleventh centuries may be traced in the superstitious awe with which the priests and monks looked upon their own greatest scholars who had studied in the Arab schools. It was in the city of Seville, the centre of magic and incantations, the chronicler¹ relates, that Gerbert learned to surpass Ptolemy in the use of the astrolabe, Alcandræus in astronomy, or Firmicius in astrology, that he acquired the art of calling spirits from the infernal world, or became admirable in arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and music. These arts, we are told, he revived in France or Gaul, where they had become wholly obsolete. Otho of Germany and Robert of France were his disciples. But all this mental supremacy Gerbert had won by a compact with Satan, and from the wicked practices of the Saracens. By his Arab familiars he was able to discover hidden treasures and cover himself with fabulous wealth; and once, when he was Pope, he clove the earth at Rome, and descended into a magnificent palace below, filled with gems and gold.² Yet the guilty Pope was at last borne away by his familiar spirits, and his soul perishes in eternal tortures. It was thus that Arabic scholars of the eleventh and twelfth centuries appeared to the barbarous Europeans. But they held in their hands the keys of modern progress, and are the real ancestors

¹ His conception of the unity of God he borrowed, no doubt, from the Jews. See Geiger, Mohammed und Judenthume, p. 97-131. Mahomet borrows and varies the Hebrew traditions, p. 152. See, too, Deutsch, Islam.

* Sprenger, Vorrede, ii. Man lese die Werke des Albertus Magnus, besonders aber seinen Libellus, und man wird sich überzeugen, dass der grosse Lehrer des Mittelalters fast all sein Wissen von den Moslimen entlehnt habe. Gerbert is an equally instructive example.

¹ William of Malmesbury.

² Will. Mames. (A.D. 1002) tells the story of Pope Sylvester with all the malevolence of his order against science. He wrote about 1140.

of the Newtons and Galileos, the Fultons and Morses, of the era of invention. Without a Hegira, chemistry must have slumbered for ages, and the telegraph and the steam-engine, the printing-press and the free school, might have remained hidden among the secrets of nature until the twentieth century.

Unconscious of the future, trembling for his life, the Prophet, with Abu Bekr his "sole companion," rode swiftly along the sandy track until he reached the sea. An Arab woman sitting at the door of her tent gave them milk. A single scout of the enemy met them and fled. Medina at last appeared over the desert; the Hegira ended, and the weary travellers found repose. But from this moment Mahomet was no longer the simple seer or prophet crying in the wilderness; new revelations had come to him; and at Medina he unsheathed the sword of vengeance against a guilty world. "The Koran or death!" was to be the war-cry of the nomad race as it clove, like a cimeter of Damascus, the perishing form of classic civilization. At Medina, Mahomet assumed the power of a temporal prince; his prolific tongue poured forth a new series of poetic ravings; the Koran grew by a ceaseless tide of contradictory revelations, and was swelled to gratify the momentary impulses, fears, or wishes of its author. Never, indeed, was there so strange a mass of vanity, of folly, confusion, and plain common-sense. Once Mahomet had yielded to terror or conviction, and worshiped the idols of Mecca; the next moment he repents, and covers them with denunciation. For every new marriage a fresh revelation was required; when his followers murmured, they were astounded by some unexpected reproof from the angels. In his stronghold at Medina, Mahomet became a robber chief, plundering the unbelieving tribes, and enriching the faithful with their spoil. He chanted, like Tyrtæus, to no inattentive audience. The fairest regions of Arabia gave up their camels, sheep, and goats, their slaves and gold, to the successful Prophet, and the Koran rang with the shouts of triumph. At length the aristocracy of Mecca, against whom Mahomet had gradually arrayed the chief tribes of Arabia, began to feel that no hope remained to them but in open war. The rebel and reformer, the son of the abject Hashemites, and the founder of an Arab democracy, was fast gaining a strength that even the courage of the fierce Koreish could not resist. A war raged between Mecca and Medina. The two Arab capitals were the centres, one of conservative idolatry, and one of a puritanical reform. One proclaimed the miraculous virtues of Al Lât and Ossa; the other celebrated the one unchanging God. The war raged with various vicissitudes. At last, at the head of an army of ten thousand men,

full of fierce ardor, cruel, mad, impulsive, the Prophet began his final return to the city he seems to have loved with untiring devotion. Medina he had named in gratitude "the City of the Prophet;" but to Mecca he turned as the holy shrine of the Arab faith. His forces were irresistible: the Koreish submitted to the religion and the temporal rule of the exile. Except for some fierce bursts of native cruelty, Mahomet treated his fellow-townsmen with lenity; but every idol was banished with ignominy from the Kaaba, and only the mysterious black stone and some venerable rites remained to indicate the star and stone worship which had once blended with the faith of Abraham.

The Prophet and Vicegerent of God, infallible, wielding, like a Boniface or an Innocent, the temporal and the spiritual sword, Mahomet, in the year 630, was already the most potent and famous of the princes of the East. From his native valley he sent out his ambassadors to the neighboring nations, commanding them to submit to the law of the Koran and obey the Prophet of the Lord. They passed unharmed to Persia, Abyssinia, Syria, and startled the Emperor Heraclius with the tidings of a revolution that was to fall with heavy disasters upon his feeble descendants; and a tradition related that the famous Emperor of Rome was not unwilling to accept the tidings of a new revelation and a Meccan oracle. But the last years of Mahomet were passed in constant warfare, and it was by the temporal arm that his faith was propagated and his power assured. He was a conqueror rather than a priest; his missionaries, bands of nomad robbers; his creed, a fierce inculcation of selfish greed. Sometimes he led his military expeditions in person, but his timidity and his want of skill were often rewarded with serious disasters. He subdued the rich fields of Tayif, and made it pay a heavy tribute to the Meccan rulers; he invaded the confines of the Greek Empire, but retreated somewhat ingloriously before the Christian armies. Yet his followers had long learned to trust with unflinching confidence to the venerable seer whose name was already illustrious in all Oriental lands, and who had made Arabia the centre of a power that was evidently destined to rule over the early home of the human race. Countless pilgrims began to throng to the holy city, and its avaricious people must have rejoiced in a rich plunder of the incautious strangers. Its name was repeated from land to land. The Meccans were enriched by the tributes of the conquered territory. Trade, wealth, activity, must have marked the city in the last years of the reign of Mahomet. Vast projects of universal conquest filled the minds of its rulers. The savage Koreish, now the firm adherents of the Prophet, were eager to spread

the faith and reap its rewards through the fair and languid cities of Syria, and all the world seemed to offer an easy prey to the Moslem. Like the cave of Ali Baba, the cleft in the rock was filled with the spoils of nations, and all Mecca gleamed with the treasures of art or industry stolen from the palaces and cities of the infidels.

In the midst of his obedient and grateful capital, or at Mecca, under the hills where he had tended goats to win a scanty living, Mahomet ruled with barbaric equity, and still retained some traces of puritan austerity. Of all the wealth of gold and gems, fine stones and cloths of gold, brought in by his successful marauders, he took nothing. He divided the plunder among his followers, or devoted it to sacred purposes. He lived in extreme and almost abject poverty. His house was a poor cottage covered by leaves; but around it were the eleven homes, equally plain, of his various wives. His food was chiefly dates and water. So liberal was he to the poor that his own family were sometimes in want and his children hungry, and, with the riches of the East under his control, the patient enthusiast preferred to live in constant need. His dress was plain, his carriage modest. Though more potent than Heraclius or the kings of Abyssinia, he would have neither throne nor diadem. At sixty he showed few traces of old age. A few white hairs marked his ample beard, and a faithful follower had wept when he first discovered them. Yet the Prophet to all Arabia seemed the fairest of human beings—more beautiful than the noonday, more gracious than a heavenly messenger; and it has been the curious labor of all later ages to penetrate that singular intellect, to read its designs, and discover with what sentiment, whether of pity, contempt, or zeal, whether as an impostor, or enthusiast, or a madman, Mahomet surveyed the devoted and ever-increasing throng of his adherents, as tribe after tribe and nation after nation took up the cry, "Allah and his Prophet." The author of the revolution has proved to all students of history an insoluble mystery. Of this question we need attempt no decision. It is sufficient to know that Mahomet was a man, that he shared in all human errors and rose to no divine height, that he was governed by human passions, and through human passions won his control of the impulsive races of the East.

Yet it is rather as an author¹ than a hero that Mahomet lives with posterity; and at Mecca and Medina, in the midst of ceaseless cares and toils, he found leisure to compose a poem and a book that was to take its place by the side of the Iliad and the Vedas. Nor

had he, like Milton or Homer, to wait for a posthumous fame. His vanity—the natural vanity of an author—was never weary of lavishing praises upon his own production. He pointed to the Koran as the proof of his divine mission; he challenged his foes to write something as musical, as graceful, and sublime. Nor was his challenge accepted. To his followers and to all Mahometans the Koran has seemed so divinely eloquent as to be the voice of God himself. Its Arabic is of such unrivaled purity as to be suited only to heavenly tongues. Its verse is the perfection of harmony, its sentiments the noblest that enter the human breast. As the Greeks¹ drew all their law, morality, and religion from Homer, so every Arab is content to lay the foundations of society upon the precepts of the Koran. Already while Mahomet lived he had the satisfaction to hear his verses repeated by his countrymen with rapture. Since his death their fame has steadily increased. Even infidels unite in admitting that the graceful Arab was a poet if not a seer, that he said many wise and useful words, and that the Koran is the work of an active and eager intellect struggling in the midst of barbarism to attain some traits of humanity, and in the midst of mental darkness aiding the hand of progress.²

At Medina, in his sixty-third year, Mahomet died, stricken with fever, in the arms of his beloved Ayesha. His followers looked upon his death as something frightful and incredible. They refused to believe that he could be bound by the common law of nature. With rage and despair they followed him to the tomb. Yet it is plain that Mahomet died not too soon; that, like Solomon, his wisdom had not been progressive nor philosophic; and that the jealousy of Fatima, his daughter, and Ayesha, his wife, could have left him little peace in his humble home. Danger and doubt must have hovered around the successful usurper; and he probably escaped a fate like that of Omar, Othman, or Ali. Had he lived longer, enthusiasm might have died and the religion perished. But he left his fame in the hands of men, young, fierce, fired by plunder, resolute to conquer. From the death of Mahomet the spread of his doctrine has never ceased. The number of his followers has ever continued to grow. His missionaries have laid aside the sword to assume the milder garb of teachers and explorers. They are converting the heart of Africa and the islands of the Eastern seas, and it is asserted that what Mohammedanism has lost in Europe, it has more than replaced among

¹ Saint-Hilaire, p. 29. Le monument le plus grave à la fois et le plus authentique—c'est le Coran; il est l'œuvre personnelle de Mahomet, etc.

¹ So Philodemus in the Herculanean papyri traces the elements of morality to Homer, *Περὶ τοῦ καθ' Ὁμήρου ἀγαθοῦ*; or Horace, *Quid sit turpe, quid utile*, etc.

² Noldeke, p. 192, notices its irregularity and its doubtful origin.

the dark races of Senegal or Borneo, and that the Mahometan missionaries are more successful than the Christian in all those barbarous lands. Education must meet and supplant their progress. Wherever knowledge comes, a purer religion will be demanded. Yet it would be ungenerous not to allow that the labors of the Moslems have been of signal use to mankind, or that their Prophet was a teacher of rare merit and success. Illiterate and rude, he has composed a great poem and founded a new sect. A hundred millions of the human race are supposed to obey his law. Five times a day they kneel, repeat his prayers, and, with their faces turned toward Mecca, adore a single deity. Every year a host of worshipers come from Africa, Asia, and Europe to visit the holy places. They touch with awe the sacred soil of Mecca. They pace seven times around the Kaaba, kiss the black stone, and in the vale of Mina cast pebbles at the evil spirits—a relic of the Sabæan rites. They pause before the home of Khadijah, recall the story of their Prophet, survey his simple life, and perhaps wander to Medina to meditate beside his tomb.

HINTS FOR PRACTICAL TROUT-FISHING.

AT this season amateurs and tyros without number are enthusiastically engaged in this exciting and health-giving sport. Each, of course, in imagination expects to do much better this season than last; and to insure more success to those who love this pastime, and to enable those who do not feel fully posted in all the *technique* of this science—for science it is—to improve in skill, these lines are penned: not that the writer expects that everything here set down will be new to all, but in hopes that useful hints may be drawn from it by many, and that at least enough useful information will be gained to pay for the perusal.

I shall confine myself in this article to the capturing, in a sportsman-like manner, the *Salmo fontinalis*, commonly called "brook trout." This fish is found in greater or less numbers in nearly every bubbling running brook in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and in other localities too numerous to mention, where the water flows through unoccupied land, or is situated a reasonable distance from any town or settlement.

Very few are aware how many running brooks contain the fish, unknown to even the inhabitants of near towns or villages. In fact, it may be stated as quite literally true that this fish can be captured in almost any running water, the verdict of surrounding farmers of "no trout" to the contrary notwithstanding. Brooks that

have the name of once containing trout almost always have them now, and often the best of fishing is found in those that have the reputation of being "fished out," as it is almost impossible to exterminate them, and a few years' rest given to any water where some have been left, re-stocks it abundantly for the piscator's recreation. Too many fishermen, wishing good fortune, are apt to be led to fish certain streams known to the surrounding inhabitants, because every body else fishes them, and years ago, as you will hear, such and such quantities were taken by so and so. Unless such water is well known to contain fish, I would advise the fisherman to pass it quietly by, and take the first mountain or hill-side brook that he meets of which no one seems to know any thing, and try his luck there. Scarcely any quick-running brook is without this fish, unless for two reasons—first, if it is well known and persistently fished; secondly, if it has a saw-mill erected upon it, so that the sawdust flows into the stream, the latter in large quantities always driving out trout. Do not, I say, be afraid to try new brooks. The idea, also, that brooks can be completely fished out is, as a rule, erroneous; the water flows often through impenetrable swamps, or such thick under and over growth that it is impossible to fish it its extreme length; hence portions on nearly every brook are left year after year untouched: and unless you can fish the absolute length of any given brook, you can not completely fish it out.

Trout are seldom seen, and unless one has a pole and line, miles might be travelled beside a good brook without seeing a sign of the trout within it. Hence the usual cry of "no trout in this brook." The small brook trout in running streams seldom breaks water, and gives no intimation of his presence, as he does in larger and smoother bodies of water, and even in the latter it is usually only at or near sunset that he is seen or heard, and this generally when he has attained a size larger than the fish to be found in small brooks.

To enjoy this sport thoroughly one must first make up one's mind not to capture many fish beyond seven inches in length; the common and usual size will be about six inches. Do not despise small brooks. One can often kill thirty or forty nice six or seven inch trout by following for a mile or so a bubbling brook not over eighteen inches wide. Trout will exist in water of very little depth, and one of the surprises to those who do not understand the sport is to see fine fish taken from a brook that they would, in their ignorance, have passed by as contemptible. In these small brooks are often little water-falls of a foot or two in height, and at the bottom of some a small

hole of, say, two or three feet in diameter and one or two in depth. In these lurk the trout, waiting under the shadow of the bank or some large stone for the bait to come tumbling down over the miniature fall into their basin; and if this is skillfully done, he is tempted at once to dart from his hiding-place and seize upon it. Now you will perceive that I am not writing for those who are skilled anglers and wish to make a great bag, but for those who enjoy open-air, healthful exercise, and desire to capture in a sportsman-like manner a nice lot of the best size of this delicious fish for cooking purposes.

And now let me try to inform you how to capture them without breaking your pole or losing your tackle or temper. Always, if possible, fish down a stream. There are many reasons for this, among others the following: In fishing up stream the bait is continually coming home to one's feet after every cast, and the nearer it approaches the person, the less chance of a bite. The contrary is the case in fishing down stream; the bait is carried by the current away from the fisherman, and his chances of capture are each moment increased.

If the brook is large enough—and even in very small ones—if practicable, it is always best to wade in the bed of the stream, as by this means one can keep the bait in the water for long distances without making a cast, which, in the localities I am speaking of, almost always, unless skillfully done, ends in one's seeing one's tackle fast to some overhanging bough or bush overlapping the stream. Again, in fishing up stream, it is impossible to keep the bait stationary in any spot one may desire to cast in, unless by standing upon the bank, and the chances of capture are thus greatly decreased; while in fishing down stream, one can not only hold the bait in any one spot, but by a motion of the arm conduct it in any given direction—sink it toward the bottom, draw it up stream, to the right or to the left—to tempt the hidden trout, the motion of the running water upon the bait giving one complete control of it by the slightest motion of the arm. To be successful in this sport, first give up all idea of using artificial flies; there is usually no chance to cast them, and very few fish will rise to them, and then only, usually, at early morn or sunset. Use a light but very short jointed pole, not over twelve feet in length, with fine delicate running gear and small compact reel; small hooks, gauged upon silk-worm gut, of any make that one prefers, there being great diversity of opinion on this matter among fishermen. The Limerick hook has nearly gone out of date, and how it was endured so long is a mystery. The Kirby and Aberdeen have taken its place. Put no lead upon your line at any time; it kills the artistic

and natural motion of your bait. Use, as the most killing bait yet discovered, angle-worms; and these may be much improved by being kept a few days upon clean moss in an uncovered, large-mouthed bottle, that they may scour themselves. In baiting, do not pay the slightest attention to whether the point of your hook is covered or not; it is of small consequence, or rather it is more deadly and better not to be covered than otherwise. The trout does not *nibble*, he *darts*; he takes, as a rule, the bait at once, or leaves it severely alone. You will find no more taking bait the year round than angle-worms, although grasshoppers at certain seasons are very killing. In baiting, take a worm by the middle and pierce the hook through a small portion, say, half an inch; then put on another in the same way at the same time. If the fish are very small, half a worm treated in this manner will do; but a trout has a large mouth, and a large bait no doubt attracts. The dangling ends of the worms placed as above upon the hook have a peculiar and natural motion of their own in the water, which a hungry trout is utterly unable to resist; while one may, on the other hand, cover the whole hook and part of the gut with a worm stiffly strung on without motion, and the same trout will let it be carried past him by the current without winking.

There is a great science in baiting, and it chiefly rests in the skill of having the worms lively, and with the extremities left dangling. The bait is often carried over a little fall into a smooth deep pool; allow it to sink, and all the while it is doing so these four ends of the two worms are moving about in the clear water in a much too enticing way for any chance trout to resist. When you have a bite, do not *pull* at all, but strike your fish, as it is called; this is done by a motion of the wrist, sharp, short, abrupt; not a jerk—a motion which is commenced sharply, but ends almost instantly and abruptly. I can liken it only to a quick movement of the hand in bringing a foil, in fencing, from *tierce* to *carte*. It is done by bringing the finger-nails, which are downward, holding the rod, suddenly to the left and upward, moving the end of the pole upward and to the left some one or two feet. Having struck thus, you will in most cases have captured your fish. Be in no hurry to land him; that is a simpler thing to do; you can do it at your leisure, stepping back to a sure foundation should you be in an uncomfortable position in reaching to make the cast, or make any other disposition that you desire before raising your fish gently from the water, thence to your creel. The great mistake often made by those who do not understand this sport is to *pull* the moment they have a bite; the result usually is to see the trout wind himself round about

some limb overhead, or if he fail to be hooked, which is often the case in pulling, to see the bait and hook in the same position, causing a loss of time, patience, and too often temper, especially when you feel confident that there are other trout in the pool ahead, and become aware of the fact that you have got to make a splash and dash and complete exposure of yourself to get at your dangling line, so that you may fish in vain in the same pool afterward. Remember that trout are very shy, and once having disturbed them, it is useless to fish for them in that spot.

It has been remarked, however, that they notice much less any movement in the stream than on the bank, and one can make much more movement while standing in the bed of a brook than could be made from the bank. The striking of your fish and landing him at your leisure are of great importance. Often the overgrowth will be such that you can not raise your pole but very slightly without getting entangled; here the reel comes in play. Quietly reel in your fish to within a few feet of the end of your pole, and then thrust the latter behind you into the water, grasp the line with the left hand, and raise the fish from the brook. The most fish lost are those that are being unhooked and put into the creel. If the trout is hooked in the upper jaw, he can be snipped, as it is termed, that is to say, you can pull the hook straight out through the nose without waiting to unhook, the flesh yielding readily to the thin shank of the hook and tearing its own way out, there being no bone in the upper jaw to stop it. In the lower jaw you must always unhook the fish, the strong lower jaw-bone preventing your snipping him.

In unhooking, first place the pole lightly against the right shoulder, with the butt in the water, or, in a very swift current, grasp it between the knees. After having caught the line with the right hand about one foot above the pendent fish, bring him against the body on the left side, and confine him with the left hand; seize him round the body with that hand, thrusting the forefinger into the gills, if possible. Being firmly grasped, raise him so as to slacken the line, and unhook with the right hand. A trout almost always gives a last convulsive shake, quick and unexpected, just about the time you have him unhooked, or are passing him to the creel, and if you are not fully prepared for it, back he goes into his native element.

If a fish swallows a hook, do not attempt to extract it by the mouth, but step quietly ashore, and with the fingers force open the gills, detach the hook from the stomach, and draw it out gently through the mouth. Understanding how to do this will save you often much trouble, annoyance, and time.

Change your bait quite often, once at least in every fifteen minutes. Spring water soon kills the worms, and they should be renewed. Do not fish too long in one place. If you have made no noise in approaching, you will usually have a bite the moment your bait flows into a pool, if the trout intend to bite at all. If you get no result in a moment or two, after moving the line about from right to left, and sinking the bait, etc., move on.

In walking in the water, push your feet along. Do not raise them so as to make a noise with the water, or rather concussion, for it has been demonstrated that fish can not hear, but they can, like deaf people, feel concussion. When you allow your bait to sail into a pool, always glance overhead to see how much room you have to land your fish in. This foresight often saves you trouble after you have hooked your fish.

Oftentimes you can, by floating your bait and letting out line from your reel, reach a pool or spot far distant from you without moving your person into the open space intervening. This is often very successful; and your fish once struck, reel in your line to its usual length, so that you can raise your fish with the pole, if the overgrowth will permit.

Of course you are aware that the morning and evening hours are the best for this sport, and a cloudy southerly day the best weather; but in well-stocked brooks these fish will feed all day long, and you can get a good day's sport with almost always a nice wind-up as the sun goes down.

If you are so unfortunate as to entangle your line over your head by drawing out of a pool at a bite, or in casting, and can not clear the same, and feel convinced that there are fish that you do not care to disturb ahead of you, quietly cut your line where you can reach it, tie on a new hook, bait it, and cast again. Your reel should contain about forty yards of braided line especially for these contingencies. Two persons trying to fish one small brook is a nuisance; one alone should fish it. In larger streams, if two persons fish, it is usual for each to fish down to where the other entered the brook, and then make a *détour*, and enter the same, say, one hundred yards ahead of the other, the latter performing the same operation when he comes to the water fished by the person ahead of him; thus each has equal chance of new water. Give your bait plenty of air, and do not put water upon it, unless you wish to see it shortly putrid and destroyed. Clean moist earth is the best. On a warm day, by using moss in your creel, you will preserve the fish you kill in a much better state than you otherwise would. Dipping the creel in the brook water once or twice during the day will do no harm, if the weather be very hot.



"THE HOST OF HAY-COCKS SEEMED TO FLOAT
WITH DOUBLES IN THE WATER."

INSIDE PLUM ISLAND.

WE floated in the idle breeze,
With all our sails a-shiver;
The shining tide came softly through,
And filled Plum Island River.

The shining tide stole softly up
Across the wide green splendor,
Creek swelling creek till all in one
The marshes made surrender.

And clear the flood of silver swung
Between the brimming edges,
And now the depths were dark, and now
The boat slid o'er the sedges.

And here a yellow sand spit foamed
Amid the great sea meadows,
And here the slumberous waters gloomed
Lucid in emerald shadows.

While, in their friendly multitude
Encamped along our quarter,
The host of hay-cocks seemed to float
With doubles in the water.

Around the sunny distance rose
A blue and hazy highland,
And winding down our winding way
The sand hills of Plum Island—

The windy dunes that hid the sea
For many a dreary acre,
And muffled all its thundering fall
Along the wild South Breaker.

We crept by Oldtown's marshy mouth,
By reedy Rowley drifted,
But far away the Ipswich bar
Its white-caps tossed and shifted.

Sometimes we heard a bittern boom,
Sometimes a piping plover,
Sometimes there came the lonesome cry
Of white gulls flying over.

Sometimes, a sudden fount of light,
A sturgeon splashed, and fleeting
Behind the sheltering thatch we heard
Oars in the rowlocks beating.

But all the rest was silence, save
The rippling in the rushes,
The gentle gale that struck the sail
In fitful swells and gushes.

Silence and summer and the sun,
Waking a wizard legion,
Wove as we went their ancient spells
In this enchanted region.

No spectral care could part the veil
Of mist and sunbeams shredded,
That every where behind us closed
The labyrinth we threaded.

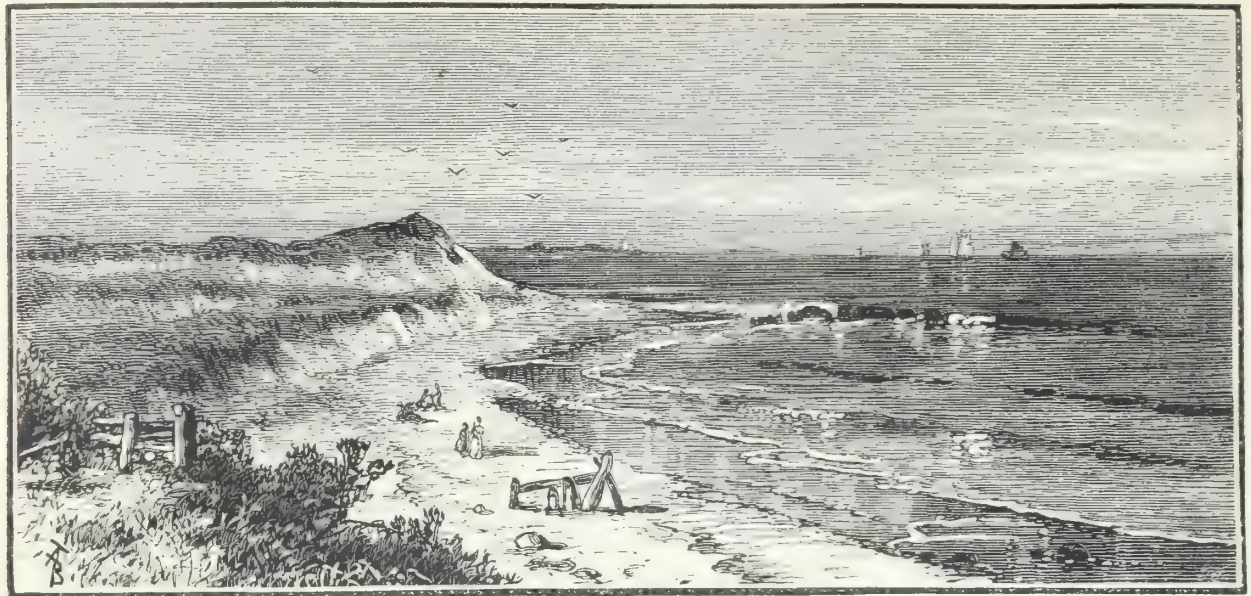
Beneath our keel the great sky arched
Its liquid light and azure;
We swung between two heavens, ensphered
Within their charmed embrasure.

Deep in that watery firmament,
With flickering lustres splendid,
Poised in his perfect flight, we saw
The painted hawk suspended.

And there, the while the boat-side leaned,
With youth and laughter laden,
We saw the red fin of the perch,
We saw the swift menhaden.

Outside, the hollow sea might cry,
The wailing wind give warning;
No whisper saddened us, shut in
With sunshine and the morning.

Oh, far, far off the weary world
With all its tumult waited,
Forever here with drooping sails
Would we have hung belated!



"THERE, ALL DAY LONG, THE SUMMER SEA CREAMS MURMURING UP THE SHINGLE."

Yet when the flaw came ruffling down,
And round us curled and sallied,
We skimmed, with bubbles on our track,
As glad as when we dallied.

Broadly the bare brown Hundreds rose,
The herds their hollows keeping,
And clouds of wings about our mast
From Swallowbanks were sweeping.

While evermore the Bluff before
Grew greenly on our vision,
Lifting beneath its waving boughs
Its grassy slopes Elysian.

There, all day long, the summer sea
Creams murmuring up the shingle;
There, all day long, the airs of earth
With airs of heaven mingle.

Singing we went our happy way,
Singing old songs, nor noted
Another voice that with us sang,
As wing and wing we floated.

Till hushed, we listened, while the air
With music still was beating,
Voice answering tuneful voice, again
The words we sang repeating.

A flight of fluting echoes, sent
With elfin carol o'er us—

More sweet than bird-song in the prime
Rang out the sea-blown chorus.

Behind those dunes the storms had heaped
In all fantastic fashion,
Who syllabled our songs in strains
Remote from human passion?

What tones were those that caught our own,
Filtered through light and distance,
And tossed them gayly to and fro
With such a sweet insistence?

What shoal of sea-sprites, to the sun
Along the margin flocking,
Dripping with salt dew from the deeps,
Made this melodious mocking?

We laughed—a hundred voices rose
In airiest fairest laughter;
We sang—a hundred voices quired
And sang the whole song after.

One standing eager in the prow
Blew out his bugle cheerly,
And far and wide their horns replied
More silverly and clearly.

And falling down the falling tide,
Slow and more slowly going,
Flown far, flown far, flown faint and fine,
We heard their horns still blowing.



"ACROSS THE SHADOWY MERRIMAC THE CHANNEL LIGHTS CAME STREAMING."

Then, with the last delicious note
To other skies alluring,
Down ran the sails; beneath the Bluff
The boat lay at her mooring.

Came they, these subtle powers, to tell
The poet, at their revels,
How blest to live delightful days
Among these meadow levels?

Blest as to lead his lonely thought
Above horizons vaster,
Close to the stars, transfigured on
The awful heights of Shasta!

Dreaming, he loitered still, we thought,
Within his dream's bright portals;
We trifled with the hour, but he
Had been with the immortals!

In vain, at night, we sought that sound—
Stars over us and under
Through all that watery wilderness
Building a world of wonder;

Or darkling, when the light-house spark
Its witch-dance kept before us,
Or when the unseen moon distilled
Her deathly glamour o'er us;

Or when, the twin lamps of their towers
Emerald and ruby gleaming,
Across the shadowy Merrimac
The channel lights came streaming.

In vain our lingering halloo,
Our roundelay untiring,
No silver cry chimed far or nigh
Of all that silver quiring.

Oh, never since that magic morn
Those strains the boatman follows,
Or piping from the sandy hills,
Or bubbling from the hollows!

Yet long as summer breezes blow,
Waves murmur, rushes quiver,
Those warbling echoes every where
Will haunt Plum Island River!

POPULAR EXPOSITION OF SOME SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

PART V.—THE DIFFRACTION SPECTRUM.

WHAT is a diffraction spectrum? Every person who has read a book on light is familiar with the prismatic spectrum, in the study of which Newton displayed his transcendent philosophical powers. The diffraction I have had occasion to refer to several times in these papers, and since it is less known, will now describe it. Some very curious phenomena connected with it I have personally examined. It carries us to a true interpretation of the relations of heat, light, and actinism; it offers some important suggestions respecting the mode of action of that most wonderful of all organs, the brain, and therefore commends itself to our most earnest attention.

If we look at a candle flame placed ten or a dozen feet distant, the eyelids being so nearly closed that the eyelashes intercept the incoming rays, we see on either side of the true image of the flame a succession of colored ones—rainbow streaks or fringes, as it were. Examining these particularly, we find that each of them is blue on the side nearest to the true image, and red on the more distant. Our investigation will be simplified if we consider the action of a single eyelash. We can then reason from that to the conjoint action of all.

It is necessary, however, in the first place, to recall some facts connected with the wave theory of light. The foundations of this theory were laid by Huyghens, the great Dutch philosopher, contemporary with Newton, but its construction advanced very slowly, being opposed by the great authority of Newton, who favored the corpuscular or emission theory, and regarded light as consisting of particles emitted with excessive velocity from shining bodies. Although there were facts, such as those connected with double

refraction, easily accounted for by the system of undulations, but inexplicable on the emission theory, these were put aside, in the expectation that they would in the course of time be successfully dealt with. It was not until the publication of his course of lectures on natural and experimental philosophy by Dr. Young in 1802, in which he announced the great discovery of the interference of light, that the undulatory theory could no longer be overlooked. This discovery was, however, still ridiculed by the *Edinburgh Review*, and Young's explanations so bitterly attacked that he was constrained to publish a pamphlet in reply. Of this it is said that only a single copy was sold.

In 1819, a memoir by Fresnel was crowned by the French Academy of Sciences. He discovered that the vibratory movements in the ether constituting light are perpendicular to the course of the ray. His views are embodied in what is now known as the theory of transverse vibrations.

The conflict between the rival theories was eventually settled by the experiments of Fizeau and Foucault. On Newton's principles the particles of light should move faster through water than through air; on the theory of Huyghens, waves of light must move slower in water than in air. The experiments of the French physicists proved that the latter is the case. This may, then, be considered as the successful establishment of the undulatory theory. It has, moreover, given that striking proof of its truth which may be considered as the criterion of any theory—the ability to foretell results. This it did in the case of the discovery of conical refraction.

Light, therefore, consists in the transference of energy or force, not in the transference of matter.

From this brief historical sketch we may now turn to a mechanical representation of the facts.

The cause of light is an undulatory movement taking place in the ethereal medium. That such a medium exists throughout all space seems to be proved by astronomical facts. It exerts a resisting agency on bodies moving in it. From its tenuity we should expect that it would scarcely impress any disturbance on the great planetary masses, but on light gaseous cometary bodies it produces a perceptible action. The comet of Encke, of which the period is about 1200 days, is accelerated in each revolution by about two hours. As there is no other obvious cause for results of this kind, astronomers have very generally looked upon them as corroborative proofs of the existence of a resisting medium—that universal ether to which so many other facts point.

Through this elastic medium undulatory movements can be propagated as sounds may be transmitted through the air. It must be clearly understood that the ether and light are different things, though popularly they are often confounded; the latter is merely the effect of movements in the former. Atmospheric air is one thing, and the sound that traverses it another. The air is not made up of the notes of the gamut, nor is the ether composed of the seven colors of light.

Across the ether, undulatory movements, resembling in many respects the waves of sound in the atmosphere, pass with prodigious velocity. From the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites as interpreted by Römer, and from the aberration of the fixed stars as interpreted by the grand discovery of Bradley, it appears that the rate of the propagation of light, or the velocity with which these waves advance, is about 186,000 miles in a second. We are not, however, to understand by this that the ethereal particles rush forward in a rectilinear course at that rate. Those particles, far from advancing onward, remain stationary.

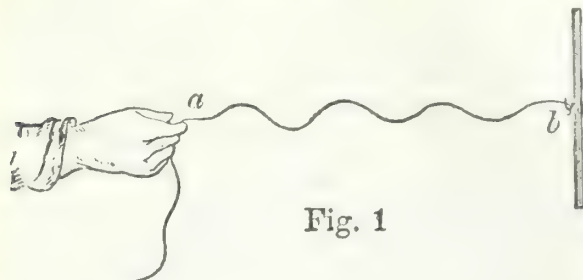


Fig. 1

If we take a long cord, *a b*, Fig. 1, and having fastened it by its end *b* to a fixed obstacle, agitate the end *a* up and down, the cord will be thrown into wave-like motions, passing rapidly from one end to the other. This may afford us a rude idea of the nature of the ethereal movements. The particles of which the cord is composed do not advance or retreat, though the undulations

are rapidly passing. Such an illustration shows that there is no transfer of matter from *a* to *b*, but there is a transfer of force. The energy that was exerted at *a* is delivered at *b*. Moreover, it illustrates the difference between the theories of Newton and of Huyghens. On the former, the material particles of which the cord consists should be translated from *a* to *b*; on the latter, the energy or force.

So, too, if on a surface of water we make a tapping motion with the finger, circular waves are propagated, which, expanding as they go, soon reach the sides of the vessel which holds the water. A light object, such as a small shaving of wood, is not swiftly drifted forward by the waves; it simply rises up and sinks down as they flow beneath it, but so far as advance is concerned, it is entirely motionless. We see, therefore, that there is a wide difference between the motions of a wave and the motions of particles among which it is passing. They retain their places, but it flows rapidly forward.

A distinction is to be made between the terms vibration and undulation. In the case of the cord represented by Fig. 1, the vibration is indicated by the movement exerted by the hand at the free extremity, *a*; the undulation is the wave-like motion that passes along the cord. Each constituent part of the cord also vibrates. In the illustration derived from water, the vibration is represented by the tapping motion of the finger, the undulation by the resulting wave, of which the constituent portions also move up and down. Throughout the ethereal medium each particle vibrates, and transmits the undulatory effect to the particles all around it.

This constitutes what is known as "the principle of Huyghens." It may be thus expressed: "When an undulatory movement is propagated through an elastic medium, every particle imitates the movement of the particle first excited. But every particle stands, in regard to the adjoining ones, in exactly the same relation that the first particle did to its neighbors, and consequently must exert upon those that surround it exactly the same influence as did the first. Every vibrating particle is, therefore, to be regarded as if it were the originally excited particle of a wave system. Thus all points of a wave, *b b*, Fig. 2, coming from an original centre of disturbance, *a*, may be regarded as new centres of disturbance, and from them an innumerable series of elementary waves of equal size will have formed, represented by the little arcs. The circle *d d* described around the centre *a*, which all these elementary waves simultaneously touch, represents the limit to which the wave movement has at that instant been propagated. The vibration which previ-

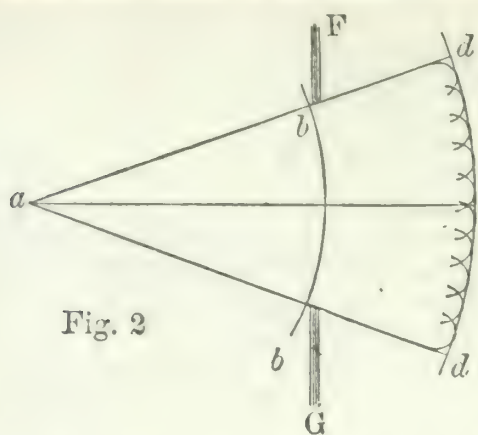


Fig. 2

ously affected the wave *bb* is now transferred to *dd*, at which all the elementary waves have arrived in the same condition of vibration. The wave *bb* has thus propagated itself, by means of the elementary waves, in the same form and with the same rapidity, to *dd*, as if it had proceeded directly from the original point of disturbance, *a*. It might, therefore, seem immaterial whether we admit a direct propagation of a single wave centre outward or an indirect propagation by innumerable intervening waves. But the latter alone is true, for it considers the relations of all the particles of the undulating medium. The former leads to the conception of a direct propagation along a single straight line, that is, the possible existence of a single ray of light. The latter requires a consideration of the action which every particle of the ethereal medium must exert upon all the adjoining ones, and according to it the existence of an isolated ray of light is impossible."

To refer again to the simple illustration given in Fig. 1, it is obvious that there is an infinite variety of directions in which we may vibrate that cord or throw it into undulations. We may move it up and down, or horizontally right and left, and also in an infinite number of intermediate directions, every one of which is perpendicular or transverse to the length of the cord, as *cc*, *dd*, *ee*, *ff*, Fig. 3. This is the peculiarity of light. The ethereal vibrations are transverse to the course of the ray; and in this it differs from sound, of which the vibrations are normal, that is to say, executed in the

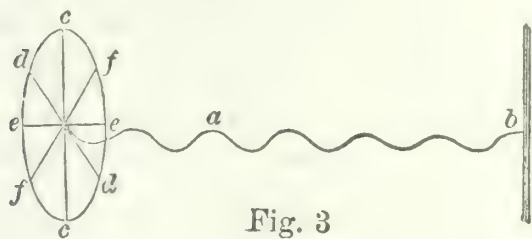


Fig. 3

direction of the resulting wave, and not at right angles to it.

This great discovery of the transverse vibrations of light was that to which I have previously alluded as made by Fresnel. It is the fundamental fact of the whole theory

of optics, and offers so simple but brilliant an explanation of so many of the phenomena of light that the undulatory theory is by some writers designated *the theory of transverse vibrations*.

It may, however, be remarked that though light consists of rays originating in these transverse motions, it is not impossible that there may be other phenomena corresponding to movements in other directions. Since the time of Fresnel several great mathematicians have shown that we ought not to overlook them. In the same manner there may be motions in the air due not to normal but to transverse vibrations, though to these our ear is perfectly deaf. It is a most interesting reflection, as showing the prevision, the foresight, of science, that organs of vision and organs of hearing may possibly be constructed on types differing from those of ours—eyes that can perceive normal vibrations in the ether, ears that can distinguish transverse sounds in the air.

Lights differ from each other in two striking particulars—brilliancy and color. These are determined by certain affections or qualities in the waves. On the surface of water we may have a wave not an inch in altitude, or others, as the saying is, "mountains high." Under these circumstances waves are said to differ in amplitude, and transferring this illustration to the case of light, a wave the amplitude of which is great impresses us with a sense of intensity or brilliancy; but a wave the amplitude of which is small, is less bright. A rude illustration may perhaps convey a clear idea of this. The cord *ab*, Fig. 1, may be agitated by movements of the hand within the limits of an inch, or by others that extend to a foot. The former will give rise to waves of small, the latter to waves of greater, intensity.

By the length of a wave upon water is meant the distance that intervenes from the crest of one wave to that of the next, or from one depression to the next. Thus, in Fig. 4, from *a* to *b*, or, what is the same, from *c* to *d*, constitutes the length of a wave.

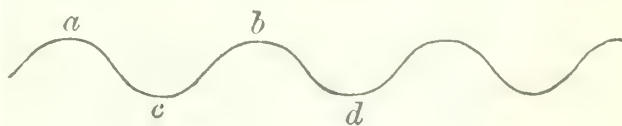


Fig. 4

In the ether the length of the waves determines color. This may be rigorously proved, as we shall see when we come to the methods by which the absolute lengths of undulations are ascertained. It will then be found that the longer waves impress the mind as red light, the shorter as violet, and those of intermediate magnitudes produce the other colors.

Two rays of light, no matter how brilliant

they are separately, may be brought under such relations to one another as to destroy each other's effect, and produce darkness. Light added to light may produce darkness. It was the investigation of this wonderful phenomenon by Dr. Young that led him to the discovery of interference.

We meet with a similar effect in acoustics. Two sounds may bear such a relation to each other that they shall produce silence, and two waves on the surface of water may so act on each other that the water shall not move.

If two waves of sound produce silence, or two waves of light produce darkness, they are said to have interfered with each other. We can gather an idea of the mechanism of interference by considering the case of waves upon water, in which, if two undulations encounter each other so that the crest of the one corresponds to the trough of the other, they mutually neutralize each other, though, after the interference is over, they proceed as if they had not met. Let us examine more critically this affair of interference: it leads us at once to an explanation of the diffraction spectrum, to which we have been, in the foregoing paragraphs, gradually approaching.

If two systems of waves of the same length encounter each other, after having come through paths of *equal* length, they will not interfere. Nor will they interfere even though there be a difference in the length of their paths, provided that difference be equal to one whole wave, or 2, 3, 4, etc.

But if two systems of waves of equal length encounter each other after they have come through paths of *unequal* length, they may interfere, and that interference will be complete or total when the difference of the paths through which they have come is half a wave, or $1\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, etc.

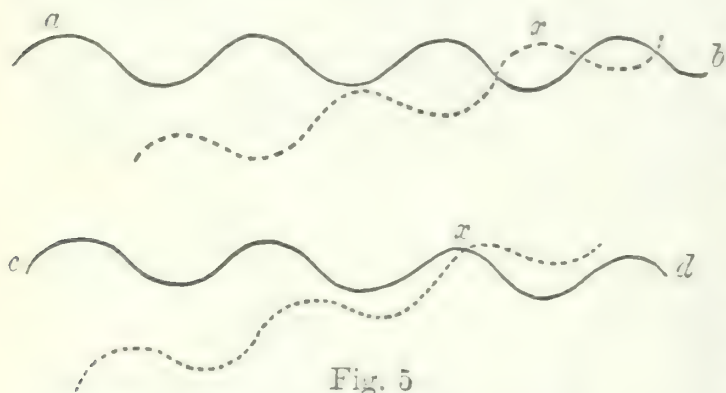


Fig. 5

These cases are respectively shown at *a b* and *c d*, Fig. 5, at the point of encounter, *x*. In the second instance, *c d*, the two sets of waves are in the same phase; that is, their concavities and convexities respectively correspond, and there is no interference; but in the first case, at the point of encounter, *x*, the two systems are in opposite

phases, the convexity of the one corresponding with the concavity of the other, and interference takes place.

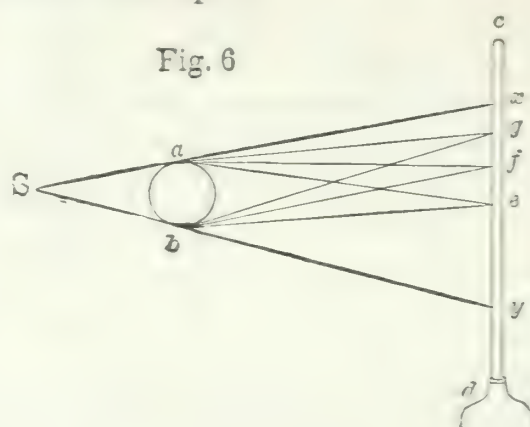


Fig. 6

Upon these principles we can readily account for the remarkable results of the following experiment. From a lucid point, *S*, Fig. 6, let rays of red light emerge, and in them let there be placed an opaque object, *a b*—a cylindrical body, seen endwise in the figure. At some distance beyond this let there be a screen of white paper, *c d*, to receive the shadow of the opaque object. It might be supposed that this shadow should be of a breadth included between *x y*, because the rays, *S a*, *S b*, which pass the sides of the obstacle, *a b*, impinge on the paper at those points. It might further be expected that within the space *x y* the shadow should be uniformly dusky or dark, but, on examining it, such will not be found to be the case. It is much broader than it ought to be, and both in its middle regions and in those exterior to its proper geometrical limits consists of a succession of bright red and dark stripes, as was first discovered by the Italian Grimaldi. In its central part, at *e*, there is a bright stripe, this is succeeded on each side by a dark one, this again by another bright one, and so on alternately. Thus the light must have doubled round to the

back of the opaque obstacle, in this resembling sound, which easily doubles round a corner. Newton had affirmed that light could not thus pass to the back of an obstacle, and this furnished one of his most formidable objections to the undulatory theory.

Sounds easily pass round a corner, and are heard though an obstacle intervene. Waves upon water pass round to the back of an object on which they impinge, and the undulations of light in the same manner flow round at the back of the cylindrical object *a b*.

Now it is plain that the two series of waves which have passed from the sides of the obstacle to the middle of its shadow—that is, along the lines *a e*, *b e*—have gone through paths of equal length, and therefore when they encounter at the point *e* they will not interfere, but exalt each other's effect.

Leaving this central point, *e*, and passing to *f*, it is plain that the systems of waves that have come through the paths *a f*, *b f*, have come through different distances, for *b f* is longer than *a f*; and if this difference be equal to the length of half a wave, they will, when they encounter at the point *f*, interfere with and destroy each other, and a dark stripe must result.

Beyond this, at the point *g*, the waves from each side of the obstacle, *a g*, *b g*, again have come through unequal paths; but if the difference be equal to the length of one whole wave, they will not interfere, and a bright stripe results.

Reasoning in this manner, we can see that the interior of such a shadow consists of illuminated and dark stripes alternately: illuminated when the light has come through paths that are equal, or that differ from each other by 1, 2, 3, etc., waves, and dark when the difference between them is equal to $\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, etc., waves.

What has been said as regards the bright and dark stripes between *e* and *x* might be repeated for the space between *e* and *y*, which also presents a similar alternation.

That it is the interference of the light coming from the opposite sides of the opaque object which is the cause of these phenomena is proved by the fact that if we place an opaque screen on one side of it so as to prevent the light passing, all the fringes disappear.

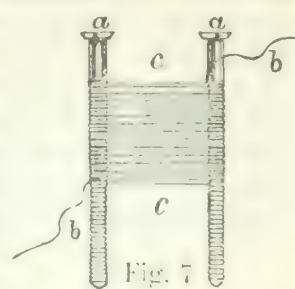
The experiment just related enables us to explain how the length of a wave of light may be determined. If we measure the distances *a g* and *b g*—that is, from the sides of the obstacle to the first bright stripe, *g*—the difference in the length of those lines is equal to the length of one wave. We might employ the second bright stripe; the difference then would be equal to two waves.

In practice, however, there are better methods of doing this; it would not be easy to execute the measures in the manner here described with exactness; but I have preferred this mode of presenting the subject, as it enables us to see very clearly the principle involved.

Now if, instead of using red light radiating from the lucid point *S*, we use other colored lights, yellow, green, blue, etc., in succession, it will be found that the wave length differs in each case, that it is greatest in the red and smallest in the violet light.

And if, instead of using a single obstacle or wire, a number of very fine ones be stretched side by side on a frame parallel to each other, they constitute what may be spoken of as a grating. This, indeed, was the apparatus which Fraunhofer, the discoverer of the diffraction spectrum, first employed. Around two screws, *a, a* (Fig. 7), having similar and very close threads, he wound a very fine wire,

b b, so that in the interval, *c c*, between the screws the successive strands of the wire were very close and parallel to each other. The analogy of this construction to the eyelashes may



be readily perceived. Subsequently he found that a much better contrivance was obtained by ruling with a diamond on a piece of flat glass straight lines close and parallel to each other. The lines so drawn represented the wires of the former instrument, and the intervals of clear glass between them the interspaces.

The ruling of such lines so as to constitute a good grating or gitter is one of the most delicate and difficult of mechanical problems; it has exercised the ingenuity of the most skillful mechanical artists. The surfaces of the glass must be truly plane, and the screw of the ruling apparatus perfect in its form and correct in its action; it must be driven by a uniformly acting motor power. The quality of the diamond is very important; it must not lose its point or edge too readily, or the lines of the grating it is making will not be similar to each other. The figure of its cutting part is of the utmost moment, as on it depends the figure or form of the groove or scratch that is made.

Mr. Rutherford, of New York, has succeeded most perfectly in overcoming these difficulties, and by an exquisite machine of his own invention and construction, has produced the most perfect gratings hitherto made. In the hope of promoting an experimental study of the diffraction spectrum, and thereby increasing a knowledge of the nature of light, he has generously presented many of these invaluable and otherwise inaccessible instruments to those who could make suitable use of them. In this, science is under great obligations to him.

The grating I employed in the experiments hereinafter related was made for me by Mr. Saxton, at the United States Mint in Philadelphia, more than thirty years ago. Though from the work it did for me I can not but speak of it with admiration—it enabled me to make the first photograph that was ever executed of the diffraction spectrum—yet it was far from being equal to the magnificent ones of Mr. Rutherford. This grating was five-eighths of an inch long and one-third of an inch in breadth. Mr. Rutherford's gratings have in some specimens 17,240 lines to the inch. I had found previously to 1843 that it is more advantageous practically to use a reflecting than a transparent grating, and accordingly I silvered mine with mercury-tin amalgam, such as is used in ordinary looking-glasses. Mr. Rutherford's reflecting gratings are coated with

pure silver, by an operation more recently discovered.

I will now relate the use of these gratings, and describe some of the important discoveries made by them.

Let a beam of light, $S A'$, Fig. 8, pass through a narrow slit, S , and fall perpendic-

ularly on the ruled grating, G , the lines of which are parallel to the sides of the slit. Concentric with the middle line of the grating let there be placed a circular zone or screen, Q', Q'', Q''', Q'''' , of white paper, through which there is an opening at A , to admit the intromitted beam.

A beam of parallel rays passing along $S G$ will give a bright image of the slit S when it impinges on the screen at A' . This is the image by transmission. It would also give another similar image at A , were it not for the opening arranged there. This is the image by reflection. Also from G , as from a central axis, there fall upon the cylindrical paper zone, covering its surface all over, an infinite number of radiations.

These effects are seen with much more precision if there be placed behind the grating a convex lens, or, still better, if the lens be the objective of a telescope.

Now the eye can only be impressed by special radiations consisting of waves of a determinate length. Its vision is limited to those that impart to it a sensation of red on one hand, and of violet on the other. To all others it is blind. Then, though the whole

paper zone is receiving radiations of every kind, the eye selects out only those that it can perceive, and, as a result, sees in the four quadrants, Q', Q'', Q''', Q'''' , those only for which it is fitted. It follows, therefore, that at A' there is a white image of the slit S , and to the right and left of this there are equal spaces, p, p' , completely dark. Beyond, and symmetrically on each side, there is a series of spectra, $v r, v' r', v'' r'',$ etc., of which the violet ends are nearest A' , and the red ends most distant. These spectra are designated respectively as being of the 1st, 2d, 3d, etc., order. On each side the 1st spectrum is separated from the 2d by an obscure space, $r v'$, which is shorter than the first dark spaces, p, p' , and the red end of the 2d spectrum is overlapped by the violet of the 3d. In like manner the 3d is overlapped by the 4th, etc. If the intromitted ray be of sunlight, and a convex lens or small telescope be used, the dark Fraunhofer lines are seen in these spectra.

Such are the results seen in the quadrants Q''', Q'''' , from the light transmitted through the grating. In the quadrants Q', Q'' , exactly the same train of phenomena will be discovered—dark spaces and spectra, the latter having their violet ends nearest to A , and the overlapping of

successive ones taking place in the manner above described.

Since the results are thus symmetrical in all the four quadrants, it is sufficient to select one of them for detailed examination. Let it be the quadrant Q'''' .

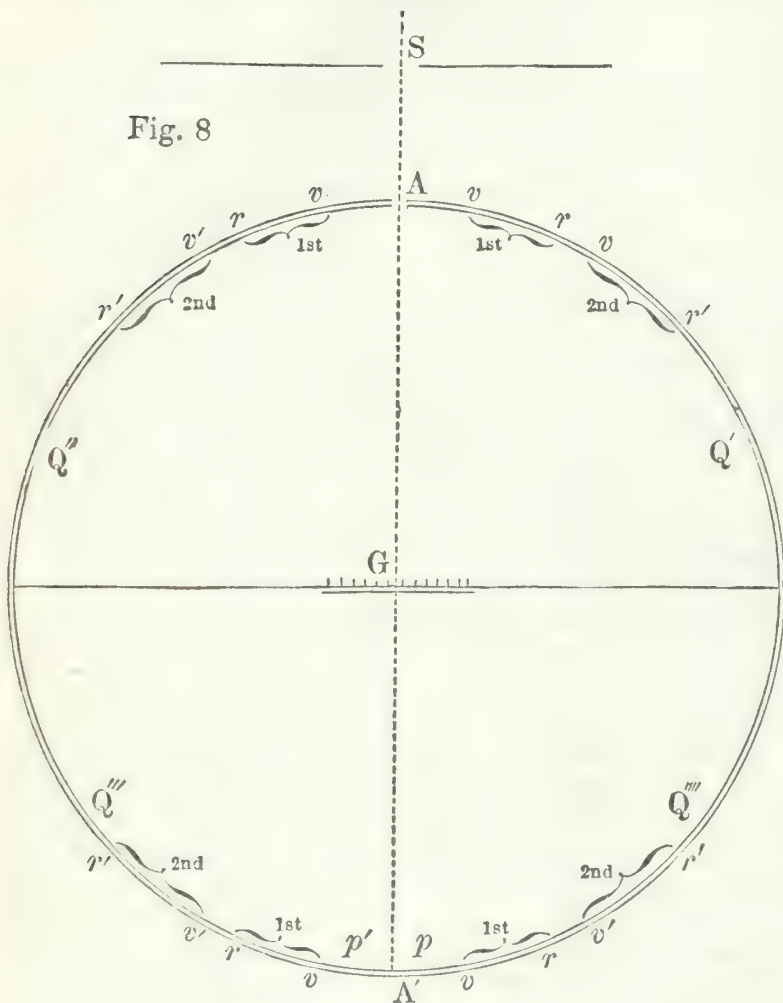
Selecting one of the fixed lines, that in the yellow space, the sodium line D , for example, in the successive spectra, it will be found that the distance which intervenes between it and the middle of the white image A' is in the second double, in the third triple, etc., the distance it is in the first. These angular distances are designated as the deviations of the ray under examination. Fraunhofer proved that

(1) The deviation of the same ray, *e. g.*, D , depends on the sum of the width of a groove in the grating and of a transparent interval, being in the inverse ratio of that sum.

(2) The deviation of any one of the colors of the spectrum of the first order, multiplied by the sum of a transparent interval and a groove, gives the length of a wave of light of that color.

(3) The deviations of the same color in

Fig. 8



the successive spectra increase as the whole numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.

(4) The deviations of two colors in the same spectrum are to each other as the length of their undulations. Hence in all the violet is nearest to A', and the red the most distant.

The undulatory theory gives a rigorous explanation of all these facts. The lengths of the waves of light have hence been most critically and accurately determined.

We may now examine more closely the spectrum that is nearest to A'—the spectrum of the first order. Being completely separated from the others, it presents the special facts most distinctly. At the point where the light first becomes visible—the violet or inner end of this spectrum—the wave length of the incident radiation is, as Angström has proved, 3933, and the wave length of the last visible radiation at the outer or red end is 7604, ten-millionths of a millimeter. If we accept the velocity of light as determined by the experiments of Foucault, the number of vibrations made by the ether in the former of these radiations is 754 millions of millions in one second, and the number in the latter case is 392 millions of millions in one second.

Or to quote measures which are perhaps more familiar, and numbers as given by Herschel, though not so exact as those of Angström, the number of undulations contained in one English inch at the extreme violet end is 59,750, and the number of vibrations executed in one second is 727,000,000,000,000. The number of undulations in one English inch at the extreme red end is 37,640, the number of vibrations executed there in one second being 458,000,000,000,000. The velocity of light used in these computations is 192,000 miles per second, that used in the preceding paragraph, 186,000.

Knowing the rate at which light moves in a second, and the wave length of any particular color, it is easy to compute the number of vibrations made by the ether in one second for the production of that color. This is obtained by dividing the distance that light passes over in one second by the wave length of the color in question.

The numbers we thus obtain give us an idea of the scale of space and time upon which Nature carries forward her works among the particles of matter. They also indicate to us the amazing activity of those portions of the brain which execute motions in accordance with those scales.

The distribution of the colored spaces in the diffraction spectrum is not the same as in the prismatic. In the former the yellow space, which is the most luminous radiation, is in the middle of the spectrum, and is not crowded down or compressed toward the red end, as in the latter. So the maxi-

mum intensity or illuminating power is, as Mosotti first observed, in the centre, the intensity of the light declining symmetrically on each side to the end.

The Italians have a clear perception, a quick appreciation, of the symmetrical and beautiful. When Mosotti first stated this peculiarity of the diffraction spectrum, at a meeting of one of the Italian scientific societies, the announcement was received by the audience with loud acclamations of joy.

I may now describe some of my own studies of these beautiful spectra.

Recalling, then, the principle that the wave length of an incident radiation is proportional to its deviation, let us select upon the paper zone previously described the point where a ray is falling having a wave length 7866. It is, of course, twice as far from A' as was the violet end of the first spectrum, for the selected deviation is double. If we inquire what interpretation the mind will give of a radiation having such a wave length, an inspection of the zone shows that not only is it visible, but that it is regarded as being of a violet color.

This is an important fact. We find that a radiation consisting of waves of a given length which is visible will also be visible when the constituent waves are twice that length. And in like manner it might be shown that the same will hold good when they are three, four, five, etc., times that length. Moreover, in all these cases the color impression imparted to the mind will be the same.

Again, let us select upon the paper zone another point, where the wave length is 15,208. It will have double the deviation of the red end of the first spectrum. Now, agreeably to the foregoing remarks, this point should be visible to the eye, and, for any thing that has thus far been said, it should be interpreted by the mind as red light, its wave length being twice that of the red of the first spectrum. But it is obvious that here a new consideration must enter into account. If this radiation has double the wave length of the first red, it has triple the wave length of the first yellow-green. On the principle just laid down, the mind may interpret it as red light or as yellow-green. Which will it do?

Examination of the paper zone, or, better still, through a telescope, shows that the mind adopts both these interpretations, and the same principle applying to other wave lengths, this constitutes what we have spoken of as the overlapping of the second spectrum by the third, etc. At the point here specially considered, both red and yellow-green light are seen.

From what has here been presented, it follows that the principle considered as established in optics, that to every color there belongs a determinate wave length, must be

modified, since the same color impression will be given to the mind by waves that have twice, thrice, etc., that determinate wave length. But should the wave lengths under consideration answer to multiples of that of some other color, the mind will interpret them as being of that color too.

Moreover, these observations lead us to extend the range of perception of the eye. The prism would lead us to infer that it can only be affected by waves the length of which is between 3933 and 7604. Comparisons have hence been drawn between the organ of vision and the organ of hearing, to the disparagement of the former. The ear, it is said, can embrace a range of several octaves, but the eye is influenced by less than one. The grating, however, leads us to reject the restriction, and to place the eye more nearly on an equality with the ear.

It is also to be borne in mind that by using very condensed sunlight, or by resorting to fluorescent or other optical contrivances, as several experimenters have done, the range of vision may be carried beyond the proper violet limit.

The principles here indicated must not be restricted to the luminous radiations; they apply to all others too. Thus if a photographic sensitive surface be made to receive the first spectrum, it will be impressed by certain of its radiations, chiefly by those above the line G. If it be exposed in the second, third, etc., spectra, it will again be impressed by the corresponding undulations, having two, three, etc., times the former length. From this it may, therefore, be inferred that a chemical decomposition of a given substance, brought about by undulations of a certain length, will also be accomplished by radiations that are octaves of the first.

It has been stated that a dark space, p , intervenes between the violet end of the first spectrum and the bright streak A' . This dark space is at present an attractive and wonderful field of optical investigation.

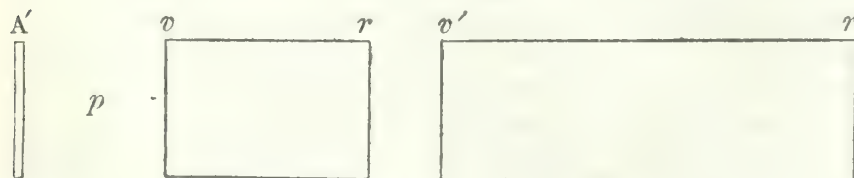


Fig. 9

In Fig. 9, let A' represent the white streak in the position of A' in Fig. 8; then from A' to v is the first dark space, p ; from v to r , the spectrum of the first order, its violet end, v , nearest to A' , its red end, r , more distant; from r to v' , the second dark space; and from v' to r' , the spectrum of the second order. The third spectrum overlaps this second, and the fourth the third, etc.; but these

it is not necessary to consider. The two dark spaces, and especially the first, are the objects mainly to be examined.

Previously to 1844 I had attempted to obtain diffraction photographs with the grating that Mr. Saxton gave me, and had met with great success. In that year I published engravings of them, the originals having been made on silver daguerreotype tablets, in use at that time. By these I carried spectrum impressions as far as the wave length 3800, and therefore encroached considerably on the dark space p , toward A' . But collodion, since introduced, is a much more sensitive preparation. It has enabled Henry Draper, who has produced superb photographs of the more refrangible regions, to carry the impressions as far as 3032.

According to M. Mascart, waves are emitted by incandescent cadmium having a length not exceeding 2200. These stand still further in the dark space p .

In these excursions into the dark space the experiments of Professor Stokes on the long spectrum of electric light become not only interesting, but very important; for as we gradually approach A' , the wave length of the incident radiation is continually diminishing, and at A' it becomes zero. That point is the supreme limit, beyond which no radiant manifestation of any kind is possible.

The goal toward which experimental investigation is tending is therefore obvious. We are gradually groping the way across the dark space, and expect one day to reach the bright streak that lies at its terminus. At every step of advance the ether waves are becoming shorter and shorter, and the vibrations more and more rapid. When the journey is accomplished, a region will have been gained in which the waves are infinitely short, and the vibrations infinitely rapid.

Several years before the announcement of the discovery of photography by Daguerre and Talbot (1839), I had made use of that process for the purpose of ascertaining whether the so-called chemical rays exhibited interference, and in 1837 published the results in the Journal of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia (July, 1837, p. 45).

As this may be of interest, since it is perhaps one of the earliest attempts made in America of the

application of a photographic operation in the investigation of a physical problem, I will quote the statement in full. It may be premised that I had previously found an advantage in using the bromide of silver instead of the chloride, the former being very much more sensitive to light.

“Interference of the Chemical Rays.”—Under certain circumstances, two aerial vibrations,

each of which, if separately striking the organs of hearing, would produce a musical sound, may so interfere with each other as to produce an unmelodious rattling, or even silence. Also, two rays of light, the paths of which bear a certain relation to one another, instead of increasing each other's intensity, may have a directly opposite effect, and, neutralizing each other, produce darkness. It becomes, therefore, a question not only of mere curiosity, but one the bearings of which are important, to find if the chemical rays emitted by the sun, when placed under similar circumstances, exhibit similar phenomena. For then analogy would lead us to know that it is possible for two rays of heat to be so situated with regard to each other that, instead of exalting the temperature of a body on which they fell, they would lower it, or, in other words, produce cold.

"In my early attempts at the solution of this question I met with many disappointments, but at last I fell upon an arrangement which succeeded. A horizontal beam of light being projected into a room by the apparatus heretofore referred to, at the extremity, *e e*, Fig. 10, of a brass tube, a con-

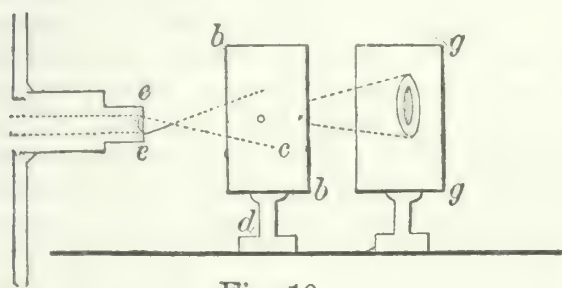


Fig. 10

vex lens of short focus was screwed; this brought the rays to a point at a distance of three-quarters of an inch from the lens. They were then obstructed by a metallic screen, *b b*, having a hole, *c*, one-eighth of an inch in diameter perforated in it. This screen revolved on a pillar, *d*, so that it could be brought to any angle with the incident rays. The rays passing through the round hole *c* were received on a white screen, *g g*, at a distance of six inches. When the screen *b b* received the incident rays perpendicularly to its surface, then of course the image thrown on the screen *g g* was circular, but if the screen *b b* was made to receive these rays at an acute angle, the image was lenticular. Under this last condition, the phenomena of diffraction are represented in Fig. 11, where *a a*

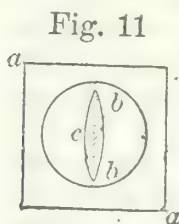


Fig. 11

is the screen, *b b* the lenticular image cast on it; it is bright white, except at its central part, *c*, where there is a dark image produced by the interference of the passing rays.

"If in such an arrangement the chemical rays do not interfere with each other so as

to neutralize effects, chemical action should be produced in every part of the image, even including its central part, *c*; but if, on the other hand, these rays are obedient to the same laws as the rays of light, then in the central parts of the image no chemical effects should ensue; the problem is, therefore, reduced to the finding how any compound changeable by these rays will comport itself on the central and peripheral parts of such an image.

"In place of the screen *g g* a substitute was used, consisting of two thin plates of mica with a layer of bromide of silver included between them. These were mounted on a little ivory frame, *a b c d*, Fig. 12, in the manner that objects are usually mounted for the use of the microscope, and the lenticular image cast upon the bromide. After an exposure of five minutes, during which care was taken to keep the sun's place immovable, and also to avoid all local tremor, which might make the image traverse on the bromide, the result was very apparent, being as represented in Fig. 13, of the actual size: the peripheral parts were of a deep brown, and the centre yellowish-white. Viewed through a lens, the boundary line was not sharp and distinct, but seemed to merge by an insensible gradation into the unaffected part, as in Fig. 14. The conclusion to be drawn from this result possesses no common interest; for the same reasoning which demonstrates that light consists of undulations in an elastic medium applies in this case also."

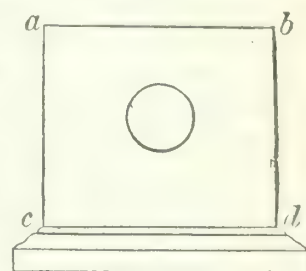


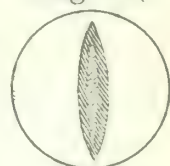
Fig. 12

Encouraged by this result, I some years subsequently attempted to photograph the diffraction spectrum itself. The following is an extract from the publication I made of this experiment in 1844: "Through a narrow fissure or slit, *a*, Fig. 15, I direct a beam of light horizontally, and at a distance of twelve feet receive it on a grating, *b c*, the lines of which are parallel to the slit. Having found that there are advantages in using a reflecting grating, I silvered this with tin-amalgam, which copies the ruling perfectly. There is no difficulty in placing *b c* so that the ray coming from *a* falls perpendicularly on it, for all that is required is to move the grating into such a position that the light, after reflection from it, goes back through the fissure *a*. At a distance from *b c* of six inches I place an achromatic object-glass,

Fig. 13



Fig. 14



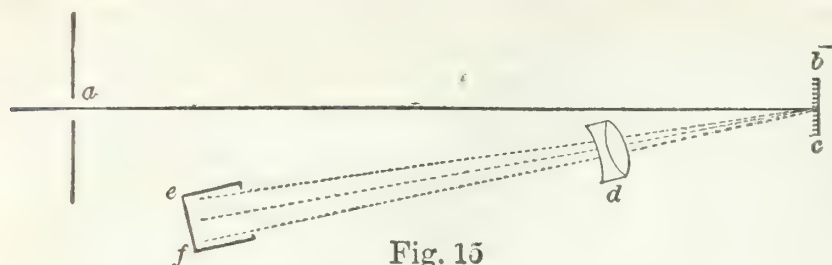


Fig. 15

d, in such a position that it shall receive perpendicularly the reflected rays of the spectrum of the first order. The lens is brought as near to the grating as possible without its edge intercepting the ray coming from *a*. In the focus of this lens, at *e f*, a ground glass is placed. This portion of the apparatus is, however, nothing more than the sliding part of a common photographic camera, which contains the ground glass and shields for sensitive preparations."

In the publication above referred to I gave engravings of the results thus obtained; the fixed lines were marked by their wave lengths. The photographs were very clear and beautiful; they bore magnifying six or eight times without injury to their sharpness.

I may here be permitted to add that it was on the publication of these researches in 1844 that I first made the suggestion to describe spectrum effects by wave lengths, or what, perhaps, is still better, by ether vibrations—a method now generally adopted. I may give the following extracts:

"In the earlier discussions of the chemical effects of light, the different regions of the spectrum were marked out by the designations of the different colored rays, and effects were described as taking place in the red, or yellow, or violet regions respectively. An improved plan was proposed by Sir J. Herschel, and followed by him in his various writings. It consists essentially in dividing the space which exists between the red and yellow ray as insulated by cobalt blue glass into 13.30 parts, taking the centre of the yellow ray as the zero point, and continuing the divisions equally into the more and less refrangible regions.

"Over these methods the use of the fixed lines possesses very great advantages, inasmuch as we make reference to actually visible points existing in the spectrum.

"It has been stated that the deviations of the different fixed lines in the diffraction spectrum are proportional to the lengths of the undulations which they respectively represent. By designating the different points of the spectrum by their wave lengths, the subdivision may be carried to any degree of minuteness, the measures of one author will compare with those of another, and the different phenomena of chemical changes occurring through the agency of light become at once allied to a multitude of other optical results. If it were necessary, by a very

simple arithmetical process we could determine the number of vibrations executed by a ray bringing about a given decomposition in billionths of a second. The fixed lines used in this way enable us at once to divide the diffraction spectrum into any number of

parts, and, by comparing wave lengths and the velocity of light, to indicate effects either in space or in time."

The diffraction spectrum, as we have seen, differs strikingly from the prismatic in the arrangement of its colored spaces. In the latter, the less refrangible parts are compressed more and more in proportion as their refrangibility is less. Now there is reason to believe that in the former the colored spaces are equally warm, though so feeble is the calorific effect that all attempts at the direct measurement of the heat have proved unsatisfactory. I first made such attempts with very delicate thermo-electric apparatus, but could not obtain sufficiently striking results. Admitting, however, that every ray, irrespective of its color, in the act of extinction will generate the same amount of heat, it necessarily follows that in the prismatic spectrum the heat should appear to increase steadily from the more to the less refrangible end, because in it the compression of the colored spaces is becoming greater and greater, and this is what is actually observed.

These considerations respecting the distribution of heat in the spectrum lead naturally to the examination of a much more comprehensive problem—indeed, one of the most important problems that science presents—viz., the constitution of the sunbeam.

Until the time of Newton it was universally admitted that light is a pure undecomposable elementary principle. He showed that this conclusion must be modified. No one, except Leibnitz, in those days, and no one for a long time subsequently, discerned the ominous import of the discoveries of this Prince of geometers. Of his detection of the origin of Kepler's laws, and its necessary consequence of the mode in which the government of the universe is conducted, I have nothing here to say. Let us see how it was with his discoveries concerning light.

His interpretation of the experiment he made in the "dark chamber" was this, that light is not an undecomposable element, as was at that time supposed, but that in reality it consists of not fewer than seven different constituents, recognizable by their color. These, if mixed in any manner together, whether by grinding tinted pigments or revolving party-colored sectors, or converging the spectrum through a convex

lens, would, by their union, produce white light. His felicitous experiments with the two reversed prisms silenced the carping critics of that day, who had declared that the colored tints with which he was working had no such origin as he affirmed—in difference of refrangibility—but were analogous to the iridescent play of light on a pigeon's breast, or the more gorgeous lustre of a peacock's tail. It cost only a short struggle, and the theory of the composite nature of light made good its ground.

When, therefore, Herschel, in his examination of the sun's surface through colored glasses, came to the conclusion that the heat emitted by the sun is essentially and intrinsically distinct from the light, and that these elements may be parted from each other by refraction, he did no more than develop the principle that had been announced by Newton; and when, at a later period, Melloni extended these researches, and it was universally admitted that there are heat rays which, like light rays, have various refrangibilities, this conclusion was quite accordant with Newton's results. Heat was considered as existing in the solar beam independent and irrespective of light. In fact, the one might be easily separated from the other.

When, again, the Swedish chemist Scheele, investigating the chemical action of light, showed that there are rays invisible to the eye, and of greater refrangibility than the violet, which can produce the decomposition of certain compounds of silver, these were considered to be an additional element, and passed under the designation of chemical rays, deoxidizing rays, etc. Treated of in the works of physics of those times as imponderable bodies, there seemed to be no necessary limit to their number. More than half a hundred ponderable substances were known. Why, then, should there not be as many of these imponderable ones? This was the view universally entertained at the time I began the experimental study of radiations. For such as are concerned in producing chemical changes I suggested a special designation, which, however, did not find acceptance: the inappropriate and unmeaning appellation, actinic rays, was preferred.

Meantime, however, the undulatory theory of light had been steadily making its way. It was exhibiting all the aspects of a great physical truth, in not only rendering an explanation of known facts, but also in predicting the occurrence of other facts previously unknown. Persons who were in the front of the scientific movement in this direction had thus their attention forcibly drawn to a contemplation of the whole subject from this new point of view. They very soon perceived that from it bonds of interconnection between facts hitherto sup-

posed to be isolated might be discerned; things that were fragmentary and confused spontaneously fell into an orderly arrangement.

While the theory of optics was making this great advance, another important science, physiology, was presenting a similar development. It was casting off the Vital Force of the older medical authors, and acknowledging the dominion of chemical and physical forces. It had become plain that the interpretation of many phenomena, as hitherto received, must be changed.

We may apparently have heat without light, and light without heat. In the darkest room we can not perceive vessels filled with boiling water, yet the warmth we experience on approaching them assures us that they are emitting radiations. Is not this heat without light? If we stand in the rays of the full moon, we can not detect any increase of temperature. Is this not light without heat? It is true that in this latter instance we are mistaken as to the fact; but overlooking that—for the heat to be detected in the moonbeams requires the most sensitive apparatus—do not such observations assure us that heat and light are independent of each other, physical principles having an existence separate from each other?

Such were some of the arguments on which was sustained the hypothesis of the intrinsic difference of light and heat. In this, no account was taken of the optical functions of the eye. Qualities were incorrectly attributed to radiations which, in truth, were due to peculiarities in the organ of vision.

The great service which the diffraction spectrum has rendered to science is the abolishment of all these imaginary independent existences—heat, light, actinism, etc.—and the substitution for them of the simpler conception of vibratory motions in the ether. The only difference existing among the radiations that issue from a grating, in the manner we have been describing, is in their wave lengths, or, what comes to the same thing, in their times of vibration. The diversity of effects produced depends on the quality of the surface on which they fall. If on a dark surface, and the more so in proportion to its blackness, they engender heat; if on the retina, they are interpreted by the mind as light; if on photographic preparations, they produce decomposition, designated *actinic effects*.

Heat, light, actinism, are, then, not natural principles existing independently of each other, but effects arising in bodies from the reception of motions in the ether, motions which differ from each other in their rapidity. Of those that the eye can take cognizance of, the most rapid impart to the mind the sensation of violet light, the slowest,

the sensation of red, and intermediate ones, the intermediate optical tints. Colors, like light itself, are nothing existing exteriorly. They are merely mental interpretations of modes of motion in the ether, and in this they represent musical sounds, which exist only as interpretations by the mind of waves in the air.

I have not hesitated to include the present paper in this series, for, apart from the train of investigation and thought it has presented in its narrative of the researches

of so many eminent philosophers, it also furnishes us this impressive and instructive lesson, that the most simple natural facts, if studied by the methods of modern science, may lead to the most unexpected, the most surprising results. The shadow of an eyelash or of a pin, so considered by Newton, Huyghens, Herschel, Young, Fresnel, Fraunhofer, has led to a vast extension of human knowledge, and carried us onward to unexpected conclusions as to the operation of the human mind itself.

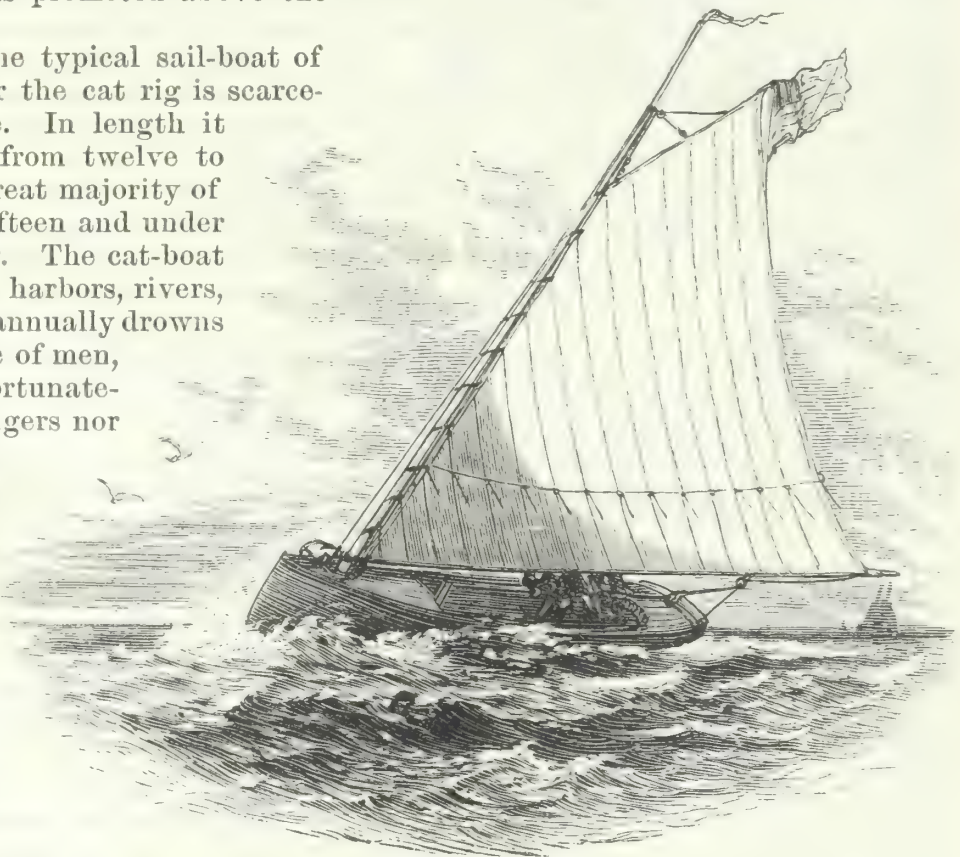
THE FLYING PROA.

STRICTLY speaking, a sail-boat is a craft propelled by any sort or number of sails. Usually, however, the term sail-boat is restricted to an open pleasure-boat, carrying a single sail, and rigged after the fashion called, for some inscrutable reason, the cat rig. When a pleasure-boat is large enough to have a cabin, or carries a jib and main-sail, she is usually honored with the name of yacht, and is thus promoted above the rank of sail-boat.

The cat-boat is the typical sail-boat of American waters, for the cat rig is scarcely known in Europe. In length it ranges all the way from twelve to forty feet, but the great majority of cat-boats are over fifteen and under twenty-five feet long. The cat-boat swarms all over our harbors, rivers, and small lakes, and annually drowns a frightful aggregate of men, women, and boys. Fortunately we have neither tigers nor deadly snakes along the banks of the Hudson, the Sound, or the New Jersey and Long Island bays; but the ravages of the New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut cat-boats make quite a respectable appearance even in comparison with the terrible statistics of snake bites and tiger dinners in India. The best variety of cat-boat is a shallow, saucer-like boat, drawing not more than a foot or eighteen inches of water when the centre-board is up, and decked over for about a third or a half of the distance from bow to stern. The single mast is stepped close to the stem, and the sail is stretched by means of a long boom and a shorter gaff. It can be easily handled by one person, and its management can be readily learned. In the estimation of persons familiar with boat-

ing, who do not desire to die early, the cat-boat has three serious faults—a liability to capsize, to be swamped, and to sink when a sufficiently large hole is made in her. The last fault she possesses in common with all other civilized vessels, but to the first two she is peculiarly prone.

When a cat-boat is sailing with the wind abeam, or forward of the beam, and is mau-



CAT-BOAT.

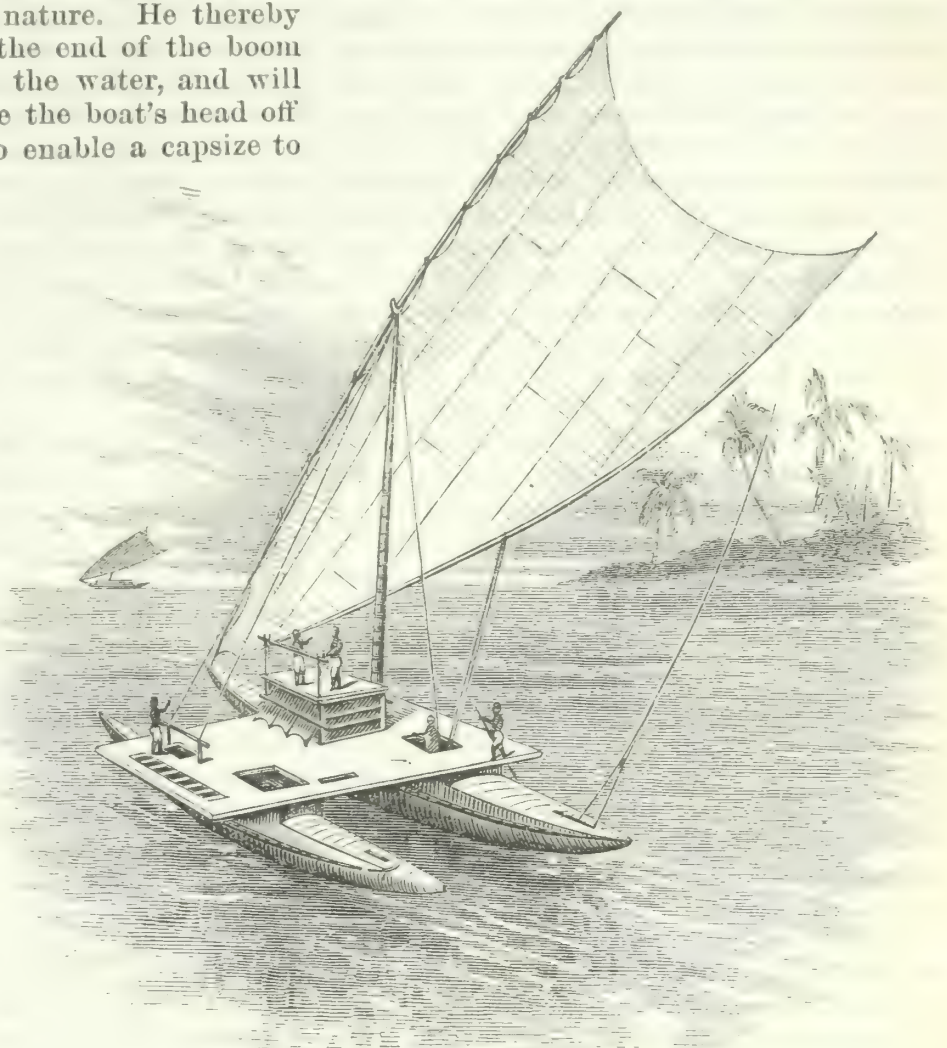
aged by a competent and careful man, she is as safe as any other small sailing vessel. Such a man will see the approach of a fresh gust of wind before it reaches him, and will be prepared to meet it. He will have his peak halyards led aft to a cleat within his reach as he stands at the helm, and he will thus be able to instantly slack away the peak if the gust is a violent one. If this is not necessary, he will luff the boat just before the gust strikes the sail, and thus, by causing the sail to present a smaller angle

to the direction of the wind, will diminish the effect of the latter upon the boat. In no circumstances will he commit the error of letting go the sheet. This is the favorite manœuvre of the man who sails a cat-boat by the light of nature. He thereby incurs the risk that the end of the boom will be driven under the water, and will act as a lever to force the boat's head off from the wind, and so enable a capsize to be easily and surely achieved. The cardinal principle of cat-boat sailing is to "luff her up when it breezes," but it is constantly ignored by hundreds of men who regard themselves as fully competent to manage a boat.

It follows that safety from capsizing in a cat-boat sailing on the wind may be assured by care and intelligence. The difficulty is that not one in a hundred of those who undertake to manage cat-boats possesses both these qualities. Often the man who knows precisely what he ought to do neglects to do it. He lets a squall creep down upon him unseen while he is talking with a fair passenger, and jams his helm down when it is too late. He neglects to have his peak halyards within his reach, or coiled down so that the rope will run smoothly through the blocks. Thus, when the moment comes to let go the peak, either he can not reach the halyards without letting go the helm, or the tangled rope refuses to do its duty. Carelessness probably leads to as many capsizes as incompetency, and even the thoroughly accomplished and experienced sailor is often too self-confident to be careful.

When running before the wind, the utmost care will sometimes be unavailing to prevent an open cat-boat from swamping as she wallows in a heavy sea. The chief danger, however, to which a sail-boat with a free wind is exposed is that of unexpected jibing. Either the wind suddenly veers a little, or the helmsman steers wildly, and the wind takes the sail aback. Instantly the boom flies to the other side of the boat, and is brought up by the sheet with a shock that either parts the rope, breaks the boom,

or capsizes the boat. Ordinarily jibing can be prevented by careful management, but occasionally a sudden shifting of the wind will lead to an equally sudden jibing, in



FEEJEE DOUBLE CANOE.

spite of the most careful helmsman. There is one source of danger to which a cat-boat when running dead before a fresh breeze must necessarily be exposed. It is that of rolling the end of the boom under. A sloop, if the necessity occurs, can scud under her jib alone; but the cat-boat, having but one sail, must keep that set in all circumstances in which a sail is needed. Now when the boom is at right angles to the line of the keel, as it is when the wind is directly astern, the rolling of the boat is very apt to dip the boom into the water. When it is dipped to a certain depth, a capsize becomes inevitable. No seamanship can do away with this danger. It springs from the inherent viciousness of the cat rig, and no care or foresight can provide against it. Occasionally the boom, instead of rolling under, "kicks up," as the phrase runs, and is wrapped close to the mast by the sail. The boatman, if he is a sailor, can usually extricate himself from a difficulty of this kind by one or another expedient; but if he is merely an awkward amateur, as is usually the case, he abandons himself to de-

spair, and gloomily wonders where his body will be found, and whether it will be swollen to an unrecognizable extent.

In addition to these methods of drowning its passengers, the cat-boat, like all other vessels provided with low-swinging booms, contrives to annually knock a large quantity of people overboard. Not very long ago the Rev. Mr. S——, residing near a bay on the Connecticut coast eligible for sailing purposes, rashly took his own and a few assorted children belonging to his parishioners out sailing in his newly purchased cat-boat. A pleasant breeze, scarcely strong enough to be called "fresh," was blowing, and the good clergyman, confident that there was no possible danger, went on explaining the probable rig of the Ark, until the boat suddenly jibed. The boom and the sheet were both new, and the wind was not strong enough to carry any thing away or to capsize the boat. The children's heads happened, however, to be in the path of the swinging boom, and it reaped the astonished small boys at a breath, and the girls who sat between, like a blunt but determined sickle. Most of them were successfully picked up; but two small boys were missing when the boat reached the land, and their parents, who seemed to attach a good deal of value to them, never quite overlooked the clergyman's conduct, and at the next donation party expressed their feelings in dried beans in a painfully unmistakable way. Usually persons who are knocked overboard by a boom, and know how to swim, are picked up again in a damp but living condition. When, however, the boom hits a skull hard enough to fracture it, the victim rarely takes sufficient interest in worldly affairs to try to keep himself afloat.

The cat-boat is, then, always dangerous when in careless or incompetent hands, and sometimes unavoidably dangerous when managed by the best of sailors. It is, however, the best and safest sail-boat which civilized boat-builders have produced, and we can not expect any thing safer from them. If a boat-builder is asked to construct a boat which shall be not only fast, but absolutely safe in all contingencies, which can neither capsize, swamp, nor sink, no matter if she strikes on the sharpest rocks in Hell Gate, he will frankly confess that he can not do it. Nevertheless, such a boat can be built, and with it two cool-headed girls can outsail the *Sappho* or the *Columbia* without risking any danger more serious than that of an occasional sprinkling of spray.

The hollow log and the solid log are the germs from which two widely distinct types of vessels have been developed—those in which, and those on which, the crew is carried. We have developed the hollow log

through all the various stages that separate the canoe and the Cunarder, but have abandoned the solid log after having converted it into the cumbrous lumber raft. The South-sea Islanders, on the other hand, have developed the solid-log idea until the result is seen in their double war canoes—vessels that, although wonderfully swift and safe, are virtually nothing more than two parallel logs joined together with a platform, on which a mast is planted. The Feejee double canoe is not, however, the consummate flower of barbarian boat-building genius. It has been surpassed by the flying proa of the Ladrone Islands—a craft that combines to some extent both the hollow and the solid log ideas, and which merits a brief description here.

The hull of the flying proa exhibits on one side the graceful lines of a well-modeled boat, but on the other side it is perfectly flat. Were an ordinary sail-boat to be cut in two along the keel, and each half to be boarded up perpendicularly, either would present a rude idea of the model of the proa. Each end of the proa is precisely alike, and as the mast is placed exactly in the middle, the craft will sail equally well with either end first. Across the deck run stout bamboo poles, which project beyond the rounded side of the proa, and are fastened at their extremities to a log of wood placed parallel with the boat, and fashioned so as to offer the slightest practicable resistance to the water. The weight of this log or outrigger acts as a counterpoise to the force of the wind, since, by the peculiar manner in which the proa is sailed, the log is always on the windward side. Thus, although the proa is excessively long and narrow, it can never capsize, the outrigger answering the same purpose in this respect which the Feejeean accomplishes by using a double canoe.

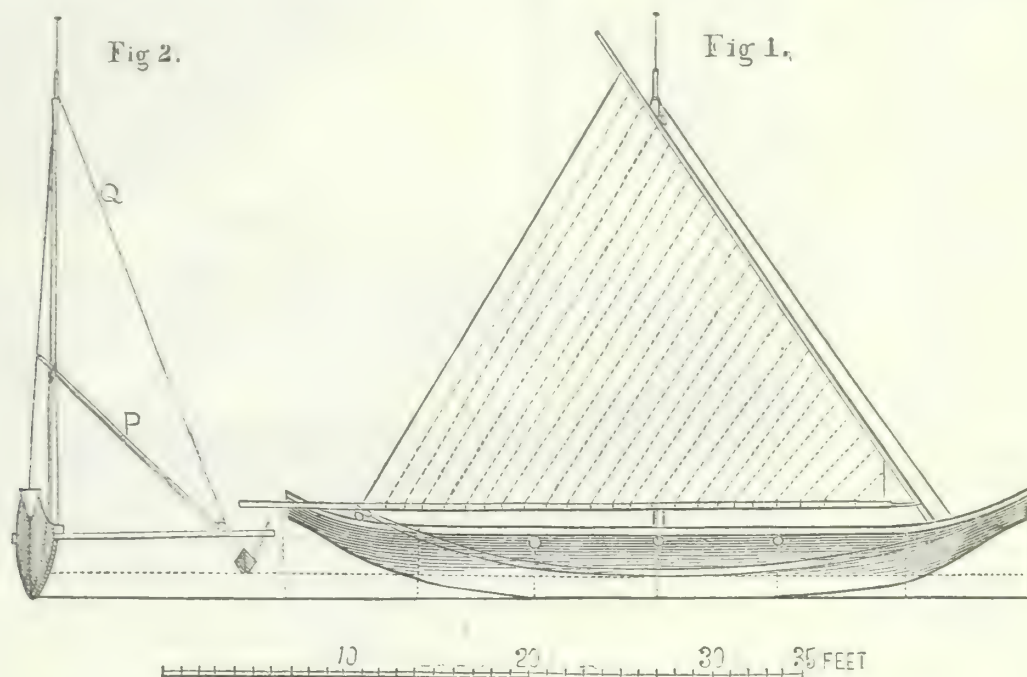
The mast, although placed exactly halfway between the ends of the boat, stands in the bilge close to the gunwale, where it is fastened to the middle beam of the outrigger. The sail is a lateen, triangular in shape, but much wider at the foot and less lofty in proportion than are most lateen-sails. It does not seem large in comparison with the length of the proa, but in view of the extreme narrowness of the hull, and its want of stability apart from the outrigger, it is really an enormous sail. The fore end of the yard fits into a socket at the end of the boat, and the foot of the sail is laced to a boom. It is thus capable of being trimmed as flat as a board, and as it is reefed by simply rolling the boom until the desired amount of sail is wrapped around it, the shape of the sail always remains the same.

In the accompanying cuts, Fig. 1 represents the proa with her sail set, as she appears when viewed from the leeward. Fig. 2 is a view of the proa as she would appear

to a person directly in her path. Fig. 3 is a plan of the whole craft, A B being the lee side of the proa; C D, the windward side; E F G H, the frame of bamboo poles connecting the hull with the outrigger; K L, the boat-shaped outrigger; M N, braces to steady the frame; R S, a thin plank placed to windward to prevent the proa from shipping water, and for a seat for the man who bales out the water; T, the position of the mast. The mast itself is supported (Fig. 2) by the shore P, and the shroud Q, and by two stays running from the mast-head to the stem and stern respectively.

As has been said, the proa is sailed with either end first, but the outrigger is always

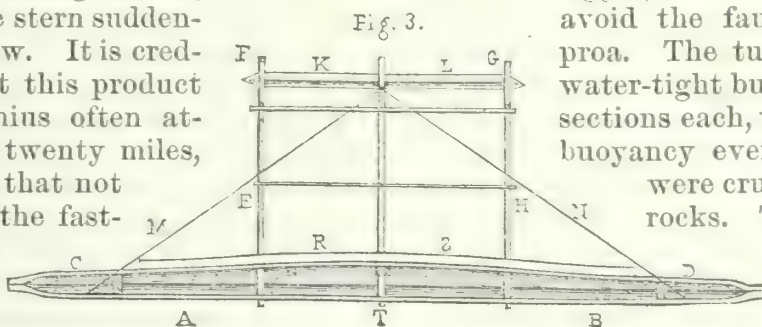
needs only to have these faults removed to meet the most exacting demand. This is not a difficult problem; and, indeed, safety against swamping and sinking, as well as capsizing, has been secured by the invention of the *Nonpareil* life-raft, though at the sacrifice of speed and of the comfort of the crew. The latter awkward-looking craft, which crossed the Atlantic in forty-three days, with a crew of three men, consisted of three parallel tubes filled with air and strongly connected by a platform. Of course it could neither capsize nor sink, but it was a raft rather than a boat, and certainly could not be classed as a pleasure craft.



kept on the windward side. The flat side of the hull being thus always the lee side, acts as a keel or centre-board, but with more effect than either. In fact, the proa is said to make scarcely any perceptible leeway. When beating against a head-wind the proa never tacks. She is merely kept away until her stern approaches the wind, when the yard is swung around, and what was the stern suddenly becomes the bow. It is credibly asserted that this product of barbarian genius often attains a speed of twenty miles, and it is certain that not only is the proa the fastest sailing boat in existence, but it will sail nearer the wind than any vessel known to European or American sailors.

Here we have a craft which has two of the qualities of the ideal perfect sail-boat—great speed, and absolute safety against capsizing. Still, a flying proa may be swamped, and is capable of sinking. It

Suppose we take two tubes of galvanized iron, flat on one side like the hull of the flying proa, and nicely modeled on the other. If these tubes are placed with their flat sides toward each other and connected with a platform, we should secure all the advantages which the Ladrone Islander obtains by his device of a flat-sided hull and an outrigger, while we should also avoid the faults of the flying proa. The tubes, if divided by water-tight bulk-heads into four sections each, would retain their buoyancy even if half of each were crushed in by sunken rocks. The flat side of the windward boat would always act as a centre-board, and the



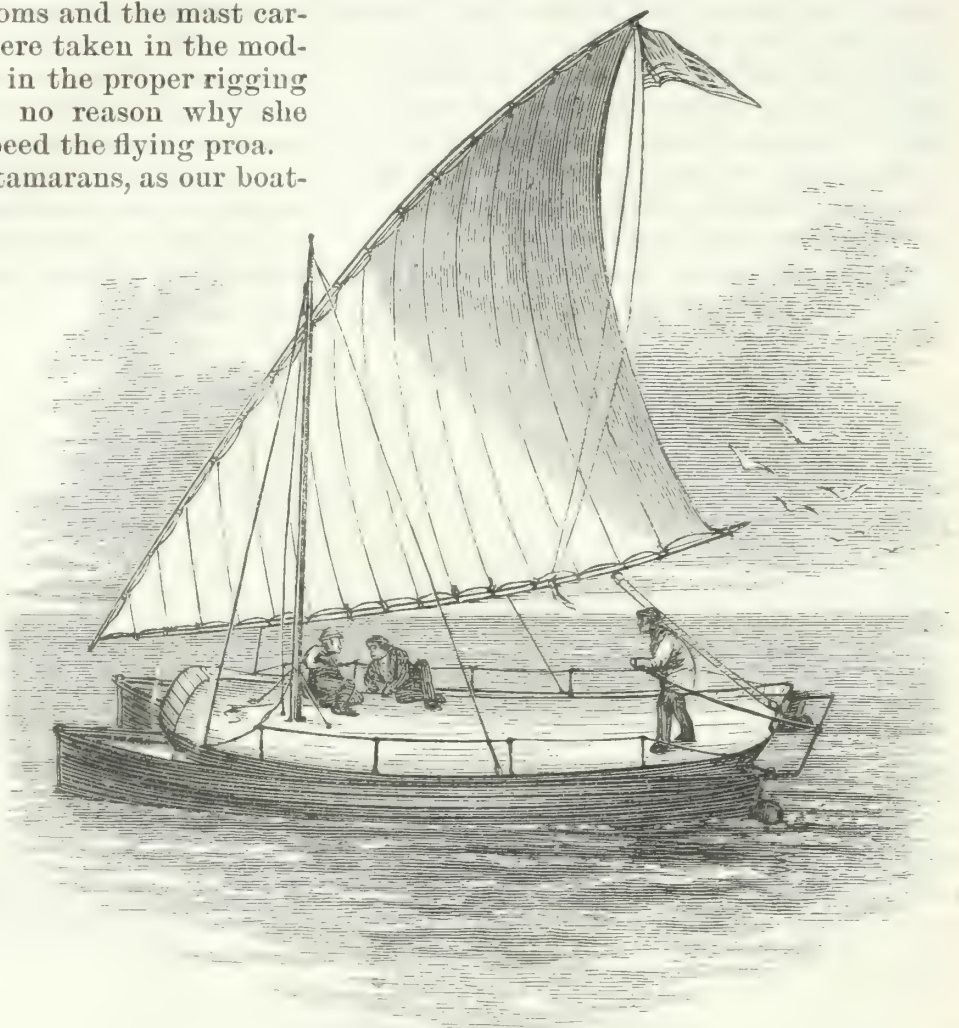
craft could tack like a civilized boat, instead of having to adopt the savage expedient of sailing with either end first. The platform would be sufficiently high out of the water to be always dry, especially if protected by a low bulwark; and should a sea be shipped, the water would immediate-

ly run off without doing any harm. As to capsizing such a craft, there is no variety of wind known to the Weather Bureau or dreamed of by Professor Tice which could do it. Long before one tube could be sunk and the other lifted out of water, the sail would be blown to atoms and the mast carried away. If care were taken in the modeling of the tubes and in the proper rigging of the boat, there is no reason why she should not equal in speed the flying proa.

Double boats, or catamarans, as our boat-builders call them, have often been built in this country, but they have proved intolerably slow. The reason would be plain enough to a Ladrone Islander. In all cases two complete boat hulls have been used, instead of two half sections of a boat. It is apparent that in such a craft the distance between the hulls at the stem-post of each is much greater than it is at the beam. Hence, when the craft is in motion, the water between the two bows is compressed into a continually narrowing space until it reaches the beam, after which it passes astern without any further obstacle. Of course speed is out of the question in such a craft, since the faster it moves, the greater becomes the resistance offered by the wedge-shaped mass of water heaped up between the two bows. It is no wonder that catamarans built after this fashion have been unpopular; but what is utterly unaccountable is the fact that a distinguished English ship-builder, who designed the twin steamer *Castalia*, committed the error of making the parallel hulls precisely like the hulls of ordinary steamers, and thus rendered it inevitable that the *Castalia* should be a slow boat in spite of her enormous engine-power.

There is no man more conservative than the average boat-builder, and it would doubtless outrage all the holier feelings of his nature to ask him to build a civilized modification of a flying proa. His aid, however, is not necessary at the outset, provided iron instead of wood is used as the material for the twin hulls. Of course there is a loss of buoyancy in using iron, but it has so many

advantages over wood that this one defect may be disregarded. Any moderately intelligent worker in iron, if provided with a small wooden model of the proposed hulls, could easily copy them in galvanized sheet-iron.



THE MODIFIED PROA.

The upper side of each hull should be flat, and at right angles to the flat or inner side, and a midship section of each hull should be very nearly a segment of a circle. If galvanized iron one-thirty-second of an inch in thickness is used, and each hull is sixteen feet long, eighteen inches wide on the upper side, and eighteen deep on the flat side at its midship section, the two together, when in the water, will sustain, in addition to their own weight, more than 3000 pounds.

Placing these hulls five feet apart, and connecting them by four transverse beams, four inches square, we are ready to lay the deck planks, which should be as light as is consistent with strength. The deck should be semicircular in shape at the bow and stern, and though it should reach nearly to the stern of each hull, it should leave about two feet of the forward end of each hull uncovered. This would make the deck eight feet wide at its widest part, and about thirteen feet six inches in extreme length, and would furnish fully three times the available space for passengers which is furnished by a cat-boat sixteen feet long.

High bulwarks would not only be unnecessary, but they would present too great a surface to the wind. At the bow, bulwarks about a foot in height, and flaring outward at an angle of, say, seventy degrees with the deck, would be useful as a protection against spray when beating to windward, but they should gradually decrease in height, as they run aft, to not over four inches, and should then increase again at the stern to nearly the same height as at the bow. A light rope, supported by stanchions, and running around the deck at the height of two feet, would be entirely sufficient to prevent unwary passengers from stepping overboard. The steadiness of the craft would permit the use of camp-chairs as seats, and these would have the further advantage of being movable whenever the weight of the passengers should be needed on the windward side in order to trim the boat.

Of course the simplest way in which to rig the craft would be to copy the rig of the cat-boat. But the graceful lateen-sail, which would be dangerous if used on an ordinary sail-boat, would be perfectly safe when used on a boat which no amount of carelessness can capsize. In order to insure plenty of head-room on deck, the sail would have to be narrower in proportion to its length than is the lateen of the Mediterranean, and would thus approach somewhat to the pattern of the sail of a Feejee double canoe. If the lateen rig is adopted, the mast would be stepped further aft than is necessary where the cat rig is used. It must be conceded that the chief recommendation of the lateen-sail is its picturesque appearance, and that for all practical purposes the boom-and-gaff sail used by all our fore-and-aft vessels is decidedly superior. Two rudders would be needed, but the two could easily be connected with a single tiller. Undoubtedly the boat could be more easily steered with a long oar than with rudders, but in that case the helmsman would lose half the pleasure of steering.

The builder of such a craft must be prepared to meet the gibes of conservative mariners and small boys, who will at first denounce it as a ludicrously ugly affair. There is no reason, however, why it should be ugly, provided the builder does not commit the mistake of trying to make it resemble the conventional sail-boat. Let him conceive of the deck as a floating sea-shell, and shape the curve of his bulwarks in accordance with this idea. The lateen-rigged proa is far prettier than the cat-boat.

The advantages of the modified proa are not limited to its speed and safety. It needs no ballast. Its deck is so spacious that its passengers need never suffer from the misery which is entailed by sitting for hours under a hot sun in the confined space of a cat-boat's cockpit. At night the proa can

be anchored and a tent pitched on the deck, under which the coolness and comfort that are sought in vain in the state-room of a yacht can always be had. The deck and the connecting beams can be put together with bolts, so that the craft can easily be taken apart and sent overland by railroad. As the proa is proof against any effort to capsize her, the sail can always be hoisted up so far above the deck as to enable the boom to clear the heads of the passengers. To counterbalance these advantages there is but a single fault. The craft would probably be slow in tacking, and might occasionally need the aid of an oar to put her about. The rigger should bear this in mind when deciding upon the dimensions and pattern of the sail.

Of course the proa is an outlandish craft, but she is safe, and she is incomparably fast. She does not look like the conventional boat, but it costs only about half as much to build her. Can you cook, eat, and sleep comfortably on board a sixteen-foot cat-boat? or can you send her a hundred miles overland without paying her worth in freight? Yet with a sixteen-foot proa you can do all these things, and can, moreover, intrust her to a consumptive theological student with the utmost confidence that she will resist all his attempts at drowning himself.

THE FAIRIES' TABLE-CLOTH.

HERE is the fairies' table, vined
Over with lichen'd buhl-work bright;
Here is the cloth they left behind,
After their feast was done last night.

Never such napery met my eyes;
Never such cobweb woof I've found;
Dotted with dew-drops damask-wise,
Bordered with seed-pearl all around.

Service of creamiest lily-ware;
Spoons of gold from the tulip's heart;
Silver épergnes of callas rare;
Napkins fringed by the gentian's art.

Wine from the spice-wood's vintage, poured
Out of the bubble's Venice glass;
Bread from the pollen of wild peas stored;
Cates from the buds of sassafras;

Meats from the hazels: sweets and sours
Fashioned alone for fairy lips,
Out of the cores of pungent flowers,
Out of the purple haws and hips.

Fruits from the winter-green, alder, grape;
Barberries red with ruby glows;
Wildings of elfin size and shape,
Folded in leaves of brier-rose.

Satiny toad-stools ranged as chairs;
Moon mid-sky for a chandelier;
Crickets and tree-frogs crooning airs
Up in the green orchestra near.

Ah, what a supper it must have been!
Bountiful, zested, racy, rare;
Ah, if I only had fairy kin!
Ah, if I only had been there!

THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE.

[The congregation which held the "Old South Meeting-House," in Boston, having preferred to worship elsewhere, the venerable building itself has been secured by a public association as a monument of the first moments of our history. It is proposed to make there a Museum and Gallery which may illustrate the history of the past, and, if possible, to circulate every where from that centre such words of patriotic and historical information as may be of use in the education of the whole land to know how the nation was born, and what are the principles of our institutions.]

The Old South Meeting-House stands in the very heart of Boston, on the site of Governor John Winthrop's house or garden; and in this very building Sam Adams made his most eager appeals to the people. Massachusetts has sent to Washington the statues of Winthrop and Adams, because they are the representative men of her history. She is fortunate in being able to make at home a historical monument of the Old South Meeting-House, which has been well called "the homestead of one and the forum of the other."

In the following lines an attempt is made to describe the Gallery which, when the building is dedicated to the patriotic education of the nation, may be formed there.]

To hide the time stains on our wall,
Let every tattered banner fall!
The Bourbon lilies, green and old,
That flaunted once, in burnished gold;
The oriflamme of France, that fell
That day when sunburned Pepperell
His shotted salvos fired so well,
The Fleur de Lys trailed sulky down,
And Louis-burg was George's town.
The Bourbon yields it, in despair,
To Saxon arm and Pilgrim prayer.

Hang there the Lion and the Tower,
The trophies of an earlier hour,
Pale emblems of Castilian pride,
That shrouded Winslow when he died
Beneath Jamaica's palm.

Hang there, and there, the dusty rags
Which once were jaunty battle flags,
And, for a week, in triumph vain,
Gay flaunted over blue Champlain,
Gayly had circled half the world,
Until they drooped, disgraced and furled,

That day the Hampshire line
Stood to its arms at dress parade,
Beneath the Stars and Stripes arrayed,
And Massachusetts Pine,
To see the great atonement made
By Riedesel and Burgoyne.

Eagles which Cæsar's hand had fed,
Banners which Charlemagne had led

A thousand years before,
A dozing empire meanly gave
To be the eagles of a slave,
And let the mean Elector wave
Those banners on our shore.

The mean Elector basely sold
Eagle and flag for George's gold;

And, in the storm of war,
In crash of battle, thick and dark,
Beneath the rifle-shot of Stark,
The war-worn staff, the crest of gold,
The scutcheon proud and storied fold,
In surges of defeat were rolled,
So even Roman banners fall
To screen the time stains on our wall!

Beneath the war flag's faded fold
I see our sovereigns of old

On magic canvas there.
The tired face of "baby Charles"
Looks sadly down from Pilgrim walls,
Half pride and half despair,
Doubtful to flatter or to strike,
To cozen or to dare.
His steel-clad charger he bestrides
As if to smite the Ironsides
When Rupert with his squadron rides;
Yet such his gloomy brow and eye,
You wonder if he will not try
Once more the magic of a lie
To lift him from his care.

Hold still your truncheon! If it moves,
The ire of Cromwell's rage it braves!
For the next picture shows
The grim Protector on his steed,
Ready to pray, to strike, to lead,
Dare all for England, which he saves,
New England, which he loves.

These are Vandycks. 'Tis Kneller there
Has pictured a more peaceful pair:
There Orange gives his last command,
The charter gives to Mather's hand;
And, blooming there, the queenly she
Who takes, "now counsel, and now tea,"
Confounding Blenheim and Bohea,
Careless of war's alarm.
Yet, as of old the virgin Queen,
When armed for victory, might press
The smoky fire-lock of "Brown Bess,"
So Anna, in a fond caress,
Rests on a black "Queen's arm."

Beneath those forms another band,
Silent but eloquent, shall stand.
There is no uttered voice nor speech
As still of liberty they teach;
No language and no sound is heard,
Yet still the everlasting word
Goes forth to thrill the land.
Story and Greenough shall compel
The silent marble forms to tell
The lesson that they told so well—
Lesson of Fate and Awe;
Franklin still point the common place
Of Liberty and Law.
Adams shall look in Otis' face,
Blazing with freedom's soul,
And Molyneux see Hancock trace
The fatal word which frees a race,
There, in New England's well-earned place,
The head of freedom's roll.

These are not all. The past is gone,
But other victories shall be won,
For which the time-worn tale we read
Is but the sowing of the seed.
The harvest shall be gathered when
Our children's children meet again
Upon this time-worn floor;
When ruddy drops flush living cheek,
And tribunes of the people speak
As living man can speak to living men;
When future Adamses conspire,
When other Danas feed the fire,
Each grandson worthy of his sire;
When other Phillipses shall tell
Again the tale *he* tells so well;
When other Minots shall record
The victories of some other Ward,

And other Prescotts tell the story
 Of other Warrens' death and glory;
 When, in some crisis of the land,
 Some other Quincy takes the stand,
 To teach, to quicken, to command,
 To speak with prophet's power
 Of Liberty and Law combined,
 Of Justice close with Mercy joined,
 United in one heart and mind:
 That talisman of victory find
 In which our laurels all are twined;
 And, for one struggle more,
 Forget our things which lie behind
 And reach to those before!

BELL'S MATCH-MAKING.

"MY DEAR FLORA," wrote Miss Raymond,—*"It is a long time since we have met. Why can't you pack your trunk, and make up your mind to spend the summer with me in this green and quiet corner of the earth? You shall diet upon locusts and wild honey, if such be your pleasure; you shall put in an appearance at parish picnics, or sit in the arbor and embroider while somebody reads Tennyson aloud—in short, you shall do as you please, if you will please to come to your rural friend"* BELL."

Miss Raymond regarded it as a wise and far-seeing policy that she had forborne to mention the name of the Rev. Clarence Gascoigne—a poor but promising young clergyman recently settled over the parish of Haphazard, whose welfare she had chiefly in view in issuing this invitation to "dear Flora," who was nothing less than an heiress and a beauty. Miss Raymond herself, being neither, naturally set a greater value upon these things than they deserved, and devoutly believed that Flora would carry all before her at her own sweet will. She remembered, when they had been at Madame Buhl's finishing school together—before adversity had visited the Raymonds' roof—that Flora had been the cynosure of all the neighboring eyes at Dr. Creed's theological seminary, that she had been deluged with valentines, surfeited with *bonbons*, and embalmed in sonnet and song in the poet's corner of the local daily. But apparently these things had not availed. Miss Flora had already survived several seasons, and was yet Miss Flora, and untrammelled. Whether she had flirted too hard, her heart had remained untouched, or she had never inspired her lovers with any thing stronger than a passing fancy, nobody but Flora knew. Miss Raymond's family consisted merely of herself and a widowed aunt; and as her income was small, she usually filled the roomy old homestead with summer boarders. But since the new rector of the parish had taken up his abode under her roof-tree, and Aunt Milly was in somewhat failing health, she had decided not to add to her cares, but to

her pleasures, in begging Flora to spend the season at Haphazard. And Flora was nothing loath. She stepped from the lumbering old stage late on one summer afternoon, in the jauntiest of travelling toilets, with the most killing of hats perched upon her shapely head—a very bewitching picture of a girl of the period, the soft fluffy curls upon her white forehead, the dark eyes shining with mischief, the wild rose blushing upon cheek and chin, and a ready smile about the mobile lips. Bell felt suddenly old and faded and dowdy beside her, and upbraided herself smartly for the sensation. She went up to her guest's room with her, threw open the blinds, pointed out the views, and helped her unpack.

"I do hope you won't find it stupid here, Flora," she said; "that time will not hang heavy upon your hands. Society here is rather chaotic, to be sure, but—"

"I suppose there isn't such an article as a gentleman within ten miles," yawned Flora.

"Well, they are not as plenty as I could wish, for your sake, I confess. We are always living in hopes that the master of Pine Hill will return and endanger our monotony—you can see the towers of the mansion from this window, there, behind that belt of pines; but he prefers the gay world. And then there's our rector; *he* is very good company."

"Oh, spare us! I had theology enough, thank you, at Madame Buhl's. If there's *any thing* I detest, it's a— Say, Bell, who is that splendid apparition coming in at the gate?"

"That?" laughed Bell—"that is the afore-said rector."

"Is he coming to give you ghostly counsel? I shall be getting a change of heart, depend on't."

"He's coming home to tea. He boards here."

"*'There is a divinity,'*" quoted Flora. "I thought, to be sure, it was no less than the master of Pine Hill coming to his estates just in the nick of time. How long has his Reverence been here, may I ask?"

"Only three months."

"Well, I wonder you haven't fallen in love."

"I? Where would be the good?"

"Who ever stops to think of that?"

"At least one must have a little encouragement to begin with."

"And hasn't he given you a particle? You just hand him over to *my* tender mercies."

"You sha'n't flirt with him, Flora; he's too good and innocent; he would think you in earnest."

"*'Sha'n't'* is in the imperative mood, I believe. Are you the guardian of his young affections?"

And then they descended to the tea table, and Flora and Clarence Gascoigne shook hands and chatted familiarly—nobody could resist chatting familiarly with Flora after the first half minute—about his cousins, the Gascoignes of Newport, and a dozen people, of whom Miss Raymond had never heard, and of whom never to have heard seemed suddenly to prove her a person of the least consequence. After tea the trio strolled in the garden, Flora leading the conversation, and waking the echoes with her quick laughter; and they sat a while on the rustic bench beside the syringa bushes, and Flora sang snatches from the operas and spiritual hymns; and Bell marked that when she dropped out of catch or chorus, nobody seemed to miss her, and presently she stole away to look after her housekeeping, congratulating herself that every thing promised well for her scheme. Flora was perhaps a trifle giddy and girlish for a clergyman's wife, but she would outlive all that; and what an excellent thing it would be for Mr. Gascoigne, whose abilities would never have fair play if he married any poor girl about Haphazard, and lived from hand to mouth, so to speak, with none of the opportunities which money could offer; and as for Flora, she might bless her stars if he preferred her, if he had no inconvenient scruples about marrying a rich woman.

The summer weather was fine at Haphazard, and if Mr. Gascoigne begged the ladies to visit some poor or invalid parishioner in his company, it usually ended by Flora going with him alone, Bell having found some urgent duty to detain her at home at the last minute; and Flora developed quite a talent for cheering the sick-room and dispensing luxuries to the needy: it was a *rôle* of which she relished the novelty amazingly.

"You were plainly intended for a clergyman's wife," blundered Mr. Gascoigne, in a moment of grateful enthusiasm; and then he colored, and added, hastily, "The lame, halt, and blind are all singing your praises."

"What a discord it must be!" returned Flora. "I think I should prefer a solo."

The claims of the parish, however, were not so exacting but he could devote some leisure to the poets, sitting in the vine-covered arbor, while Bell and Flora worked and listened—except when Bell remembered she had omitted to leave orders for the grocer, or had neglected some important household affair, and excused herself for a long half hour, begging them to go on with the reading. And when she returned, she was always pleased to find that the book had been closed for the nonce. If he had not been reading, then of course he had been doing what he liked better. And he would say, "We have been waiting for you, Miss Bell"—he had fallen into the habit of calling her "Miss Bell" during these familiar *séances*.

"I sha'n't dare to run away, if I am going to spoil your pleasure so," she replied.

"You certainly do spoil it when you leave us," he would gallantly retort.

If they went for an afternoon's picnic to the top of Chrome Cliff, with their supper packed in a hamper, Bell fell to sketching a bend of the river, with the willows dipping above it and swallows skimming low, and Flora and Mr. Gascoigne were naturally left to their own devices. If they went out for an evening's entertainment—which even Haphazard afforded at times when summer guests were plenty—Bell remembered the latch-key as soon as they were beyond the gate, or she had left a window open where burglars and showers might enter, or she never failed of some valid excuse for falling behind, for refusing Mr. Gascoigne's arm—either both hands were necessary to keep her skirts from the mud, or the country sidewalk was too narrow for three abreast. And yet there was nothing obvious or awkward in Miss Raymond's scheming. It all came about as naturally as if fore-ordained; and if Mr. Gascoigne was sometimes a little vexed that he could not be trusted to find the latch-key, close the window, or fetch the umbrella, Flora would say, "It's Bell's way; she was just so at Madame Buhl's—always *would* wait upon herself."

It had never been Bell's way, however, to linger in the vestibule after church; but now she found it convenient to ask old Mrs. Ross about her rheumatism, and Martha Meeks about her grandson fishing at the Labrador. And by that time the Reverend Clarence had put off the gown and made his way to the church door, where Flora welcomed him; and Bell nodded and begged they would walk on, and let her overtake them: she must speak to the sexton about his sick child, or see the treasurer of the Mite Society—only she never did overtake them. The treasurer had proved garrulous, and the sexton had set his heart upon showing her the head-stone he had got up to his first wife. If she found them sitting alone in the embrasure of the open window, studying the constellations, she moved softly away. Who could tell?—it might be the decisive moment.

It so happened that just at this time Mrs. Raymond fell ill. Flora proposed going home, but Bell stoutly vetoed the proposition. "It will be so lonesome for Mr. Gascoigne," she said. "And Aunt Milly will be up again soon. No; do you stay, and pour the tea at table, and play at house-keeping, and make it a little like home for the poor fellow."

"Seems to me you are very anxious about his welfare," said Flora, but staid as she was bidden, poured his tea, whiled away his leisure hours, beat him at chess, visited his sick, listened to his views, filled the place

of the absent soprano in his choir, and borrowed his old sermons for private reading, while Bell spent her time administering hourly doses, concocting gruels and dainties to tempt the appetite, and waiting in a darkened room by day, after broken nights. Perhaps it was the effect of overtaxed nerves and depressed spirits, or perhaps Miss Raymond had misunderstood her interest in Mr. Gascoigne, but as she left her patient dozing one night, and paused a moment, leaning out the hall window to commune with the evening star and the last tender effulgence of sunset, the sight of Flora and Mr. Gascoigne pelting each other with roses in the garden below smote her with a sense of something alien and cruel. Her absence did not affect their enjoyment; they had forgotten her in the delight of being together; and for the first time a selfish sorrow stirred in her heart and filled her eyes with sudden tears. "Did she grudge them their happiness?" she asked herself. "Was not success enough for her?"

When Flora had gone to her room that night, Bell knocked at the door and went in.

"Haven't you any thing to tell me?" she asked. "Has *nothing* happened?"

"What should happen, you dear old sleepy owl, you? Oh yes; I broke your India china bowl. A sin confessed is half redressed. We meet, but we miss you; we linger to caress you—at least *I* do. By-the-way, I'm afraid the Reverend Clarence is getting horribly bored with me!"

"What impossible nonsense, Flora!" Was love teaching Flora to prevaricate?

The following night, as Bell was going softly down to the kitchen for mustard, the door of Mr. Gascoigne's study opened, and the draught blew out her candle as he closed it and came forward.

"You keep late vigils, Mr. Gascoigne," she exclaimed. "It has just struck twelve."

"The truth is," he explained, "I had gotten behindhand with my sermon. I've been dissipating too much, I'm afraid, with your lively friend."

"And of what do you suppose Flora is afraid? That you are getting bored with her!"

"Bored with Flora?" he repeated, smiling broadly. "Can't you imagine who never bores me?"

"Is it a riddle?" laughed Bell, with a sob in her throat. "I suppose I might guess with a great effort of imagination!" Why did he torture her with his confidences?

"I should think you might," he pursued, still smiling, but not so confidently. "During your absence at Mrs. Raymond's bedside I have become confirmed in a sentiment whose existence I had only suspected before. Is there any hope for me, I wonder?"

"Any hope?" she answered, confusedly—"any hope? I—how can I tell?"

"Don't you know?" he asked, mournfully,

his great dark eyes shining appealingly in the dim light. "Couldn't you find out, dear Miss Bell? Couldn't you give me a morsel of encouragement?"

"I could—I will find out—if you wish. I would give it now—this minute—you know I would, don't you?—if I could—if I dared—if I were certain—"

Did he doubt that Flora loved him?

"Bless you!" he said, fervently. "I am willing to wait; it is so much better than despair dealt at one blow." Then he lighted her candle from his own, and left her, with blank dismay pictured upon her face. There was no question but her match-making had succeeded, and she herself was in love with Clarence Gascoigne! Another woman might have played false at this unexpected crisis, and deemed that all was fair in love, but Bell Raymond was of finer clay.

"You dear old go-between," cried Flora, when Bell made her revelations, "the Bishop Valentine himself couldn't hold a candle to you. It's too good to be true. Do I love him? *Don't I?* 'Confirmed in a sentiment whose existence he had only suspected before Mrs. Raymond's illness,' is he? Well, I must confess I hardly expected such good fortune. He's so reserved, I suppose, and—and— Why, he has never so much as kissed my hand, or pressed it, though he has had plenty of opportunity. Well, you can go tell him that the adage, 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' is disproved. I'll wait here."

Somebody knocked faintly at Mr. Gascoigne's study door. "Come in," he said, mistaking it for the maid.

"Flora is waiting for you in the parlor," began Bell.

"Waiting for me?—Flora?" repeated Mr. Gascoigne.

"Yes. I have told her; she is waiting to confirm your hope, Mr. Gascoigne. She bids me say that the adage, 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' is disproved. When you intimated to me the other night that you loved her, I suspected that it was not in vain, but I could not be certain, you know. Now I *know* she loves you with all her heart. I am sure of it. Don't let me keep you an instant; it must seem like an eternity to Flora. She is waiting for you—in the parlor. Go! Why do you hesitate? Don't you believe me?"

Mr. Gascoigne had risen, deathly pale, with a solemn, wounded look in his shining eyes, and great circles growing beneath them; his lips moved without forming words. His whole attitude was that of one overcome with unexpected happiness, it seemed to Bell, as he steadied himself by grasping with trembling hands the chair beside him.

"You told Flora that I loved her?" he gasped. "You told her that I loved her?"

"Why, yes; I told her you had been confirmed in a sentiment whose existence you had only suspected before you were thrown

together so much by Aunt Milly's illness," repeated Bell.

"And you say that Flora loves me? You are sure of it?"

"I am sure. Go and ask her;" and Bell went slowly out; but it was some time before Mr. Gascoigne obeyed her.

"He is the oddest lover in the world," confessed Flora, later. "Nothing spooney or gushing about him. I suppose it wouldn't be dignified for a clergyman. Why, he only kissed me twice, if you'll believe it, Bell, and looked as solemn as an owl, and said he hoped he should make me happy. Goodness! I'm happy already, and I told him so. Do you know, Bell, I never had an out-and-out offer before, though I'm twenty-seven."

Miss Raymond offered thanks when Mr. Gascoigne took his vacation to the White Hills, and Flora went home to acquaint her friends with her new prospects, and to join her lover, with her mother, at the Mountain House later. Bell's summer's work was ended; there was nothing more for her to do but to sit down and count the cost of match-making. In the mean time Flora wrote her friend long confidential letters from the mountains.

"Such larks! We do nothing but enjoy ourselves. Who do you think we found here but his high-and-mightiness the heir of Pine Hill, Mr. Chester Callender, of Haphazard. And such a swell! He danced with me five times at the hop last night—and didn't the other women look daggers! One dared to say it was because I'm engaged, and it's so safe flirting with engaged girls—all the fun and none of the danger! Let them rave! If I weren't engaged—who knows?—I might fancy living at Pine Hill, with a retinue of servants, driving in my carriage, and crackling in my silks. I didn't tell you, did I, that the stocks in which my money was invested have declined most shamefully? So Mr. Discount, my business man, writes me. But there's dear old Clarence—do you know, he isn't a particle jealous!" While a later date ran, "Mr. Callender and I are just in from a climb up the mountain with a small party. Clarence went with some gentlemen last week camping out, and didn't care to repeat history. We got separated from the others, Mr. Callender and I, and lost our way; and we should have been there now, for all I know, if Clarence and a man hadn't come to our rescue with lantern and torches. Mr. Callender is taking my picture, in crayon—I sometimes really believe he is sweet on me, in spite of Clarence. Mr. Callender's eyes are blue and small, and his mustache is—well, lemon-colored, maybe; but his figure and manners are perfectly stunning. He always makes you feel as if you were the one person of all the world whom he delighted to honor."

And, after that, Bell heard no more, and a fortnight later Mr. Gascoigne was at home again, and settling to his parish duties. He found Bell at twilight the day after his return, with her Sleepy-Hollow chair wheeled before the window, watching the stars come out in the evening sky, and listening to the crickets' sing-song.

"Star-gazing?" he asked, resting an elbow on the cushioned back of her seat. "A penny for your thoughts."

"I didn't hear you come in, Mr. Gascoigne," she said. "I am thinking about—about Flora! How did you leave her?"

"Flora? Haven't you heard?"

"My last letter is a month old."

"And nobody has told you about her?"

"Who could tell me about her so well as yourself?"

Mr. Gascoigne laughed. "Well, Mr. Callender, perhaps."

"Mr. Callender! What are you talking about, Mr. Gascoigne?"

"Flora and Mr. Callender."

"What of them?"

"They are married—that is all."

"Married! Flora married to Mr. Callender! Is it true? Oh, Mr. Gascoigne! How could she be so wicked! Oh! oh! oh!" and she staggered to her feet and held out both arms, not knowing what she did.

"Wicked?" echoed the young rector, taking the proffered hands, and holding them firmly—"I don't know about that. It isn't wicked to marry the man you love best, even at the risk of breaking another's heart, is it? And then my heart is in excellent condition; I assure you, Flora hasn't been able to effect a flaw. It was all a mistake, you know, from first to last—Flora knows it now herself. My dear Miss Bell, you rather overdid the match-making business, did you not? And I—I was weak and Quixotic, I grant you; it was unpardonable, I admit, now that I look back upon it. But if the girl really loved me; if I had unwittingly won her heart; if you had led her to believe, thanks to my own stupidity, that I had been such a blockhead as to confess my love for her to you—why, it was only right that I should abide by my own awkward mistake. I must have been miraculously obscure that night, Bell, and you must be the least conceited woman in the world, or you would have understood that I loved you, and not Flora."

"O—h," said Bell, with a little sigh, "I wish I had understood!"

"It isn't too late, is it? If you had understood, what should you have said, Bell?"

"I should have said, 'Yes.'"

"My dear Bell," wrote Mrs. Callender to Mrs. Gascoigne on her wedding morning, "allow me to congratulate you on your talent for match-making."

SUNRISE ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

WE left behind the leafy arms of shade,
 The green soft grasses and the blossoms fair—
 Left the brown brook that lulling murmur made,
 The smoke-plumed houses scattered every where.
 Before, gray rocks that rose in steeper slope,
 The softening snow, the glacier's foot-marks rough,
 The still-receding summit, mocking hope,
 The glare and silence: was it not enough?
 Above, the hurrying mists went drifting by
 Through rocky clefts; the night climbed up apace:
 We seemed on some spear point uplifted high
 To gaze upon some terror face to face.
 The gray dawn, streaked with angry red, at last
 Lit up the rocks, and when the sun burned through,
 Lo! on the western clouds the shadow vast
 Of the great mountain loomed upon our view.
 O God! have pity. Is there, then, no rest?
 Must pain as infinite as loving be?
 Our weary feet the mountain's path have pressed;
 The laboring breath has come so painfully!
 Behold! upon its side we wake, we sleep,
 Forever climbing through its shadows deep.
 Oh, when at last behind, beneath, it lies,
 Let not its shadow fall upon the skies!

THE WAVING OF THE CORN.

PLOUGHMAN, whose gnarly hand yet kindly wheeled
 Thy plough to ring this solitary tree
 With clover, whose round plat, reserved afield,
 In cool green radius twice my length may be—
 Scanting the corn thy furrows else might yield,
 To pleasure August, bees, fair thoughts, and me,
 That here come oft together—daily I,
 Stretched prone in summer's mortal ecstasy,
 Do stir with thanks to thee, as stirs this morn
 With waving of the corn.

Unseen, the farmer's boy from round the hill
 Whistles a snatch that seeks his soul unsought,
 And fills some time with tune, howbeit shrill;
 The cricket tells straight on his simple thought—
 Nay, 'tis the cricket's way of being still;
 The peddler bee drones in, and gossips naught;
 Far down the wood, a one-desiring dove
 Times me the beating of the heart of love:
 And these be all the sounds that mix, each morn,
 With waving of the corn.

From here to where the louder passions dwell,
 Green leagues of hilly separation roll:
 Trade ends where yon far clover ridges swell.
 Ye terrible Towns, ne'er claim the trembling soul
 That, craftless all to buy or hoard or sell,
 From out your deadly complex quarrel stole
 To company with large amiable trees,
 Suck honey summer with unjealous bees,
 And take Time's strokes as softly as this morn
 Takes waving of the corn.

PERCY AND THE PROPHET:

EVENTS IN THE LIVES OF A LADY AND HER LOVERS.

FIRST WORDS.

THE late Lieutenant-Colonel Bervie was generally very willing to tell the eventful love story of his youthful days to any persons who were really desirous of hearing it. In relating, at the outset of his narrative, the extraordinary manner in which a total stranger foretold certain events which affected the happiness of two other persons besides himself, he never laid any claims to the unquestioning belief of his audience. "Form your own opinion, friends," he used to say. "Whether I am relating a series of marvels or a series of coincidences, I give you my word of honor I am telling you the truth. If this assurance does not satisfy you, I can only recommend the same modest view of the questions that are beyond the range of our own experience which wise Shakespeare advocates in those well-known lines: 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

So the old soldier spoke, when years had taught him to be tolerant of all men, in the peaceful evening of his life.

The story is once more told in these pages, with the colonel's reservations, though not always in the colonel's language. For example, the noble conduct of one of the characters (to which he never did justice) will now be found to occupy the prominent place on the scene that is fairly its due.

THE STORY.

PART I.—THE PREDICTION.

CHAPTER I.—THE QUACK.

THE disasters that follow the hateful offense against Christianity which men call War were severely felt in England during the peace that ensued on the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. At this melancholy period of our national history, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce suffered an unexampled depression. The deficiency in the revenue was publicly acknowledged in Parliament to be alarming. With rare exceptions, distress prevailed among all classes of the community. The starving nation was ripe and ready for a revolutionary rising against its rulers—the rulers who had shed the people's blood and wasted the people's substance in a war which had yielded to the popular interests absolutely nothing in return.

Among the unfortunate persons who were driven, during the disastrous early years of this century, to strange shifts and devices to obtain the means of living, was a certain obscure medical man, of French extraction, named Lagarde. The doctor (duly qualified in England as well as in his own country to bear the title) was an inhabitant of London, living in one of the narrow streets which connect the great thoroughfare of the Strand with the banks of the Thames.

The method of obtaining employment chosen by poor Lagarde, as the one alternative left in the face of starvation, was, and is still, considered by the medical profession to be the method of a quack. He advertised in the public journals.

In language studiously free from pretense or exaggeration, the French physician declared himself to have been converted to a belief in animal magnetism (as it was then called) by serious study of the discoveries first announced in France by the famous Mesmer. The two classes of the community to which his appeal was addressed were (first) persons of the invalid sort, afflicted with maladies which ordinary medical practice had failed to cure; and (secondly) persons disposed toward mystical investigation, who might be inclined to test the power of "clairvoyance" as a means of revealing the hidden chances and changes of the future. "No fee is exacted from those who may honor me with their confidence," the doctor modestly added, "because I can not guarantee beforehand that I shall be successful in ministering to their necessities and wishes. The process that I employ is no secret: it was first made public long before my time. I am thrown into a magnetic sleep, and the hand of the person who consults me is placed in mine. The result depends entirely on mysterious laws of nervous sympathy and nervous insight, to the existence of which I can testify, but which (in the present state of scientific inquiry) I am not able to explain. Those whom I am fortunate enough to satisfy are requested to drop their offerings, according to their means, into a money-box fixed on the waiting-room table. Those whom I do not satisfy will be pleased to accept the expression of my regret, and will not be expected to give any thing. It is quite possible that I may be the dupe of mistaken convictions: all I ask of the public is to believe that they are at least the convictions of an honest man. I have only to add that ladies and gentlemen who may wish to give me a trial will find me at home in the evening, between the hours of six and ten."

Toward the close of the year 1816 this strange advertisement became a general topic of conversation among educated people in London. For some weeks the "sittings" of the seer were largely attended, and (all things considered) were not badly remunerated. A faithful few believed in him, and told wonderful stories of what he had pronounced and prophesied in his state of trance. The majority of his visitors simply viewed him in the light of a public amusement, and wondered why such a gentleman-like man should have chosen to gain his living by exhibiting himself as a quack.

CHAPTER II.—THE NUMBERS.

ON a raw and snowy evening toward the latter part of January, 1817, a gentleman, walking along the Strand, turned into the street in which Doctor Lagarde lived, and knocked at the mesmerist's door. The gentleman was young and handsome, with a certain peculiarity in his gait which revealed him as belonging to the military profession. His dress studiously avoided the exaggerations and absurdities of the hideous fashion prevailing in those days. In a word, the outward mark set on him was the mark which unmistakably proclaims a well-bred man.

He was admitted by an elderly male servant to a waiting-room on the first floor. The light of

one little lamp, placed on a bracket fixed to the wall, was so obscured by a dark green shade as to make it difficult, if not impossible, for visitors meeting by accident to recognize each other. The metal money-box fixed to the table was just visible. In the flickering light of a small fire the stranger perceived the figures of three men seated, apart and silent, who were the only occupants of the room besides himself. The wretched weather had, no doubt, kept the doctor's lady visitors at home. So far as objects were to be seen, there was nothing to attract attention in the waiting-room. The furniture was plain and neat, and nothing more. The elderly servant handed a card, with a number inscribed on it, to the new visitor, said in a whisper, "Your number will be called, Sir, in your turn," and disappeared. For some minutes nothing disturbed the deep silence but the faint ticking of a clock. After a while a bell rang from an inner room, a door opened, and a gentleman appeared, whose interview with Doctor Lagarde had terminated. His opinion of the sitting was openly expressed in one emphatic word—"Humbug!" No contribution dropped from his hand as he passed the money-box on his way out.

The next number (being Number Fifteen) was called by the elderly servant, and the first incident occurred in the strange series of events destined to happen in the doctor's house that night.

One after another the three men who had been waiting rose, examined their cards under the light of the lamp, and sat down again, surprised and disappointed. The servant advanced to investigate the matter. The numbers possessed by the three visitors, instead of being Fifteen, Sixteen, and Seventeen, proved to be Sixteen, Seventeen, and Eighteen. Turning to the stranger who had arrived the last, the servant said:

"Have I made a mistake, Sir? My sight is not so good as it was, and I am afraid I have awkwardly confused the cards in this dark place. Have I given you Number Fifteen instead of Number Eighteen?"

The gentleman produced his card. A mistake had certainly been made, but not the mistake that the servant supposed. The card held by the latest visitor turned out to be the card previously held by the dissatisfied stranger who had just left the room—Number Fourteen! As to the card numbered Fifteen, it was only discovered the next morning lying in a corner, dropped on the floor!

Acting on his first impulse, the servant hurried out of the room, calling to the gentleman who had been the original holder of Fourteen to come back and bear his testimony to that fact. The street door had been opened for him by the landlady of the house. She was a pretty woman, and the gentleman had fortunately lingered to talk to her. He was induced, at the intercession of the landlady, to ascend the stairs again. On returning to the waiting-room he addressed a characteristic question to the assembled visitors. "*More humbug?*" asked the gentleman who liked to talk to a pretty woman.

The servant—completely puzzled by his own stupidity—attempted to make his apologies.

"Pray forgive me, gentlemen," he said. "I am afraid I have confused the cards I distribute with the cards returned to me. In the case of mistakes of any kind, I am ordered to set them

right on the spot. In *this* case, I think I had better consult my master."

He disappeared in the inner room. Left by themselves, the visitors began to speak jestingly of the strange situation in which they were placed. The original holder of Number Fourteen described his own experience of the doctor in his own pithy way. "I applied to the fellow to tell my fortune. He first went to sleep over it, and then he said he could tell me nothing. I asked why. 'I don't know,' says he. '*I do*,' says I—'*humbug!*' I'll bet you the long odds, gentlemen, that *you* find it humbug too."

Before the wager could be accepted or declined, the door of the inner room was opened again. The tall, lean, black figure of a new personage appeared on the threshold, relieved darkly against the light in the room behind him. A singularly quiet, sad voice addressed the visitors in these words:

"Gentlemen, I must beg your indulgence. The apparent accident which has given to the last comer the number already held by a gentleman who has unsuccessfully consulted me, may have a meaning which we can none of us at present see. Observe, I don't speak positively; I only say it may be. If the three visitors who have been so good as to wait will allow the present holder of Number Fourteen to consult me out of his turn—and if the earlier visitor who left me dissatisfied with his consultation will consent to stay here a little longer—I pledge myself, if nothing happens during the first ten minutes of the interview, to receive the gentlemen who have yet to consult me, and to detain no longer the gentleman who has seen me already. On the other hand, if any thing does happen, there is a chance at least that one among you—most likely the original holder of Number Fourteen—may be concerned in it. Under these circumstances, is ten minutes' patience too much to ask of you?"

The three visitors who had waited longest consulted among themselves, and (having nothing better to do with their time) decided on accepting the doctor's proposal. The visitor who believed it all to be "humbug" coolly took a gold coin out of his pocket, tossed it into the air, caught it in his closed hand, and walked up to the shaded lamp on the bracket. "Heads, stay," he said, "Tails, go." He opened his hand and looked at the coin. "Heads! Very good. Go on with your hocus-pocus, Sir—I'll wait."

"You believe in chance," said the doctor, quietly observing him. "That is not my experience of life."

He paused to let the stranger who held Number Fourteen pass him into the inner room—then followed, closing the door behind him.

CHAPTER III.—THE CONSULTATION.

THE consulting-room was better lit than the waiting-room, and that was the only difference between the two. In the one, as in the other, no attempt was made to impress the imagination. Every where the commonplace furniture of a London lodging-house was left without the slightest effort to alter or improve it by changes of any kind.

Seen under the clearer light, Doctor Lagarde appeared to be the last person living who would consent to degrade himself by an attempt at imposture of any kind. His eyes were the dreamy

eyes of a visionary; his look was the prematurely aged look of a student, accustomed to give the hours to his book which ought to have been given to his bed. To state it briefly, the disciple of Mesmer was a man who might easily be deceived by others, but who was incapable of consciously practicing deception himself. Signing to his visitor to take a chair, he seated himself on the opposite side of the small table that stood between them, waited a moment with his face hidden in his hands, as if to collect himself, and then spoke.

"Do you come to consult me on a case of illness," he inquired, "or do you ask me to look into the darkness which hides your future life?"

The stranger answered, gravely: "I have no need to consult you about my health. I come to hear what you can tell me of my future life."

"You know that I can try," pursued the doctor, "but that I can not promise to succeed?"

"I accept your conditions," the stranger rejoined. "I neither believe nor disbelieve. If you will excuse my speaking frankly, I mean to observe you closely, and to decide for myself."

Doctor Lagarde smiled sadly.

"You have heard of me as a charlatan who contrives to amuse a few idle people," he said. "I don't complain of that; my present position leads necessarily to misinterpretation of myself and my motives. Still I may at least say that I am the victim of a sincere avowal of my belief in a great science. Yes! I repeat it, a great science! New, I dare say, to the generation we live in, though it was known and practiced in the days when the Pyramids were built. My sincerity in this matter has cost me the income that I derived from my medical practice. Patients distrust me; doctors refuse to consult with me. I could starve if I had no one to think of but myself. But I have another person to consider, who is very dear to me; and I am driven, literally driven, either to turn beggar in the streets or to do what I am doing now. Every thing is against me. I am a needy foreigner (naturally distrusted in this country). I am a republican and a socialist (naturally exiled from my own country). Who will help such an outlawed man as I am? It doesn't matter. The age is advancing, and the great truths which it is my misfortune to advocate before the time is ripe for them, are steadily forcing their way to recognition. They will conquer yet, when the hard struggle of life is over for the poor quack who now presumes to speak to you. Enough (and too much) of myself! Let us, as you say in England, get to business. To be of any use to you, I must first be thrown into the magnetic trance. The person who has the strongest influence over me is the person who will do it to-night." He paused, and looked round toward the corner of the room behind him. "Mother," he said, gently, "are you ready?"

An elderly lady, dressed in deep mourning, rose from her seat in the corner. She had been, thus far, hidden from notice by the high back of the easy-chair in which her son sat. Excepting some folds of fine black lace, laid over her white hair so as to form a head-dress at once simple and picturesque, there was nothing remarkable in her attire. The visitor, well accustomed to the society of women of high rank and breeding, rose and bowed, as if (stranger though she was to him) he recognized a person of distinction. She

gravely returned his salute, and moved round the table so as to place herself opposite to her son.

"When you please, Henry," she said.

Bending over him, she took both the doctor's hands in hers, and fixed her eyes steadily on his. No words passed between them; nothing more took place. In a minute or two his head was resting against the back of the chair, and his eyelids had closed.

"Are you sleeping?" asked Madame Lagarde.

"I am sleeping," he answered.

She laid his hands gently on the arms of the chair, and turned to address the visitor.

"Let the sleep gain on him for a minute or two more," she said. "Then take one of his hands, and put to him what questions you please."

"Does he hear us now, madam?"

"You might fire off a pistol, Sir, close to his ear, and he would not hear it. The vibration might disturb him; that is all. Until you or I touch him, and so establish the nervous sympathy, he is as lost to all sense of our presence here as if he were dead."

"You believe in magnetism yourself, of course?"

"My son's belief, Sir, is mine in this thing as in other things. I have heard what he has been saying to you. It is for me that he sacrifices himself by holding these exhibitions; it is in my poor interests that his hardly earned money is made. I am in infirm health; and remonstrate as I may, my son persists in providing for me, not the bare comforts only, but even the luxuries of life. Except in this, he has never heard me express a wish without cheerfully obeying it. Whatever I may suffer, I have my compensation; I can still thank God for giving me the greatest happiness that a woman can enjoy, the possession of a good son." She smiled fondly as she looked at the sleeping man. "Draw your chair nearer to him," she resumed, "and take his hand. You may speak freely in making your inquiries. Nothing that happens in this room ever goes out of it."

With those words, she returned to her place in the corner behind her son's chair.

The visitor took Doctor Lagarde's hand. As they touched each other, he was conscious of a faintly titillating sensation in his own hand—a sensation which oddly reminded him of by-gone experiments with an electrical machine, in the days when he was a boy at school.

"I wish to question you about my future life," he began. "How ought I to begin?"

The doctor spoke his first words in the monotonous tones of a man talking in his sleep.

"Own your true motive before you begin," he said. "Your interest in your future life is centred in a woman. She has not positively rejected you, and she has not openly encouraged you, in the time that is past. You wish to know if her heart will be yours in the time that is to come—and there your interest in your future life ends."

This startling assertion of the sleeper's capacity to look, by sympathy, into his mind, and to see there his most secret thoughts, instead of convincing the stranger, excited his suspicions. "You have means of getting information," he said, roughly, "that I don't understand."

The doctor laughed, as if the idea amused him. Madame Lagarde rose from her place and interposed.

"Hundreds of strangers come here to consult my son," she said, quietly. "If you believe that

we know who those strangers are, and that we have the means of inquiring into their private lives before they enter this room, you believe in something much more incredible than the magnetic sleep!"

This was too manifestly true to be disputed. The visitor (a man of strong good sense when his temper was not ruffled) made his apologies.

"I should like to have *some* explanation," he added. "The thing is so very extraordinary. How can I prevail upon Doctor Lagarde to enlighten me?"

"He can only tell you what he sees," Madame Lagarde answered; "ask him that, and you will get a direct reply. For instance, say to him now, 'Do you see the lady?'"

The stranger repeated the question. The reply followed at once, in these words:

"I see darkness all about me, except in one place, where there is light like the light of a dim moon. In the illuminated space, I see two figures standing side by side. One of them is your figure. The other is the figure of a lady. She only appears dimly. I can see nothing but that she is taller than women generally are, and that she is dressed in pale blue."

The stranger started at those words. "Her favorite color!" he thought to himself, forgetting that, while he held the doctor's hand, the doctor could think with *his* mind.

"Yes," added the sleeper, quietly, "her favorite color, as you know. She fades and fades as I look at her," he went on. "She is gone. I only see you. Your hands are over your face; you are crying; you look like a man who is suffering from some dreadful disappointment. Wait a little. You too are growing indistinct; you too fade away altogether. The darkness gathers. I see nothing."

A pause of silence followed. Then the face of the sleeper began to show signs of disturbance for the first time. The stranger put the customary question to him: "What do you see?"

"I see you again. You have a pistol in your hand. Opposite to you there stands the figure of another man. He too has a pistol in his hand. Are you enemies? Are you meeting to fight a duel? Is the lady the cause? I try, but I fail to see her."

"Can you describe the man?"

"Not yet. So far, he is only a shadow in the form of a man."

There was another interval. The appearance of disturbance grew more marked on the sleeper's face. Suddenly he waved his free hand in the direction of the waiting-room.

"Send for the visitors who are there," he said. "They are all to come in. Each one of them is to take one of my hands in turn—while you remain where you are, holding the other. Don't let go of me, even for a moment. My mother will ring."

Madame Lagarde touched a bell on the table. The servant received his orders from her and retired. After a short absence, he appeared again in the consulting-room, with one visitor only waiting on the threshold behind him.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MAN.

"THE other three gentlemen have gone away, madam," the servant explained, addressing Madame Lagarde. "They were tired of waiting. I found *this* gentleman fast asleep; and I am afraid

he is angry with me for taking the liberty of waking him."

"Sleep of the common sort is evidently not allowed in this house," the gentleman remarked at the door. "It isn't my fault—I couldn't mesmerize myself, could I?"

The speaker entered the room, and stood revealed as the original owner of the card numbered Fourteen. Viewed by the clear lamp-light, he was a tall, finely made man, in the prime of life, with a florid complexion, golden-brown hair, and sparkling blue eyes. Noticing Madame Lagarde, he instantly checked the flow of his satire, with the instinctive good-breeding of a gentleman. "I beg your pardon," he said; "I have a great many faults, and a habit of making bad jokes is one of them. Is the servant right, madam, in telling me that I have the honor of presenting myself here at your request?"

Madame Lagarde briefly explained what had passed. The florid gentleman (still privately believing it to be all "humbug") was delighted to make himself of any use. "I congratulate you, Sir," he said, with his easy humor, as he passed the visitor who had taken his card. "Number Fourteen seems to be a luckier number in your keeping than it was in mine."

As he spoke, he took Doctor Lagarde's disengaged hand. The instant they touched each other, the sleeper started. His voice rose; his face flushed. "You are the man!" he exclaimed. "I see you plainly now!"

"What am I doing?"

"You are standing opposite to the gentleman here who is holding my other hand; and you are lifting a pistol to take aim at him."

The unbeliever cast a shrewd look at his companion in the consultation. His inveterate habit of taking the ironical view of every thing got the better of him again.

"Considering that you and I are total strangers, Sir," he said, "don't you think the doctor had better introduce us, before he goes any farther? We have got to fighting a duel already, and we may as well know who we are, before the pistols go off." He turned to Doctor Lagarde. "Dramatic situations don't amuse me out of the theatre," he resumed. "Let me put you to a very commonplace test. I want to be introduced to this gentleman. Has he told you his name?"

"No."

"Of course you know it, without being told?"

"Certainly. I have only to look into your own knowledge of yourselves while I am in this trance, and while you have got my hands, to know both your names as well as you do."

"Introduce us, then!" retorted the jesting gentleman. "And take my name first."

"Mr. Percy Linwood," replied the doctor, "I have the honor of presenting you to Captain Bervie, of the Artillery."

With one accord, the gentlemen both dropped Doctor Lagarde's hands, and looked at each other in blank amazement.

"Of course he has discovered our names somehow," said Mr. Percy Linwood, cutting the Gordian knot to his own perfect satisfaction in that way.

Captain Bervie had not forgotten what Madame Lagarde had said to him when he too had suspected a trick. He now repeated it (quite ineffectually) for Mr. Linwood's benefit. "If you

don't feel the force of that argument as I feel it," he added, "perhaps, as a favor to me, Sir, you will not object to our each taking the doctor's hand again, and hearing what more he can tell us while he remains in the state of trance?"

"With the greatest pleasure," answered good-humored Mr. Linwood. "Our friend is beginning to amuse me; I am as anxious as you are to know what he is going to see next."

Captain Bervie put the next question.

"You have seen us fighting a duel—can you tell us the result?"

"I can tell you nothing more than I have told you already. The figures of the duelists have faded away, like the other figures that I saw before them. What I see now looks like the winding gravel-path of a garden. A man and a woman are walking toward me. The man stops, and places a ring on the woman's finger, and kisses her."

Captain Bervie changed color, and said no more. Mr. Linwood put the next question, in his usual flippant way.

"Who is the happy man?" he asked.

"You are the happy man," was the instantaneous reply.

"Who is the woman?" cried Captain Bervie, before Mr. Linwood could speak again.

"The same woman whom I saw before; dressed in the same way, in pale blue."

Captain Bervie was not satisfied. He insisted on receiving clearer information than this. "Surely you can see *something* of her personal appearance?" he said, sharply.

"I can see that she has long dark brown hair, falling below her waist. I can see that she has lovely dark brown eyes. Her complexion seems to be all of the same delicate pale color: she has the look of a sensitive, nervous person. She is quite young. I can see no more."

"Is there any other man present in the garden?" was the captain's next question.

"I can see no other man."

"Look again at the man who is putting the ring on her finger. Are you sure that the face you see is the face of Mr. Percy Linwood?"

"I am absolutely sure."

Captain Bervie rose from his chair.

"Thank you, Doctor Lagarde," he said. "I have heard enough."

He walked to the door. Mr. Percy Linwood dropped the doctor's hand, and appealed to the retiring captain with a broad stare of astonishment.

"You don't really believe this?" he said.

"I only say I have heard enough," Captain Bervie answered, irritably.

Mr. Linwood could hardly fail to see that any further attempt to treat the matter lightly might lead to undesirable results. "It is difficult to speak seriously of this kind of exhibition," he resumed, quietly. "But I suppose I may mention a mere matter of fact without meaning, or giving, offense. The description of the lady, I can positively declare, does not apply in any single particular to any one whom I know."

Captain Bervie turned round sternly at the door, with the look of a man whose patience was completely exhausted. Mr. Linwood's unruffled composure, assisted in its influence by the presence of Madame Lagarde, seemed to remind him of the claims of politeness. He checked the rash

words as they rose to his lips. "You may make new acquaintances, Sir," was all that he said. "You have the future before you."

Upon that he went out. Percy Linwood waited a little, reflecting on the captain's conduct. Had Doctor Lagarde's description of the lady accidentally answered the description of a living lady whom Captain Bervie knew? Was he by any chance in love with her, and had the doctor innocently reminded him that his love was not returned? Assuming this to be likely, was it also possible that he believed in the duel seen by the mesmerist? Did he seriously interpret his absence from the visionary love scene in the garden as an intimation that he was the duelist who was destined to fall? Nobody but a madman could go to those lengths. The captain's conduct was simply incomprehensible.

Pondering these questions, Percy decided on returning to his place by the doctor's chair. "Of one thing I'm certain, at any rate," he thought to himself. "I'll see the whole imposture out before I leave the house!"

He took Doctor Lagarde's hand. "Now, then, what is the next discovery?" he asked, abruptly. "Any thing more about the lady and gentleman in the garden?"

The answer was given in low, languid tones; the sleeper was evidently beginning to suffer from nervous fatigue.

"I see no more of the garden," he said, "or of the persons in it. What I see now is a small room, like a cottage parlor. The woman who has appeared to me throughout presents herself to me again. But, this time, the man who is with her is no longer Mr. Percy Linwood—the man is Captain Bervie."

Percy smiled satirically. "Good news for the captain!" he said. "It's a thousand pities he went away. If he had waited he would have heard something personally interesting to him. May I ask, Doctor Lagarde, how Captain Bervie and the lady are occupied?"

The sleeper seemed to find some difficulty in answering the question. "I can only see," he said, "that the woman is painfully agitated by something that the captain is saying to her. He puts her arm in his; he seems to be trying to persuade her to leave the room with him. She hesitates; she asks him with tears to release her. He whispers something in her ear, which seems to persuade her. She considers; she says a few words on her side; she yields. He leads her out of the room. The darkness gathers behind them. I look and look, and I can see no more."

"Shall we wait a while," Percy suggested, "and then try again?"

Doctor Lagarde sighed, and reclined in his chair. "My head is heavy," he said; "my spirits are dull. I will try again, to please you. Don't blame me if I fail."

After an interval, Percy put the customary question. The sleeper answered wearily.

"I see the inside of a travelling carriage," he said. "The lady is one of the persons in it. There is a man with her. There is—" He stopped, and began to breathe heavily: the grasp of his hand relaxed.

"Am I the man this time?" Percy asked. "Or is it Captain Bervie again?"

Doctor Lagarde roused himself, by a last effort, to reply. "I can't tell you," he murmured, drow-

sily. "My eyes are aching; the darkness baffles me. I have toiled long enough for you. Drop my hand and leave me to rest."

Hearing those words, Madame Lagarde approached her son's chair.

"It will be useless, Sir, to ask him any more questions to-night," she said. "He has been weak and nervous all day, and he is worn out by the effort he has made. Pardon me if I ask you to step aside for a moment, while I give him the repose that he needs."

She laid her right hand gently on the doctor's head, and kept it there for a minute or so. "Are you at rest now?" she asked.

"I am at rest," he answered, in faint, drowsy tones.

Madame Lagarde returned to Percy. "If you are not yet satisfied," she said, "my son will be at your service to-morrow evening, Sir."

"Thank you, madam; I have only one more question to ask, and you can no doubt answer it. When your son wakes, will he remember what he has said to Captain Bervie and to myself?"

"My son will be as absolutely ignorant of every thing that he has seen, and of every thing that he has said, in the trance, as if he had been at the other end of the world."

Percy Linwood swallowed this last outrageous assertion with an effort which he was quite unable to conceal. "Many thanks, madam," he said; "I wish you good-night."

Returning to the waiting-room, he noticed the money-box fixed to the table. "These people look poor," he thought to himself, "and I feel really indebted to them for an amusing evening. Besides, I can afford to be liberal, for I shall certainly never go back." He dropped a five-pound note into the money-box, and left the house.

Walking toward his club, Percy's natural serenity of mind was a little troubled by the remembrance of Captain Bervie's strange language and conduct. Something in the captain's manner, rudely as he had spoken on leaving the room, had interested Percy in spite of himself. He began to consider the propriety of reducing to writing Doctor Lagarde's description of the scenes in the cottage parlor and the travelling carriage, in the event of another meeting between Captain Bervie and himself. If the captain persisted in taking the thing seriously, the memorandum might additionally enlighten him. If, on the other hand, he ended in adopting the rational view, the memorandum might confirm him in taking that sensible course.

Arrived at his club, Percy resolutely set to work in the writing-room. Unhappily for his chances of success, he was one of that large number of persons whose minds become confused the moment they take a pen in their hands. First, he tried to report the doctor's language literally, and failed to remember it when he put the first words on paper. Then he attempted a brief summary, and lost the thread of his narrative at the second sentence. After spoiling many sheets of paper, and using every new pen within his reach, he gave up the struggle. "It's no use," he said, as he got up from the writing-table. "I am too great a fool to do it, and there's an end of the business."

He never was more mistaken in his life. The end of the business was not to come for many a long day yet.

PART II.—THE FULFILLMENT.

CHAPTER V.—THE BALL-ROOM.

WHILE the consultation at Doctor Lagarde's was still fresh in the memory of the persons present at it, Chance, or Destiny, occupied in sowing the seeds for the harvest of the future, discovered as one of its fit instruments a retired military officer named Major Much.

The major was a smart little man, who persisted in setting up the appearance of youth as a means of hiding the reality of fifty. After serving with distinction in many parts of the world, Major Much had become an independent man by inheriting an estate in one of the midland counties. Being still a bachelor, and being always ready to make himself agreeable, he was generally popular in the society of women. In the ball-room he was a really welcome addition to the company. The German waltz had then been imported into England little more than three years since. The outcry raised against the dance, by persons skilled in the discovery of latent impropriety, had not yet lost its influence in certain quarters. Men who could waltz were scarce. Major Much had successfully grappled with the difficulties of learning the dance in mature life; and the young ladies rewarded him nobly for the effort by taking the appearance of youth for granted, in the palpable presence of fifty.

Knowing every body and being welcome every where, playing a good hand at whist, and having an inexhaustible fancy in the invention of a dinner, Major Much naturally belonged to all the best clubs of his time. Percy Linwood and he constantly met in the billiard-room or at the dinner table. The major approved of the easy, handsome, pleasant-tempered young man. "I have lost the first freshness of youth," he used to say, modestly, of himself, "and I see it revived, as it were, in Percy. Naturally I like Percy."

About three weeks after the memorable evening at Doctor Lagarde's, the two friends encountered each other on the steps of a club.

"Got any thing to do to-night?" asked the major.

"Nothing that I know of," said Percy, "unless I go to the theatre."

"Let the theatre wait, my boy. My old regiment gives a ball at Woolwich to-night. I have got a ticket to spare, and I know several sweet girls who are going. Some of them waltz, Percy! Gather your rose-buds while you may. Come with me."

The invitation was accepted as readily as it was given. The major found the carriage, and Percy paid for the post-horses. They entered the ball-room among the earlier guests; and the first person whom they met, waiting near the door, was—Captain Bervie.

Percy bowed, a little uneasily. "I feel some doubt," he said, laughing, "whether we have been properly introduced to one another or not."

"Not properly introduced!" cried Major Much. "I'll set that right. My dear friend, Percy Linwood; my dear friend, Arthur Bervie—be known to each other! esteem each other!"

Captain Bervie acknowledged the introduction by a cold salute. Percy, yielding to the good-natured impulse of the moment, began to speak of the mesmeric consultation.

"You missed something worth hearing when you left the doctor the other night," he said. "We continued the sitting; and *you* turned up again among the persons of the doctor's drama, in quite a new character. Imagine yourself, if you please, in a cottage parlor—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Captain Bervie. "I am a member of the committee charged with the arrangements of the ball, and I must really attend to my duties."

He withdrew without waiting for a reply. Percy looked round wonderingly at Major Much. "Strange!" he said. "I feel rather attracted toward Captain Bervie; and he seems so little attracted, on his side, that he can hardly behave to me with common civility. What does it mean?"

"I'll tell you," answered the major, confidentially. "Arthur Bervie is madly in love—madly is really the word, my boy—with a Miss Bowmore. And (this is between ourselves) the young lady doesn't feel it quite in the same way. A sweet girl; I've often had her on my knee when she was a child. Her father and mother are old friends of mine. She is coming to the ball to-night. That's the true reason why Arthur left you just now. Look at him—waiting to be the first to speak to her. If he could have his way, he wouldn't let another man come near the poor girl all through the evening; he really persecutes her. I'll introduce you, Percy; and you will see how he looks at us for presuming to approach her. It's a great pity; she will never marry him. Arthur Bervie is a high-minded, honorable fellow, a man in a thousand; but he's fast becoming a perfect bear under the strain on his temper. What's the matter? You don't seem to be listening to me."

This last remark was perfectly justified. In telling the captain's love story, Major Much had revived his young friend's memory of the lady in the blue dress, who had haunted the mesmeric visions of Doctor Lagarde. "Tell me," said Percy, "what is Miss Bowmore like? Is there any thing remarkable in her personal appearance? I have a reason for asking."

As he spoke, there arose among the guests in the rapidly filling ball-room a low murmur of surprise and admiration. The major laid one hand on Percy's shoulder, and, lifting the other, pointed to the door.

"What is Miss Bowmore like?" he repeated. "There she is, my boy! Let her answer for herself."

Percy turned toward the lower end of the room. A young lady was entering, dressed in plain silk, and the color of it was a pale blue! Excepting a white rose at her breast, she wore no ornament of any sort. Doubly distinguished by the perfect simplicity of her apparel and by her tall, supple, commanding figure, she took rank at once as the most remarkable woman in the room. Moving nearer to her through the crowd, under the guidance of the complaisant major, young Linwood gained a clearer view of her hair, her complexion, and the color of her eyes. In every one of these particulars she was the living image of the woman described by Doctor Lagarde!

While Percy was absorbed over this strange discovery, Major Much had got within speaking distance of the young lady and of her mother, as they stood together in conversation with Captain Bervie. "My dear Mrs. Bowmore, how well you are looking! My dear Miss Charlotte, what a

sensation you have made already!" cried the cordial little man. "The glorious simplicity (if I may so express myself) of your dress is—is—what was I going to say?—the ideas come thronging on me; I merely want words."

Here Major Much waved his hand, with all the fingers well open, as if words were circulating in the air of the room, and he meant to catch them. Miss Charlotte burst into a little silvery laugh; her magnificent brown eyes, wandering from the major to Percy, rested on the young man with a modest and momentary interest, which Captain Bervie's jealous attention instantly detected.

"They are forming the dance, Miss Bowmore," he said, pressing forward impatiently. "If we don't take our places, we shall be too late."

"Stop! stop!" cried the major. "There is a time for every thing, and this is the time for presenting my dear friend here, Mr. Percy Linwood. He is like me, Miss Charlotte—he has been struck by the glorious simplicity, and *he* wants words." At this part of the presentation he happened to look toward the irate captain, and instantly gave him a hint on the subject of his temper. "I say, Arthur Bervie, we are all good-humored people here. What have you got on your eyebrows? It looks like a frown, and it doesn't become you. Send for a skilled waiter, and have it brushed off and taken away directly!"

"May I ask, Miss Bowmore, if you are disengaged for the next dance?" said Percy, the moment the major gave him an opportunity of speaking.

"Miss Bowmore is engaged to *me* for the next dance," said the angry captain, before the young lady could answer.

"The third dance, then?" Percy persisted, in his quietest manner, and with his brightest smile.

"With pleasure, Mr. Linwood," said Miss Bowmore. She would have been no true woman if she had not resented the open exhibition of Arthur's jealousy; it was like asserting a right over her to which he had not the shadow of a claim. She threw a look at Percy as her partner led her away, which was the severest punishment she could inflict on the man who ardently loved her.

The third dance stood in the programme as a waltz. In jealous distrust of Percy, the captain took the conductor aside, and used his authority as committee-man to substitute another dance. He had no sooner turned his back on the orchestra than the wife of the colonel of the regiment, who had heard him, spoke to the conductor in her turn, and insisted on the original programme being retained. "Quote the colonel's authority," said the lady, "if Captain Bervie ventures to object." In the mean time the captain (on his way to rejoin Charlotte) was met by one of his brother officers, who summoned him to an impending debate of the committee charged with the administrative arrangements of the supper table.

"Surely they can do without me?" Arthur suggested.

"No," said the officer. "In case of any difference of opinion, the colonel requests that all the committee will attend."

Under these circumstances, Arthur had no alternative but to follow his brother officer to the committee-room. Barely a minute later, the conductor appeared at his desk, and the first notes of the music rose low and plaintive, introducing the third dance.

"Percy, my boy!" cried the major, recognizing the melody, "you're in luck's way—it's going to be a waltz!"

Almost as he spoke, the low, plaintive notes glided by subtle modulations into the inspiring air of the waltz. Percy claimed his partner's hand. Miss Charlotte hesitated, and looked at her mother.

"Surely you waltz?" said Percy.

"I have learned to waltz," she answered, modestly; "but this is such a large room, Sir, and there are so many people."

"Once round," Percy pleaded; "only once round."

She looked again at her mother; her foot was keeping time with the music, under her dress; her heart was beating with a delicious excitement. Kind-hearted Mrs. Bowmore smiled and said, "Once round, my dear, as Mr. Linwood suggests."

In another moment Percy's arm took possession of her waist, and they were away on the wings of the waltz! Could words describe, could thought realize, the exquisite enjoyment of the dance? Enjoyment? It was more—it was an epoch in Charlotte's life—it was the first time she had waltzed with a man. What a difference between the fervent clasp of Percy's arm and the cold, formal contact of the mistress who had taught her! How brightly his eyes looked down into hers, admiring her with such a tender restraint that there could surely be no harm in looking up at him now and then in return. Round and round they glided, absorbed in the music and in themselves. Occasionally her bosom just touched his, at those critical moments when she was most in need of support. At other intervals she almost let her head sink on his shoulder in trying to hide from him the smile which acknowledged his admiration too boldly. "Once round," Percy had suggested; "once round," her mother had said. They had been twenty, thirty, forty times round; they had never stopped to rest like the other dancers; they had had the eyes of the whole room on them—including the eyes of Captain Bervie—without knowing it; her delicately pale complexion had changed to rosy red; the neat arrangement of her hair had become disturbed; her bosom was rising and falling faster and faster in the effort to breathe—before the fatigue and the heat overpowered her at last, and forced her to say to him, faintly, "I'm very sorry—I can't dance any more."

Percy led her into the cooler atmosphere of the refreshment-room, and revived her with a glass of lemonade. Her arm still rested on his—she was just about to thank him for the care he had taken of her—when Captain Bervie entered the room. He was pale, with the marked and sinister pallor of suppressed rage; but when he spoke to Percy he still preserved his self-control, and expressed himself with scrupulous politeness.

"Mrs. Bowmore wishes me to take you back to her," he said to Charlotte. Then, turning to Percy, he added: "Will you kindly wait here while I take Miss Bowmore to the ball-room? I have a word to say to you—I will return directly."

Left alone in the refreshment-room, Percy sat down to cool and rest himself. With his experience of the ways of men, he felt no surprise at the marked contrast between Captain Bervie's face and Captain Bervie's manner. "He has seen

us waltzing, and he is coming back to pick a quarrel with me." Such was the interpretation which Mr. Linwood's knowledge of the world placed on Captain Bervie's politeness. In a minute or two more the captain returned to the refreshment-room, and satisfied Percy that his anticipations had not deceived him.

CHAPTER VI.—LOVE AND POLITICS.

It was the fourth day after the ball. Though it was no later in the year than the month of February, the sun was shining brightly, and the air was as soft as the air of a day in spring. Percy and Charlotte were walking together in the little garden at the back of Mr. Bowmore's cottage, near the town of Dartford, in Kent.

"Mr. Linwood," said Charlotte, "you were to have paid us your first visit the day after the ball. Why have you kept us waiting? Have you been too busy to remember your new friends?"

"I have counted the hours since we parted, Miss Charlotte. If I had not been detained by business—"

"I understand. For three days business has controlled you. On the fourth day you have controlled business—and here you are?"

"That's it exactly, Miss Charlotte."

"I don't believe one word of it, Mr. Percy!"

There was no answering such a declaration as this. Guiltily conscious that Charlotte was right in refusing to accept his well-worn excuse, Percy made an awkward attempt to change the topic of conversation. They happened, at the moment, to be standing near a small conservatory at the end of the garden. The glass door was closed, and the few plants and shrubs inside had a lonely, neglected look. "Does nobody ever visit this secluded place?" Percy asked, jocosely; "or does it hide discoveries in the rearing of plants which are forbidden mysteries to a stranger?"

"Satisfy your curiosity, Mr. Linwood, by all means," Charlotte answered, in the same tone. "Open the door, and I will follow you. There is a bench still left, I think, inside, and a few minutes' rest will be welcome to me."

Percy obeyed. In passing through the doorway he encountered the bare hanging branches of some creeping plant, long since dead and detached from its fastenings on the wood-work of the roof. He pushed aside the branches so that Charlotte could easily follow him in, without being aware that his own forced passage through them had a little deranged the folds of spotless white cambric which a well-dressed gentleman wore round his neck in those days. Charlotte seated herself on the bench, and directed Percy's attention to the desolate conservatory with a saucy smile.

"The mystery which your lively imagination has associated with this place," she said, "means, being interpreted, that we are too poor to keep a gardener. Make the best of your disappointment, Mr. Linwood, and sit here by me. We are out of hearing and out of sight of mamma's other visitors. You have no excuse now for not satisfying my curiosity and telling me what has really kept you away from us."

She fixed her eyes on him as she said those words. Before Percy could think of another excuse, her quick observation detected the disordered condition of his cravat, and discovered the upper edge of a black plaster attached to one side

of his neck. "You have been hurt in the neck!" she exclaimed. "That is why you have kept away from us for the last three days!"

"A mere trifle," said Percy, in great confusion; "please don't notice it."

She neither heeded nor heard him. Her eyes, still resting on his face, assumed an expression of suspicious inquiry, which Percy was entirely at a loss to understand. Suddenly she started to her feet, as if a new idea had occurred to her. "Wait here," she said, flushing with excitement, "till I come back: I insist on it!"

Before Percy could ask for an explanation, she had left the conservatory.

In a minute or two she returned, with a newspaper in her hand. "Read that," she said, pointing to a paragraph, distinguished by a line drawn round it in ink.

The passage that she indicated contained an account of a duel which had recently taken place in the neighborhood of London. The names of the duelists were not mentioned. One was described as an officer and the other as a civilian. They had quarreled at cards, and had fought with pistols. The civilian had had a narrow escape of his life. His antagonist's bullet had passed near enough to the side of his neck to tear the flesh, and had missed the vital parts, literally, by a hair's breadth.

Charlotte's eyes, riveted on Percy, detected a sudden change of color in his face the moment he looked at the newspaper. That was enough for her. "You *are* the man!" she exclaimed. "Oh, for shame! for shame! To risk your life for a paltry dispute about cards."

"I would risk it again," said Percy, "to hear you speak as if you set some value on it."

She looked away from him quickly, without a word of reply. Her mind seemed to be busy again with its own thoughts. Did she meditate returning to the subject of the duel? Was she not satisfied with the discovery which she had just made? No such doubts as these troubled the mind of Percy Linwood. Intoxicated by the charm of her presence, emboldened by her innocent betrayal of the interest that she felt in him, he opened his whole heart to her as unreservedly as if they had known each other from the days of their childhood. There was but one excuse for him. Charlotte was his first love.

"You don't know how completely you have become a part of my life since we met at the ball," he went on. "That one delightful dance seemed, by some magic which I can't explain, to draw us together in a few minutes as if we had known each other for years. Oh dear! I could make such a confession of what I felt, only I am afraid of offending you by speaking too soon! Women are so dreadfully difficult to understand. How is a man to know at what time it is considerate toward them to conceal his true feelings, and at what time it is equally considerate to express his true feelings? One doesn't know whether it is a matter of days or weeks or months—there ought to be a law to settle it. Dear Miss Charlotte, when a poor fellow loves you at first sight, as he has never loved any other woman, and when he is tormented with the fear that some other man may be preferred to him, can't you forgive him if he lets out the truth a little too soon?" He ventured, as he put that very downright question, to take her hand. "It really isn't my fault,"

he said, simply. "My heart is so full of you, I can talk of nothing else."

To Percy's surprise, the first experimental pressure of his hand, far from being resented, was suddenly returned. Charlotte looked at him again, with a new resolution in her face.

"I'll forgive you for talking nonsense, Mr. Linwood," she said; "and I will even permit you to come and see me again, on one condition—that you tell the whole truth about the duel. If you conceal the smallest circumstance, our acquaintance is at an end."

"Haven't I owned every thing already?" Percy inquired, in great perplexity. "Did I say No, when you told me I was the man?"

"Could you say No, with that plaster on your neck?" was the ready rejoinder. "I am determined to know more than the newspaper tells me. Will you declare, on your word of honor, that Captain Bervie had nothing to do with the duel? Can you look me in the face, and say that the real cause of the quarrel was a disagreement at cards? What did you say when you were talking with me just before I left the ball, and when a gentleman asked you to make one at the whist table? You said, 'I don't play at cards.' Ah! You thought I had forgotten that? Don't kiss my hand. Trust me with the whole truth, or say good-by forever."

"Only tell me what you wish to know, Miss Charlotte," said Percy, humbly. "If you will put the questions, I will give the answers—as well as I can."

On this understanding, Percy's evidence was extracted from him as follows:

"Was it Captain Bervie who quarreled with you?" "Yes."—"Was it about me?" "Yes."—"What did he say?" "He said I had committed an impropriety in waltzing with you."—"Why?" "Because your parents disapproved of your waltzing in a public ball-room."—"That's not true. What did he say next?" "He said I had added tenfold to my offense by waltzing with you in such a manner as to make you the subject of remark to the whole room."—"Oh! did you let him say that?" "No; I contradicted him instantly. And I said, besides, 'It's an insult to Miss Bowmore to suppose that she would permit any impropriety.'"—"Quite right. And what did he say?" "Well, he lost his temper; I would rather not repeat what he said, when he was mad with jealousy. There was nothing to be done with him but to give him his way."—"Give him his way! Does that mean fight a duel with him?" "Yes."—"And you kept my name out of it by pretending to quarrel at the card table?" "Yes. We managed it when the card-room was emptying at supper-time, and nobody was present but Major Much and another friend as witnesses."—"And when did you fight the duel?" "The next morning."—"You never thought of *me*, I suppose?" "Indeed I did; I was very glad that you had no suspicion of what we were at."—"Was that all?" "No; I had your flower with me, the flower you gave me out of your nosegay at the ball."—"Well?" "Oh, never mind; it doesn't matter."—"It does matter. What did you do with my flower?" "I gave it a sly kiss while they were measuring the ground, and (don't tell any body!) I put it next to my heart to bring me luck."—"Was that just before he shot at you?" "Yes."—"How did he

shoot?" "He walked (as the seconds had arranged it) ten paces forward; and then he stopped and lifted his pistol—"Don't tell me any more! Oh, to think of my being the miserable cause of such horrors! I'll never dance again as long as I live. Did you think he had killed you, when the bullet wounded your poor neck?" "No; I hardly felt it at first."—"Hardly felt it? How he talks! And when the wretch had done his best to kill you, and when it came to your turn, what did you do?" "Nothing."—"What! You didn't walk your ten paces forward?" "No."—"And you never shot at him in return?" "No; I had no quarrel with him, poor fellow; I just stood where I was, and fired in the air—"

The next words died away on his lips. Before he could stop her, Charlotte seized his hand, and kissed it with a hysterical fervor of admiration, which completely deprived him of his presence of mind.

"Why shouldn't I kiss the hand of a hero?" she cried, with tears of enthusiasm sparkling in her eyes. "Nobody but a hero would have given him his life; nobody but a hero would have pardoned him, while the blood was streaming from the wound that he had inflicted. I respect you; I admire you. Oh, don't think me bold!" she exclaimed, suddenly hiding her face in her hands. "I can't control myself when I hear of any thing noble and good. You will make allowance for my being a strange girl? You will understand me better when we get to be old friends."

She spoke in low, sweet tones of entreaty. Percy's arm stole softly round her waist.

"Are we never to be nearer and dearer to each other than old friends?" he asked, in a whisper. "I am not a hero—your goodness overrates me, dear Miss Charlotte. My one ambition is to be the happy man who is worthy enough to win *you*. At your own time! I wouldn't distress you; I wouldn't confuse you; I wouldn't for the whole world take advantage of the compliment which your sympathy has paid to me. If it offends you, I won't even ask if I may hope."

She sighed as he said the last words, trembled a little, and then silently looked at him. Percy read his answer in her eyes. Without meaning it on either side, their heads drew nearer together; their cheeks, then their lips, touched. She started back from him, and rose to leave the conservatory. At the same moment the sound of slowly approaching footsteps became audible on the gravel-walk of the garden. Charlotte hurried to the door. "It is my father," she said, turning to Percy. "Come and be introduced to him."

Percy followed her into the garden.

Charlotte had inherited all that was most striking in her personal appearance from her mother. So far as the question of stature was concerned, her father was no taller than Major Much. Judging by appearances, Mr. Bowmore looked like a man prematurely wasted and worn by the cares of a troubled life. His eyes presented the one feature in which his daughter resembled him. In shape and color they were exactly reproduced in Charlotte; the difference was in the expression. The father's look was habitually restless, eager, and suspicious: not a trace was to be seen in it of the truthfulness and gentleness which made the charm of the daughter's expression.

A man whose bitter experience of the world had soured his temper and shaken his faith in his fellow-creatures—such was Mr. Bowmore as he presented himself on the surface. Whatever compensating virtues he might possess lay hidden deep in his nature, and were only discoverable by those who knew him in the closest relations of daily life.

He received Percy politely, but with a preoccupied air. Every now and then his restless eyes wandered from his visitor to an open letter which he had in his hand. Charlotte, observing him, pointed to the letter. "Have you any bad news there, papa?" she asked.

"Dreadful news!" Mr. Bowmore answered. "Dreadful news, my child, to every Englishman who respects the liberties which his ancestors won. My correspondent is a man who is in the confidence of the ministers," he continued, addressing Percy. "What do you think, Sir, is the remedy that the government proposes for the universal distress among the population, caused by an infamous and needless war? We are now at the 17th of February. In a week's time (I have it on the authority of my correspondent) ministers will bring in a bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act!" He struck the letter with his open hand; his eyes brightened with indignation as they rested on Percy's face. "I don't know what your politics may be, Sir. As an English citizen, you can hardly hear that the Parliament of England is about to change the free government of this country into an absolute despotism, without *some* feeling of indignation and alarm!"

Before Percy could answer, Charlotte put a question to her father, which appeared to amaze and distress him.

"What is the Habeas Corpus Act?" she asked.

"Good God!" cried Mr. Bowmore, "is it possible that a child of mine has grown up to womanhood in ignorance of the palladium of English liberty? Oh, Charlotte! Charlotte!"

"I am very sorry, papa. If you will only tell me, I will never forget it."

Mr. Bowmore reverently uncovered his head: he took his daughter by the hand with a certain parental sternness: his voice trembled with emotion as he spoke his next words:

"The Habeas Corpus Act, my child, forbids the imprisonment of an English subject, unless that imprisonment can be justified by law. Not even the order of the reigning monarch, not even the authority of the highest court in the country, can prevent us from appearing before the judges of the land, and summoning them to declare whether our committal to prison is legally just."

He put on his hat again. "Never forget what I have told you, Charlotte," he said, solemnly. "I would not remove my hat, Sir," he continued, turning to Percy, "in the presence of the proudest autocrat that ever sat on a throne. I uncover in homage to the grand law which asserts the sacredness of human liberty. You are perhaps too young to know by experience what will happen if this infamous bill is sanctioned by Parliament. I can tell you what did happen, when the Habeas Corpus was suspended in England at the end of the last century. The friends of liberty were liable to imprisonment, and even to death on the scaffold, on warrants privately obtained by the paid spies and informers of government,

from justices who were the humble servants of the terrified ministry of the time. The same horrors will be repeated in a few weeks more, unless the people can force Parliament to defend their liberties. Does my indignation surprise you, Mr. Linwood? Are you, in these dreadful times, a lukewarm person who takes no interest in placing a really liberal government in power?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bowmore," Percy interposed. "I have reasons for feeling the strongest interest in supporting a liberal government."

"What reasons?" cried Mr. Bowmore, eagerly.

"My late father had a claim on government," Percy answered, "for money expended in foreign service. As his heir, I inherit the claim, which has been formally recognized by the present ministry. My petition for a settlement (long since due) will be presented at the opening of Parliament, by friends of mine who can advocate my interests in the House of Commons."

Mr. Bowmore took Percy's hand and shook it warmly.

"In such a matter as this you can not have too many friends to help you," he said. "I myself have some influence, as representing opinion outside the House, and I am entirely at your service. Come to-morrow, and let us talk over the details of your claim at my humble dinner table. To-day I must attend a meeting of the Branch Hampden Club, of which I am vice-president, and to which I am bound to communicate the alarming news which my letter contains. In my little garden here," proceeded Mr. Bowmore, waving his hand over his modest property, "I am accustomed to consider the main points of my speeches at the club, in the necessary retirement. I have made some remarkable bursts of eloquence on this walk. Will you excuse me for to-day? and will you honor us with your company to-morrow?"

If Percy had not been in love, he might have felt some surprise at Mr. Bowmore's extraordinary devotion to his interests, after an acquaintance of about ten minutes' duration. As things were, the proposed meeting on the next day offered him an opportunity of seeing Charlotte again; and, on that account alone, he unhesitatingly accepted the invitation. Mr. Bowmore honored him with another squeeze of his patriotic hand, and withdrew to meditate new bursts of eloquence in the suggestive solitude of the garden walk.

CHAPTER VII.—THE WARNING.

"I HOPE you like my father," said Charlotte, as she and Percy turned in the direction of the cottage. "He is such a great politician; we are so fond of him and so proud of him! All our friends say he ought to be in Parliament. He has tried twice. The expenses were dreadful; and each time the other man defeated him. The agent says he would be certainly elected if he tried again; but there is no money, and we mustn't think of it."

A man of a suspicious turn of mind might have discovered in those artless words the secret of Mr. Bowmore's interest in the success of his young friend's claim on the government. One British subject, with a sum of ready money at his command, may be an inestimably useful person to another British subject (without ready money) who can not sit comfortably unless he sits in Parliament! But honest Percy Linwood was not a man of a suspicious turn of mind. He only echoed

Charlotte's filial glorification of her father; and Charlotte rewarded him by a smile and a look.

Just as they reached the garden entrance to the cottage, a shabbily dressed man-servant met them with a message, for which they were both alike unprepared: "Captain Bervie has called, miss, to say good-by, and my mistress requests your company in the parlor."

Having delivered his little formula of words, the man cast a look of furtive curiosity at Percy, and withdrew. Charlotte turned to her lover, with indignation sparkling in her eyes and flushing on her cheeks at the bare idea of seeing Captain Bervie again. "The wretch!" she exclaimed. "Does he think I will breathe the same air with the man who attempted to take your life?"

Percy checked the flow of her anger by taking her hand and looking at her gravely.

"You are sadly mistaken," he said; "and I am glad of the opportunity of setting you right. Captain Bervie stood to receive my fire as fairly as I stood to receive his. When I discharged my pistol in the air, he was the first man who ran up to me, and asked if I was seriously hurt. They told him my wound was a trifle; and he fell on his knees and thanked God for preserving my life from 'his guilty and miserable hand.' I myself saw the tears streaming down his cheeks. He said to me, 'You have shown me my vile temper as I have never seen it yet. I will get the better of it—I will go away somewhere by myself, and not return until my mind is purified from every feeling of hatred and jealousy toward the man who has forgiven me and spared my life.' He was not content with only making that promise—he held out his hand to me. 'I am no longer the rival who hates you,' he said. 'Give me a little time, and I will be *your* brother and *her* brother. Am I worthy to take your hand?' We shook hands—we were friends. Whatever his faults may be, Charlotte, Arthur Bervie has a great heart. Go in, I entreat you, and be friends with him, as I am."

Charlotte listened with downcast eyes and changing color. "You believe him?" she asked, in low, tremulous tones.

"I believe him as I believe you," Percy answered.

She secretly resented the comparison; she detested the captain more heartily than ever. "I will go in and see him, if you wish it," she said, with a sad submission in her voice. "But not by myself. I want you to come with me."

"Why?" Percy asked.

"I want to see his face, when you and he meet."

"Do you still doubt him, Charlotte?"

She looked up suddenly, and made this strange reply, "*Your* mind sees him penitent, on his knees. *My* mind sees him pointing his pistol to take your life."

They went together into the cottage. Fixing her eyes steadily on the captain's face, Charlotte saw it turn deadly pale when Percy followed her into the parlor. The two men greeted one another cordially. Charlotte sat down by her mother, preserving her composure so far as appearances went. "I hear you have called to bid us good-by," she said to Bervie. "Is it to be a long absence?"

"I have got two months' leave," the captain answered, without looking at her while he spoke.

"Are you going abroad?"

"Yes. I think so."

A pause followed that reply. Percy claimed the captain's attention by speaking to him next. Charlotte seized the opportunity of saying a word privately to her mother. "Don't encourage Captain Bervie to prolong his visit," she whispered; "I like him less than ever."

Mrs. Bowmore, born and bred in the exercise of that patient politeness which has long since been reckoned among obsolete social accomplishments, was shocked at her daughter's inhospitable suggestion. In the confusion of the moment, the good lady actually interrupted Captain Bervie's conversation with his friend by offering him a cup of tea. He rose as he thanked her, and made the customary apologies for not prolonging his visit. To Charlotte's surprise, Percy also rose to go. "His carriage," he said, "was waiting at the door, and he had offered to take Captain Bervie back to London." Charlotte instantly suspected an arrangement between the two men for a confidential interview. Her obstinate distrust of Bervie strengthened tenfold. She reluctantly gave him her hand as he parted from her at the parlor door. The effort of concealing her true feeling toward him gave a color and a vivacity to her face which made her irresistibly beautiful. Bervie looked at her with an immeasurable sadness in his eyes. "When we meet again," he said, "you will see me in a new character." He hurried out to the gate, without waiting to be answered, as if he feared to trust himself for a moment longer in her presence.

Percy took his leave next. Charlotte followed him into the passage. "I shall be here to-morrow, dearest!" he said, and tried to raise her hand to his lips. She abruptly drew it away. "Not that hand!" she answered. "Captain Bervie has just touched it. Kiss the other!"

"Do you still doubt the captain?" said Percy, amused by her petulance.

She put her arm over his shoulder, and touched the plaster on his neck gently with her finger. "I don't doubt," she said, "the captain did *that*!"

Percy left her, laughing. He was too happy to remonstrate seriously with her at that moment. At the front gate of the cottage he found Arthur Bervie in conversation with the same shabbily dressed man-servant who had announced the captain's visit to Charlotte.

"What has become of the other servant?" Bervie asked. "I mean the old man who has been with Mr. Bowmore for so many years."

"He has left his situation, Sir."

"Why?"

"As I understand, Sir, he spoke disrespectfully to the master."

"Oh! And how came the master to hear of *you*?"

"I advertised, and Mr. Bowmore answered my advertisement."

Bervie looked hard at the man for a moment, and then joined Percy at the carriage door. The two gentlemen started for London.

"Did you notice Mr. Bowmore's new servant?" asked the captain, as they drove away from the cottage. "I don't like the look of the fellow."

"I didn't particularly notice him," Percy answered.

There was a pause. When the conversation was resumed, it turned on commonplace subjects.

The captain looked uneasily out of the carriage window. Percy looked uneasily at the captain.

They had left Dartford about two miles behind them when Percy noticed an old gabled house, sheltered by magnificent trees, and standing on an eminence well removed from the high-road. Carriages and saddle-horses were visible on the drive in front, and a flag was hoisted on a staff placed in the middle of the lawn.

"Something seems to be going on there," Percy remarked. "What a fine old house. Who does it belong to?"

Bervie smiled. "It belongs to my father," he said, simply. "He is chairman of the bench of local magistrates, and he receives his brother justices to-day to celebrate the opening of the sessions." He stopped and looked at Percy with a certain embarrassment. "I am afraid I have surprised and disappointed you," he resumed, abruptly changing the subject. "I told you when we met just now at Mr. Bowmore's that I had something important to say to you; and I have not yet said it. The truth is, I don't feel sure, on reflection, whether I have been long enough your friend to take the liberty of advising you."

"You mean kindly toward me," Percy answered, in his frank, hearty way. "Trust me, whatever your advice is, to take it kindly on my side."

Thus encouraged, the captain spoke out.

"You told me that you had been introduced to Mr. Bowmore to-day," he began; "and you said that he took a great interest in the success of your claim on the government. You will probably pass much of your time at the cottage, and you will be thrown a great deal into Mr. Bowmore's society. I have known him for many years. Speaking from that knowledge, I most seriously warn you against him as a thoroughly unprincipled and thoroughly dangerous man. Without entering into the question of his politics, I can tell you that the motive of every thing he says and does is vanity—inordinate, devouring vanity. To the gratification of that one passion he would sacrifice you or me, his wife or his daughter, without hesitation and without remorse. His one desire is to get into Parliament. You are a wealthy man, and you can help him. He will leave no effort untried to make you help him; and if he gets you into political difficulties, he will desert you without scruple. I see I astonish and shock you. If you think me prejudiced, write to my father, who has official knowledge of the perilous position in which this man stands. I will forward your letter, and vouch for you as a gentleman who will respect any confidence placed in him. My father will confirm me when I tell you that this Bowmore belongs to some of the most revolutionary clubs in England, that he has spoken rank sedition at public meetings, and that his name is already in the black book at the Home Office. If the rumor be true that ministers, in fear of insurrectionary risings among the population, are about to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, Mr. Bowmore will certainly be in danger; and it may be my father's duty to grant the warrant that apprehends him. In your own best interests, decline resolutely to join him in any political conversation; refuse to accept his assistance in the matter of your claim on Parliament; and, above all things, stop him at the outset when he tries to steal his way into your intimacy. I need not caution you to say nothing against him to his wife

and daughter. They are infatuated about him; his wily tongue has long since deluded them. Don't let it delude *you*! If you were my brother, I could give you no sounder or better advice than this. Reflect on what I have said, at your leisure, and let us turn in the mean time to a more interesting subject. Have you thought any more of our evening at Doctor Lagarde's?"

"I hardly know," said Percy, still under the impression of the formidable warning which he had just received. "You have given me far more serious things to think of than mesmerism."

"Let me jog your memory," the other continued. "You went on with the consultation by yourself, after I had left the doctor's house. It will be really doing me a favor, if you can call to mind what Lagarde saw in the trance, in my absence?"

Thus entreated, Percy roused himself. So long as he abstained from attempting to express them in writing, his recollections were perfectly ready to answer any reasonable call on them. He repeated in substance the doctor's description of the first of the two visions that had appeared to him after the captain's departure.

Bervie started. "A cottage parlor?" he repeated. "We have just left a cottage parlor! A man like me, trying to persuade a woman like—" he checked himself, as if he was afraid to let Charlotte's name pass his lips—"trying to induce a woman to go away with me," he resumed, "and persuading her at last in spite of her tears? Pray go on. What did the doctor see next?"

"He saw a travelling carriage," Percy replied. "The lady was one of the persons in it. And there was a man with her. And there was something else—only the doctor couldn't see it."

"Could he tell you who the man was?"

"No. He was too much exhausted, he said, to see any more."

"Surely you returned to consult him again?"

"No. I had had enough of it."

"When we get to London," said the captain, "we shall pass along the Strand, on the way to your chambers. Will you kindly drop me at the turning that leads to the doctor's?"

Percy looked at him in amazement. "You still take it seriously?" he said.

"Is it *not* serious?" Bervie asked, warmly. "Have you and I, so far, not done exactly what this man saw us doing? Have I not shed bitter tears of disappointment? and who was the cause of them but the woman whom he saw by my side? Did we not meet, in the days when we were rivals (as he saw us meet), with the pistols in our hands? Did you not recognize his description of the lady when you met her at the ball, as I recognized it before you?"

"Mere coincidences," Percy answered, quoting Charlotte's opinion, when they had spoken together of Doctor Lagarde, but taking care not to cite his authority. "How many thousand men have been crossed in love? How many thousand men have fought duels for love? How many thousand women choose blue for their favorite color, and answer to the vague description of the lady whom the doctor pretended to see?"

"Say that is so," Bervie rejoined. "The thing is remarkable even from your point of view. And if more coincidences follow, the result will be more remarkable still."

The next coincidence, if it happened, would re-

alize the love scene with the ring. Was there any thing remarkable—was it even worth calling a coincidence—if Percy put an engagement ring on the finger of the woman who loved him, and if he kissed her afterward? He considerably forbore, in this case, from communicating his thoughts to Bervie. "The thing that most surprised *me* in the doctor's performance," he said, "was his thinking with our thoughts, and finding out our own knowledge of our own names."

The captain shook his head. "A mere question of nervous sympathy and nervous insight," he answered. "Doctors meet with similar cases in cataleptic patients. I have seen them recorded in medical books."

Percy declined to follow his friend into the mysteries of medical literature. Arrived at the Strand, he set Bervie down at the turning which led to the doctor's lodgings. "You will call on me or write me word, if any thing remarkable happens," he said.

"You shall hear from me without fail," Bervie replied.

That night the captain's pen performed the captain's promise, in few and startling words.

"Melancholy news! Madame Lagarde is dead. Nothing is known of her son but that he has left England. If he has ventured back to France, it is barely possible that I may hear something of him. I have friends at the English embassy in Paris who will help me to make inquiries; and I start for the Continent to-morrow. Write to me while I am away, to the care of my father, at 'The Manor-House, near Dartford.' He will always know my address abroad, and will forward your letters. For your own sake, remember the warning I gave you this afternoon! Your faithful friend, A. B."

CHAPTER VIII.—OFFICIAL SECRETS.

"FROM PETER WEEMS TO JOHN JENNET, ESQ.,

"Secret Service Department, Home Office.

"Private and confidential.*

"THE COTTAGE, DARTFORD, *February 24, 1817.*

"SIR,—I beg to inform you that there is no fear of my being compelled to leave my situation as servant in Mr. Bowmore's house, before I have completed the private investigations committed to my charge. The attempt made by Mrs. Bowmore and her daughter to have the old servant forgiven and taken back again has failed. He presumed, it seems, on his long and faithful service to warn the master that his political opinions might get him into trouble. Mr. Bowmore positively refuses to forgive the liberty that his servant has taken with him. I am accordingly left in possession of the footman's place; and not the slightest suspicion is felt of my true errand in the house.

"My note-book contains nothing relating to the past week, mainly in consequence of the visits

* Persons desirous of consulting the author's authority for passages which relate to the social and political condition of England at the date of the story, are referred to the *Annual Register* for the year 1817. In Chapters I. and II. they will find the Reports of the Secret Committees and the Debates in Parliament, which led to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Further on, at page 66, they will also find the employment of paid spies and informers by the English government openly acknowledged in the House of Lords, and openly defended in the speeches of Lord Redesdale and Lord Liverpool.

here of one Mr. Percy Linwood, which have a little disturbed the domestic routine. This gentleman's avowed object is to pay his court to Miss Bowmore. Whether he is, politically speaking, a person of any importance, I have yet to discover. Judging by appearances, though perfectly respectful to Mr. Bowmore, he is not particularly desirous of cultivating the society of his future father-in-law. Mr. Bowmore perceives this, and resents it. He has turned sulky, and for once he keeps his thoughts to himself. There was a family discussion on the subject of Mr. Linwood the other day, which is of no official interest so far. If it leads to any thing, I will not fail to send you the necessary particulars.

"*March 3.*—The family discussion *has* led to something.

"At Mr. Linwood's next visit the young lady (Miss Charlotte) had a long talk with him on the subject of his behavior to her father. They usually meet in the conservatory; I have broken a pane of glass at the back, and I can hear every thing they say. The lady accused her lover of being set against her father by some slanderer. As her anger rose, she did not scruple to guess at the slanderer's name. She mentioned no less a person than Captain Bervie, son of Justice Bervie, of the Manor-House. Mr. Linwood's defense was but a poor one; he could only declare that she was mistaken. She refused to believe this, and it ended in her giving him his dismissal, in these plain words: 'You distrust my father, and you refuse to admit me into your confidence—you needn't trouble yourself to call here again.'

"The usual consequences followed upon this. Mr. Linwood is too fond of his young lady to resist her and lose her. He accepted any terms she chose to impose on him as the price of being restored to her favor. Half an hour later he was walking with Mr. Bowmore in the garden, and was asking leave to consult him about a claim on Parliament for moneys due to his father's estate. Circumstances allowed me no opportunity of listening safely to what passed at the interview. I can only report, as one result of the conversation, that Mr. Linwood accompanied Mr. Bowmore the same evening to a meeting of the local Hampden Club. I suppose he had his reward the next day, by being permitted to put a ring on Miss Charlotte's finger in the garden, and to kiss her afterward to his heart's content! For what took place at the club, I refer you to the special agent who attends there in the character of one of the members.

"*March 10.*—Nothing to report, except the growing intimacy between Mr. Bowmore and Mr. Linwood, and another visit of the two to the Hampden Club. Also the happy progress of the young gentleman's love affair. I only mention this latter trifle by way of necessary reference to Miss Charlotte. She has met old Justice Bervie out riding, and has heard from him of the unexpected return of his son the captain from foreign parts. From what I could pick up of the conversation at dinner, I gather that the justice has been informed of Mr. Linwood's visits to the revolutionary club; that he wrote word of it to his son; and that the captain has returned to set his influence over Mr. Linwood against Mr. Bowmore's influence—if he can. Miss Charlotte is furious

at the bare idea of his interference. Poor soul! she honestly believes her father to be the greatest statesman in England. See what it is to be *too* dutiful a daughter!

"*March 17.*—Being occupied with matters of serious importance, you may not have noticed that Mr. Linwood's claim has been brought before the House of Commons, and has been adjourned for further consideration in six months' time. When the country is threatened with a revolution, Parliament has something better to do than to trouble itself about private claims. It was simply absurd to bring such a matter forward at all.

"This, however, is not the view taken by Mr. Linwood and Mr. Bowmore. They are both indignant—especially Mr. Bowmore. He has decided to call a special meeting of the Hampden Club to consider his friend's wrongs; and he has persuaded Mr. Linwood to have his name put down as a candidate for election into the society. Captain Bervie has attempted to interfere, personally and by writing, and has been repelled. Not Miss Charlotte only, but even that peaceable lady her mother, is shocked at the captain's implied distrust of Mr. Bowmore and the club. Mr. Linwood has informed the captain that he will neither hear nor read one word from him in disparagement of Mr. Bowmore. Miss Charlotte is not ungrateful for this proof of confidence in her father. The gossip among the women in the kitchen informs me that she has consented to appoint the wedding day.

"*March 26.*—A longer time than usual has elapsed since the date of my last report.

"On reflection, I thought it best to decide our doubt, whether Mr. Bowmore is or is not the secret agent in England of a club of French Republicans, by writing myself to the fountain-head of information in Paris. As you wisely observe, the man himself is a vain fool, who can only give us any serious trouble as an instrument in the hands of others. No such complication as this need be apprehended. After waiting some days for my answer from Paris, I have ascertained that Mr. Bowmore did offer his services to the French club, but that the offer was declined with thanks. Either the Frenchmen made inquiries, or Mr. Bowmore's true character was known to them when they received his proposal.

"Nothing now remains to be decided but the other question of stopping this man's flow of frothy eloquence (which undeniably has its influence on some thousands of ignorant people) by putting him in prison. If I rightly understand your last instructions, the main reason for delay is connected with the present position of Mr. Linwood. Has he too spoken or written seditiously of the government? And is it desirable to include him in the arrest of Mr. Bowmore?

"By way of replying to this, I inclose the shorthand notes of my colleague, charged with reporting the proceedings of the Hampden Club.

"The note numbered One contains Mr. Linwood's speech at the debate, on the question of forcing his claim upon the attention of the government. Judged as oratory, it is wretched stuff. Judged as sedition, it rivals the more elaborate efforts of Mr. Bowmore himself.

"The note numbered Two reports the proceed-

ings at a special sitting of the club this morning. The subject of debate is the proposal before Parliament for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, at the pleasure of the government. You will see that a public meeting, in 'aid of British liberty,' is to be summoned in a field near Dartford on the 2d of April; that the London societies are to receive the committee of the Hampden Club on the next day; that they are to escort Mr. Bowmore to Westminster Hall, and to insist on his being heard at the bar of the House of Commons. You will also perceive that the person who seconds the final resolution submitted to the club—which declares that Parliament must be intimidated, if Parliament can be reached in no other way—is Mr. Percy Linwood himself.

"I have further ascertained that Miss Charlotte was present among 'the ladies in the gallery,' who were permitted to attend the debate, and that she is to be married to Mr. Linwood on the 7th of April next. These circumstances sufficiently account, to my mind, for the extraordinary imprudence of which Mr. Linwood has been guilty. Mr. Bowmore declares that the 'minions of government dare not touch a hair of his head.' Miss Charlotte believes Mr. Bowmore. And Mr. Linwood believes Miss Charlotte.

"These particulars being communicated, I have now the honor to wait your final instructions.

"*March 31st.*—Your commands reached me yesterday at noon.

"Two hours afterward I obtained leave of absence, and waited privately on Justice Bervie. I had my wig and my other materials for disguise in the pockets of my great-coat; and I found, in a deserted stone quarry, an excellent dressing-room for the needful changes before I visited the justice, and before I returned to my footman's place.

"Arrived at Squire Bervie's, I sent in your confidential letter, and had an interview with the justice, at which I laid my information in due form. On my asking next for warrants to arrest Mr. Bowmore and Mr. Linwood, the justice retired to consider my application. But for your letter, I strongly suspect he would himself have applied to the Home Secretary before granting the warrant against Mr. Linwood. As things were, he had no choice but to do his duty; and even then he did it with a reservation in the shape of a delay. He declined, on purely formal grounds, to date the warrants earlier than the 2d of April. I represented that the public assemblage in the field was to take place on that day, and that the arrest of Mr. Bowmore and Mr. Linwood a day or two earlier might prevent the meeting, by depriving it of its leaders. The justice's reply to this was not very polite: 'I am acting in the exercise of my own discretion, Sir. Good-morning.'

"On leaving the house, I noticed three persons in a corner of the hall, who appeared to be interested in watching my departure. Two of them I recognized as Captain Bervie and Major Much, both friends of Mr. Linwood. The third was a lady, whom I have since ascertained to be the captain's sister. That the two gentlemen are interested in steering Mr. Linwood clear of political difficulties, I have no sort of doubt. As to Miss Bervie, I can only say that she was certainly in the company of the major and the captain, and to all appearance in their confidence also.

"To-morrow evening (April 1) there is to be a

special session of the club, to make the final arrangements for the management of the public meeting on the 2d. If my warrants had been dated on the 1st, I might quietly arrest Mr. Bowmore and Mr. Linwood on their return from the club, and the news would be spread in time to prevent the meeting. Under existing circumstances (unless I receive orders from you), I must decide for myself whether I make the arrest before the meeting or after.

"In any case, you may rely on the affair being managed (as the government wish it to be managed) with the strictest secrecy. Your letter to Justice Bervie, containing the Home Secretary's instructions to let no person about him—not even his clerk—know of my application for the warrants, evidently startled the old gentleman. If he ventures to take any living creature into his confidence—and if I discover it—the consequence will be his dismissal from the bench of magistrates. I believe he will hold his tongue. He is sharp enough to understand that Mr. Bowmore and Mr. Linwood (who might otherwise be exhibited as martyrs in the Radical newspapers) are simply to disappear. What an invaluable aid to government is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act! Forgive my indulging in political reflection—I am in such high spirits at the approaching termination of my labors. At the same time, I pity Miss Charlotte. She is so happy, and so entirely unsuspecting of any misfortune hanging over her head. It is certainly hard to have her lover clapped into prison just before the wedding day!

"I will bring you word of the arrest myself; there will be plenty of time for me to catch the afternoon coach to London. Between this date and the 2d, rely on my keeping a watchful eye on both the gentlemen; and on Mr. Bowmore especially. He is just the man, if he feels the faintest suspicion that he is in any danger, to provide for his own means of escape, and to leave Mr. Linwood to shift for himself. I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"PETER WEEMS."

CHAPTER IX.—THE ELOPEMENT.

On the evening of the 1st of April Mrs. Bowmore was left alone with the servants. Mr. Bowmore and Percy had gone out together to attend the special meeting of the club. Shortly afterward Miss Charlotte had left the cottage under very extraordinary circumstances.

A few minutes only after the departure of her father and Percy, she received a letter, which appeared to cause her the most violent agitation. She said to Mrs. Bowmore: "Mamma, I must see Captain Bervie for a few minutes in private, on a matter of serious importance to all of us. He is waiting at the front gate, and he will come in if I show myself at the hall door." Upon this Mrs. Bowmore had asked for an explanation. "There is no time for explanation," was the only answer she received; "I ask you to leave me for five minutes alone with the captain." Mrs. Bowmore, naturally enough, still hesitated. Charlotte snatched up her garden hat, and declared wildly that she would go out to Captain Bervie, if she was not permitted to receive him at home. In the face of this declaration, Mrs. Bowmore yielded, and left the room.

In a minute more the captain was in the cottage parlor. Although she had given way to her

daughter, Mrs. Bowmore was not disposed to trust her, without supervision, in the society of a man whom Charlotte herself had reviled as a slanderer and a false friend. She took up her position in the veranda outside the parlor, at a safe distance from one of the two windows of the room, which had been left partially open to admit the fresh air. Here she waited and listened.

The conversation was for some time carried on in whispers. As they became more and more excited, both Charlotte and Bervie ended in unconsciously raising their voices. "I swear it to you on my faith as a Christian!" Mrs. Bowmore heard the captain say. "I declare before God who hears me that I am speaking the truth!" And Charlotte had answered, with a burst of tears, "I can't believe you! I daren't believe you! Oh, how can you ask me to do such a thing? Let me go! let me go!" Alarmed at those words, Mrs. Bowmore advanced to the window, and looked in. Bervie had put Charlotte's arm in his arm, and was trying to induce her to leave the parlor with him. She resisted, and implored him to release her. Mrs. Bowmore was on the point of entering the room to interfere, when Bervie suddenly dropped Charlotte's arm, and whispered in her ear. She started as she heard the words, looked at him keenly, and instantly made up her mind. "Let me tell my mother where I am going," she said, "and I will consent." "Be it so!" he answered, and hurried her out.

Mrs. Bowmore re-entered the cottage by the adjoining room, and met them in the passage. "Remember one thing," Bervie said, before Charlotte could speak. "Every minute is precious; the fewest words are the best."

In few words, Charlotte spoke. "I must go at once to Justice Bervie's house. Don't be afraid, mamma! I know what I am about, and I know that I am right."

"Going to Justice Bervie's!" cried Mrs. Bowmore, in the utmost extremity of astonishment. "What will your father say, what will Percy think, when they come back from the club?"

"My sister's carriage is waiting for me close by," Bervie answered. "It is entirely at Miss Charlotte's disposal. She can easily get back, if she wishes to keep her visit a secret, before Mr. Bowmore and Mr. Linwood return."

He led the way to the door as he spoke. Charlotte kissed her mother tenderly, and followed him. Mrs. Bowmore called to them to wait. "I daren't let you go," she said to her daughter, "without your father's leave!" Charlotte seemed not to hear, the captain seemed not to hear. They ran across the front garden, and through the gate—and were out of sight in less than a minute.

More than two hours had passed; the sun had sunk below the horizon, and still there were no signs of Charlotte's return.

Feeling seriously uneasy, Mrs. Bowmore crossed the room to ring the bell, and send the manservant to Justice Bervie's house to hasten her daughter's return. As she approached the fireplace, she was startled by a sound of stealthy footsteps in the hall, followed by a loud noise as of some heavy object that had dropped on the floor. She rang the bell violently, and then hurried to the door of the parlor. As she opened it,

the footman passed her, running out, apparently in pursuit of somebody, at the top of his speed. She followed him as rapidly as she could, out of the cottage, and across the little front garden, to the gate. Arrived in the road, she was just in time to see him vault upon the luggage board at the back of a post-chaise, which had apparently passed the cottage, and drawn up a little beyond it. Peter gained the board just as the postilion started the horses on the way to London. He saw Mrs. Bowmore looking at him, before the carriage had greatly increased its distance from the cottage, and pointed, with an insolent nod of his head, first to the inside of the vehicle, and then over it to the high-road; signing to her that he designed to accompany the person in the post-chaise to the end of the journey.

Turning to go back to the cottage, Mrs. Bowmore saw her own bewilderment reflected in the faces of the two female servants, who had followed her out.

"Who can Peter be after, ma'am?" asked the cook. "Do you think it's a thief?"

The house-maid pointed to the post-chaise, barely visible in the distance. "Simpleton!" she said. "Do thieves travel in that way? I wish my master had come back," she proceeded, speaking to herself. "I'm afraid there's something wrong."

Mrs. Bowmore, returning through the garden gate, instantly stopped and looked at the woman.

"What makes you mention your master's name, Amelia, when you fear that something is wrong?" she asked.

Amelia changed color, and looked confused.

"I am loath to alarm you, ma'am," she said, "and I can't rightly see what it is my duty to do."

Mrs. Bowmore's heart sank within her under the cruelest of all terrors, the terror of something unknown. "Don't keep me in suspense," she said, faintly. "Whatever it is, let me know it."

She led the way back to the parlor. The house-maid followed her. The cook (declining to be left alone) followed the house-maid.

"It was something I heard this afternoon, ma'am," Amelia began. "Cook happened to be busy—"

The cook interposed: she had not forgiven the house-maid for calling her a simpleton. "No, Amelia! If you *must* bring me into it—not busy. Uneasy in my mind on the subject of the soup."

"I don't know that your mind makes much difference," Amelia proceeded. "What it comes to is this—it was I, and not you, who went into the kitchen-garden for the vegetables."

"Not by *my* wish, Heaven knows!" persisted the cook.

"Leave the room!" said Mrs. Bowmore. Even her patience had given way at last.

The cook looked as if she declined to believe her own ears. Mrs. Bowmore pointed to the door. The cook said "Oh?" accenting it as a question. Mrs. Bowmore's finger still pointed. The cook, in solemn silence, yielded to circumstances, and banged the door.

"I was getting the vegetables, ma'am," Amelia resumed, "when I heard voices on the other side of the paling. The wood is so old that one can see through the cracks easy enough. I saw my

master and Mr. Linwood and Captain Bervie. The captain seemed to have stopped the other two on the pathway that leads to the field; he stood, as it might be, between them and the back way to the house—and he spoke severely, that he did! ‘For the last time, Mr. Bowmore,’ says he, ‘will you understand that you are in danger, and that Mr. Linwood is in danger, unless you both leave this neighborhood to-night?’ My master made light of it. ‘For the last time,’ says he, ‘will you refer us to a proof of what you say, and allow us to judge for ourselves?’ ‘I have told you already,’ says the captain, ‘I am bound by my duty toward another person to keep what I know a secret.’ ‘Very well,’ says my master, ‘I am bound by my duty to my country. And I tell you this,’ says he, in his high and mighty way, ‘neither government, nor the spies of government, dare touch a hair of my head: they know it, Sir, for the head of the people’s friend!’ The captain lost his temper. ‘What stuff!’ says he; ‘there’s a government spy in your house at this moment, disguised as your footman.’ My master looked at Mr. Linwood, and burst out laughing. ‘Peter a spy!’ says he; ‘poor Peter! You won’t beat that, captain, if you talk till doomsday.’ He turned about without a word more, and went home. The captain caught Mr. Linwood by the arm, as soon as they were alone. ‘For God’s sake,’ says he, ‘don’t follow that madman’s example! If you value your liberty, if you hope to become Charlotte’s husband, consult your own safety. I can give you a passport. Escape to France, and wait till this trouble is over.’ Mr. Linwood was not in the best of tempers—Mr. Linwood shook him off. ‘Charlotte’s father will soon be my father,’ says he; ‘do you think I will desert him? My friends at the club have taken up my claim; do you think I will forsake them at the meeting to-morrow? You ask me to be unworthy of Charlotte, and unworthy of my friends—you insult me if you say more.’ He whipped round on his heel, and followed my master. The captain lifted his hands to the heavens, and looked—I declare it turned my blood, ma’am, to see him. If there’s truth in mortal man, it’s my firm belief—”

What the house-maid’s belief was remained unexpressed. Before she could get to her next word, a shriek of horror from the hall announced that the cook’s powers of interruption were not exhausted yet.

Mistress and servant both hurried out, in terror of they knew not what. There stood the cook, alone in the hall, confronting the stand on which the overcoats and hats of the men of the family were placed. “Where’s the master’s travelling coat?” cried the cook, staring wildly at an unoccupied peg. “And where’s his cap to match? Oh, Lord, he’s off in the post-chaise! and Peter’s after him!”

Simpleton as she was, the woman (loitering about the hall) had blundered on a very serious discovery. Coat and cap—both made after a foreign pattern, and both strikingly remarkable in form and color to English eyes—had unquestionably disappeared. It was equally certain that they were well known to Peter as the coat and cap which his master used in travelling. Had Mr. Bowmore discovered that he was really in danger? Had the necessities of instant flight only allowed him time enough to snatch his coat

and cap out of the hall? And had Peter seen him as he was making his escape to the post-chaise? The cook’s conclusion answered all these questions in the affirmative; and if Captain Bervie’s words of warning were to be believed, the cook’s conclusion for once was not to be despised.

Under this last trial of her fortitude, Mrs. Bowmore’s feeble reserves of endurance completely gave way. The poor lady turned faint and giddy. Amelia placed her on a chair in the hall, and told the cook to open the front-door and let in the fresh air. The cook obeyed; and instantly broke out with a second terrific scream, ‘announcing nothing less this time than the appearance of Mr. Bowmore himself, alive and hearty, returning with Percy from the meeting at the club!’

The inevitable inquiries and explanations followed. Fully assured as he had declared himself to be, of the sanctity of his person (politically speaking), Mr. Bowmore turned pale, nevertheless, when he looked at the unoccupied peg on his clothes stand. Had some man unknown personated him? And had a post-chaise been hired to lead an impending pursuit of him in the wrong direction? What did it mean? Who was the friend to whose services he was indebted? As for the proceedings of Peter, but one interpretation could now be placed on them. They distinctly justified Captain Bervie’s assertion that the footman was a spy. Mr. Bowmore thought of the captain’s other assertion, relating to the urgent necessity for making his escape, and looked at Percy in silent dismay, and turned paler than ever.

Percy’s thoughts, diverted for the moment only from the lady of his love, returned to her with renewed fidelity. “Let us hear what Charlotte thinks of it,” he said. “Where is she?”

Another explanation followed this question. Terrified at the effect which it produced on Percy, helplessly ignorant when she was called upon to account for her daughter’s absence, Mrs. Bowmore could only shed tears and express a devout trust in Providence. Her husband looked at the new misfortune from a political point of view. He sat down, and slapped his forehead theatrically with the palm of his hand. “Thus far,” said the patriot, “my political assailants have only struck at me through the newspapers. *Now* they strike at me through my child!” Percy made no speeches. There was a look in his eyes which boded ill for the captain, if the two met. “I am going to fetch her,” was all he said, “as fast as a horse can carry me.”

He hired his horse at an inn in the town, and set forth for Justice Bervie’s house at a gallop.

During Percy’s absence, Mr. Bowmore secured the front and back entrances to the cottage with his own hands. These first precautions taken, he ascended to his room and packed his travelling bag.

“Necessaries for my use in prison,” he remarked. “The blood-hounds of government are after me.” “Are they after Percy too?” his wife ventured to ask. Mr. Bowmore looked up impatiently, and cried, “Pooh!” as if Percy was of no consequence. Mrs. Bowmore thought otherwise: the good woman privately packed a bag for Percy in the sanctuary of her own room.

For an hour, and more than an hour, no event

of any sort occurred. Mr. Bowmore stalked up and down the parlor, meditating. At intervals, ideas of flight presented themselves attractively to his mind. At intervals, ideas of the speech that he had prepared for the public meeting, on the next day, took their place. "If I fly to-night," he wisely observed, "what will become of my speech? I will *not* fly to-night! Let them put me in prison—the people shall hear me!"

He sat down and crossed his arms fiercely. As he looked at his wife, to see what effect he had produced on her, the sound of heavy carriage wheels and the trampling of horses penetrated to the parlor from the garden gate. Mr. Bowmore started to his feet, with every appearance of having suddenly altered his mind on the question of flight. Just as he reached the hall, Percy's voice was heard at the front-door. "Let me in. Instantly! Instantly!"

Mrs. Bowmore drew back the bolts before the servants could help her. "Where is Charlotte?" she cried, seeing Percy alone on the door-step.

"Gone!" Percy answered, furiously. "Eloped to Paris with Captain Bervie! Read her own confession. They were just sending a messenger with it when I reached the house."

He handed a note to Mrs. Bowmore, and turned aside to speak to her husband while she read it. Charlotte wrote to her mother very briefly:

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I have left you for a few days. Pray don't be alarmed about me, and pray don't think ill of me. Every thing shall be explained on my return. I am under the most careful protection—and I have a lady for my companion on the journey. I will write again from Paris. Your loving daughter,

"CHARLOTTE."

Percy took Mr. Bowmore by the arm, and pointed to a carriage and four horses waiting at the garden gate. "Do you come with me, and back me with your authority as her father?" he asked, briefly and sternly. "Or do you leave me to go alone?"

Mr. Bowmore was famous among his admirers for his "happy replies." He made one now.

"I am not Brutus," he said. "I am only Bowmore. My daughter before every thing. Fetch my travelling bag."

While the travellers' bags were being placed in the chaise, Mr. Bowmore was struck by an idea. He produced from his coat pocket a roll of many papers, thickly covered with writing. On the blank leaf in which they were tied up he wrote, in the largest letters: "Frightful domestic calamity! Vice-President Bowmore obliged to leave England! Welfare of a beloved daughter! His speech will be read at the meeting by President Joskin of the Club. (Private to Joskin: Have these lines printed, and posted every where. And, for God's sake, don't drop your voice at the ends of the sentences.)"

He threw down the pen, and embraced Mrs. Bowmore in the most summary manner. The poor woman was ordered to send the roll of paper to the club, without a word to comfort and sustain her from her husband's lips. Percy spoke to her hopefully and kindly as he kissed her cheek at parting. In another moment lover and father had started on the first stage from Dartford to Dover.

CHAPTER X.—PURSUIT AND DISCOVERY.

FEELING himself hurried away from all possible pursuit as fast as four horses could carry him, Mr. Bowmore had leisure to criticise Percy's conduct from his own purely selfish point of view.

"If you had listened to my advice," he said, "or if you had only suffered yourself to be persuaded by my daughter (who inherits my unerring instincts), you would have treated that man Bervie like the hypocrite and villain that he is. But no! you trust to your own crude impressions. Having given him your hand after the duel (I would have given him the contents of my pistol!), you hesitated to withdraw it again when that slanderer appealed to your friendship not to cast him off. Now you see the consequence!"

"Wait till we get to Paris." All the ingenuity of Percy's travelling companion failed to extract from him any other answer than that.

Foiled so far, Mr. Bowmore began to start difficulties next. Had they money enough for the journey? Percy touched his pocket, and answered, shortly, "Plenty." Had they passports? Percy sullenly showed a letter. "There is the necessary voucher from a magistrate," he said. "The consul at Dover will give us our passports. Mind this!" he added, in warning tones: "I have pledged my word of honor to Justice Bervie that we have no political object in view in travelling to France. Keep your politics to yourself on the other side of the Channel."

Mr. Bowmore listened in blank amazement. Charlotte's lover was appearing in a new character—the character of a man who was actually losing his respect for Charlotte's father!

It was useless to talk to him. He deliberately checked any further attempts at conversation, by leaning back in the carriage and closing his eyes. The truth is, Mr. Bowmore's own language and conduct were insensibly producing the salutary impression on Percy's mind which Bervie had vainly tried to convey under the disadvantage of having Charlotte's influence against him. Throughout the journey, Percy did exactly what Bervie had once entreated him to do—he kept Mr. Bowmore at a distance.

At every stage, they inquired after the fugitives. At every stage, they were answered by a more or less intelligible description of Bervie and Charlotte, and of the young lady who accompanied them. No disguise had been attempted; no person had in any case been bribed to conceal the truth.

When the first tumult of his emotions had in some degree subsided, this strange circumstance associated itself in Percy's mind with the equally unaccountable conduct of Justice Bervie on his arrival at the Manor-House. The old gentleman met his visitor in the hall, without expressing, and apparently without feeling, any indignation at his son's conduct. It was even useless to appeal to him for information. He only said, "I am not in Arthur's confidence; he is of age, and my daughter is of age—I have no claim to control them. I believe they have taken Miss Bowmore to Paris; and that is all I know about it." He had shown the same dense insensibility in giving his official voucher for the passports. Percy had only to satisfy him on the question of politics, and the document was drawn out as a matter of course.

Such had been the father's behavior; and the conduct of the son now exhibited the same shameless composure. To what conclusion did this discovery point? Over and over again Percy asked himself that question, and over and over again he abandoned the attempt to answer it in despair.

They reached Dover at two o'clock in the morning.

At the pier head they found a coast-guardsman on duty, and more information. In 1817 the communication with France was still by sailing vessels. Arriving long after the departure of the regular packet, Bervie had hired a lugger, and had sailed with the two ladies for Calais, having a fresh breeze in his favor. Percy's first angry impulse was to follow him instantly. The next moment he remembered the insurmountable obstacle of the passports. The consul would certainly not grant those essentially necessary documents at two in the morning! The only alternative was to wait for the regular packet, which sailed some hours later—between eight and nine o'clock in the forenoon. In this case, they might apply for their passports before the regular office hours, if they explained the circumstances, backed by the authority of the magistrate's letter.

Mr. Bowmore followed Percy to the nearest inn that was open, with sublime indifference to the delays and difficulties of the journey. He ordered refreshments with the air of a man who was performing a melancholy duty to himself in the name of humanity. "When I think of my speech," he said, at supper, "my heart bleeds for the people. In a few hours more, they will assemble in their thousands, eager to hear me. And what will they see? Joskin in my place! Joskin with a manuscript in his hand! Joskin who drops his voice at the ends of his sentences! I will never forgive Charlotte. Waiter, another glass of brandy and water."

Having succeeded in obtaining their passports, the travellers were troubled by no further difficulties. After an unusually quick passage across the Channel, they continued their journey by post as far as Amiens, and reached that city in time to take their places by the diligence to Paris.

Arriving in Paris on the 3d of April, they encountered another incomprehensible proceeding on the part of Captain Bervie.

Among the persons assembled in the yard to see the arrival of the diligence, was a man with a morsel of paper in his hand, evidently on the look-out for some person whom he expected to discover among the travellers. After consulting his bit of paper, he looked with steady attention at Percy and Mr. Bowmore, and suddenly approached them. "If you wish to see the captain," he said, in broken English, "you will find him at that hotel." He handed a printed card to Percy, and disappeared among the crowd before it was possible to question him.

Even Mr. Bowmore gave way to human weakness, and condescended to feel astonished in the face of such an event as this. "What next?" he exclaimed.

"Wait till we get to the hotel," said Percy.

In half an hour more they had got to the hotel.

Percy pushed aside the waiter, as soon as he saw the door before him, and burst into the room.

The captain was alone, sitting by the window

reading a newspaper. Before the first furious words had escaped Percy's lips, Bervie silenced him by pointing to a closed door on the right of the fire-place. "She is there," he said; "speak quietly, or you may frighten her. I know what you are going to say," he added, as Percy stepped nearer to him, determined to be heard. "Will you give me a minute to speak in my own defense, and then decide whether I am the greatest scoundrel living, or the best friend you ever had?"

He put the question, earnestly and kindly, with something that was at once grave and tender in his look and manner. The extraordinary composure with which he acted and spoke had its tranquillizing influence over Percy. For the moment, at least, he felt himself surprised into giving Bervie a hearing.

"I will tell you first what I have done," Bervie proceeded, "and next why I did it. For reasons presently to be mentioned, I have taken it on myself, Mr. Linwood, to make an alteration in your wedding arrangements. Instead of being married at Dartford Church, you will be married (if you see no objection) at the chapel of the Embassy in Paris, by my old college friend the chaplain."

This was too much for Percy's self-control. "Your audacity is beyond belief!" he broke out. "Even granting that you speak the truth, how dare you interfere in my affairs without my permission?"

Bervie held up his hand for silence. "One minute's hearing isn't much to ask," he said. "Take that cane in the corner, and treat me as you would treat a dog that had bitten you, if I don't make you alter your opinion of me in one minute more by the clock!"

Percy hesitated. Mr. Bowmore seized the opportunity of making himself heard.

"This is all very well, Captain Bervie," he began. "But I, for one, object, under any circumstances, to be made the victim of a trick."

"You are the victim of your own obstinate refusal to profit by a plain warning," Bervie rejoined. "At the eleventh hour I entreated you, and I entreated Mr. Linwood, to provide for your own safety—and I spoke in vain."

Percy's patience gave way once more. "Your minute by the clock is passing," he interposed; "and you have said nothing to justify yourself yet."

"Very well put!" Mr. Bowmore chimed in. "Come to the point, Sir! My daughter's reputation is in question."

"Miss Bowmore's reputation is not in question for a single instant," Bervie answered. "My sister has been the companion of her journey from first to last."

"Journey?" Mr. Bowmore repeated, indignantly. "I want to know, Sir, what the journey means. As an outraged father, I ask one plain question. Why did you run away with my daughter?"

Instead of answering the "outraged father," Bervie took two slips of paper from his pocket, and handed them to Percy with a smile.

"I ran away with the bride," he said, coolly, "in the certain knowledge that you and Mr. Bowmore would run after me. If I had not forced you both to follow me out of England on the 1st of April, you would have been made state prisoners on the 2d. Those slips of paper are

copies of the warrants which my father's duty compelled him to issue for 'the arrest of Percy Linwood and Orlando Bowmore!' I may divulge the secret now—warrants are waste paper here. Don't speak, Percy! the minute isn't quite at an end yet. Answer me one question, and I have done. I vowed I would be worthy of your generosity on the day when you spared my life. Have I kept my word?"

For once there was an Englishman who was not contented to express the noblest emotions that humanity can feel by the commonplace ceremony of shaking hands. Percy's heart overflowed. In an outburst of unutterable gratitude, he threw himself on Bervie's breast. As brothers the two men embraced. As brothers they loved and trusted one another from that day forth.

The door of the room on the right was softly opened from within. A charming face—the dark eyes bright with happy tears, the rosy lips just opening into a smile—peeped into the room. A low, sweet voice, with an under-note of trembling in it, made this modest protest in the form of an inquiry:

"When you have quite done with him, Percy, perhaps you may have something to say to ME?"

LAST WORDS.

I.

THE letter which Charlotte wrote to her mother, on the day of Percy's arrival in Paris, contains certain facts which may be reproduced with advantage at the close of the story.

Failing to persuade her to consent to his daring stratagem on any other terms, Bervie had taken Charlotte to his father, and had prevailed upon the justice to run the risk of trusting her with the secret of the coming arrests. Having first promised to respect the confidence placed in her until the 2d of April was over and past, she had no choice left, on the evening of the 1st, but to let her father and her lover go to prison, or to take her place with Captain Bervie and his sister in the travelling carriage.

The person whose daring and dexterity had drawn the spy away in the wrong direction, exactly at the time when his absence was of the utmost importance, was no other than Major Much. That old campaigner, being a guest at the Manor-House when Charlotte arrived, and hearing that the false footman was the one obstacle in the way of his dear Arthur's success, hit on the idea of personating Mr. Bowmore. They were both of the same height and build. Dressed in the patriot's travelling coat and cap, the back view of Major Much (presented to Peter as soon as the necessary noise had brought the spy up from the kitchen to the hall) would have deceived any body. At every stage on the way to London, the major was as careful to lie back like a sleeper, with his handkerchief over his face, as Peter was to look in at the carriage window and make sure that his victim was inside. Arrived at his own lodgings, the old soldier rushed in, under cover of the darkness, in admirable imitation of a man who was afraid to be seen. Keeping watch himself over the house, Peter sent for assistance to his superior officer by the first unemployed man who would carry his letter. As soon as the

church clock, striking midnight, announced that the second day of April had lawfully begun, he and his assistants entered the house with their warrant, encountering no opposition on the part of the servant who opened the door. The first person whom they discovered was Major Much, smoking his pipe, in his own character, and denying all knowledge of Mr. Bowmore's whereabouts with such a judiciously assumed expression of confusion that Peter and his men wasted hours in searching the house and interrogating the inmates from the kitchens to the garrets. By the time the spy had arrived at his first suspicion that he might have been imposed upon, and had made his way back to Dartford by the morning coach, Percy and Mr. Bowmore were eating their breakfast at Dessein's Hotel in Calais.

Having relieved her mother's anxiety so far, Charlotte touched next on the subject of her marriage.

"Miss Bervie will be my bride-maid," she wrote, "and our dear captain will be Percy's 'best man,' and papa will 'give me away,' of course. But nothing can be done without you. An experienced courier has received Percy's instructions to escort you to Paris. You must come here, dearest mother, not only for my sake, but for your own sake too. Neither Percy nor papa can return to England, and your being left alone at Dartford is not to be thought of. Besides, you will help to quiet papa's mind. Do what we can to pacify him, he persists in being angry with Captain Bervie. When I remind him that he would have been put into prison if the captain had not saved him, he smiles sorrowfully. 'I might have reconciled my mind to a prison,' he says; 'but what I can not endure is being made the victim of a trick!'"

With this domestic anecdote, and with sundry instructions relating to the packing of dresses, the letter reached its end.

A fortnight later, the marriage took place. The persons immediately interested were the only persons present. At the little breakfast afterward, Mr. Bowmore insisted on making a speech to a select audience of five, namely, the bride and bridegroom, the chaplain, the captain, and Mrs. Bowmore. But what does a small audience matter? The English frenzy for making speeches is not to be cooled by such a trifle as that. At the end of the world the expiring forces of Nature will hear a dreadful voice—the voice of the last Englishman making the last speech. Mr. Bowmore spoke for half an hour. Subject of the discourse: How can I be most useful to my country at the present crisis? As an exile on the Continent, or as a martyr in prison? Answer to the question: "My friends, let us leave it to time."

Percy wisely made his honey-moon a long one: he determined to be quite sure of his superior influence over his wife before he trusted her within reach of her father again. Mr. and Mrs. Bowmore accompanied Captain Bervie, on his way back to England, as far as Boulogne. In that pleasant town the banished patriot set up his tent. It was a cheaper place to live in than Paris; and it was conveniently close to England, when he had quite made up his mind whether to be exile or martyr. In the end, the course of events settled that question for him. Mr. Bowmore returned to England with the return of the Habeas Corpus Act.

II.

The years passed. Percy and Charl6tte (judged from the romantic point of view) became two perfectly uninteresting married people. Bervie (always remaining a bachelor) rose steadily in his profession through the higher grades of military rank. Mr. Bowmore, wisely overlooked by a new government, sank back again into the obscurity from which shrewd minister would never have assisted him to emerge. The one subject of interest left among the persons of this little drama was now represented by Doctor Lagarde. Thus far not a trace had been discovered of the French physician who had so strangely associated the visions of his magnetic sleep with the destinies of the two men who had consulted him.

Steadfastly maintaining his own opinion of the prediction and the fulfillment, Bervie persisted in believing that he and Lagarde (or Percy and Lagarde) were yet destined to meet and resume the unfinished consultation at the point where it had been broken off. Persons happy in the possession of "sound common-sense," who declared the prediction to be skilled guess-work, and the fulfillment manifest coincidence—other persons, whose minds halted midway between the mystic and the rational view, and who set up a theory of "thought-reading" as the true solution of the problem—agreed, nevertheless, in ridiculing the idea of finding Doctor Lagarde as closely akin to that other celebrated idea of finding the needle in the bottle of hay. But Bervie's obstinacy was proverbial. Nothing shook his confidence in his own convictions.

More than thirteen years had elapsed since the consultation at the doctor's lodgings, when Bervie went to Paris to spend a summer holiday with his friend the chaplain to the English Embassy. His last words to Percy and Charlotte when he took his leave were, "Suppose I meet with Doctor Lagarde?"

It was then the year 1830. Bervie arrived at his friend's rooms on the 24th of July. On the 27th of the month the famous revolution broke out which dethroned Charles the Tenth in three days.

On the second day Bervie and his host ventured into the streets, watching the revolution (like other reckless Englishmen) at the risk of their lives. In the confusion around them, they were separated from each other. Bervie, searching for his companion, found his progress stopped by a barricade, which had been desperately attacked and desperately defended. Men in blouses and men in uniforms lay dead or dying together. The tri-colored flag waved over them in token of the victory of the people. Bervie had just revived a poor wretch with a drink from an overthrown bowl of water which still had a few drops left in it, when he felt a hand laid on his shoulder from behind. He turned and discovered a National Guard, who had been watching his charitable action. "Give a hand to that poor fellow," said the citizen; "he wants some one to help him." He looked, as he spoke, at a workman standing near, grimed with blood and gunpowder. The tears were rolling down the man's cheeks. "I can't see my way, Sir, for crying," he said. "Help me to carry that sad burden into the next street." He pointed to a rude wooden litter on which lay a dead or wounded man, his face and breast covered with an old cloak. "There is the best friend the people ever had," the workman said. "He cured us, comforted us, respected us, loved us—and there he lies, shot dead while he was binding up the wounds of friends and enemies alike!"

"Whoever he is, he has died nobly," Bervie answered. "May I look at him?"

The workman signed that he might look.

Bervie lifted the cloak—and met with Doctor Lagarde once more.

THE END.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is thirty years ago, at an American celebration of Washington's Birthday in Rome, that the Easy Chair first saw Fletcher Harper. He was in the full prime of his vigor, and "a noticeable man," of sturdy form and strong features, ruddy in complexion, with sandy or light chestnut hair, quiet and modest in manner, and altogether giving an impression of great sweetness and force of nature and character. He listened gravely and closely to all that was said by the orators after dinner, and when he was pleased, with equal gravity applauded the speaker. He looked very much as in the masterly portrait that Elliott painted of him a few years later, and he had a curious charm of reserved manliness and modesty, which was but deepened by more intimate acquaintance. He returned to his home and business soon afterward, and after due deliberation by the house, this *Magazine* was issued in 1850.

The most successful American magazine of high claims at that time was *Graham's*. There was also *Godey's Lady's Book*, which was very popular; and the *International Magazine* appear-

ed at about the same time with *Harper's Monthly*, under the editorship of Dr. R. W. Griswold, one of the busiest *littérateurs* of that time. Yet while *Godey* had a large and profitable circulation, and *Graham* was a respectable periodical, something very different from either was plainly practicable, if all the conditions of success were fully comprehended. The Harpers saw an immense reading public in a country of cheap literature, and an immense material at their disposition in England, more various and attractive than the home supply, and they resolved to bring the two together. They proposed to lay under contribution the entire mass of the current periodical literature of the time, including the stories of the most eminent novelists, the papers of the ablest and most popular essayists, sketches and articles dealing with every aspect of society, morals, general politics, art, and literature. "Periodicals," said the preface of the *Magazine*, called "A Word at the Start"—"periodicals enlist and absorb much of the literary talent, the creative genius, the scholarly accomplishment, of the present age. The best writers in all departments and in every

nation devote themselves mainly to the reviews, magazines, or newspapers of the day." *Littell's Living Age* was a periodical of repute, which selected from the English supply some of the more striking articles as they appeared. But it was a thin issue not of great circulation. The plan of the new magazine contemplated a periodical larger than any then published, filled with the choicest selections of every kind, and conducted with the largest resources of capital and of business connections, sagacity, and energy.

Fletcher Harper was the youngest member of the firm, and in the distribution of duties the active oversight of the new enterprise fell upon him. He threw himself into the work with all the force of his nature and all his shrewd practical energy. The older compositors—for it is the praise of the house that, by liberality and mutual confidence, it has retained the services of many men during their lives—recall the excitement and the interest of preparing the early issues of the *Monthly*. Fletcher, who had been trained at the case as a practical printer, brought copy into the composing-room, and often remained busy with the rest, supervising and arranging, until nine and ten o'clock in the evening. Henry J. Raymond, the first editor of the *New York Times*, was selected as the editor of the *Magazine*. It was a happy selection, for he had the faculty and the habit of constant and untiring labor, and he had the instinct of popular success in the conduct of a periodical. He entered fully and heartily into the spirit of the undertaking. Glancing over all the foreign magazines, reviews, and journals as they arrived, his quick eye seized the material that he wanted, and that satisfied the claim and promise of the *Magazine*. But his post required a familiarity with the details of current literature every where, which a man of other employments and interests such as his could hardly be expected fully to acquire, and it is not surprising that amusing incidents sometimes occurred. In those days there was a free exchange of selections across the sea. The periodicals on each side appropriated whatever they found most suitable for their purpose, and so it once happened that Editor Raymond, finding in a foreign magazine a serviceable article, transferred it to his own magazine columns, only to discover that it was of American origin, and had been appropriated in England from its original source here. But such incidents were very infrequent, for Mr. Raymond was very wary.

The first number of the *Magazine* was issued for June, 1850, when Fletcher Harper was forty-five years old. Its general typographical appearance was much what it is now. But there was one essential difference. There were no illustrations, for the few wood-cuts of fashion and one or two heads can not be called illustrations. There is this difference in the early numbers, that the source from which the selections were taken is stated, as the selections themselves were usually anonymous. The argument for the subsequent abandonment of this practice was shrewd and ingenious. The attraction of a magazine to the general reader is greater if the contents have the air of being—what, in fact, they really are for him—then and there first published. They have a freshness which is destroyed by the appearance of transfer. Whenever, therefore, the place and time of prior publication of desirable articles

were not evidently necessary for their full comprehension and enjoyment, it was felt that the gain for the reader would be greater if there were no allusion to such publication. There was, however, no deceit, as the reader was fairly warned that the selections would be made in every quarter. Moreover, the whole enterprise proceeded under existing laws. The English and American law recognized no original and absolute right of property even for the author in literary productions, and only a very brief, limited, and local exclusive enjoyment of their advantages. The sole protection of the author in his limited privilege was the local law of his country. All his contracts were made with that understanding between him and his publisher. The English anonymous author gained nothing by the republication of his article abroad, and his publisher could not justly demand that the name of his periodical should be quoted by the foreign publisher as the source of the article, for he had made his contract on the basis of his own circulation. To advertise his periodical gratuitously by naming it would be to give him an advantage derived from the author, yet for which he had paid the author nothing. When, however, the author's name appeared, it appeared also in the republication of his article, and by this foreign testimony to his value as a writer the author was enabled to make better terms with the publisher under the local law to which both were subject. The plan of the *Magazine* contemplated also the payment to foreign authors for advance sheets of their works.

The prosperous result of the issue of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* has been often recorded. Its indirect consequences, however, have been as often overlooked. It led directly to a remarkable development and encouragement of native literary talent. This it did in two ways: the sudden and general diffusion of bright and attractive current literature fostered the taste and the demand for such literature, and the success of the *Magazine* suggested that similar success probably awaited other magazines which should supply the increasing demand in other ways. *Harper's Monthly* appeared, as we said, in June, 1850. *Putnam's Monthly* followed in January, 1853, and the *Atlantic Monthly* in November, 1857. *Putnam* took advantage of the increased interest and profitable promise in periodical ventures to appeal directly to American writers. And its success in raising and maintaining the standard of the monthly demand which had been stimulated and supplied by *Harper* was unquestionable. The *Atlantic*, published in the city where most of the masters in American literature lived, continued the good work, and continues it to-day. Meanwhile other and admirable and successful magazines have appeared. It is almost incredible that, within a period so comparatively short, *Graham* and *Godey* were the chief magazines, and that the monthly supply of various brilliant and valuable periodical literature with which we are now so pleasantly familiar was totally unknown. And it is due in very great part to the successful establishment of this *Magazine*, and that success is in turn greatly due to the insight and foresight and masterly energy of Fletcher Harper. We do not say, of course, that he did it alone, as we do not say that we should still have been the willing and happy thralls of *Graham* and *Godey* if *Harper* had not appeared. It is especially true of this house

that honors are easy, and that it is hard to say where James ended, and John, Wesley, and Fletcher began. It is enough that Fletcher was the hand of Briareus that mainly shaped and moulded this work, and that no individual can be named to whose masterful quality so much of the honor of the present high and happy condition of periodical literature in the country is to be ascribed as to Fletcher Harper.

It was soon evident that the enterprise still lacked something, and that something was soon seen to be illustrations. The difficulties of an illustrated magazine at that time, however, were enormous. The cuts were printed from the block, and three weeks were required to fit one illustrated sheet for printing. But illustration was necessary, and therefore the work was done. The first thoroughly illustrated article was one upon the Novelty Works, in the number for May, 1851, and this was followed, in June, by Thomson's "Summer," fully adorned. Almost immediately, however, with the beginning of the *Magazine* arrangements were made for the advance sheets of works by the most famous of living English novelists—an original and characteristic attraction of *Harper*, which still continues. In the fifth number, that for October, 1850, appeared, by arrangement with the author, the first number of Bulwer's *My Novel*, which was in course of publication in *Blackwood*, and this has been followed by such of his subsequent works as were not serially issued in the *Weekly*, and by the stories of Dickens and Thackeray as they appeared, and by a host of other serial works of the successors of these great authors, George Eliot being the chief. The first novel of Dickens published in the *Magazine* was *Bleak House*, the first number of which appeared in the issue for April, 1852, and the first of Thackeray's stories was *The Newcomes*—upon the whole the most perfect of modern English novels of society—which began in the November number of the *Magazine* in 1853. Sensitive to the varying conditions of success in the conduct as in the establishment of the *Monthly*, the sagacity that controlled its general character adapted it constantly to the times, so that gradually it has essentially changed, and yet retains its original relation to the popular taste and demand. Under the blithe, bubble-blowing, flower-scattering Cupids of the unchanged cover, symbolic of its perpetual freshness and its perennial ministry of brightness and cheerfulness, whatever the varying form might be, it has passed from an unillustrated magazine of foreign selections to a magazine of original papers, mainly American, enriched with an affluence of exquisite illustration, which marks the surprising progress of the art of wood-cutting, the *Monthly* itself in great part, also, the cause of the happy change in this art, of which it is the chief monument.

—In the full flood of its prosperity and of that of the kindred enterprises, and of the great business of the house to whose advancement he was devoted, Fletcher Harper in the fullness of years dies surrounded by family and relatives and friends, so that, as was happily said in the *Bazar*, it was like the death of the head of a clan or the patriarch of a tribe. The tributes to him on all sides agreed in the recognition of his remarkable power and strength of nature—a noble manliness made sweet and mild by the freshest affection and the most tender sympathy. His modesty,

like all his qualities, partook of a native greatness. He resolutely, but with entire unostentation, pursued his way. He never held an office nor wished for one. He was not seen in public meetings nor on great occasions, and no man of equal mark in the city more instinctively avoided every kind of notoriety. His home, thronged with affectionate kindred, was happy beyond the common lot, and at his hospitable table sat friends from far and near, to whom his sweet and sunny welcome was a benediction like the summer air. Time passed: his brothers, the cheery James, the indomitable John, the gracious Wesley, died. The famous brotherhood was dissolved, and Fletcher stood alone amid his memories and younger men. Too strong to despond, with a high and keen relish for life, he yet could not but feel,

"The old order changeth, giving place to new."

The tie between him and Wesley had been peculiarly tender; and as Fletcher sometimes sat in the office where for a long life they had all been so intimately associated, and gazed out of the window with musing and melancholy eyes, his strong face seemingly steeped in infinite tenderness of feeling, one who had known them long, and knew his heart who remained, could but interpret his wistful look in the lines of Henry Vaughan:

"They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

* * * * *

"I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays."

A year or two after Wesley's death, Fletcher went again to Europe. He had often crossed the ocean, and was always singularly well at sea. During his absence he was very cheerful and pleasantly occupied, but fell ill in Paris before his return. He came home in the summer of 1874, and resumed his active interest in the business. But in the spring of 1875 he was again ill, and after the death of his only remaining brother, the stout old "Colonel" John, he took no farther part in the business, and was at the office but two or three times. For two years he lived quietly and happily at home, during the winter half of the year in town, and for the summer half at his pleasant rural place upon the Hudson, near Irvington. There he drove daily among the secluded bowery roads, or along the great highway that overhangs the river and catches its far-gleaming distances across the smooth lawns and beneath the rich foliage of beautiful estates. It was a strangely loitering life for this sinewy and active nature; but without visible sadness or repining, he doubtless felt that his work was done, and that it remained only to glide gently to the end. The end came amid the splendor of the early summer whose delights he had been gladly anticipating; but death did not surprise him from the serenity of his self-possession. When he knew that death was at hand, although the enjoyment of life was still strong and high, he acquiesced calmly, speaking in the words and after the manner of the fervent religious faith of his parents, in which he had been trained, and to which he had always faithfully adhered. With the old familiar tranquillity he gave final direc-

tions, and said farewell one by one to those who were dearest to him, and to the friends who loved him as they can love few other men. Tenacious of life, the frame of the strong man was reluctant to yield, but gradually and peacefully he fell asleep.

"So our world is made
Of life and death commingled: and the sighs
Outweigh the smiles in equal balance laid.
What compensation? None, save that the All-wise
So schools us to love things that can not fade."

THE glory of anniversary week, in New York at least, is gone. Except to those interested members of the societies, those to whom "meetings" of any kind are a delight, its return is scarcely known. The great public is unaware of the old festival, and the venerable joke of the return of the Quakers, who bring to town the rain of May, sleeps undisturbed. The "anniversaries" are becoming almost as obsolete in memory as the figures of the clergymen upon Broadway, which even the Easy Chair can recall, walking to church in the sunny Sunday morning in all the flowing pomp of robes, their black silk gowns floating around them in the breeze as they moved. Those also were the days of church bells, not the occasional, solitary, independent bells of the modern time, but the full-voiced, harmonious choir that pealed out the summons to prayer far and near over the smaller New York of other years. It is only the Roman Catholic cities that maintain undiminished the sweet clangor of bells. Especially in the Italian towns every hour is disturbed by the sudden and impatient peal: a sound symbolic of the universal, pervasive presence of the Church itself. Loitering and floating upon the Italian lakes, the traveller hears the sound of the convent bells from the picturesque towers hidden high up in the olive groves upon the mountainous shore. The music of those bells, once heard, still sounds forever delicately and far away through all the life that follows, like those bells of Lynn which Longfellow hears at Nahant, and all his readers hear.

"O curfew of the setting sun! O bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O bells of Lynn!"

The modern New Yorker need not, therefore, infer that the anniversary week was full of such music, or that all the orators had the sweet voices of these evening bells, or even the mightier volume of

"the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

But it was a week of great interest and excitement and eloquence, and while the newspapers sneered and cheered at many a word spoken, the impulse given to public opinion was prodigious. The meetings were of all kinds: religious, charitable, and reformatory, from the most conservative and "respectable"—meetings with which no well-ordered citizen was unwilling to have his name associated—to those which were alleged to be composed mainly of lunatics, fanatics, and long-haired fools, association with which was supposed to brand a man as deficient in common-sense. The missionary meetings, those of the established charities and philanthropic enterprises, had always a full attendance and an ample flow of well-regulated oratory. But the seeker of ex-

citement was not supposed to find so much "fun" at them as at the "radical" assemblies, especially the meetings of the Antislavery Society.

At these there were often very exciting scenes, which were stimulated by the newspapers. The papers published the most exaggerated and ludicrous reports or caricatures, sarcastically describing the persons and the incidents at the meetings, interspersed and editorially re-enforced with vehement and passionate denunciation of the reckless and dangerous tendency of the speeches, often calling upon the authorities to interfere and stop the incendiary folly. It would have been exceedingly amusing, if it had not been too serious, to see people who claimed and exercised the most unbounded license in the press in stating their own opinions, and in ridiculing and belying their opponents, calling upon the police to prevent those opponents from doing exactly the same thing upon the platform. Free speech and free press, of course, and by all means, but don't let the other fellow say what he thinks. The excitement often culminated in rows, sometimes in riots. Yet even amid these there was often a great deal of humor, although there was no mistaking the deep and terrible earnestness of purpose in the meetings and their leaders.

While the antislavery anniversaries were the occasion of the utmost rage and fury, those of the "Woman's Rights" movement provoked only newspaper ribaldry and peals of laughter. The jests of the umbrella and the spectacles, and the old maid and the old women of both sexes, and wearing the trousers—indeed, all the rich resources of "reportorial" humor which have since been lavished upon this movement—were displayed in full force; and discreet parents, who bought costly front seats at Jenny Lind's concerts or Fanny Kemble's readings, were amazed and shocked that any respectable person should wish to hear women speak in public. Like a certain excellent Governor, they knew what "the God of nature" intended, and therefore they understood that while He had, of course, no objection to the singing of women in public, whether in church choirs or on the concert platform, He frowned upon their speaking. The papers thought the conduct of the women at these meetings unspeakably ludicrous or worse, but the great fun of the conduct of the serious parent escaped them altogether. That a woman in bare neck and arms should, in Coleridge's phrase, "heave her distended breast" in "the intricacies of laborious song" upon a platform, for the mere excitement and pleasure of an audience, was consonant with the best traditions and the finest sense of propriety. But that a woman modestly clad should plead with an audience, as Miss Dickinson did, for the relief of other women from harsh and thoughtless treatment—this was indeed absurd and dreadful, and justified a general insurrection of the oppressed proprieties.

It seems now exceedingly amusing, but with the melancholy which invests all such facts in the retrospect—a melancholy which springs from the perception that so large a part of the trouble in the world is totally unnecessary. If conservatism of this kind, the conservatism of which Mill said that although all conservatives were not dull, yet dull men were always conservatives, would fix its attention firmly upon the fact that all good things—inventions, reforms, "movements" of ev-

ery kind—have been doubted, derided, opposed, and denounced when they were new, it would, perhaps, dimly and vaguely perceive that novelty is not necessarily discreditable, and that a reform is not indisputably contrary to nature because it reverses old traditions. "Stuff a cold and starve a fever," is one of the most venerable of traditional prescriptions. But the modern practice of "building up" may, nevertheless, be wise. The fervor of the hostility and disgust of which we were speaking has somewhat abated. It is one of the signs of anniversary week that the meeting which excited such laughter when the suggestion was new, and which was "served up" in the reports with such extravagant ridicule, has ceased to receive especial attention, and was treated this year very much as if it had been a missionary or Bible meeting, except that some of the old extravagance recurred in the demand of an eccentric personage to take part in the proceedings. "That little pipe is smoked out," said Thackeray, with rueful humor, speaking of a fair acquaintance whom he had especially liked. The "fun" even of the "Woman's Rights" convention has passed, and its recurrence was unnoticed because it is now felt to be no more strange that women should wish equal wages for equal work than that missionaries should be sent to Patagonia and Rangoon. At the same time the convocation of the University of London, after hearing a repetition of the standard arguments against the study of medicine by women, decided to admit them to medical degrees, while the hostile male medical graduates did not venture to propose a reversal of the decision, but only requested the senate to treat the subject as a whole, and not to confer medical degrees until it had decided whether it would also confer degrees in arts, sciences, and laws.

Dr. Lardner was very sure that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic, and was busily proving it when a steamer happened to cross. There were a great many wise men in New York fifty years ago who thought De Witt Clinton an impracticable visionary. The reform conventions of the old anniversary week were carefully scanned by the moral Lardners (among whom Dionysius himself was not included) and by the anti-Clintonians in other enterprises. They shook their heads and made their prophecies, and the world rolled and time passed, and the prophets are having no glory.

None the less, passing time has practically taken away anniversary week. Who saw a solitary Friend wending his wet way to Rose Street in the showery month of May this year? Who heard of those vast sums of subscription that once rattled and poured into the treasury of how many societies for how many good purposes? Who heard from the platform an appeal which spoke to his soul with "an emphasis that hindered him from sleep?" The *Tribune* remarked that the characteristic tone of every thing that was said in the meetings—for there are meetings still—was that of charity and co-operation. If these be the dregs of anniversary week, they are sands of gold. Perhaps they are well exchanged for Father Lamson, or the redoubtable Abby Folsom, "that flea of conventions." When Father Lamson appeared in a reform convention, it was a serious matter. He was serenely proof against all blandishments and threats. In a world of free

speech he meant to have his say, and at such length and in such phrase as the spirit might move, and the experienced knew what length and what phrase the spirit would move. It was generally necessary to remove Father Lamson. But who would bell the cat? He had great solemnity of visage and a long white beard, and when a pair of the young and stalwart brethren, an impromptu police, approached him to assist his orderly and peaceful departure, he lay down deliberately, and could be voided from the meeting only by being borne out at length. This was among the humors of anniversary week, although Father Lamson's avatar was usually in Boston. How readily might the wicked reporter, to whom he was a boon, as he muses upon the storms and passions and humors and results of those old days, smile ruefully as he recalls that figure of old Father Time, and exclaim with Charles Lamb: "James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens, and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew and the glory of Smithfield departed forever."

Is the reading of Charles Lamb gone by too, with the peculiar glory of anniversary week? Ever since the Easy Chair asked a distinguished scholar in English literature—it was twenty years ago—whether Browning's *Blot on the 'Scutcheon* had ever been played in this country, and was answered, "Perhaps I can tell you if you will tell me who Browning is," it has felt that no man can be quite sure of another man's world, and that when a writer—expecting the sympathy which takes fire at a word, like an electric alarm that rings at a touch—mentions Mrs. Battle, or Jem White, or even old John Naps, of Greece, his bewildered reader may but glare spectrally, and respond with Leatherstocking's "Anan?" Not that the Easy Chair would allege spectral glares of any of the kindly eyes that loiter along these pages. They are familiar with all allusions. It is, in fact, in their name that it speaks, and when it asks whether the reading of Charles Lamb has gone by, it means, of course, among those who are known as "people."

The question would not be relevant if he were of a certain fashion in literature, so to speak. It would not be supposed, for instance, that the eager readers of Tennyson would be as familiar with Byron as their fathers were; and Donne and Cowley are poets familiar to few. But the charm of Lamb is in no sense that of a temporary manner. It is as pure and original as the smell of clover. It is, in the fullest sense, quaint, but not obscure. It is rich, racy, marrowy—the spell of true genius. How by mere mention he gives immortality to a name! How the cadences of his prose linger like strains of melancholy music! What a felicity of phrase, like the chasing of Benvenuto upon a cup! What arch, limpid humor, humor in its very essence, unforced, honey-sweet, like the drops exuding from the grapes by their own pressure!

This want of the usual contemporary character is as marked in Lamb as in his favorite Sir Thomas Browne, who lived and wrote during the civil war in England. But there is no smell of gunpowder upon his page, no long-drawn hymn of

the Roundhead nor rollicking carol of the Cavalier. In the same way there is no air of contemporary events upon the page of Charles Lamb. His seclusion is as absolute as that of the woodthrush, and his note as fresh and pure. There is a paper rescued by Mr. Babson, in the "Eliana," from the dumb forgetfulness to which it had been consigned, in which Lamb treats of Guy Fawkes and the effect of his plot had it been successful. Lamb imagines the preparation of the explosion, the assembling of the House, the loud and eager debate, and at last the firing of the train by Vane. How should the consequence be recorded in Parliamentary phrase? He imagines the entry upon the journal: "At this point the House rose amid a loud clamor for order."

The Easy Chair is sometimes asked to mention some sweet and wholesome little book for a remote reader who can truly enjoy: not a tippler or confirmed inebriate of light literature, a vast and unhappy throng, but a lover of good books beyond their easy reach, who would know what truly good and companionable book he can add to his store. The Easy Chair would not hesitate to name Charles Lamb—the life, letters, poems, and essays. It was a hard remark that it once heard of a friend: "He is a good man, but he loves the second rate—he likes Charles Lamb." Second to what? Is there any thing finer, sweeter, purer of its kind? His place is as independent and sure in English literature as that of any essayist—Bacon, Cowley, Macaulay, Carlyle. His humor is unique, inimitable; his pathos tender and delicate beyond expression; his deep, sincere human sympathy penetrating and inspiring, all the more that it is sometimes formally limited and denied. The love of Elia is like that of Mozart's music. It is almost a test of true appreciation.

THE death of Mr. Motley, the historian, removes one of the most eminent of American authors, whose fame was not less in Europe than at home, and who will be as sincerely mourned in England and Holland as in his own land. Besides his character as an accomplished and picturesque historian, he was a man of such incisive individuality, and had so impressed his countrymen with a certain gallant pride of mental port, that his death seems to be the apparent extinction of unusual vitality. At the commemorative meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Motley's friend Dr. Holmes spoke of his college days with tender and generous affection. "I remember him as a handsome, spirited-looking boy at Harvard College, where, at the early age of thirteen, he joined the class two years after my own, gradu-

ating in 1831. He was probably the youngest student in college, said to be as bright as he looked, and with the reputation of a remarkable talent for learning languages. I recollect him in those earlier days as vivacious, attractive, brilliant, with such a lustre of promise about him as belonged to hardly any other of my own date, and after it, in my four years' college experience, if I perhaps except William Sturgis, whom a swift summons called from our side in all the beauty of his early youth. Motley was more nearly the ideal of a young poet than any boy—for he was only a boy as yet—who sat on the benches of the college chapel. His finely shaped and expressive features, his large, luminous eyes, his dark waving hair, the singularly spirited set of his head, which was most worthy of note for its shapely form and poise, his well-outlined figure, gave promise of his manly beauty, and commended him to those even who could not fully appreciate the richer endowments of which they were only the outward signature. But, with every temptation to a life of pleasant self-indulgence, flattery and the love of luxury could not spoil him. None knew better what they meant. 'Give me the luxuries, and I will dispense with the necessities of life,' was a playful saying of his, which is one of the three wittiest things that have been said in Boston in our time, and which I think has not been claimed for any other wit of any period."

We are fortunately able to print some verses of the young Motley, written at the time of which Dr. Holmes speaks, and when he was about seventeen years old. They are published for the first time, and in the light of the vivid sketch of his friend they will be read with singular interest:

Cupid hath been a god so many ages
That it is strange he yet continues young,
And hath inspired so many scores of pages
That it is strange his praises yet are sung,
And strange the theme should now inspire *my*
tongue.
But still, as in the olden time, the power
Of Love exerts the same mysterious spell;
Still man's high purposes in one brief hour
The glancing of a bright eye may dispel,
As softly as the frost wreaths of the night
Melt in the brightness of the morning light.

And thou, when yet a spring hath shared its rose
And beauty with thy cheek, and thou may'st rove
In brightness forth, where'er the world discloses
Hearts to bind golden chains round; when you move,
The fair Napoleon of the world of Love—
Then may thy soul, as it is now, be pure
As the first sunbeam ere it blessed the earth!
Then may the joys around thee now
Still light thine eye, still dew thy lip with mirth!
Then, while all charms their wreaths about you fling,
Time shall, in love with thee, abjure his wing.

October 19, 1831.

Editor's Literary Record.

ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D., in *Reconciliation of Religion and Science* (Harper and Brothers), does not so much essay to perfect the reconciliation as to indicate the lines of thought which, followed out to their ultimatum, will eventually lead to that harmony which now certainly does not exist. He wisely recognizes the fact of a conflict, which, indeed, strictly speaking, is not between Science and Religion, but between scientists and religionists. We do not perfect a treaty

of peace by shutting our ears to the battle. The actual conflict is not ended by the simple axiomatic statement that all truth must be harmonious. The general basis on which a reconciliation is to be wrought out he seeks to find in a sound psychology—perhaps we should say, a sound and profound theology. Man possesses an innate religious nature. But the religious faculty is not cognitive, it is not intellectually discriminating; it is "that which *feels* the reality of the divine."

It is a motive rather than a knowledge, or an intuitive and self-conscious knowledge rather than an intellectual perception or cognition. It reaches out beyond the sensible and fleeting to the immaterial and the eternal. It takes hold on an unseen God. It knows Him not by a process of intellectual investigation, but by a filial sense of His presence. When science, by successive discoveries, shows one phenomenon after another to have been produced by recognized physical causes, the first feeling of the religious faculty is one of revolt against a process which seems to have taken away its God. Yet God remains, attested not by the cognitive faculties, but by the inner sense. So there is perpetual conflict between the cold intellect, which knows only what it sees or what it deduces from the seen, and faith, which knows by love, and knows only what is unseen. This is the conflict. The reconciliation must come in the recognition by the religious faculty of the liberty of reason to investigate all things with untrammelled freedom, and in the recognition by the cognitive faculties of the reality of man's religious nature, and of the truth of these great facts—a Supreme Being, a living relation between Him and man, a future existence, a moral law, and moral accountability, to which the religious consciousness of man bears testimony. We shall not attempt to indicate Dr. Winchell's application and illustration of this general principle, as in his treatment of the question of the derivation of man, and his interpretation of the Biblical account of the creation and the flood. It must suffice to say that he recognizes the danger, on the one hand, that scientists in their material studies may overlook, as they often have done, "the supramaterial and transcendent verities," and, on the other, the equal danger that the church may incorporate more or less of secular beliefs in its ecclesiastical systems—beliefs which are no whit more sacred because of their misplacement. Whatever special critics may think of special points, illustrative rather than fundamental, this book may be fairly characterized as one of the best presentations of the fundamental psychological difference between science and religion, and the real and final basis of accord between the lecturers of science and the preachers of religion.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON follows his *Young Folks' History of the United States* with a second volume of the "Young Folks Series," a *Book of American Explorers* (Lee and Shepard). This book is constructed on a curious plan. Mr. Higginson has mined among the ancient records, and gotten out from them the personal narratives of the earlier discoverers and explorers of the American coast. With considerable editorial skill he has selected from this mass of material those narratives which possess the greatest degree of romantic interest, and with some brief notes, such as are necessary to explain the course of the narrative, introduces them to his readers. The Northmen tell the story of their own Norse explorations: Columbus, in his own correspondence, describes his first voyage: the adventures of De Soto are reprinted from the translation of the narrative of one of his companions: the discovery of the Hudson River is told by one of the discoverers. Mr. Higginson has not even made such alterations as are necessary to insure correctness of grammar, and wherever a word of

explanation seems necessary, it has been inserted either in brackets or in foot-notes. If the effect of this book is to enkindle in young readers a desire for original research, it will certainly serve an important function; otherwise we are inclined to the opinion that Mr. Higginson would have made a book both more valuable and more entertaining if he had used his materials instead of simply reprinting them. The result would have been a work less unique, but more useful.

General and Secretary WICKHAM HOFFMAN, Assistant Adjutant-General of United States Volunteers in the civil war, and secretary of the United States legation at Paris during the French war, has compacted into one volume entertaining matter enough for two, in his *Camp, Court, and Siege* (Harper and Brothers). He describes it in a sentence as a "narrative of personal adventure and observation during two wars, 1861-1865, 1870-1871." During the first war he was in the Gulf States. He gives a graphic account of General Butler's administration in New Orleans, which he warmly praises, and of General Banks's campaign on the Red River, which he courteously but severely criticises. During the second war he was in Paris, and his soldierly courage rendered him a strong helper and a wise promoter of the policy which made Mr. Washburne's administration so deservedly popular. He writes with modesty, but without affectation; he is neither egotistical nor impersonal. His story is a most vivacious and entertaining one.

Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare, by JOHN WEIS (Roberts Brothers), consists of twelve distinct but connected essays. The first two essays, which treat of the "Cause of Laughter" and of "Wit, Irony, and Humor," are decidedly entertaining, from the freshness and point of the stories and quotations with which the pages are filled, if not by reason of the critical remarks. In the following essays the author anatomizes various of Shakspeare's characters—those, for example, in which wit or humor is illustrated—Shakspeare's women, and the relations of men and women as suggested by the plays, though very much in the way in which the worshipers of the great bard make his name a convenient title-piece and cover for all manner of theories on all imaginable subjects. The author is entertaining on almost every page, keen, and considerably suggestive. The sources of his suggestion seem to be chiefly in wide reading, a fertile fancy, some thoughtful observation of life, and a temperament of some poetic sensitiveness and subtlety, rather than in penetrating and comprehensive thought.

We found on our table this month a book from which we anticipated much pleasure, and in which we have not been disappointed—*Thomas De Quincey: His Life and Writings, with Unpublished Correspondence*, by H. A. PAGE (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). There is something curiously and inexplicably fascinating both in the character and the writings of De Quincey. The personal life, the inward experiences and outward discipline of such a character, afford a story full of interest. Mr. Page makes large use of autobiographical material. He publishes some sixty of De Quincey's letters. He weaves into the body of his narrative much more that De Quincey has written of himself. He does not content himself with the mere recital of the life; he has made a careful study of the character. And while his

work is not analytical, while he practices no horrible literary vivisection upon the subject of his biography, he gives sympathetically and admirably a portrait of his character and a subjective history of his growth. The story of De Quincey is also measurably a story of contemporary literary society, and the incidental pictures of De Quincey's literary friends, and of the "Lake School," are not the least interesting portion of a far more than ordinarily interesting biography.

The story of *Bryan Waller Procter*, "*Barry Cornwall*" (Roberts Brothers), is chiefly autobiographical. The editor has filled out the autobiographical fragments with biographic notes, but he has wisely kept himself and his own work in the background; "*Barry Cornwall*" is the chief speaker. The events of Bryan Waller Procter's life were not considerable nor important, but his admirers and his personal friends included the most brilliant names of that most brilliant era in literature to which he belonged. Among them were Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Hood, Walter Scott, Keats, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, Eastlake, Macaulay, Edward Irving, Charles Lamb, Julius Hare, Dickens, Thackeray, De Quincey, Charles Kemble, and Macready. The most interesting features of this book are the sketches of character and the reminiscences of friends which it contains.

Mr. H. E. SCUDDER is a conscientious and a skillful literary workman, and *The Recollections of Samuel Breck, with Passages from his Note-Books—1771–1862* (Porter and Coates), afforded, doubtless, a congenial theme to him, for his previous work shows him to have the zest of an antiquarian and the spirit of a modern. Samuel Breck died in Philadelphia in 1862, at the age of ninety-one years. His memory was excellent, and his "recollections" cover the entire period embraced in the history of our country from the beginning of the war for independence to that of the war for the Union. His public life as a member of the government of Philadelphia and his social position gave him peculiar facilities for forming an acquaintance with the best society, and for becoming acquainted with the leading events of his time. For over sixty years he kept a diary containing comments on current events and reminiscences of personal experiences. A part of this diary he arranged himself in narrative form. The volume before us is composed of this narrative, in which Mr. Breck brings down his recollections to the beginning of the present century, and of passages from his note-books, the last entry of which bears date 1841.

SAMUEL SMILES'S *Life of a Scotch Naturalist: Thomas Edward* (Harper and Brothers), certainly presents one of the most remarkable histories with which we are acquainted. From the paper published in the April number of this Magazine, entitled "Shoe-Maker and Naturalist," our readers have already been made acquainted with the most romantic incidents of Mr. Edward's life. The style of the book is plain and clear, the matter most interesting.

Of recent authors LANDOR seems the one who has secured in the most emphatic manner the "fit audience, though few." The new edition of his works has been looked for with no little eagerness by many who are familiar only with the enthusiastic eulogies of his admirers. But those who open the *Imaginary Conversations* (Roberts

Brothers) for the first time will find some previous preparation of knowledge or taste more than usually requisite. Who can tell whether these dialogues are successful as a work of literary art but one who is familiar with the thirty-four characters who appear in the seventeen conversations? And discussions of minute verbal criticism or elegant scholarship must have elements of remarkable power to interest others than those who cultivate a scholarship somewhat as ample and laborious and sensitive as the author's. And while the interlocutors in these conversations are not by any means mere shades, it were hard to tell how much more than this Magliabechi is, or the Abbé Delille, or Isaac Newton. Aside, however, from any dramatic fitness which a well-informed reader may discover, these conversations are, some of them, decidedly entertaining, and all are full of spice, of trenchant criticism, and of shrewd sayings, with sprinklings of wisdom.

Many who have long heard of Rowland Hill as a devoted and successful minister of the Gospel, as well as a man of courage and wit, will take up VERNON J. CHARLEWORTH'S *Life of Rowland Hill* (American Tract Society) with no little interest. It recounts the main facts of Mr. Hill's life, but fails to give a satisfactory view either of the man himself, the sources of his power, or his methods of labor. The collections of anecdotes and pulpit sayings and illustrations are entertaining, but, with few exceptions, not particularly fresh or striking.

The *Woman-Hater* (Harper and Brothers) will rank among the best of CHARLES READE'S later novels. It possesses in a remarkable degree the virtues, and an immunity from the defects, of this great English romancer. The *Woman-Hater* is swift in its movement, as all of Charles Reade's novels are; but Pegasus does not run away with its rider, as Charles Reade's Pegasus sometimes does. She is driven with a curb bit and a taut rein, and does not "break" into a mad run at the end of the course—a common fault with the modern novel. The characterization is strong, and is well maintained. The story is developed out of the characters; the characters are not moulded to suit the story. The woman-hater himself does not lose his individuality, but preserves his cynicism, even though it be mellowed and softened by love; and the transformation of character in Fanny Dover is not unnatural; it belongs to life rather than to the stage. The sociological moral is not quite as prominent as in some of Charles Reade's stories, but it is not wanting; and the most enthusiastic advocate of woman's right to liberty of employment could hardly put the indictment of English conservatism, which forbids women the privilege of becoming recognized practitioners, more effectively than it is put by Doctress Rhoda Gale.

The object of Commodore FOXHALL A. PARKER in *The Fleets of the World* (D. Van Nostrand) is to give, in a series of volumes, some account not only of naval architecture, but also of naval history: the fleets, the men who have organized them, and the battles in which they have been engaged. The present volume covers the galley period. It includes some account of Chinese, Egyptian, Phœnician, Roman, Grecian, Venetian, and Norse navies, and their history. It is illustrated with eight lithographs. From it the reader will certainly

get a clear idea of the structure and method of operation of the ancient fleets, in the days when oars were still used in propelling them; and his idea of their structure and uses will be rendered more accurate by the brief account of some of the principal engagements which have been fought by these galley fleets.

It is always a hazardous proceeding for a successful man to compete with himself. CURTIS GUILD'S *Over the Ocean* was one of the most readable books of European travel which we have ever seen. Perhaps we should think as well of *Abroad Again: A Fresh Foray in Foreign Lands* (Lee and Shepard), did we not instinctively compare it with the previous and fresher book by the same author. The sequel possesses, however, many of the characteristics of its predecessor. The author gazes at old ruins with respect, but not with reverence, and in his treatment of Rome he preserves a happy medium between the superstitious reverence of the average tourist and the persistent *nonchalance* of Mark Twain. The story of the accidental imprisonment in one of the prison cells of the Council of Ten in Venice is told with great dramatic power.

The theological position of JAMES MARTINEAU will always be in dispute, not because it is ambiguous, but because he is judged by critics of opposite schools of thought. Those who regard any particular historical or dogmatic opinion as of the essence of religion will always regard him as a skeptical writer; those who believe that the issue of the present and the future is one between materialism and spiritualism, between the positivism that believes only in the testimony of the senses, and the faith that believes in the inward witness of the spirit, will always regard Mr. Martineau as a defender of the faith. So judged, the two treatises from his pen that lie on our table are pre-eminently defensive though not apologetic, Christian though not ecclesiastical—*Materialism, Theology, and Religion* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and *Hours of Thought on Sacred Things* (Roberts Brothers). The first is the republication, somewhat amplified, of an address delivered in Manchester New College, October, 1874, to which are appended two papers reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*. These papers are argumentative, metaphysical, to a considerable extent controversial; they were addressed to students, and they presuppose on the part of the reader some acquaintance with and some interest in the metaphysical and theological discussions of the day. The second work is composed of sermons which were addressed to a congregation of worshipers; they are subtle in thought, poetic in phraseology, devotional in spirit; they presuppose a certain degree of spiritual and intellectual culture in the reader, but not any especial or professional knowledge; and they are based on the reality of the inner life, and draw their arguments from the inward experiences of men, rather than from any outward evidences of truth—the personal consciousness of God, the dormant sense of immortality, the inherent love of righteousness, rather than from any proof of God, the future, or the inward life of the soul.

The *Centennial Temperance Volume* (National Temperance Society) consists of reports and essays read before the National Temperance Conference in Philadelphia in June, 1876, and gives, quite fully, a general history of the cause of tem-

perance for the century, with a history of the various societies, secular and ecclesiastical, Protestant and Catholic, which have been engaged in the work of temperance. It is a valuable *vade mecum* to the temperance worker, and a real addition to the moral history of the past one hundred years.—*Praying and Working* (Robert Carter and Brothers), by Rev. WILLIAM F. STEVENSON, of Dublin, is a reprint from the English. The author describes it as "some account of what men can do when in earnest." It contains biographical sketches of John Falk, Emmanuel Wichern, Theodore Fliedner, John Evangelist Gossner, and Louis Harms. Quite too little is known in this country of the Christian work of evangelical philanthropy which has been done in Germany—a country which has set both to England and America an example of Christian philanthropy quite as remarkable as its leadership in Biblical scholarship. As a suggestion to practical Christian workers this little book is especially valuable.—We are glad, and the children will be glad, to welcome from the son of Richard Newton a book of sermons to children, *Little and Wise* (Robert Carter and Brothers). It is not too much to say for WILLIAM WILBERFORCE NEWTON that the mantle of the father has fallen upon the son.—*In Holy Cross: A History of the Invention, Preservation, and Disappearance of the Wood known as the True Cross* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), Dr. WILLIAM C. PRIME has brought together much curious and interesting information. We are not able to regard with Dr. Prime's respect the superstition which he regards as reverence, but we recognize the value of the addition which he has made to religious history by this little work.—Rev. WILLIAM I. GILL, in *Christian Conception and Experience* (The Author's Publishing Co.), presents what is a fresh, if not a new, argument for the verity of the Christian religion. He makes no mention of the miracles and other testimony of past ages, though in a sentence he declares his recognition of their consequence and authority. His argument is based upon the need of a supernatural ideal, the fact of a supernatural ideal provided for that need in the actual record of the living character of Christ, and the supernatural experience based upon faith in and acceptance of this supernatural ideal as the guide and the standard of life. To one who has been perplexed by the arguments, *pro* and *con*, respecting historical Christianity, this little book may give some real light and help, by bringing him to a consideration of the truth from an entirely new point of view.—The Books of the Chronicles, by Dr. ZOCKLER, edited by Professor JAMES G. MURPHY, of Belfast; of Ezra, by Dr. FR. U. SCHULTZ, edited by Dr. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, of Union Theological Seminary; of Nehemiah, by Dr. HOWARD CROSBY, of the University of New York, to which are added a translation of the homiletical sections of Dr. Schultz's commentary; and of Esther, by Dr. SCHULTZ, edited by Dr. JAMES STRONG, of Drew Theological Seminary—complete *Lange's Commentary on the Historical Books of the Old Testament* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). We have spoken so fully of Lange's work in the past that we need only add here our wish that Dr. Crosby's Nehemiah might be published as a separate commentary.—The fifth volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (J. M. Stoddard and Co.) comprises the greater part of the letter C, from Canon to Cleves.

The article Canon is somewhat more conservative in tone than the one on the Bible, which provoked so severe theological criticism. The article on Chronology contains what really amounts to a comprehensive though brief dictionary of dates. The article on Chemistry is a treatise of over 100 pages. Among the other articles of special interest are those on Capillary Action, Cartesianism, the Catacombs, Celtic Literature, China, and Christianity. The marginal notes have the effect to break up the longer articles, and make it easy to refer quickly to any subdivision.—The *Annual Record of Science and Industry* (Harper and Brothers) has become a recognized standard. Mr. SPENCER F. BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution, has peculiar facilities and natural adaptations for his work; and his successive volumes, which are admirably arranged and indexed, constitute an encyclopedic history of scientific and industrial progress. The volume for 1876 constitutes the sixth volume of the series.

A Short History of Rhode Island, by GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, LL.D. (J. A. and R. A. Reid), is an admirable history of its kind. It tells the story of Rhode Island in two hundred and eighty-seven pages, and tells it with the clearness and simplicity which always distinguish the style of Professor Greene. A historical scholar of eminence and a practiced and graceful author, his life of his illustrious ancestor, General Nathanael Greene, the friend of Washington, and his historical view of the American Revolution, have already won for him the favorable regard of the public. The annals of Rhode Island are significant, because they are those of the first community that practically recognized "soul-liberty," or complete religious freedom. Williams and his fellow-colonists founded a government by common consent, or the will of the majority, "only in civil things." It was a strict limitation, and it was rigorously observed.

Upon the great question of the banishment of Roger Williams from Massachusetts Bay, Professor Greene says, temperately and justly, "Much as we may now condemn the treatment which Williams received at the hands of the colonial government of Massachusetts Bay, its charter and its religious tenets justified it in treating him as an intruder." Mr. Greene frankly says that his book would not have been written except for the aid derived from the larger and exhaustive history of Governor Arnold. That, of course, remains the authority, but this manual, so skillful and so brief, is a capital and convenient *vade mecum* for every son of Rhode Island.

"Warrington" *Pen Portraits*, by Mrs. W. S. ROBINSON, is a handsome volume, containing a full memoir of Mr. Robinson, with selections from his newspaper writings for many years. William S. Robinson was one of the most pungent editorial writers in New England during the last twenty-five years, his most noted signature being that of "Warrington" attached to his weekly letters to the *Springfield Republican*. He was the friend and associate of the antislavery leaders in Massachusetts, and the extracts now published contain vivid glimpses of the great struggle. Mr. Robinson was a writer of shrewd and biting humor and sarcasm, and of unsparing rigor and invective. Yet in the iconoclastic days his blows were trenchant and serviceable. The book has many graphic sketches of noted men, and will be found very useful in many points of detail, as well as an illustration of the strenuous fighting of a man whose sole and efficient weapon was his pen. How bitter and unjust he could be, his scornful comments on Senator Fessenden's vote in the great impeachment trial show. They are a curious and warning illustration of the madness of party spirit. The memoir is very interesting, and to all students of our political history the book will be valuable.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—In regard to Comet *b*, 1877 (Winnecke's), the discoverer has remarked that a similarity exists between its elements and those of Comets II. 1827 and II. 1852. The intervals 1827-52 and 1852-77 being equal (twenty-five years) lends additional strength to the supposition of identity. This question is remarked upon by Hind in *Nature* (April 19), who says: "The case is a very curious one, and possibly unique of its kind; similarity of elements at three epochs separated by very nearly equal intervals, and on the assumption of a corresponding period of revolution, a very near apparent approach to the planet [Jupiter] which so greatly disturbs the cometary orbits; yet action to account for outstanding differences of elements could not have taken place on either occasion of the comet's passage through that part of the orbit where great perturbation would be looked for."

Comet *c*, 1877 (Swift's), was observed on April 12 and 22, at New Haven, by Beebe, the first observation being two days before its independent discovery by Borelly. Continued bad weather has hindered its frequent observation in this country.

It will remain a telescopic comet. Holetschek, of Vienna, notes a similarity between its elements and those of the comet of 1762; the principal difference is, however, in the inclination.

The Annals of the Moscow Observatory (Vol. III., Part I.) contains an important paper by Bredichin on the anomalous forms in the development of the tails of comets, with especial reference to Comet II. 1862, and a reduction by Gromadski of meridian observations of fundamental stars by Bredichin and Khandricoff. The results of the first of these papers have been published in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, and summarized here.

The Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society for April contains the following papers: Captain W. M. Campbell, R.E., on a peculiarity of personal equation. The peculiarity noted by Captain Campbell is that the value of the personal equation depends on the direction of motion of the star. This question has been previously investigated by Bessel, Wolf of Paris, Eastman of Washington, and others, but in no case has so great a difference been observed as in Captain Campbell's own observations. From twenty-one stars which were observed by him, he

finds the difference between his personal equation when they are caused to move (*a*) from left to right, and (*b*) from right to left, to be $0.077s. \pm 0.0067s.$

Todd, of Adelaide, Australia, sends an important series of observations of the phenomena of Jupiter's satellites. Besides the record of the times of the phenomena, notes on the physical appearances of Jupiter and the satellites are given. "On one or two occasions, when a satellite has been on the point of occultation, it has appeared as if seen *through* the edge of the planet, as if the latter were surrounded by a transparent atmosphere laden with clouds."

Marth, of London, contributes an elaborate ephemeris for physical observations of Mars, with some discussion of previous drawings of 1862-64. Lord Lindsay and Mr. David Gill present the results of heliometer observations of Juno, etc.

Neison has shown that the new lunar inequality detected by Newcomb from a discussion of Greenwich and Washington observations is the same as one deduced by Neison from theory, and depending on the longitude of Jupiter.

Grubb, of Dublin, publishes an important paper on the great telescopes of the future, in which he discusses, first, the advantages of each class of instrument, and, second, the effect upon these advantages of increasing the size. At the same time Grubb also publishes his new illustrated catalogue of instruments, domes, etc., which is really an important addition to the literature of the subject. The catalogues of two American makers, Buff and Berger, of Boston, and Fauth and Co., of Washington, are noteworthy in this connection. The latter firm has lately proposed to make a transit-circle of large size, which, if completed, will be the first meridian instrument of large size made in the United States.

In *Comptes Rendus* (March 26) Tisserand gives the results of his observations of the five interior satellites of Saturn. *Mimas* has been observed five times, *Enceladus* seven times, etc. Tisserand gives the apparent diameter of the ring, as deduced from observations of three of the satellites, as below: *Tethys*, $40.45''$; *Dione*, $40.61''$; *Rhea*, $40.47''$; mean, $40.51''$ —which shows that the method of observation adopted (William Herschel's and Lassell's) is susceptible of great accuracy.

In the *Comptes Rendus* (April 9) Bertrand has a note on the possibility of deducing the law of gravitation from a single one of Kepler's laws. The law chosen is that the planets describe ellipses which have the sun at one focus. In the same number Stephan, of Marseilles, gives the places of thirty new nebulae discovered by him, making 185 in all found at Marseilles. The first 125 of these will appear in Drayer's new catalogue of nebulae.

The cluster *Gamma Argus*, respecting which Gilliss reported changes since Sir John Herschel's observations, has been photographed several times by Gould at Cordoba, and Dr. Gould also reports that he has eight plates of *Eta Argus* and surrounding stars, of which a very large number are secured upon the photograph by an exposure of from eight to ten minutes.

Meteorology.—During the month of May the programme has been published to be followed by the second International Congress of Meteorologists, which will assemble in Rome in September next. The principal feature of this meeting

will be the reports of the numerous persons who have been requested to furnish replies to the many important questions that have been definitely proposed for the consideration of the general congress. It is proposed that the meteorological observers and central bureaus throughout the world unite in sending to this congress specimens of the instruments that are used by them, and that proper means be taken to have these so compared together that all observations may be reduced to a uniform standard of accuracy. The circular of the permanent committee is addressed to all, every where, who are in the least interested in the progress of meteorology, irrespective of official position.

The formation of hailstones is considerably elucidated in a short article by Flögel, of Braunschweig, who, in some remarks upon a memoir by Reynolds, explains that the observations made by himself, and in 1791 by Wilke and in 1844 by Schumacher, all point to the conclusion that a crystal of snow or ice, having once been formed at a considerable altitude, and descending rapidly, grows in size only by additions to its lower side; if, therefore, its original shape allows of it, it will keep the same end always uppermost, and will grow into a conical mass of ice, which will on its exterior be marked by ridges or striæ corresponding to the angles of the original crystal. In this connection we call attention to a fall of remarkably well-developed conical hailstones that is described in the *Weather Review* for April, of the Army Signal Service.

The *Monthly Weather Review* just mentioned deserves a wider circulation than it appears to have in this country. It consists of ten or twelve pages of text and four maps, and gives in a very condensed review all the matter received by our Weather Bureau within fifteen days after the close of the month. The compiler of the current number has given some interesting facts deduced from observations made during a balloon voyage near Nashville, Tennessee, under the conduct of the well-known aeronaut Professor S. A. King, of Boston.

A year ago there was published a memoir by Grassi, of Milan, on "Barometric Hypsometry," in which he drew attention to the formula of Saint-Robert, published in the *Philosophical Magazine* for 1864, and in tabular form in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Turin*, Vol. XXV. This formula is based directly upon Glaisher's balloon observations, and, according to Grassi, gives most excellent results; but in a very interesting paper by Hartl it has been recently shown that the Saint-Robert formula gives altitudes decidedly too small throughout the year, at least for Mount St. Bernard, and is no decided improvement upon those of Plantamour, Bauernfeind, and Rühlmann.

In the course of his remarkably accurate investigation into the truth of the Boyle or Mariotte law, Mendelleff invented an improvement upon the barometer—undoubtedly one of the most important that have ever been suggested. It consists simply in terminating the upper end of the barometer tube by a capillary tube bent downward. By means of this it is possible to cut off and expel the last trace of any foreign gas that may remain in the vacuum chamber. He thus obtains a perfect instrument without boiling the mercury in the tube. His determination of the correction for capillarity and his method of meas-

uring the barometric pressures are the most refined of modern times. He attains an accuracy of the twenty-five-hundredth part of an inch, in his results rivaling the new normal barometer constructed by Wild.

The highly important observations of clouds and currents of wind by means of toy balloons continue to be daily made at Paris, under the patronage of Secretan. No more promising field of research has of late years been opened up to meteorologists, and its economy places it within every one's reach.

A violent earthquake occurred at 8.30 P.M. May 9th on the southern coast of Bolivia and Peru, destroying many small towns. It was central near Iquique, and was accompanied by an oceanic wave about 65 feet high at the central stations. This wave reached San Luis Obispo and Honolulu simultaneously at about 5 A.M. of the 10th (Honolulu time), doing much damage in the Sandwich Islands, where much activity had been previously observed in the volcanoes.

A new electric seismograph of much completeness has been invented by Secchi. Some such instrument is much to be desired for use on our Pacific coast.

A complete table of the monthly relative frequency of solar spots is given by Wolf for 125 years, who deduces a great period of 168 years beside the smaller eleven-year period.

The very delicate and exact and convenient method of observing temperatures at points underground, or otherwise of difficult access, by means of the so-called electro-thermometer, as used by Becquerel at Paris, deserves to be introduced at some of the physical laboratories of America. Observations have been made daily for many years at Paris, the results of which have lately been communicated to the Academy of Sciences.

The oscillograph is the name given by Bertin to an apparatus for recording continuously the rolling and pitching of a vessel at sea. The apparatus has been lately extensively used in the French navy, and affords important data both for ship-builders and for students of wave motion. It is also applicable to the determination of that correction to an anemometer record on shipboard needed in order to obtain the correct velocity of the wind at sea.

The rapid extension of weather warnings for agricultural purposes in France is seen by the fact that 1000 communes will by the end of the first year be in receipt of free daily forewarnings from the Paris Observatory.

In *Physics*, we note the present month an important paper by Kimball on the variation of friction with velocity, in which, curiously enough, he harmonizes the statements of Morin and Coulomb, that the coefficient of friction does not vary with velocity, with that of Bochet, that it decreases as the velocity increases, and of Hirn, that it increases as the velocity increases, simply by showing that each is true at some given velocity. For very low velocities the coefficient is small; it increases at first rapidly, then slowly, until at a certain rate of speed it reaches a maximum; beyond this point increase of velocity decreases friction. The results of the above-named experimenters are explained by showing that Morin and Coulomb operated at velocities where the coefficient is near a maximum, and so obtained constant re-

sults; while Bochet operated at high and Hirn at low velocities. Kimball used in his measurements sliding friction down an inclined plane, sliding friction at uniform velocities on a horizontal plane, friction of belts on the surface of cast-iron pulleys, and friction of wrought-iron journals in boxes or bearings of different materials. The practical bearings of his results are highly important.

Millar has made some experiments on the relative density of liquid and solid iron. He finds that pieces of pig-iron placed in melted metal at first sink, but in a few seconds rise again and float on the surface. Flat bars of cast iron carefully laid on the surface continue to float. A solid ball $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, lowered into the metal by a fine wire, disappeared completely at first, but rose in a few seconds and floated, with about half an inch diameter of surface exposed. Since in foundry practice $\frac{1}{16}$ is allowed for linear contraction of cast iron, the author believes that the finally cooled solid is denser than the molten metal; but as the sharpness of iron castings points to an expansion on solidification, he also believes that the contraction in cooling more than counterbalances the expansion during solidification. This view of the case is fully supported by the experiments on floating above described.

Sire has devised a new form of apparatus for demonstrating the hydrostatic paradox of Pascal. It consists as usual of three containing vessels, one cylindrical, the other two conical, the first with its base upward, the second with the base downward; but in the new apparatus the three are cemented at bottom into rings, giving their bases absolutely the same area. Below these rings are three glass cylinders communicating with each other, and filled with mercury. On filling the vessels with water, and opening communication between them to equalize the level in them all, the mercury in all the cylinders below is observed to stand at exactly the same height.

Trowbridge has made a series of ingenious experiments on vortex-rings in liquids, analogous to the smoke rings of Thomson and Tait. Applying to this case the general equations of vortex motion, he draws the conclusion not only that all liquids falling upon the free surface of liquids from such a height that the surface of the liquid is not too much disturbed to enable the drop to be acted upon symmetrically by the forces at the free surface, will form rings, but also that a vortex movement can arise in the process of diffusion by a variation in density and pressure, without the aid of initial angular velocities. The apparatus employed to produce the rings consists merely of a small glass tube, slightly smaller at one end, having a bit of cotton wedged in nearer the larger end, over which a piece of rubber tube is slipped. The apparatus being filled by means of the mouth with liquid, it can be ejected in such a way as to form the rings either at or beneath the surface of the liquid.

Barrett has given in *Nature* a description of a flame extremely sensitive to entirely inaudible sounds. The flame came from an ordinary steatite burner, having an aperture of 0.04 inch in diameter, the gas being under a pressure of ten inches of water. This flame, which was two feet high, fell fully sixteen inches at every inaudible puff of a Galton whistle, and this even at the distance of fifty feet from the instrument.

Garnett has described the method pursued in

the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, of exhibiting the phenomena of the passage of a gas through its critical point upon a screen in presence of a class. Dr. Andrews's apparatus was used, the image of the tube containing the carbon dioxide being projected on the screen with the calcium light, a microscopic objective enlarging it about 120 diameters.

Hartley has presented to the Royal Society a paper on the constant vibration of the minute bubbles which are found frequently in mineral cavities. In one case, a cavity in quartz became two-thirds filled with liquid at 3.5°C ., the gas bubble occupying the remaining space, and having a trembling motion. As the cooling went on, the bubble decreased in size, and the motion became more and more rapid, until it finally moved entirely across the cavity. He attributes the motion to the thermal changes which are taking place even within the crystal itself.

Kühne has made some new and remarkable experiments in optography. Following out the suggestion of Boll, that the retina of an animal kept in the dark for a long time is purplish-red, the color being bleached by daylight, he has succeeded in fixing upon the retina the image of objects seen by the animal before death. To repeat the experiment, the animal, after being kept for a long time in the dark, is decapitated, and each of the eyes exposed in turn to a bright object—as, for example, the sky-light of the laboratory. The retinae are removed from the eye in presence of sodium light, and placed in a five per cent. solution of alum. After becoming hard, they may be separated from the optic nerve and inverted. Upon a beautiful rose-colored field a brilliant and sharply defined image of the sky-light appears, showing even the sashes. In one of Kühne's experiments a second image appeared, to his surprise, but it was due to the second sky-light with which the laboratory was lighted.

In *Chemistry*, we note a series of experiments by Vogel on the spectroscopic detection of carbonous oxide by means of a solution of blood. While the spectrum of pure blood is characterized by two bands in the green and yellow, which bands disappear and give a single broader band by the action of ammonium sulphide, blood which has absorbed carbonous oxide gas shows two similar but slightly more refrangible bands, not changing by ammonium sulphide. From his experiments the author infers that he can detect 0.8 of one per cent. by volume of carbonous oxide in atmospheric air in this way with perfect certainty.

Cooke has described a method for manipulating hydrogen sulphide, which possesses many advantages. In general, the apparatus used is that commonly employed for generating and dispensing carbonic acid water, some minor modifications being made in it.

Duvillier has proposed a process for recovering from platinum precipitates and residues the metal contained in them, which consists in placing them in a boiling solution of sodium hydrate, to which is gradually added a solution of sodium formate. The liquid effervesces and deposits the platinum in a pulverulent form, whence it can be converted directly into chloride.

Church has isolated and investigated the intense red coloring matter of *Coleus verschaeltii*, using for this purpose half a hundred-weight of the plants. During the crushing process, alcohol

mixed with sulphuric acid is added, and the crimson solution is filtered, shaken with barium carbonate, and the alcohol removed by distillation. A mass of deep red resinous substance sinks to the bottom, which is the coloring matter in question. When purified, it forms a brittle solid of resinous aspect, reddish-purple in color, soluble in alcohol, slightly in water, having the composition $\text{C}_{10}\text{H}_{10}\text{O}_5$. The author believes it identical with many other red coloring matters of plants, especially with the *œnolin* extracted from red wine.

Boussingault has detected the presence of sugar in the petals of several flowers, varying in amount from 7.22 per cent. in the oleander, through 5.00 in orange petals, 4.42 in portulacca, 3.80 in acacia petals, 3.40 in rose petals, 2.60 in lily petals, and 2.20 in rhododendron petals, to 1.44 in those of magnolia.

Pflüger has studied the influence of respiration on the metamorphosis of tissue, and maintains, in opposition to the view generally held, that the respiratory mechanism has no influence on the amount of the total tissue metamorphosis. With rabbits he found that the absorption of oxygen in ordinary respiration is the same as during the most active artificial respiration. He believes that the amount of oxygen absorbed is a better index of the change of tissue than the carbon dioxide eliminated.

Microscopy.—In a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Royal Society, London, under date February 14, 1877, Dr. Tyndall states that heat discontinuously applied is a "*germicide*," and that, even in the midst of a virulently infective atmosphere, it is possible to sterilize all infusions by a temperature lower than that of boiling water. This is effected, however, not by a simple substitution of time for intensity, but depends solely upon the manner in which the heat is applied. The secret of success is to apply the heat for a period not exceeding the fraction of a minute in duration, during the period of latency preceding the clouding of infusions into visible *Bacteria*, and while the germs are being prepared for their emergence into the finished organism; as they reach the end of this period successively, the heating process must be repeated at intervals, so that the softened and vivified germs on the point of passing into active life are killed as they arrive successively at this stage. After a number of repetitions, not amounting altogether to five minutes in the aggregate, and at a temperature lower than boiling water, and commencing with the first application of the heat a few hours after their preparation, the most obstinate infusions were completely sterilized, while other samples of the same infusions, boiled continuously for fifteen, or even sixty minutes, were only less fertile, and after a short interval developed swarms of *Bacteria*.

Dr. J. G. Richardson, of Philadelphia, having obtained specimens of blood from the several individuals of different parts of the world who went to the Centennial Exposition last autumn, after measuring carefully every isolated circular red disk, cautiously avoiding those that manifested even slight departures toward an oval form, arrived at the following results, which we condense from the tabular view given in the *American Naturalist*, March, 1877: 1400 corpuscles were separately measured; the average size was $\frac{1}{3224}$ (0.007878 mm.), the maximum was $\frac{1}{2777}$,

and the minimum $\frac{1}{4000}$ of an inch. Of these 1158, or 83 per cent., measured between $\frac{1}{3448}$ and $\frac{1}{3030}$ of an inch, a difference of size scarcely discernible, with a power of 200 diameters; about eight per cent. were less than $\frac{1}{3448}$, and nine per cent. more than $\frac{1}{3030}$ of an inch in diameter, the total number $\frac{1}{4000}$ of an inch across was six, or less than one-half of one per cent., and the total number $\frac{1}{2777}$ of an inch in diameter was ten, or less than one per cent.

Mr. H. J. Slack has a short paper on the "Microscopic Aspects of Krupp's Silicate Cotton," in the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for May, 1877, illustrated by two plates, giving many figures of the curious shapes assumed by this substance, which is simply blast-furnace slag reduced to a fibrous condition by forcing a powerful current of steam, water, or air through the molten mass, and very similar to the volcanic product known as Pele's hair. It is manufactured extensively at the works of Herr Krupp, at Essen, in Germany, and sold as a non-conducting substance for covering steam-boilers, pipes, ice-houses, etc. The fibres are somewhat finer than cotton-wool, and often with little bulbs, seldom as large as an ordinary pin's head; many of them are of extreme tenuity, and easily blown about as fine dust.

Not long since it was thought that the want of chlorophyl determined the parasitism of plants, as well as serving to distinguish between fungi and algæ. The discovery of a chlorophyllaceous fresh-water alga as a bright emerald-green parasite, by Professor Cohn, in 1872, was the only known exception. At a late meeting of the Dublin Microscopical Club Professor E. P. Wright exhibited and described a second species, marine, found growing and developing itself in the mucilaginous tubes of a *Schironema*. It is smaller in size than Cohn's species, but with an emerald lustre scarcely less than that of the fresh-water species. It seems to be thus established that chlorophyl-bearing plants sometimes need, and are capable of assimilating, already formed carbon compounds, hitherto supposed to be only characteristics of the fungi.

Anthropology.—Professor J. Hammond Trumbull contributes to the *Magazine of American History* for June a very interesting note on the Indian names of places on Long Island derived from esculent and medicinal roots.

Two works indispensable to the student of anthropology have recently appeared in our country. One is entitled *Ancient Society; or, Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery through Barbarism to Civilization*, by Lewis H. Morgan, LL.D. The other is *Peru: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas*, by E. George Squier. In the former the progress of civilization is traced by the transformation of certain culture-historical groups, of which the author selects seven: Subsistence, Government, Language, The Family, Religion, House Life and Architecture, Property. The history of man is divided into seven periods, characterized by seven conditions:

Periods.	Conditions.
I. Older period of savagery.	I. Lower status of savagery. Infancy of the race.
II. Middle period of savagery.	II. Middle status of savagery. Fish food and use of fire.
III. Later period of savagery.	III. Upper status of savagery. Invention of bows and arrows.
IV. Older period of barbarism.	IV. Lower status of barbarism. Invention of pottery.
V. Middle period of barbarism.	V. Middle status of barbarism. Domestic animals and maize.
VI. Upper period of barbarism.	VI. Upper status of barbarism. Smelting ores.
VII. Status of civilization, from the invention of the alphabet and writing.	

Mr. Squier's work is the result of conscientious examination of the ruins of the edifices of the ancient Incas by a skilled observer with tape-line in hand.

Zoology.—A list of the fresh-water and land shells of Alabama by Dr. James Lewis appears in Dr. E. A. Smith's report on the geology of Alabama for 1876. This State is remarkably rich in Unionidæ and Melanians.

An eyeless crustacean (*Niphargus puteanus*) inhabiting the Swiss lakes has been minutely described by M. Humbert, who believes it to be an ancient genus, descending from a form which is now extinct, thus corresponding with *Proteus*, *Anophthalmus*, and other cave animals. He says, if we suppose that the genus *Niphargus* appeared before the ice period, it is impossible to say any thing with regard to its place of origin; but he believes that it has really originated from forms inhabiting subterranean waters, and which became acclimatized at depths where they found the darkness sufficiently intense. The lake species, he thinks, are living under greater disadvantages than the cave species, and are suffering, as it were, from atrophy.

Some attention has been lately paid to stridulation, or the production of sound, in butterflies. Mr. A. H. Swinton finds that the costal vein of *Ageronia feronia*, a Brazilian butterfly, is bare, smooth, and elevated, which, when the wings are spread, is received into a concavity which is in every way suited to act as a clasp, and is sonorous when the wings are moved, while the whole apparatus represents the bristle and catch that lock the wings of the moths. *Vanessa antiopa* also stridulates. Mr. Swinton describes in the May number of the *Entomologist's Monthly Magazine* the various kinds of apparatus in the moths, situated for the most part on the sides of the thorax, while some are said by Westwood to possess musical organs in the abdomen.

Mr. M'Lachlan, in alluding to the *Lepidoptera* brought home by the arctic expedition, says that the larvæ of most of these species must of necessity require more than one season to acquire their full growth, for the short, fitful summer was utterly inadequate for the full development of most of the species; and furthermore it was probable that the pupa state might habitually last several years.

Professor Westwood has noticed the habit, exceptional in the family *Stylopidae*, of living as a parasite on a homopterous insect.

That toads eat bees is stated by M. Brunet in *La Nature*.

In the March session of the German Ornithological Society, Dr. Reichenow gave a detailed account of the birds of the island of Celebes. Although this island is classed geographically with Borneo, Java, and Sumatra in the Sunda group, yet its fauna is almost entirely distinct from that of the other islands mentioned, approaching very closely to the Australian fauna. Late investigations show that this is peculiarly true of the ornithology of Celebes, and that in the geographical

distribution of animals the island must be classed with Australia, New Guinea, etc., and not with the other members of the Sunda group. The speaker exhibited six new varieties of Australian honey-suckers lately found in Celebes.

The fossil horses of Italy have been monographed by Dr. Major, of Florence. The work will be published by the Swiss Paleontological Society, under the supervision of Professor Rütimeyer.

In *Botany*, there has appeared a pamphlet by Sachs on the "Arrangement of the Cells in the youngest Parts of Plants." He expresses the novel view that in those plants which have a single terminal cell, this cell is not a point where growth is highly developed, but, on the contrary, where growth is not very active. He gives a number of diagrams in which certain curves represent the direction of the cell walls, and has some curious speculations on the face of the curves formed.

Stohl has published the first part of an interesting and important work on the development of lichens, in which he studies especially the sexual organs. He regards the spermatia as male organs, contrary to the view lately advocated by Cornu. The female organs, the carpogonia, consist of two parts—the ascogonia, similar to the organs of the same name in the *Ascomycetes*; and trichogynes, which resemble to a certain extent the corresponding organs in the *Florideæ*.

In French we have a correspondence between A. De Candolle and A. Cogniaux on some questions of botanical nomenclature. In the *American Journal of Science* are some notes on the history of *Helianthus tuberosus*, by J. Hammond Trumbull and Asa Gray; and in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Professor Gray describes some new or little-known genera of plants, *Canotia*, *Leptoglossis*, etc.

Engineering.—Work on the Poughkeepsie Bridge is being pushed. At the time of writing, some 150 men are employed upon it. Two caissons have been launched, and a third one is being started.

The new tunnel through Bergen Hill, back of Jersey City, was formally opened on May 12, 1877.

The report of the French engineer Roudaire, who has lately returned from his mission to the Chotts, between Biskra and the Gulf of Gabes, in North Africa, apropos of the project for an interior sea in Algeria, has just appeared. It asserts that some 20,000,000 cubic meters of sand will have to be displaced, the probable expense of which would be about 30,000,000 francs.

From advance sheets of the annual report of the secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association, kindly furnished by the author, we are enabled to present reliable figures of the iron industries of the United States during the year 1876. The more important statistics only are herewith appended: The production of pig-iron in the United States in 1876 was 2,093,236 net tons, against 2,266,581 in 1875, 2,689,413 in 1874, 2,868,278 in 1873, and 2,854,558 in 1872. These figures indicate a decreased production in 1876, as compared with 1875, of 173,345 net tons, or eight per cent. Since 1873, the period of greatest activity in the history of the iron industry in this country, each successive year to the present time has shown a decrease in production as compared with its predecessor, the per-

centage of decrease being in 1874 six per cent.; in 1875, fifteen per cent.; 1876, eight per cent. From 1873 to 1876 the decrease has been 775,042 net tons, or twenty-seven per cent. "Should this rate of decrease continue," the author observes, "the production of iron in the United States would entirely cease by the year 1884, and our furnace stacks would only be useful as observatories for the study of astronomy."

The number of completed furnaces at the close of 1876 was 714, against 713 at the close of 1875. Ten new furnaces were erected in 1876, and nine old ones abandoned. The greatest activity in the iron industry prevailed in the Hocking Valley, Ohio. Of the 714 furnaces above named, 236 were in blast, and 478 out of blast.

The production of all kinds of rolled iron in 1876 was 1,921,730 net tons, against 1,890,379 in 1875. Rolling-mills have been much more actively employed than is generally supposed. Of rails there were produced 879,629 tons, an increase of 87,117 tons, or eleven per cent., over 1875. Of this amount 412,461 tons were Bessemer and 477,168 iron, against 290,863 Bessemer and 501,649 iron rails in 1875.

There were eleven Bessemer works in operation in 1876, of which five were in Pennsylvania, three in Illinois, and one each in New York, Ohio, and Missouri. The details of this important industry are shown comparatively in the annexed table:

Details of Production.	1874.	1875.	1876.
Pig-iron and spiegel converted	204,352	395,956	539,474
Ingots produced.....	191,933	375,517	525,996
Rails produced	144,944	290,863	412,461

Forty-seven establishments produced crucible, puddled, blister, and open-hearth steel in 1876. The total production of all kinds of steel (other than Bessemer) was 71,178 net tons, against 61,058 tons in 1875. The production of open-hearth steel took quite a stride, rising from 9050 tons in 1875 to 21,490 in 1876.

During 1876 we did not import a single ton of steel rails, and of iron rails only 287 tons. These statements, taken together, seem to indicate that the period of greatest depression for the iron industry has passed, and that a gradual revival is taking place.

Some 2000 men, it is reported, are kept constantly at work upon the buildings of the French Exhibition of 1878, and up to April 1 about 1,800,000 francs had been expended upon excavation and masonry, covering 158,000 cubic meters of excavation, 30,000 cubic meters of concrete foundations, and 35,000 cubic meters of masonry. Six miles of pipes and sewers had been laid.

Some ingenious engineer has suggested that the incompressibility of sand could be utilized as a cheap and ready means of making supporting columns, bases, etc., for anvils or for blocks designed to support heavy weights. Wooden boxes filled with sand are suggested for the above purposes.

Iron railway ties are being tried on a section of the Central Pacific Railroad, and are said to prove very satisfactory.

The new twin vessel for the Channel passenger traffic has been launched. She is called the *Express*, and differs in several respects from the *Castalia*.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of June.—The national Executive has taken more energetic measures for the protection of American citizens on the Mexican frontier. In his letter to General Sherman, June 1, the Secretary of War says:

"The President desires that the utmost vigilance on the part of the military forces in Texas be exercised for the suppression of these raids. It is very desirable that efforts to this end, in so far at least as they necessarily involve operations on both sides of the border, be made with the co-operation of the Mexican authorities, and you will instruct General Ord, commanding in Texas, to invite such co-operation on the part of the local Mexican authorities, and to inform them that while the President is anxious to avoid giving offense to Mexico, he is nevertheless convinced that the invasion of our territory by armed and organized bodies of thieves and robbers to prey upon our citizens should not be longer endured. General Ord will at once notify the Mexican authorities along the Texas border of the great desire of the President to unite with them in efforts to suppress this long-continued lawlessness. At the same time he will inform these authorities that if the government of Mexico shall continue to neglect the duty of suppressing these outrages, that duty will devolve upon this government, and will be performed, even if its performance should render necessary the occasional crossing of the border by our troops."

Until July 16 subscriptions to the new four-per-cent. funded loan of the United States were limited to this country. Secretary Sherman has officially stated that the principal and interest of the bonds are to be paid in gold. The bonds are exempt from taxation, and are redeemable after thirty years.

Governor Cullom, of Illinois, May 30, vetoed the bill making silver coin a legal tender in that State.

The public debt of the United States was reduced in May \$6,981,000. The total reduction since July 1, 1876, was \$36,000,000.

On May 13 General Porfirio Diaz was recognized by the German Empire as the constitutional President of Mexico. The city of Acapulco is held by the adherents of Lerdo.

In France the displacement of republican prefects, sub-prefects, and other department officials has been going on since the new ministry was inaugurated. For the most part, Bonapartists fill the offices thus vacated. M. Theirs is the acknowledged leader of the republicans in the new combat.

On the re-assembling of the French Chamber of Deputies, June 16, President M'Mahon sent a message to the Senate informing that body of his intention to dissolve the Chamber, and requesting the concurrence of the Senate. In this message the President says: "I shall address myself confidently to the nation. France, like myself, wishes to preserve her institutions intact. She does not wish to see her institutions distorted by radicalism. She does not wish in 1880, when the Constitution may be revised, to find every thing prepared for the disorganization of the moral and material forces of the country. France, warned against misunderstanding, will do justice to my intentions, and will choose Deputies who will promise to support me."

On the 19th, the following order of the day was read in the Chamber, and adopted by a vote of 363 against 153:

"Whereas, The ministry formed May 17 under the presidency of the Duc de Broglie was called to the

direction of public affairs contrary to the law of the majority, which is the leading principle of parliamentary government, and has, since assuming office, avoided giving explanations to the national representatives;

"Whereas, It has upset the administration, to crush universal suffrage by all the means at its disposal;

"Whereas, It represents merely a coalition of monarchists, guided by inspirations from the clerical party;

"Whereas, It has allowed attacks on national representatives and incitements to violation of law to pass unpunished;

"Whereas, On all these grounds it imperils peace and order, and disturbs business and general interests;

"Therefore, The House declares that the ministry does not possess the confidence of the nation."

In the Eastern war there has been no change of situation. The Russians, May 26, blew up a large Turkish Monitor on the Danube. Russian officers conducted the torpedo to the Monitor in open daylight and under fire. One of the Russian boats was nearly submerged by the explosion. Severe fighting has been going on in Montenegro.

DISASTERS.

May 22.—At Roach's ship-yard, Chester, Pennsylvania, the steam-ship *Saratoga* being launched, about forty men remained beneath the vessel, seven of whom were crushed to death, while three others were seriously injured.

June 4.—Destructive tornado in Illinois. At Mount Carmel sixteen lives were lost, and property was destroyed valued at half a million of dollars.

June 12.—A collision between two trains on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Point of Rocks, resulted in the loss of five lives.

May 9.—Earthquake and tidal wave in Peru. Several towns on the southern coast, sufferers also in the terrible earthquake of 1868—Iquique, Arica, Cobija, Chanabaya, and others—were destroyed. Many ships were lost or disabled. It is estimated that six hundred lives were lost, and property worth twenty millions of dollars.

June 6.—Near Bath, England, at an agricultural festival, the Widcombe bridge, crowded with people, broke down. Twenty persons were killed, and a much larger number injured.

June 20.—Destructive fire in St. John, New Brunswick. The southern half of the city was destroyed, including the principal business portion. Thirteen lives are reported to have been lost. The loss in property is estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000.

OBITUARY.

May 29.—In New York city, Fletcher Harper, the last of the original firm of Harper and Brothers, in his seventy-first year.

June 7.—At Saratoga Springs, Edwin White, the well-known painter, aged sixty years.

June 17.—In Fair Haven, Connecticut, the Rev. John S. C. Abbott, D.D., the well-known author, aged seventy-one years.

May 22.—In England, Sir Matthew Digby Wyatt, the celebrated architect, aged fifty-seven years.

May 29.—In London, John Lothrop Motley, the American historian, aged sixty-three years.

June 2.—Sophia Frederika Matilda, Queen of the Netherlands, aged fifty-nine years.

June 15.—In England, Lady Stirling Maxwell, better known as Mrs. Norton, author of "Bingen on the Rhine," aged sixty-nine years.

Editor's Drawer.

SAITH Edmund Spenser:

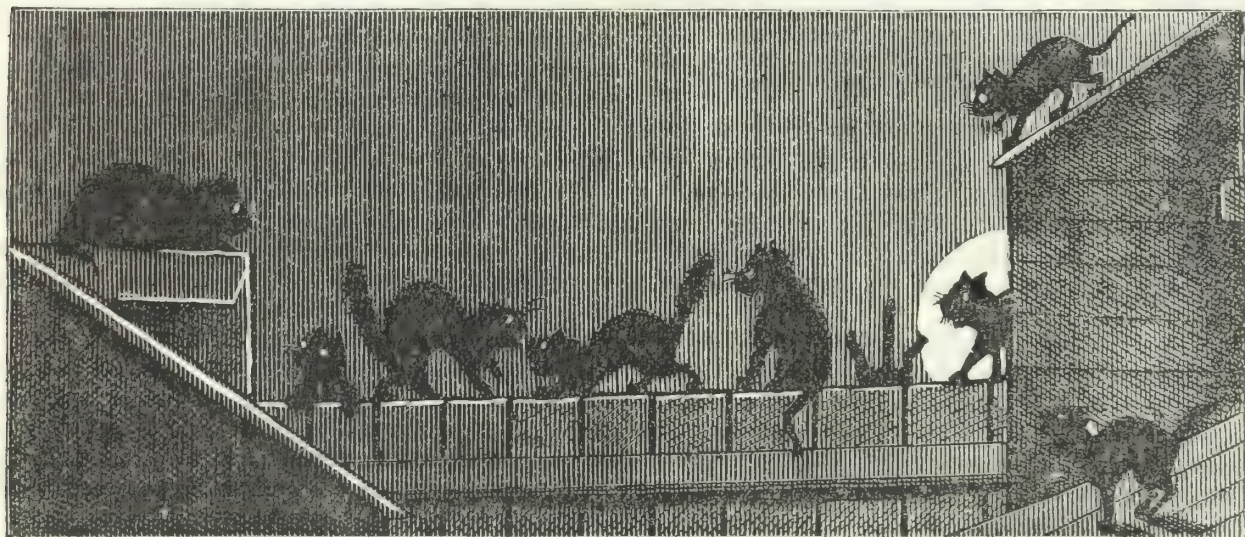
The eighth [month] was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold, down to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found.
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after wrong was loved, and justice sold,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven
extolled.

In country towns are always found an impecunious few who, by the regularity with which their notes go to protest, seem to have been created or to live solely for the benefit of the notary public. There is another class, in regard to the object of whose existence there is no question, who are known as the two-per-cent.-a-month brokers. Clearly, these live for themselves. Not long ago, in one of the flourishing cities of the State, a

ing his blank verse than for the care he bestows on his toilet—the terror he lately felt on having been all but run over by a tram-way car. “I must have turned,” said the former, “as white as your shirt. Stay!” he added, inspecting his companion’s bosom—“much whiter.”

A RURAL gentleman whose mind ran rather toward public economy was attracted to the recent great dog show that took place in this city. Noticing that the catalogue enumerated some twelve hundred animals in the exhibition, and being imbued with the spirit of reform, he exclaimed: “*Twelve hundred* dogs in the city of New York! No necessity for so many. Five hundred would do the work.”

An old peruser of the Drawer in Mobile writes that, not long since, a well-dressed negro applied to the judge of probate of that city for a marriage license. He was asked how old his intended was, and answered, with great animation, “Just



BACK-YARD MYTHOLOGY—THE NINE MEWSES.

member of the fourth estate, a “local” editor, who had done much in his time for the note brokers and notaries public, was called upon by one of the former, who held in his hand a protested note of the editor, which, strange to say, was well indorsed. Said he, “Come, I want you to pay this note: what are you going to do about it?”

“Do about it? Nothing. Didn’t I have trouble enough about that note on the *go in*? When I get a *good* indorser, my trouble is over; possibly his begins. Go and see the other fellow; don’t bother me.”

The broker comprehended the scope of the observation, and promenaded for the other party.

THE *non sequitur* is thus feelingly displayed in the postal-card letter of a wife to her absent husband:

I am most sick, baby is under the doctor’s care, and James and the other children have the measles. All the women are wearing back combs, and don’t forget to write often. We all send love, and our house almost got on fire last night.

JANE.

A DISTINGUISHED light comedian in London was lately explaining to Mr. —, the dramatist, painter, and poet—who is more remarkable for polish-

sixteen, judge—sweet sixteen, and de handsomest girl in town.” The judge said he could not do it, as the law forbade him to issue license to any one under eighteen.

“Well, hold on, judge,” exclaimed the man; “I know dat dem girls am deceitful, and lie about deir age. She is nineteen, if a day.”

“Will you swear to it?” asked the judge.

“Yes, Sah,” he replied; and did.

“And how old are you?” said the judge.

The chap looked suspicious, and replied, cautiously, “Thirty-five;” and added, “If dat won’t do, judge, *I’ve got more back.*”

IN *The Golden Butterfly*, a sparkling novel recently published, where Jack Dunquerque goes to call on Miss Fleming, the heroine, this pleasant allusion to our old friend Socrates occurs:

“He asked for Mrs. Jagenal, and was informed by Jane that there was no such person, and that no such person was desired by the household. He thereupon asked for Mr. Jagenal. The maid asked which Mr. Jagenal. Jack replied, in the most irritating manner possible—the Socratic—by asking another question. The fact that Socrates went about perpetually asking questions



THE EXPERIMENT.

is quite enough to account for the joy with which an exasperated mob witnessed his judicial murder. The Athenians bore for a good many years with his maddening questions, as to whether they meant this way, or that way, or how, and finally lost patience. *Hence the little bowl of drink.*"

THE following amusing reminiscences of the Post-office Department at Washington are sent to us by a gentleman who was formerly one of its most able and distinguished officials:

When Francis Granger was Postmaster-General, he used to take great pleasure in heading off incompetent office-seekers by producing the neat and well-arranged books of the then financial officer of the department, the genial John Marron, and asking the applicant if he could keep accounts as neatly as these were kept. The question never failed to prove a settler. Judge Collamer, on assuming the charge of the department, having previously been a member of Congress, was already acquainted with some of the clerks, whom he had met in the course of business, and one day, when contemplating some removals, he had called before him, among others, Mr. Marr, at present chief clerk of the Appointment Office. In a half-serious, half-jovial manner, the judge said,

"Well, Mr. Marr, do you think the department could get along without you?"

The quick answer was evidently free from much apprehension of danger: "I don't

know how that may be, judge; but I know that I couldn't get along very well without the department."

He was retained. The dull routine of office was often enlivened by repartee. Dundas, sometimes called "the Earl," was perhaps the bigger wag. He delighted in rallying the mild and staid John Smith as having been one of the brave militia at the "Bladensburg races." Said he, "The red-coats got a little the better of you at first, but you beat them in the long run."

AN editorial friend in New Hampshire sends this:

Some time ago an aged man who had just lost his wife came into our sanctum, and, with tears standing in his eyes, eulogized the memory of the deceased, and asked us to record the death in our next issue. "And," said he, "while you are about it, make an item about one of my Brahma hens

laying an egg measuring seven and a quarter by eight and three-quarter inches in circumference." Thus suddenly our thoughts of sympathy were directed to the sterner realities of life.

A LEGAL friend at Nebraska City sends to the Drawer the following pleasant addition to the legal *facetiæ* of the country:

During the last term of the District Court in this county was tried the case of Dickey (probate judge) *v.* Davenport *et al.*—an action upon an executor's bond. It appeared by his father's will



THE RESULT.

that Davenport had been named as *residuary legatee*. Among Davenport's attorneys was Charley S——, who has practiced law some fifteen years. He was summing up the case, and denouncing his opponent for his "unwarranted assumptions." He said: "Now, your Honor, if it were true, as my opponent claims, that Davenport is the resid-

common expression, referring to the mountain range that separates them from the western slope. Manitou, the "Saratoga" of the West, is at the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains and at the entrance of the Ute Pass—a gorge or cañon in the mountains, extending to the South Park, or western slope. Western ministers are noted for



JURY-ROOM.

These eleven Jurymen have been forty-eight hours trying to win Brown to their way of thinking, and no signs of it yet.

uary legatee, his conclusion might follow; but there is no proof. I have watched the case closely, and not a solitary witness has sworn to it. The bond doesn't mention it."

"But," interrupted Judge Pound, "does not the will show that Davenport was made the residuary legatee?"

"That's it, your Honor," replied Charley. "The will doesn't show *where* he *resides*; it doesn't say a word about his *residence*."

A burst of laughter interrupted the argument, and the arguer sat down in amazement. The judge grew red in the face, and walked out of the court-room, forgetting to adjourn the court.

THE manner in which law and justice are "dispensed with," as Mrs. Partington would say, in South Carolina, is described in this anecdote:

Near Chester, some time ago, a colored justice sent a colored man to jail upon a charge of stealing cotton. The case was brought before Judge Mackey, who, upon investigation, found that the negro had simply taken his own cotton, and was, of course, wrongfully in jail. The judge was angry. "What did you put that man in jail for?" he thundered, at the trembling justice.

"For stealin' cotton, Sah."

"Did you have any proof that he was guilty?"

"No, Sah; it was one of these here cases that don't have much proof."

"Then how could you find the man guilty?"

"Well, Sah, he looked guilty, and I found him guilty."

A GENTLEMAN in Western New York sends us the following, which he heard during a recent trip in Colorado:

In Colorado they speak of the "Divide"—a

their familiar texts and illustrations. "Colorado Springs," said the preacher, warming up in the midst of a revival sermon, "is the wickedest place in Colorado. In the language of the text, 'He shall separate the righteous from the wicked, as shepherds divide the sheep from the goats.'"

"Then," shouted a brother, "we are on the wrong side of the 'Divide.'"

This prompt application of the text staggered the pastor for a moment, but he rallied to the occasion in his conclusion: "Yes, my brethren, you are all on the wrong side of the 'Divide,' and I warn you to prepare to

flee from the wrath to come by building a railroad for U-t' Pass."

THE finest point to which etiquette may be carried was recently illustrated by our friend Hyacinth, who announced the possibility of his going to Greenwood on Decoration-day.

Hyacinth has a soldier brother buried in that cemetery, and Mrs. H. suggested that if he did go, he should provide himself with flowers to deck "dear Will's" grave.

Late in the day he returned.

"Did you go to Greenwood?" asked Mrs. Hyacinth.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm real sorry you went off without any flowers to put on Will's grave," said the kind-hearted little woman.

"Oh, never mind," said the complacent Hyacinth—"I left my visiting-card."

Perhaps brother Will was just as well pleased with this delicate mark of attention.

Nor very humorous, but exceedingly good, is the following admonition to spendthrifts, on the fly-leaf of an old volume printed in 1690:

Spend not nor spare too much; be this thy care—
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare.
He that spends more may want, and so complain,
But he spends best that spares to spend again."

THIS comes to the Drawer from a Canadian friend:

The Bishop of Huron, Western Canada, is a convert from Judaism. He was waited upon recently at the episcopal residence by a Jew who buys discarded clothes. The bishop offered him a number of articles he was willing to sell, but

asked such prices that the buyer and he could not trade. After fruitless efforts to beat down the bishop's figures, the peddler exclaimed, "You may be a good Christian bishop, but ven you talk old clo' you are still a Jew."

A LITTLE three-year-old girl, whose father did not use a razor, was recently, while visiting at a neighbor's, greatly interested in the operation of shaving, which the head of the house was performing. After watching intently for a few minutes, she said, "Mr. A——, what you do that for? My papa don't wash *his* face with a little broom, and wipe it with a knife."

MR. JACOB LUTHER, a wool raiser, of Monterey County, California, relates for the Drawer the following remarkable story, illustrating an unlooked-for peculiarity in the character of the grizzly bear:

"Some years ago, I was informed that a grizzly was making frequent visits to one of my sheep camps.

"I supposed, of course, his object was mutton. Therefore, the next time I went to that camp with supplies, I took with me my Henry rifle. As I neared the camp I saw in the distance that grizzly and I were making our visits simultaneously. After allowing him time to enter the sheep corral, I went out and found him sitting upon his haunches in the centre of the corral.

"Fear of their natural enemy had caused the terrified sheep to crowd with all their might against the fence, leaving a circular patch of considerable size to grizzly and the lambs.

"The lambs, not knowing enough to fear the intruder, busied themselves by skipping, playing, and chasing round the outer part of the circular patch. The bear continued to keep his position, turning his head hither and thither, watching very intently all the movements of the gleeful lambs. Having seen this much, and fully believing that he meant soon to take a sheep away with him, I raised my rifle, took careful aim, and—*snap* went the hammer. This alarmed the bear, and, seeing me, he walked leisurely to the fence, jumped over, and took to the hills; while I, on examining into the queer conduct of my rifle, found that it was without a cartridge, whereas I had expected there were a dozen

in it. There were now in camp no means of killing the bear, even if I should pursue him—an act not advisable. That the bear did no harm never entered my mind; and after repeatedly delaying another attempt to kill him, I asked Weidner, the herder, about the bear. 'Oh,' said he, 'that bear is doing no harm. He has never hurt a sheep. I never trouble him. He only comes to see the lambs play. He comes every night, and often several times during the same night.' Weidner also told me that the bear continued these friendly visits to the flock as long as a month."

For several years past there has appeared in Washington a bright Southern lady, Mrs. Nunn, of Mississippi, to press to adjudication a claim she prefers against the government for supplies furnished and property destroyed during the occupation of her plantation by Federal troops, part of whom were under the command of Grant and Logan, both of whom were for weeks guests



TWELVE HOURS A DAY; OR, TANTALUS IN OUR STORES.

at her house, and receipted for the articles for which she claims payment. She was a few weeks since heard again by the Committee on Claims in their room, on the walls of which is hung up a map of the Southern country. One of the members, in a rather sneering way, asked,

"Well, madam, can you point with your finger

to the place on that map where this *immense* plantation of yours is supposed to be situated?"

She turned, measured by a glance the distance between the top of her head and the base of the map, and answered,

"If I was as tall as a giraffe, or had a neck as long as your ears, Sir, I would be able to accommodate you."

After a little silence there came a ripple of laughter, but the interrogatory was not pressed.

WE are indebted to a clerical friend for the following anecdote of the late Rev. Dr. Bethune:

At an anniversary of the Andover Theological Seminary, nearly forty years ago, Dr. Bethune was invited to address one of the societies of that institution, which he did with his accustomed el-

planation. High words ensued. The canon attacked the staff of the paper. The editor defended it, and said, "I assure you we have a dean upon our staff."

"Ah," replied the canon, "that may be, but a bishop is what you want."

"Indeed! how so?" exclaimed the editor.

"Why, you see," returned the canon, "most of your statements require *confirmation*."

IN a general way, it is not the thing to have your organist and saloon-keeper blended, as it were, in one and the same person. Something ridiculous is sure to come of it. The other day, in a certain mining town in Pennsylvania, the organist and saloonist had been up quite late on Saturday night waiting on customers, and next day, while presiding at the organ, fell asleep. At

the end of the sermon, when the hymn had been given out and the choir was in readiness to begin singing, one of them shook him up, and awakening with a start, the noble tapster electrified the congregation by shouting at the top of his voice, "*Rosey, fife gloss pier!*"

SOMEBODY told Lady Morgan that a certain bishop was so lax in Church observances that "he would eat a horse on Ash-Wednesday." "Of course he would," said the lady, "*if it was a fast horse.*"

THE exchange list gives the following facts in regard to the present whereabouts and doings of some great men: George Washington recently put up at the Stockbridge (Massachusetts) station-house, and has been brought

before the Brooklyn courts for deserting his wife Elizabeth. Andrew Jackson is a policeman at San José, California, and is also in the toils of the law for burglary at San Francisco. Sam Adams has just been pardoned out of Sing Sing, and William Wirt heads a gang of Philadelphia burglars. Patrick Henry, Andrew Johnson, Stephen A. Douglas, and John C. Fremont are on the tramp in various parts of the country. William Penn is foreman of a New Jersey fire-company, and is in trouble for deserting his wife, and Horace Greeley keeps a hotel in Santa Barbara, and has been arrested in South Carolina for chicken-stealing. Napoleon Bonaparte is on the New Orleans Grand Jury. G. Garibaldi drives a Chicago express wagon, Thomas Moore is in the Dayton (Ohio) poor-house, and Julius Cæsar keeps a hotel at San José, California.



"IF A BODY MEET A BODY COMIN' THRO' THE RYE,
IF A BODY KISS A BODY, NEED A BODY CRY?"

quence and wit. When shown to his lodging apartment at night, he looked over the large roll of manuscript, saying, with a sigh, as he turned over the pages, written on one side as if for print: "Ah, poor thing! It was so long I had to omit many portions, and in the hurry of reading I overlooked some that I had specially marked for delivery. Ah! here is one." And he proceeded to read to his attendant a humorous passage describing the migratory life of modern ministers, "wandering from place to place, like Diogenes with his tub, *not much unlike which many modern pulpits are constructed.*"

A NEAT little repartee comes to us from England. A canon of one of the cathedrals, thinking himself unjustly dealt with in one of the religious papers, called upon the editor for an

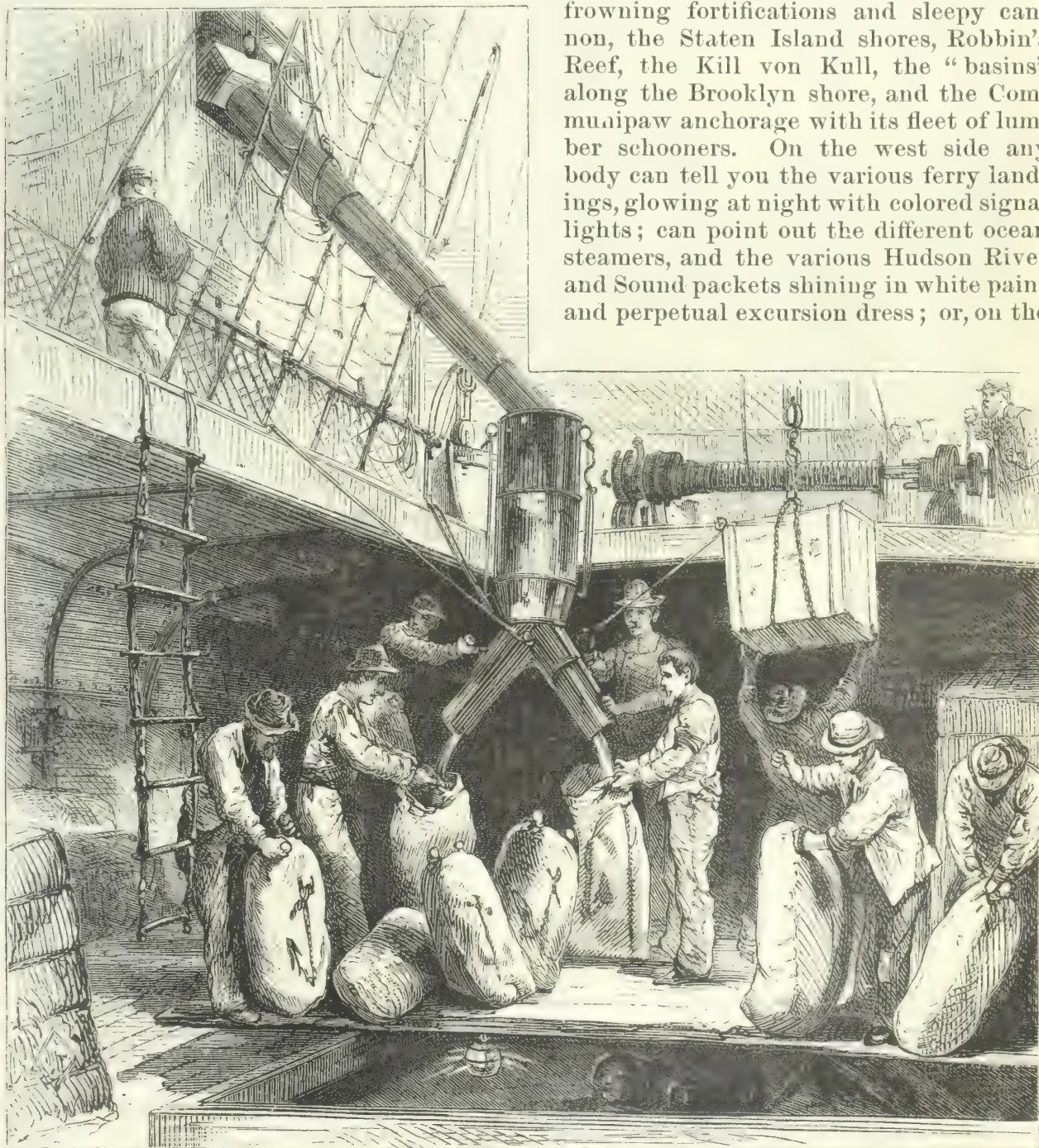
HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXVIII.—SEPTEMBER, 1877.—VOL. LV.

THE LADING OF A SHIP.

THE situation of New York city upon the elongated island of Manhattan allows to it and the neighboring cities a far more extended water frontage than most sea-port towns possess, while the necessity for constantly crossing one or the other of the rivers bounding the island, and the nearness

of many of the principal streets to the shores, render the citizens quite familiar with the appearance of their harbor. Every one of them can map out for strangers all the prominent features of the lozenge-shaped bay; can name the headlands that shut it in at the gateway of the Narrows, the various natural and artificial islands with their frowning fortifications and sleepy cannon, the Staten Island shores, Robbin's Reef, the Kill von Kull, the "basins" along the Brooklyn shore, and the Communipaw anchorage with its fleet of lumber schooners. On the west side any body can tell you the various ferry landings, glowing at night with colored signal lights; can point out the different ocean steamers, and the various Hudson River and Sound packets shining in white paint and perpetual excursion dress; or, on the



BETWEEN DECKS—RECEIVING CARGO.

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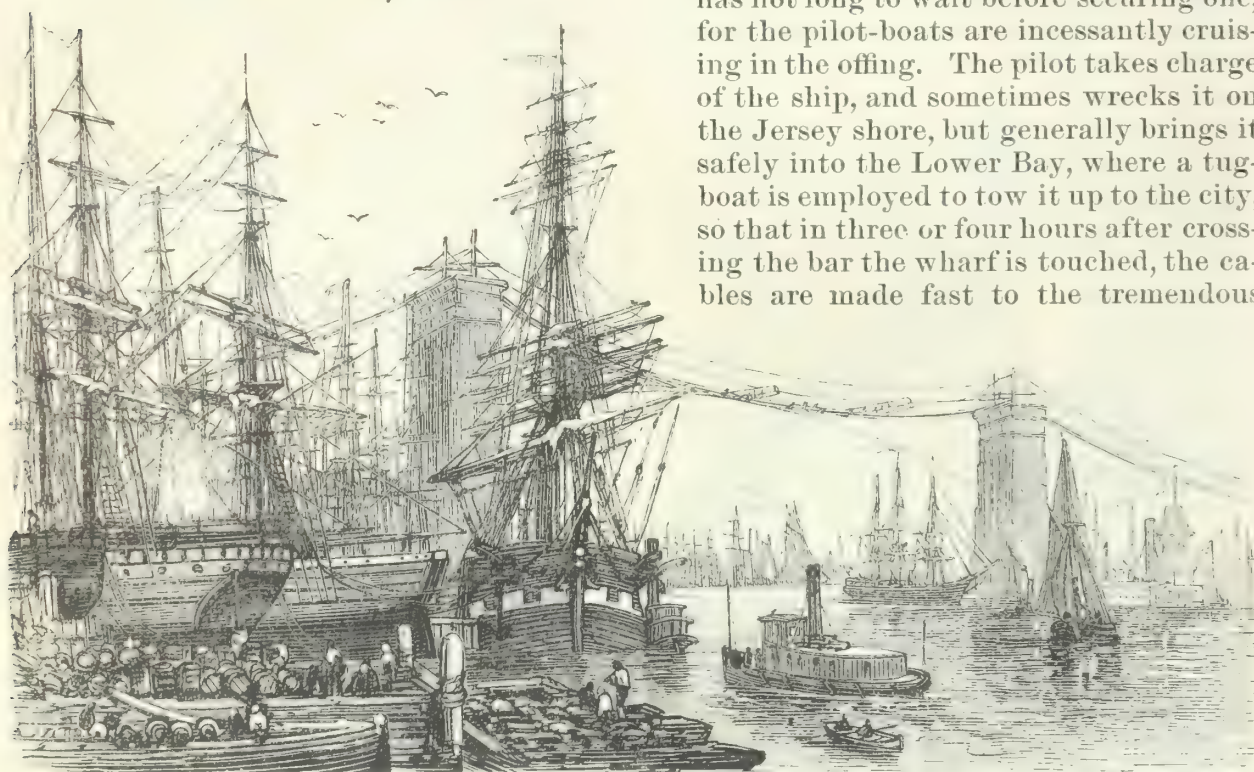
east side, will show you, in rapid succession, as you race down the river, the public buildings on Randall's, Blackwell's, and Ward's islands, Hell Gate, the Hunter's Point oil-works, the Navy-yard, the Dry-dock, the massive masonry of the great bridge, and the crowds of shipping down to the beautiful Battery and historic Castle Garden. All these are well known to the average New Yorker, who regards with the unconcern of full acquaintance what seems a world of wonders to the rustic visitor as he first catches sight of the metropolis.

Taken at a bird's-eye glance, the harbor of New York is a magnificent picture, each

corting imperial visitors to Uncle Sam; and, weaving all together, saucy tugs sputtering here and there, ferry-boats like turtles, gaudy pleasure steamboats, and revenue-cutters with gilt-edged officers in the wheel-house. It is such a scene, to be sure, as any great harbor may present, but the picture at New York excels in glowing light and breadth of canvas. Yokohama is said to resemble it more nearly than any other port.

But it is with the merchantmen at the wharves that I have to do, and beyond an occasional ferriage to Brooklyn, I shall have little occasion to take my readers afloat.

When a ship approaches the coast, she hoists a signal for a pilot, and usually has not long to wait before securing one, for the pilot-boats are incessantly cruising in the offing. The pilot takes charge of the ship, and sometimes wrecks it on the Jersey shore, but generally brings it safely into the Lower Bay, where a tug-boat is employed to tow it up to the city, so that in three or four hours after crossing the bar the wharf is touched, the cables are made fast to the tremendous



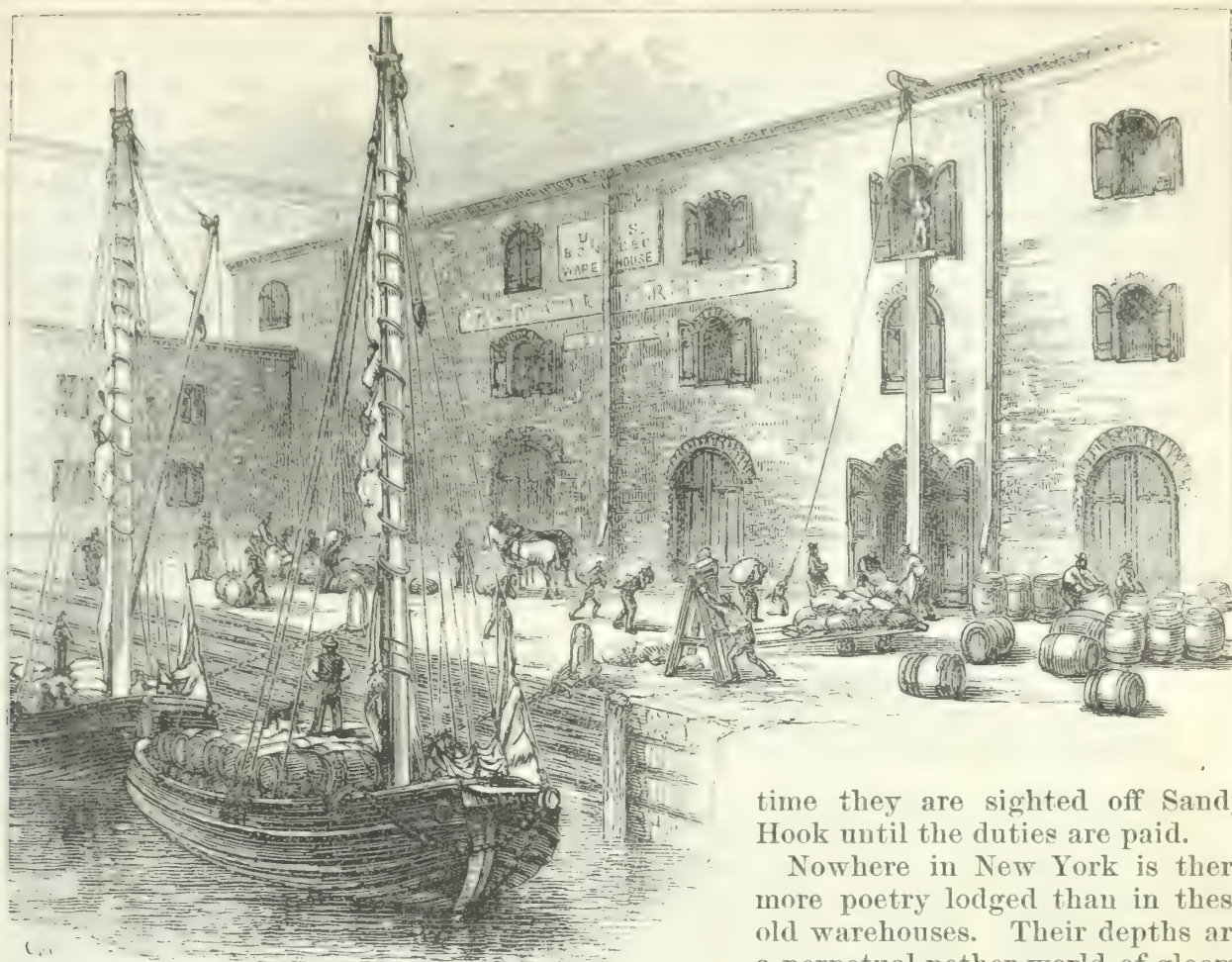
THE PIERS OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

detail of which is of the greatest interest. Here are crafts of all possible sorts, except, perhaps, Chinese junks and birch-bark canoes, and the flags of every maritime nation are unfurled to the breeze. You may find little clam boats from Connecticut, and fishing smacks from the Banks; shapeless canal-boats from Buffalo, and grimy steam-barges from the Delaware and Raritan; coquettish pilot-boats tripping seaward, and trim schooners with potatoes from Nova Scotia or tobacco from Norfolk; brigs from Boston and Bombay, barks from the Mediterranean and South American ports; full-rigged ships and swift clippers resting from voyages round the Horn or the Cape of Good Hope; thick-skinned whalers from arctic seas, and battered merchantmen from the Indian Ocean; Liverpool and Glasgow and Hamburg and Havre steamers, whose crews speak of the Eastern hemisphere simply as "the other side," and go over and back in three weeks; iron-clad frigates representing the navies of the world; natty corvettes es-

posts, and the weary vessel rests in her "berth."

No sooner is this accomplished than a scene of activity begins. The sailors are noisily securing the sails, clearing the decks of superfluities, and unlashing the hatchways; the owners are there to welcome the captain; the harbor-master looks after his wharfage; the consignees of the cargo send a clerk to keep a record of its unloading; the custom-house officers watch sharply for smuggling; boarding-house "sharks" are trying to inveigle Jack into their power; stevedores are bargaining for the contract of unloading, and longshore-men cluster about in hopes of a job. The only quiet observers of the confusion are the policeman, who drums a musically resonant cable with his club, and a reporter whittling his pencil.

The unloading, once begun, proceeds rapidly, as many men being employed as can work together conveniently, and the freight being hoisted out by means of tackle sus-



UNITED STATES BONDED-WAREHOUSE.

pendent from the yard-arm, and operated by steam or horse power. Usually, as fast as it is discharged, the cargo is sent to warehouses near by, and assorted for the owners.

The warehouses are simply great caverns for the storage of goods, and the legend over their strong and gloomy portals is, "No smoking." They are of two kinds—the private store of the merchant, where he keeps his own goods, and the "bonded-warehouse," where the freight of vessels is received and stored for the owners, under bonds to the government, until the duties have been paid. The bonded-warehousemen give two kinds of receipts—one, a simple acknowledgment of the acceptance of the goods for storage by them, the other, a "negotiable receipt," which, being properly indorsed, may be presented by any one, and will be acknowledged as a claim upon the merchandise. In their phrase, they "know only the receipt." Therefore the owner may, and usually does, sell his goods by sample without taking them from the warehouse, and they are delivered to whoever presents the receipt with evidence that duty has been paid. Each warehouse has a revenue officer quartered in it, called "store-keeper," and a certain number of trucks are licensed by the custom-house authorities to transport goods held in bond, the truckman being responsible for the government's lien upon the goods while they are in his charge. The government thus never loses sight of the imports from the

time they are sighted off Sandy Hook until the duties are paid.

Nowhere in New York is there more poetry lodged than in these old warehouses. Their depths are a perpetual nether world of gloom, and the twilight reveals at first only rows of Cyclopean pillars, or huge

piles suggesting the catacombs of Egypt and their sarcophagi. Cross the threshold and climb the stairways from one low-roofed loft to another, and you wander among foreign fields and breathe the airs of every zone. Here are tier upon tier of hogsheads of sugar, perspiring molasses with the memory of the Cuban sun, and other hogsheads of old rum from Jamaica, beneath which the ground is greedily drinking precious ooings. Rows of dusty white barrels of China clay stand alongside rows of barrels of plumbago from Ceylon, whose black dust makes the floor all about as slippery as glass. Quadrangular piles of hides from Calcutta, the Cape of Good Hope, and Buenos Ayres; redoubts of square, gunny-covered boxes of lac gums from India, and kauri gum from Auckland; huge heaps of "allspice" pepper from Jamaica, and fiery bird-pepper and cloves grown in Zanzibar, in which the heat of those torrid latitudes seems concentrated; tall stacks of bags hold the gummy cutch dye of the West Indies, and beside them are palm-leaf-tied packages of sticky dates from Arabia, and of Turkish prunes; but you may wipe your fingers on the clean matting bags of linseed sent all the way from Bombay for your convenience. Go up stairs now, and look at the bales and casks stored to the roof-tree. Cocoa-nut oil enough from Cochin China and the isle "where every prospect pleases" to make soap for a generation. In this corner are cords and cords of ebony;

in that corner other cords of logwood. One is brought from Madagascar to make into drumsticks, the other from the Amazon to mingle with our whiskey, or to be ground up and re-exported to the wine districts of Spain and France. Then the bales—yarn twisted from the beard of cocoa-nuts ripened on the Malabar coast; jute and jute stubs from India; Manila hemp from the Philippines; rags from London; cotton from all over the world.

Upon these warehouse floors is written a history of our commerce. They are dented by contact with freight from all the continents, and strewn with samples of the products of every climate. Tea and coffee and cinnamon, fragrant oils and cloves and allspice, mingle their pungent perfumes in the laden air; and indigo, ochre, cochineal, and

stock in trade, either by private arrangement or by auction. The scenes daily witnessed upon the floor of the Corn Exchange will serve as a type of the rest. Here tables are set as closely together as convenient, and each merchant who wishes has a certain space where, in dainty boxes or bottles, he places samples of his stock—flour, grain, whiskey, lard, or petroleum—the name of the brand affixed to each sample. Then the buyers come (brokers and shippers chiefly), droves of them, mostly young men, laughing, joking, talking business, talking nonsense, stopping in the midst of a hard bargain to call out to an acquaintance, "Did you see the girls last night?" or turning from his concluded sale of twenty car-loads of wheat to have a few words with a friend about a new horse. Half of the building is devoted



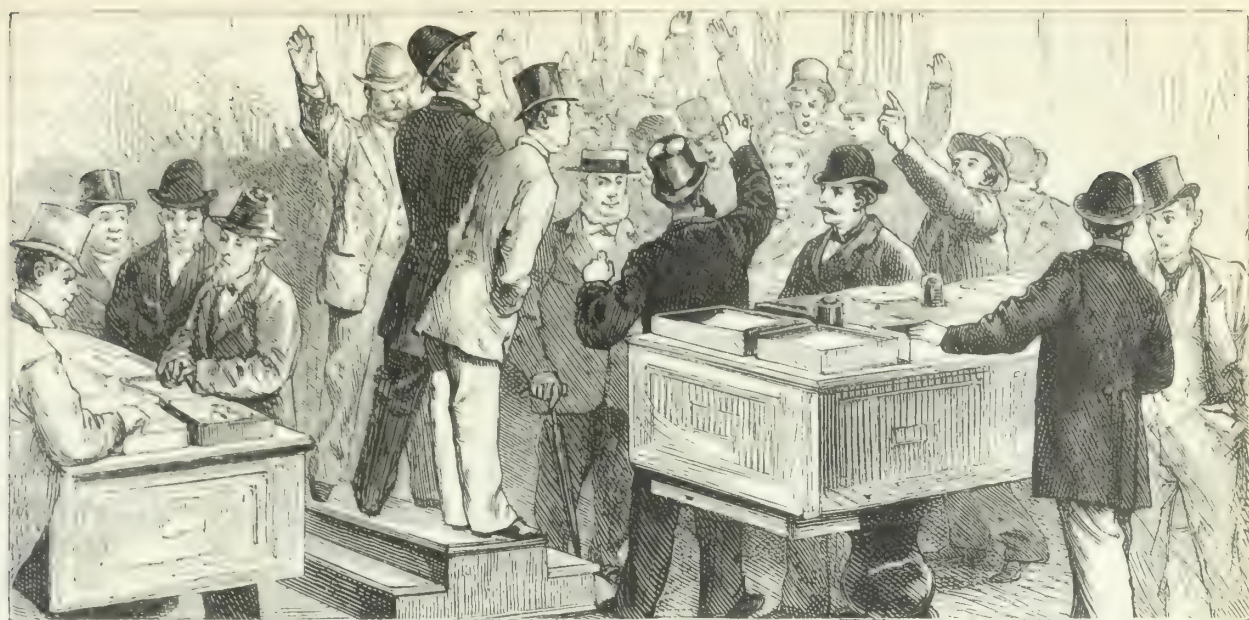
INTERIOR OF BONDED-WAREHOUSE.

the sweepings of costly bales dye the floors with a queer cosmopolitan mosaic of colors. As you step out into the broad sunshine, and the heavy iron doors close behind you, you feel as though you were just landing after years of foreign travel, and you bear about with you for many hours the aroma of the tropics.

The great centres of the exporting business are the exchanges. Leaving out the Stock and Gold exchanges as not concerning us, there are, besides these, the Corn and Produce Exchange, the Iron Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, and the Barge Office.

At these places merchants and brokers who, by evincing an honorable business activity and success, have procured a standing on 'Change, meet daily and bargain with each other for the buying and selling of

to the flour interest, and each one of the hundreds of samples is carefully labeled. Some of the names of the brands are serious and apt, but many are fanciful, and some funny. Flour is "Patent Process," "Fancy Patent," "New Process," "Standard," "Choice" and "Extra Choice," "Pinnacle," "Old Glory," "Minnesota Pride," "Sublime," and so on. Every body here is nearly as white as a miller before the morning is over. You will observe a grave-faced man, with his whiskers all meal, take some flour in the hollow of his hand, pour upon it a few drops of water from a silver tankard, and solemnly work it into dough, which he kneads and pulls and rolls, folds, twists, and worries, judging by the result how good bread it will make. The judgment concluded, he solemnly forms it into pellets, and shies them one by one at



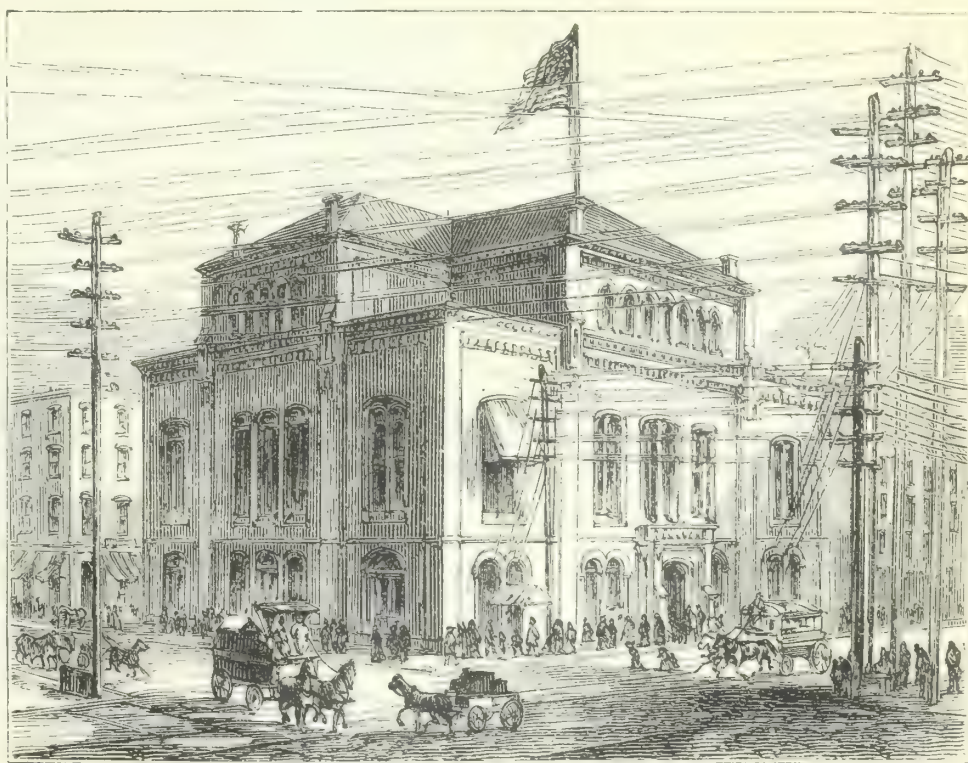
PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

the head or new silk hat of the most convenient person near him. Then he takes another brand of flour and repeats the operation. On the other side of the hall are the grain exhibits; and here men go round with their pockets full of wheat and oats, and nibble, nibble, nibble, until you think they have become granivorous.

Suppose in this jubilant manner the twenty car-loads of wheat which we saw sold a moment ago to be bought by a gentleman who intends shipping it to the English market in a Liverpool steamer. He immediately charts a floating elevator and sends it to the wharf on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River where the cars are expected, and into it the wheat will be quickly transferred by a chute. This elevator looks like a slice of a country mill mounted upon a tug, and really is only a contrivance for hoisting grain in buckets fastened to an endless belt high enough to pour it over a ship's side. When the wheat is all in, the floating elevator steams over to New York, sidles up to a steamer, and sets her machinery to dipping up our friend's wheat and pouring it through a long iron tube down into the lowest depths of the steamer's iron hold, where it is to do duty as ballast. But it is not

thrown in loosely "in bulk." Men stand at the mouth of the iron conduit, receive the stream of wheat in bags, and as fast as each bag is full, fold the edges of the mouth together, sew them tight with a few marvelously rapid stitches, and pass the bag to others, who stow it away, crowding it into its place as firmly as possible. The shifting of ballast improperly packed has been the cause of the destruction of many a good ship.

The ocean steamers are not often obliged to take ballast as such, their large amount of coal serving the purpose partially, and heavy articles of cargo making up the rest. They bring pig-iron and tin and steel in enormous quantities, and take back grain of all sorts, and a sufficiency of weighty merchandise. Moreover, the shape and draught of the iron steamers are such that



CORN AND PRODUCE EXCHANGE BUILDING.



LOADING FROM A FLOATING ELEVATOR.

they do not need the amount of ballast required by wooden ships carrying lofty spars loaded with rigging. Yet even the latter are content, on outward-bound voyages, with pig or railroad iron, casks of rum or hogsheads of sugar, while they bring chalk or some other salable rubbish, when possible, if their cargo is too light.

The process of loading one of these ships is more interesting than in the case of the steamer—all the surroundings are far more

picturesque. A petroleum broker gets word from a firm in Valparaiso, Chili, that it wants five thousand gallons of best refined petroleum, but can pay only twenty-three cents a gallon, delivered. He goes on 'Change, and finds that the best he can do is to get his oil from a New York company at sixteen cents. After talking with this ship agent and that, he chooses the most advantageous terms, which are five cents a gallon for freightage. Next he consults an insurance broker, and effects an insurance upon his petroleum at a

rate which amounts to half a cent per gallon. This leaves him a profit of one and one-half cents a gallon, or seventy-five dollars for his morning's work. Meanwhile the order is being carried out. The oil is in the company's works at Hunter's Point, making that undetectable locality odiously odorous. A lighter is sent for it, and the five thousand gallons put on board. This oil may be packed in two different ways—in ordinary barrels, and in tin



F G M

1/500
500 cns @ 00 &
Freight \$ 200.00
Prime 12.50
Total \$ 262.00

Shipped, in good order and condition by John Smith & Co.
on board the Ship Grant called the "Transporter"
whereof Grant is Master, now lying at the Port
of NEW YORK, bound for Valparaiso
To say, (500) Five hundred Cans Petroleum
containing 5000 gallons
Ship not accountable for leakage except from
improper storage

being marked and numbered as in the margin, and are to be delivered in the like order and condition at the port of Valparaiso (the dangers of the seas only excepted) unto McLure Jones & Co. or to their assigns, he or they paying freight for the said merchandise at the rate of fifty cents per case delivered with 5% prime and average accustomed. In Witness whereof, the Master or Purser of the said vessel, hath affirmed to Three Bills of Lading all of this tenor and date, one of which being accomplished, the others to stand void.

Dated in NEW YORK, the 1st day of June 1877

George Grant

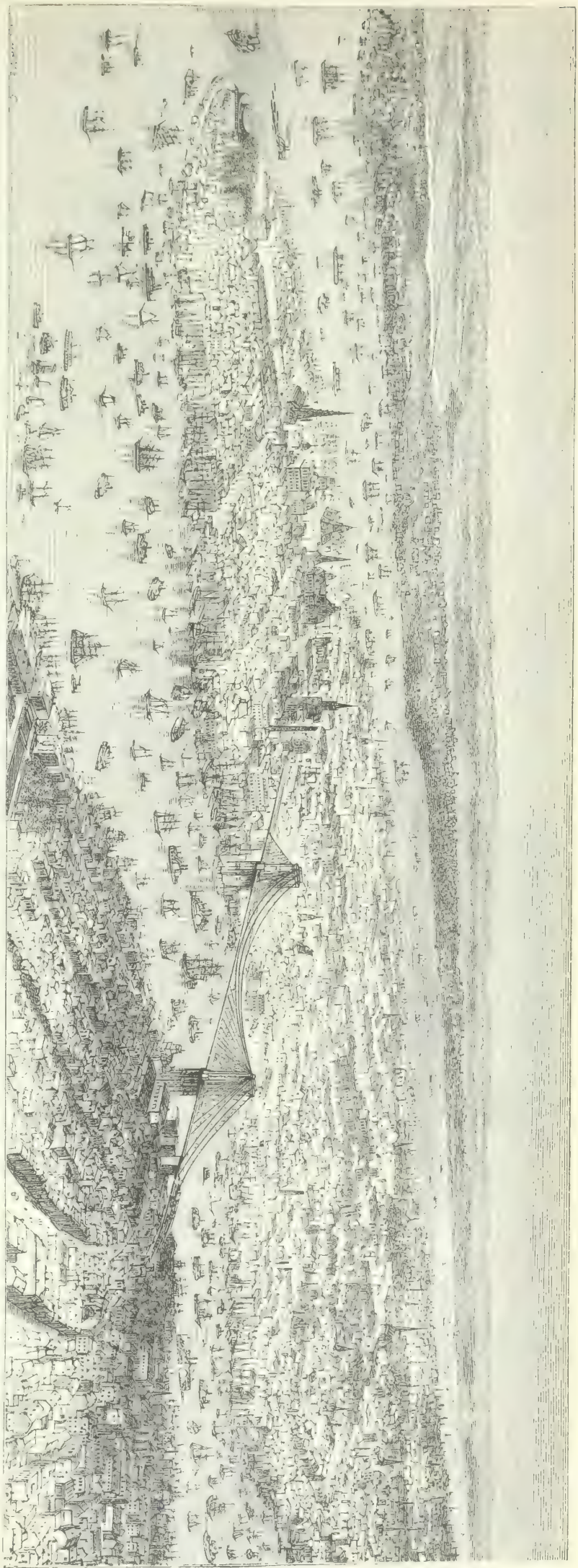
cans holding five gallons each, two of which are boxed in a "case" of thin wood. This latter method of packing is employed mainly for fancy brands.

A word about the lighters. They are broad, blunt-nosed, sloop-rigged boats, all deck except a little hole of a cabin, and used about the harbor for transporting merchandise to and from vessels at anchorage, or from wharf to wharf. They are thoroughly ill-looking, always in the way, and only to be excused for existence on the score of great usefulness. The lighters are on the rivers what the carts are on the streets.

The oil safely aboard, the jolly captain and his jolly crew of one set their sail—upon which is painted an advertisement of some Broadway clothing shop in letters which every sea-faring man is supposed, even though he be a fool, to read and ponder on—and bowl along at a snail's pace down the East River until they "heave alongside" the Valparaiso ship. Then the jolly captain sticks his pipe in his hat-band, and the loading of the oil begins.

A huge double pulley, technically known as a "block," is suspended between the mast-heads just over the hatchway, and through it is reeved a rope long enough to reach to the deck of the lighter on one side, and, through a second block attached to the planking, to a stationary engine on the wharf on the other side. On board the vessel itself a staging is arranged, level with the top of the bulwarks and reaching to the edge of the hatchway, and then men descend perilous and shaking ladders, and disappear in the echoing blackness beneath the lowest deck. The oil is now in charge of the stevedore—a man who makes a business of loading and unloading vessels, hiring such laborers as he needs from the

LOWER NEW YORK FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.



crowds of men hanging about the wharves waiting for such chance to earn a dollar, and who are called 'longshore-men.

The 'longshore-men are among the most ignorant and brutal of men. Their work is very laborious, but requires little skill; their surroundings and associations are all such as tend to degrade them; their pay is smaller than that of almost any other class of workmen, and their prejudices are easily excited. It thus happens that debauchery and murderous fighting are constant among

them; extensive strikes against reduction of wages or some fancied imposition are of frequent occurrence; and some of the bloodiest riots New York has ever seen

and guided over the hatchway, when, obedient to the signal, "Let go!" the engineer permits his drum to fly back, and the burden drops like a shot to the tune of "Stand from under!" There the tackle is quickly unhooked, an empty sling sent up, and then the boxes are rapidly stowed away, their number having been recorded by the shipping clerk in his memorandum-book. The object to be attained, and the absolute necessity, in stowing, is to prevent all jostling between articles of the cargo, and the boxes of oil are crowded in sidewise, endwise, any way to hold them tightly together, every crevice being filled with wooden wedges, so that there shall not be the least movement.

By this time the men above have filled another sling, the whistle sounds again, the tackle creaks, the "Yo-h-e-e-e-ve, oh—stand-from-un-n-n-der!" is heard, and down comes another dozen of cases to help fill the belly of the insatiate monster.

When all the boxes are in the hold, the

officer in charge of the ship fills out the form of a receipt called a "bill of lading," like the one of which a fac-simile is given on page 486.

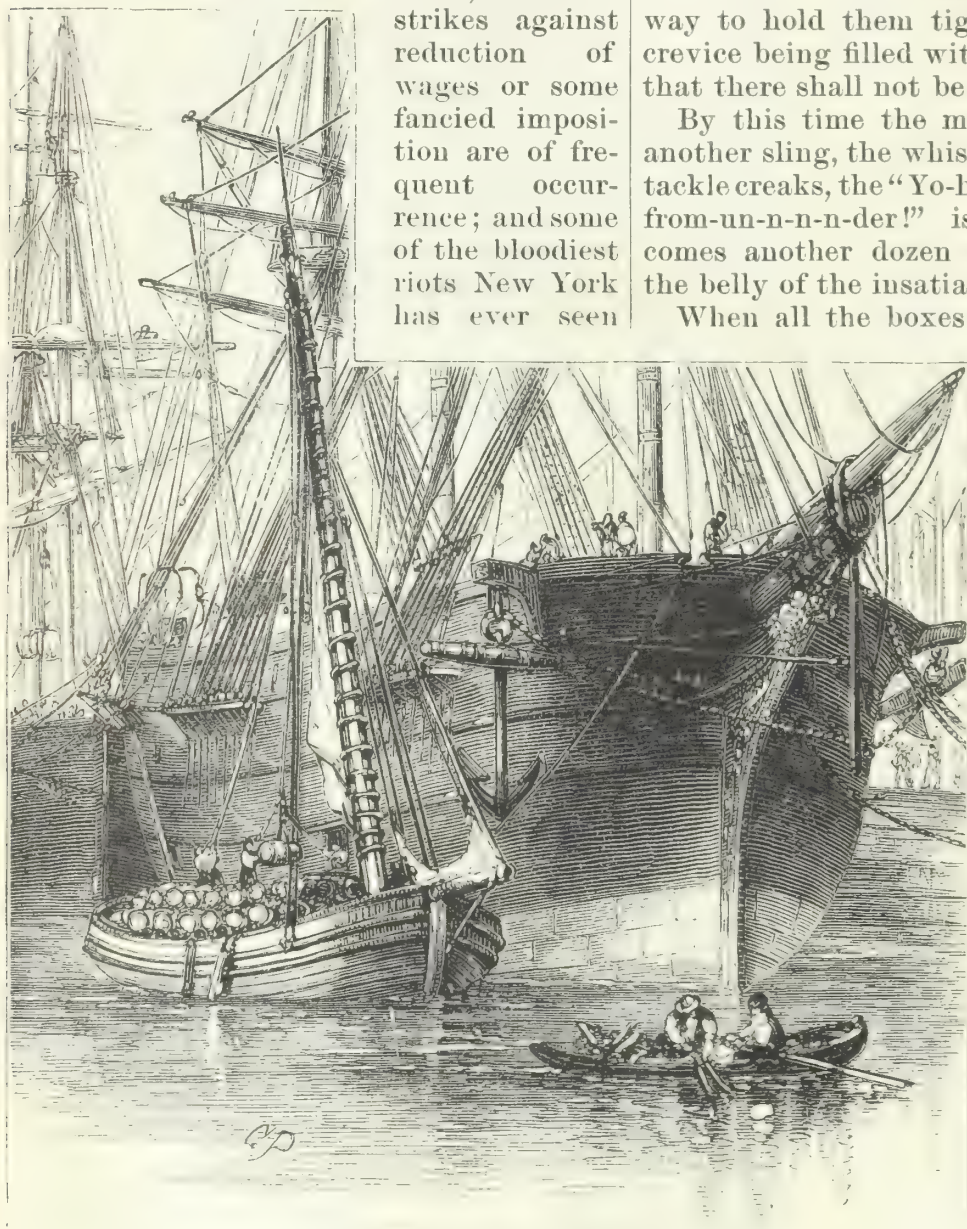
This is sent to the office of the owners of the oil, and, if found correct, several copies are signed by the captain—one for himself, kept by the ship's owners, another for the shipper, and a third, at least, to be sent by mail to the consignees in Valparaiso as a guide to their part of the transaction, for the freightage is paid ordinarily upon

originated among them. Intemperate and brutal in every respect, yet hard workers, and consequently muscular, no class of men gives the police so much trouble as the 'longshore-men.

To return to our story. All being ready, the men on the lighter pile up eight or ten boxes in a double tier, pass around them a fold of rope called a "sling," and attach the iron hook at the end of the tackle; the man on the deck whistles a shrill "Go ahead!" to the engineer, whose drum rapidly winds up the rope until the slingful of boxes swings over the deck, when it is seized by brawny arms

delivery of the consignment, rather than in advance.

As features of the landscape, the dingy buildings, the tall chimneys, and the black clouds of smoke of the oil refineries are far from pleasant, and the extraordinary fragrance they impart to the breeze is highly objectionable to some people; but these establishments are playing an important part in the commerce of New York. It is stated that during 1876 ships carried out from this harbor to all parts of the world \$25,000,000 worth of petroleum—more than was exported from all other ports combined. Since then

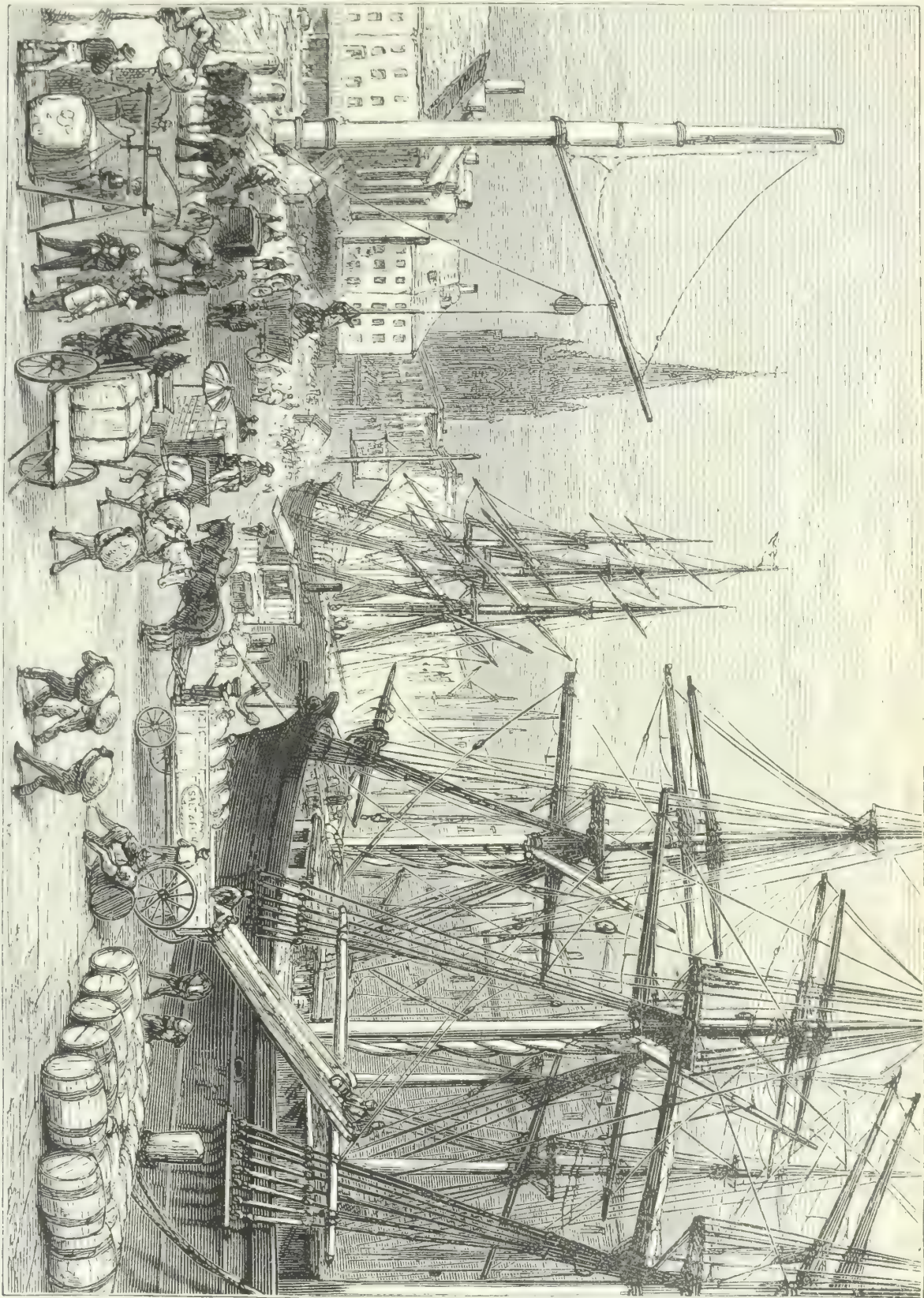


LOADING FROM A LIGHTER.

the business has largely increased, and, as I write, sixty ships are loading here with oil, while at Philadelphia there are only nineteen, and at Baltimore nine. This is a gratifying exhibit, and New York will cheerfully endure the odorous tanks and smoking chim-

block tackle, and steam-engine to wind it or horse to walk away with it, men to manage the great weights swung about so easily by the tackle—are always present, and only the details vary. If barrels, or the cylindrical iron cases in which caustic soda and many

LOADING AND UNLOADING, PIER NO. 6, EAST RIVER.



neys while its merchants are developing this important trade.

The process I have sketched with the oil is substantially that used in loading, whatever be the merchandise shipped. The main features—staging across the decks, broad gang-planks hung over the ship's side to prevent marring her paint, complicated

other chemicals are packed, are to be lifted, there are attached to the end of the hoisting rope two iron arms with curved ends like half-closed fingers, which clutch the chines; but often three or four barrels or a heavy hogshead of tobacco or sugar are put in a sling. Bales of cotton, rags, jute, matting, etc., are clutched on opposite sides by grap-



THE COTTON EXCHANGE.

pling-hooks similar to those used in handling ice, which dig into their soft sides; but this will not do for bales of cloth, upon which you see printed the warning, "Use no hooks." Iron T rails are caught with clamps just in the middle, and being thus balanced, are easily guided by one man, end foremost, through a little door in the side of the vessel, and landed on a hand truck, whence they are again swung to their resting-place by tackle coming down through the hatchway. Railroad iron is much used for ballast in departing ships. It lies, a dead-weight, several layers deep, down in the bottom of the hold, and the floors of each of the lower decks are usually paved with a double layer of it, upon which the other cargo is laid. If the merchandise over it is light, the rails are fastened down by cross-ties of timber.

The ease with which exceedingly heavy bodies are handled by the stevedore's men is remarkable. The hatchways are often just large enough to let the package through, and frequently the space between decks is so circumscribed that the men have hardly room to move; yet by skillfully landing the hogshead, or boxed piano, or granite monument, or huge piece of machinery, as it is lowered to them by the tackle, by prying it up and twisting it over with iron bars, pulling it with cotton hooks, and pushing it with brawny hands and shoulders, sitting down four or five in a row against a bulkhead and

shoving with their feet, they slowly work the unwieldy mass into its corner, and brace it firmly by wedges until its successor is placed.

The longshore-man's badge of office, weapon of offense and defense, tool of trade, and inseparable companion, is his cotton hook—a stout steel sharp-pointed hook about eight inches long, with a strong transverse handle. Bales and boxes have no handles—no salient points for the fingers to grasp; but the cotton hook catches them firmly, and the stout handle allows the exertion of great strength without injury to the hands. When not in use, the hook is carried stuck through the belt, or is used as a stool while Pat sits against the warm side of a warehouse and smokes his cutty.

While the ship is being loaded, her crew is kept busy in attending to her refitting. Her sails are usually taken down, mended, and stowed away until the day of sailing. Her standing rigging is re-tarred, her running gear made perfect. All the old tarred rope which has accumulated during the voyage, or been obtained from wrecks, is saved and sold to the junk dealers at three or four cents a pound. They sort it, carry it to the oakum factories in Jersey City, Paterson, and elsewhere, where it is steamed, hatched, and made into oakum for the calking of seams. Thousands of bales of this are exported annually to South America, the West Indies, and Key West; for New York can

supply this side of the globe more cheaply than Europe is able to. The rotten planks in the ship's side are chiseled out and replaced by new, the carpenters sitting on a plank slung over the water as they work. Loose plates of copper are nailed tight, and the barnacles cleaned off. Her seams are scraped, calked, and tarred, new paint is put on the hull, and an extra blush suffuses the cheek of the lovely wooden female under the bowsprit, whose very *décolleté* attire

grown into an extensive business. Less than two years ago the experiment was first tried of placing the beef and mutton of this country in the markets of Europe, and after much doubt and opposition a New York firm succeeded in sending a cargo of this perishable freight to England and landing it in such good condition that it readily sold, realizing a handsome profit. Other similar ventures followed, until now a very large part of "the roast beef of Old England" is



LONGSHORE-MEN.

is kissed by the spray of the foremost waves. The sexless little divinities that sportively hold a garland of roses across the stern are burnished, and the white letters of the ship's name are given a new lustre, while the brass-work about the quarter-deck is polished until it shines like gold. Sailors take a feminine delight in adorning their ships and endowing them with all the imaginary graces which landmen see in their sweethearts, and the older the ship or the more antiquated its nationality, as in the case of the Dutch, the more prominently this spirit of adornment is seen to have manifested itself. On public holidays the forest of masts along the river-side blooms out in a varied and brilliant flowering, for every ship wears gay festoons of bunting, stretching from the jack on the bowsprit to the national ensign at the peak balyards.

The exportation of dressed meat and live stock from America to Europe has lately

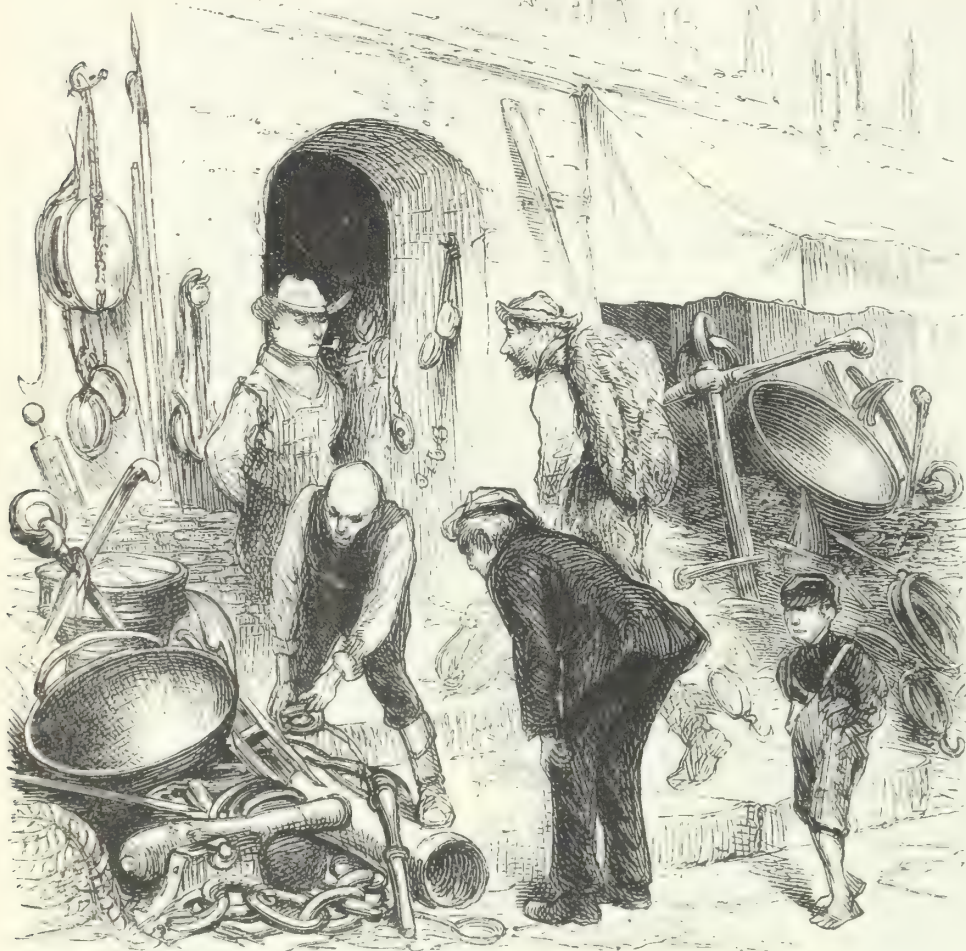
grown on American prairies. The extensive stock dealers and butchers near London did all in their power to stop the traffic, as it made necessary a reduction of their prices; but without success, for the American beef, at first bought as a novelty, was soon recognized as sweeter and more juicy than the English meat, and the demand has rapidly increased in Great Britain and on the Continent. During the eighteen months from October, 1875, to March, 1877, the dressed meat sent from New York amounted to 29,604,670 pounds.

The meat sent is invariably the finest Western corn-fed cattle, which are brought alive to this city, and killed just before shipment. The business is said to be constantly growing, and should war continue in Europe, it is thought an additional impulse will be given to this new branch of commerce.

As soon as success was assured with dressed beef, some New York firms began the ex-

portation of cattle alive; but this at first was a failure, most of the cattle dying from poor quarters on board the vessel. Contrivances for their comfort were soon after invented, however, so that the animals could come every day to the upper deck for fresh

tions are required. Think of 3,252,994 bales of cotton in one year, and multiply it by the hundred years we have been exporting it! Perhaps the amount of drugs and chemicals New York receives from abroad in a single year might serve as a medium standard of



JUNK-SHOP.

air, and at present not one per cent. of deaths occurs. The next deck below the main-deck is converted into a stable, whither they are driven down an inclined plankway, and where abundant light, air, and food are furnished in all but the stormiest weather. From one to two hundred beeves are sent at a time, and the total exports from New York up to April 1, 1877, are given at 10,243 head, for which \$125,797 was received.

Experiments are also being made upon the feasibility of transporting fruit and fish in the same manner. The trade in salt mackerel, etc., as an export, and in the importation of anchovies and sardines, is at present very large. English houses bargain for nearly all the Oregon salmon that is caught, and probably eighty per cent. of the whole salmon crop of the United States is each year canned for the English market. The next thing is the exchange of delicate fresh fish, and there is no doubt it will soon be profitably accomplished.

Such is the result of the energy and business sense of our merchants in the creation of a new branch of trade. The amounts are large even here, but in some of the old-established lines of traffic vaster calcula-

her imports. Statistics show that these annually amount—of oxalic acid, to 550,000 pounds; of arsenic, to 1,000,000 pounds; asphalt, 1,400,000 pounds; various balsams, 100,000 pounds; different alkalies, 1,600,000 pounds; Peruvian bark, 1,500,000 pounds; annatto (for coloring "country" butter), 500,000 pounds; brimstone, 64,000,000 pounds (destined to regions infernal?); camphor, 450,000 pounds; canary-seed, 1,800,000 pounds; cutch (a reddish dye), 2,500,000 pounds; block chalk, 22,000,000 pounds; glucose, 1,800,000 pounds; ipecacuanha, 9000

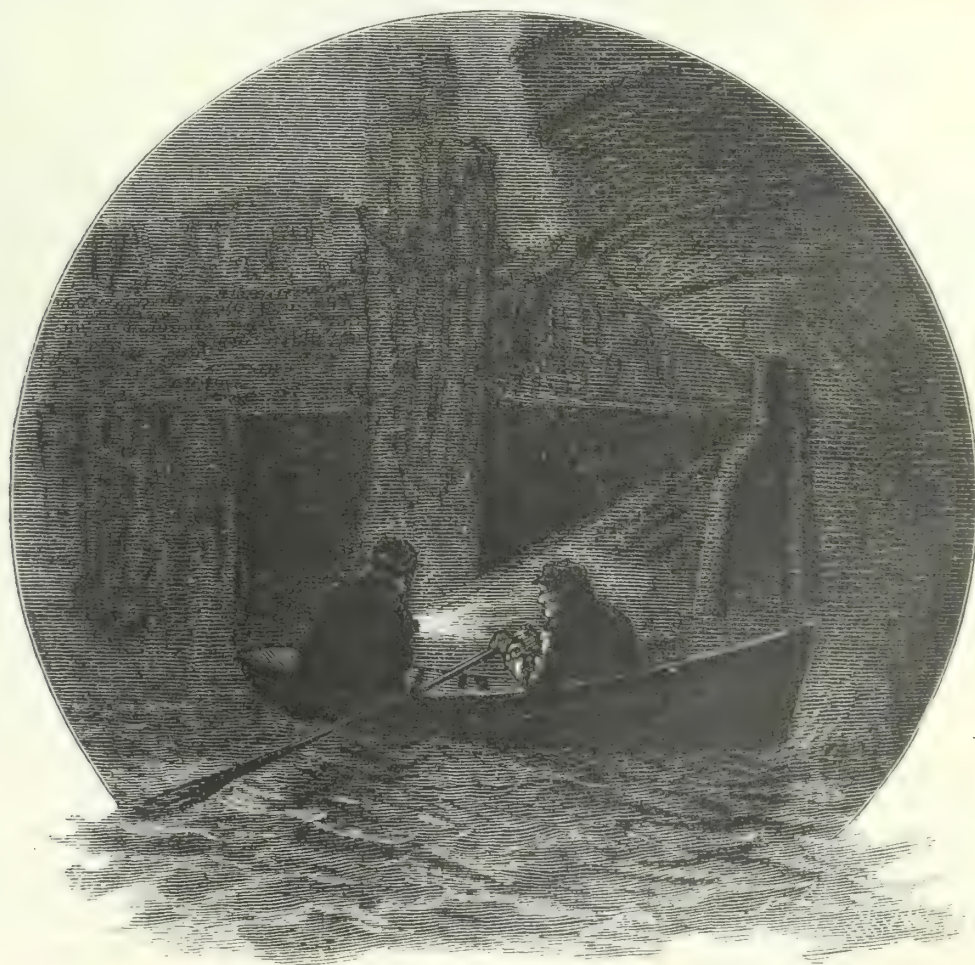
pounds; jalap, 18,000 pounds; licorice, 10,000,000 pounds; madder and indigo, 1,000,000 pounds each; rose leaves, 1,000,000 pounds, and attar of roses, 50 pounds; opium, 170,000 pounds; Epsom salts (ugh!), 35,000 pounds; saltpetre, 10,000,000 pounds; Castile soap, 3,000,000 pounds; soda, in its different compounds, millions of pounds, packed in sheet-iron cylinders; terra alba (for candy, etc.), 2,600,000 pounds; squills, 50,000 pounds; sumac, 6,000,000 pounds; Venetian red, 3,000,000 pounds; zinc, 2,500,000 pounds; and thousands of pounds of gums, essences, extracts, rare metals, colors, paints, earths used in fine pottery and in the adulteration of foods and sweetmeats, rare oils, chemicals, and drugs, or the raw materials of medicines.

By the laws of 1871, and subsequent amendments, the Department of Docks is vested with the exclusive charge and authority, subject in certain particulars to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, over all the wharf property belonging to the city of New York, including all the wharves, piers, bulk-heads, and structures thereon, the water adjacent thereto, and the land under water for about one thousand feet from the

present shore line. The department found all this property in a condition of decay, and the accommodations entirely inadequate to the commerce of the port. Among their first efforts was the formation of plans for a system of permanent wharves, and the views of many experienced persons were presented, and examined by the board, with their chief engineer, General George B. McClellan. Combining all the best of the ideas thus suggested with what was practicable under the circumstances, the result was the adoption of a general system for protecting the river-front by a permanent wall of masonry, carried out from the present bulk-head line a sufficient distance to make a river street 250 feet wide on the North River, and 200 feet wide on the East River to Thirty-first Street (except around Corlear's Hook, from Montgomery Street to Grand, where it will be 150 feet wide), the width from that point decreasing to 175 feet. From this river wall piers will be placed at such intervals as will give the greatest accommodation for shipping, these piers being constructed of wood preserved by impregnation with creosote, and being of a far more substantial and durable character than those hitherto built, while costing much less than piers of iron or masonry. Already the Battery has been defined by a quay of granite, and the most solid bulk-head walls have been constructed at various points along the North River for several miles; while the whole island has been en-

circled with a series of soundings, borings, and surveys which place before the eyes of the engineers the most accurate knowledge of the physical conditions to be met at every point.

Such is the picture of the wharves from the shore. As one floats by in a row-boat, or approaches in a steamboat from Staten Island or Rockaway, he catches glimpses of another aspect. Among and under these dank piers swings and swirls the tide in many an eddying current, growling at the mossy piles that entangle it. Underneath the heavy planking hides the skiff of the river thief, and among the worm-eaten timbers are the holes of the wharf rats—rodents not only, but human “wharf rats,” whose only idea of home is a coil of rope or a recess under a warehouse, whose business is to steal for junkmen, whose ambition is to become pirates. Their career is usually a short one. Vessels are rarely unguarded. Private watchmen patrol every wharf. A special division of the municipal police guard the water-front, having their headquarters on a fast steamer, and patrolling the whole river-front of the city in light swift skiffs manned by two men. For four hours at a time, day and night, these men silently row up and down the river, gliding close to the black piers, listening for the noise of unlawful work, or chasing through the fog a suspicious boat, disclosed by the gleam of a passing steamer's lamp. This is the life of the harbor police.



HARBOR POLICE PATROL.

THE DOMESTIC AND ARTISTIC LIFE OF TITIAN.*

DEEP in the midst of an Alpine mountain land, about eighty miles north of Venice, lies the small village of Pieve, the principal town in the district of Cadore, where in 1477 Titian was born.

His father belonged to the ancient family of Vecelli, whose representatives for more

Titian's childhood was spent among natural scenery whose effect may be traced through many of the great works of his riper years. Cadore was a land of gorges and defiles, of towering peaks and raging mountain torrents. The Castle of Cadore, now only a heap of ruined walls, was situ-



TIZIANO VECELLIO.—[PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF.]

than a century had held positions of public importance in the district. We read that as far back as 1321 a member of the family was elected Podesta of Cadore. In the direct line from the record of 1321 to the birth of the celebrated artist, all the Vecelli were lawyers or soldiers, and prominent in state affairs. Conte Vecellio, the grandfather of the artist, was a councilor implicitly trusted by the people. Gregorio, Conte's son and Titian's father, was "equally distinguished by his wisdom in the Council of Cadore, and by bravery as a soldier in the field." His position brought him much honor, but little wealth, and his sword and an honored name were all the inheritance he bequeathed to his children.

* *Titian: his Life and Times.* With some Account of his Family, chiefly from New and Unpublished Records. By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. Two Volumes, with Illustrations.

Cadore; or, Titian's Country. By JOSIAH GILBERT. With Illustrations.

These works have furnished much of the material for this article, and in some instances the writer has used the exact words of the text.

ated upon a high hill, surrounded by broken rocks and precipices. Among the few houses clustered around it stood the cottage in which Titian was born. The cottage still remains, honored by the inscription that "within these humble walls Tiziano Vecellio began his celebrated life." Behind it rises a sloping hill, where the artist boy probably spent many a sunny holiday in contemplation of the wild and picturesque landscape with which, in later years, he beautified so many of his most famous paintings. The twilight shadows gathering over the dolomites of Marmarolo, the mists swathing the peaks of Cridola and Cornon, or the storm cloud darkening the summits of the Pelmo, must have made a deep impression on the poetic mind of the boy, and aroused him to careful study of natural grandeur and beauty. In the small square at the side of Titian's birth-place stands a fountain, still flowing with fresh-water as it did four hundred years ago; and near by, at the base of the hill, the Piave rushes headlong on its southward course to the Adriatic

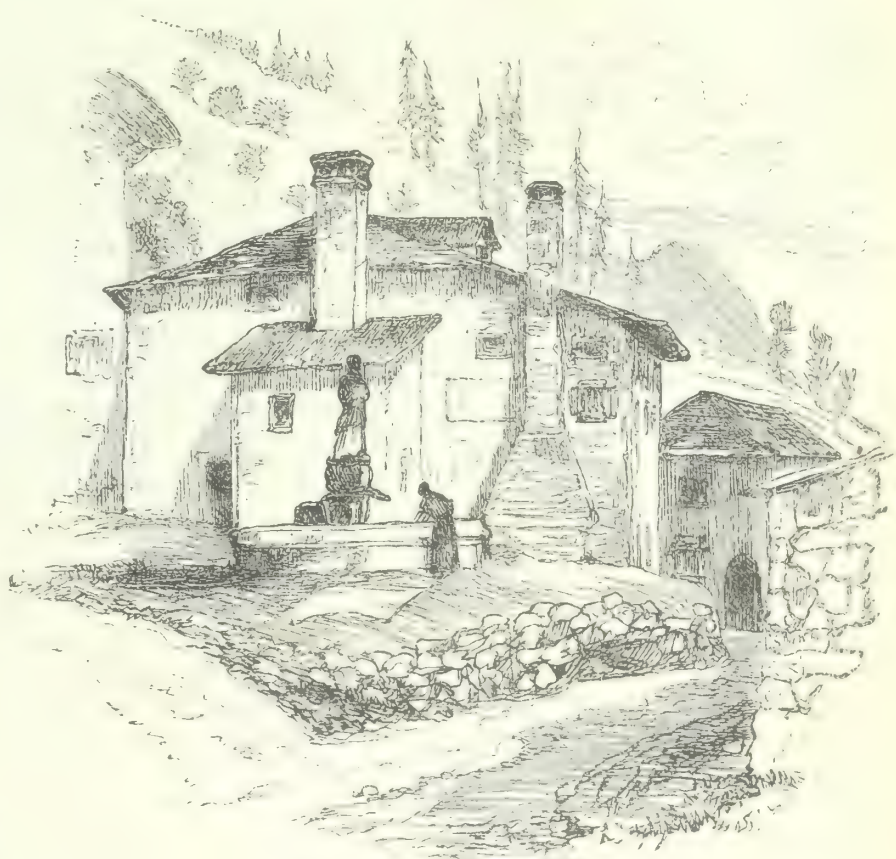
The artistic talent appears to have been largely developed in the Vecelli family of the generation of Titian. Francesco, a brother of the great painter, did some very good work, mostly paintings of religious subjects; and several cousins of Titian's were also painters.

There are no reliable accounts of Titian's boyhood. It is said that his early instructor at Pieve was wise enough to see talent in the youth who wasted his school hours by drawing pictures in his books with the juice of flowers, and used his influence to induce Titian's father to place him to study with an artist in Venice. It is also said that he astonished his parents by sketching a Madonna on a cottage wall. But the only distinct record is that, when a boy of only ten years, he left the Cadore hills and went to Venice, where he immediately began a course of study in the artistic workshops of that city.

At this time Venetian art was just assuming a broad and original character. Byzantine traditions had almost passed away. There still remained traces of technical mechanism and ancient stiffness, but even in the works of the Vivarini may be detected the rudiments of that art which formed the golden period of Venetian painting. The Vivarini were a family of artists who lived on the island of Murano. They flourished from the middle of the fifteenth century until its close, and their enthusiasm for their art led them to collect treasures of which no one in Venice had dreamed, and to gather a hoard of experience, which they left as a rich bequest for the use of future craftsmen. Gentile and Giovanni Bellini lived and worked about this same period, and the rapidity and thoroughness of their progress are almost unparalleled in the history of art. The Bellini brothers were more subtly gifted than any of their predecessors. They were men of deep spirituality, and produced pictures of profound earnestness. Their religious pictures were truly religious, full and overflowing with genuine faith. But the old simplicity of the Venetian religion was expiring, the dignity and majesty of the city were tottering, and the

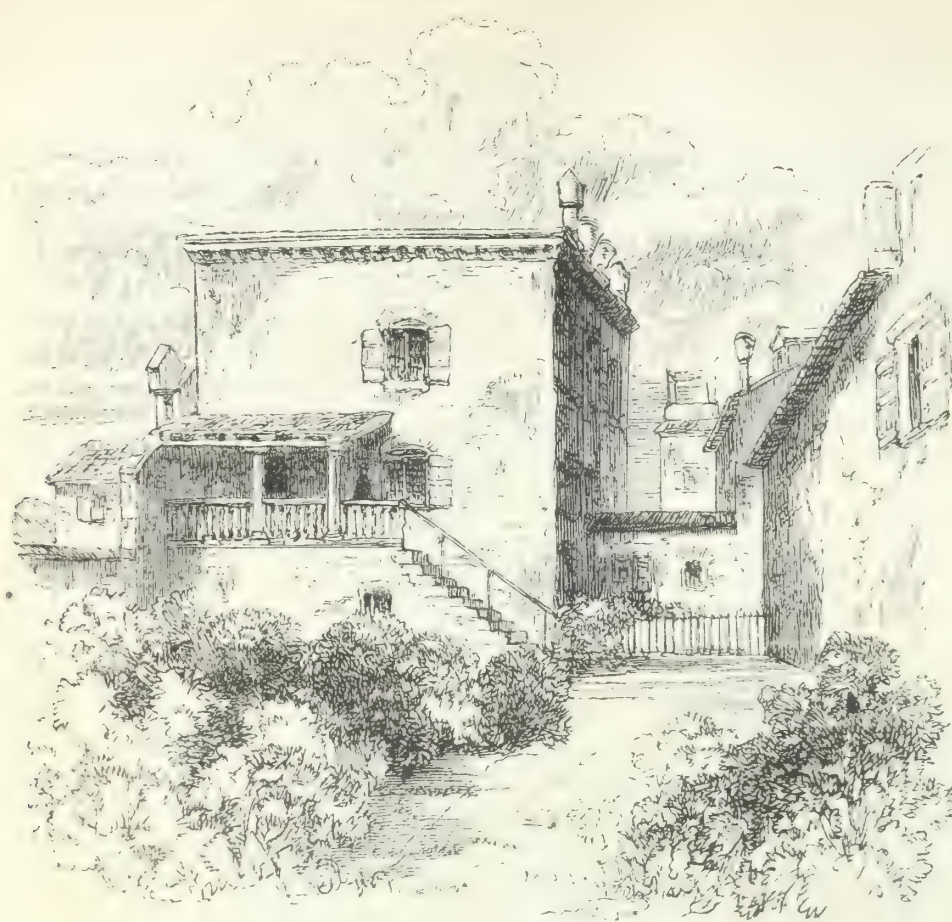
days were approaching when this mistress of the Mediterranean would become a mere casino for masqueraders. "It was the confluence of two ages and two spirits, one Christian and subsiding, and the other pagan and about to become ascendant," says Taine; and this change was nowhere more evident than in the works of art where ideal Madonnas, simple and innocent as peasant girls, were being replaced by careful representations of the artist's model, generally some beautiful woman of the street. Ruskin says that the most solemn spirit of religious faith animates the works of the Bellini to the last, but that the line of sacred Venetian painters closes with them.

The Bellini were considered the founders of the great Venetian school. Gentile Bellini was the most serious, the most scientific, and the most conscientious artist of his time. His paintings acquired such fame that when Mohammed II. sent an ambassador to Venice in search of an artist, who should return with him to take charge of certain decorations in Constantinople, Gentile was the one selected. He painted several magnificent pictures for the court of the Sultan, but his relations with that sovereign came to an abrupt termination. He had painted



TITIAN'S BIRTH-PLACE, CADORE.

the beheading of St. John. The Sultan affirmed that the representation of the bleeding neck was untrue to life, and in support of his assertion immediately caused one of his slaves to be beheaded in the artist's presence. Gentile painted for the Sultan no more. Overwhelmed with horror, he re-



TITIAN'S HOUSE IN VENICE.

turned to Venice, leaving several unfinished works behind him.

Giovanni Bellini was less severe in style than his brother, and was perhaps the only one of all the old Venetian masters who combined all the old purity and simplicity of religious art with an intense feeling for color. He came much nearer to nature in her moments of rest than any other master of his time in Venice, though unconscious as yet of those powerful effects which suggested themselves after the discovery of a new medium had multiplied the means at the artist's command.

After Antonello da Messina introduced into Venice the Flemish custom of mixing varnish mediums with pigments, some time elapsed before the Venetians mastered the process; but when they did so, many qualities which had merely germed expanded into a luxuriant life. Colors began to acquire tones which in gorgeousness and brilliancy vied with the Venetian dyes, or with the hues of Muranese glass, and those Levantine tissues for which Venice was, above all other countries, celebrated. The buildings of the city, with their rich and variegated surfaces, suggested to Gentile Bellini those noble backgrounds of church and canal which the drier system of tempera had not enabled him previously to realize. The waters of the lagoons, the bays of the Dalmatian and Istrian coasts, and the harbors of the Adriatic were studied by Carpaccio with an effect altogether new. The softer expanses of the Paduan plain, with its distant fringe

of Alp, fettered the attention of Giovanni Bellini. There came into Venice also a new class of painters, bred on the verge of the Brescian and Bergamasque provinces, or born in the Friulan hills, each of whom carried some new form of landscape with him, each of whom added something to the richness of Venetian coloring. The Venetians were losing the mastery of the seas. They were displaying their forces on the Continent, conquering provinces on the main-land, and making Venice what it had not been before — a

centre of Italian culture. They attracted a rising generation of artists, whose view was not confined to the lagoon, whose practice was not bounded by the city; and thus, by a providential combination of causes, the ground was laid for the grand edifice of Venetian art.

Titian arrived at Venice at the period of its art development most propitious for the growth of his free and active genius. Gentile Bellini had not as yet exhibited his "Procession of the Relic;" but that noble masterpiece was probably one of the first compositions of moment which met the youth's eye when he left the first and most elementary school form. Giovanni Bellini, although he had not produced any thing as thoroughly modern as the Madonna of San Zaccaria, showed by his Madonnas at the Frari and Santa Maria of Murano how thoroughly he could combine the facilities of oil with the conscientiousness of tempera methods. Carpaccio was about to compose that grand and striking series of canvases which illustrates the legend of St. Ursula. Antonello was still living, the greatest portrait painter of his time, the master who shared with Giovanni Bellini the heart of Giorgione; and Cima was about to rival Giovanni as a colorist in the setting of those bright altarpieces which now charm us by their grave but serene solemnity.

To this city, where art was developing with such rapidity, the boy Titian was sent in charge of an uncle, who, according to Dolce, placed him at first in the workshop

of Zuccato, a Venetian painter and mosaist, but soon removed him to the charge of Gentile Bellini. Gentile disapproved of his pupil's free and unconventional style, and estranged him by saying that no progress was to be expected on the path into which he had ventured. He is even accused of having made the remark that the young Titian would never prove any thing but a dauber. Titian, in disgust, left Gentile's workshop and wandered into that of Giovanni Bellini. Even here he was not satisfied, and seeking more freedom for expansion, he formed an artistic partnership with Giorgione, another pupil of the Bellini, of about the same age as himself. It is impossible to follow Titian in all his wanderings through the different

by Titian is now in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. There is great breadth and fullness of shape in the Virgin and Child, and genuine feeling and freshness of conception in the whole composition, but it is evidently the work of a youthful painter not yet free from conventionalisms. Accidents of texture and patterns in stuff are drawn with patient care, and the idealism of Titian's riper years is wanting.

During a period of eighty years Titian was a constant worker, and the number of pictures he produced has never been estimated. Many have been destroyed, others so defaced and injured by accidents of time that their original glory is gone forever; but still nearly every large picture-gallery



MADONNA AND ANGELS.—UFFIZI PALACE AT FLORENCE.—[FROM THE ENGRAVING BY ANDERLONI.]

workshops where he studied, or to estimate the time spent under each master; but ten years or more must have elapsed since his arrival in Venice when we find him working together with Giorgione, both artists making rapid advances toward a freedom and perfection of art hitherto unknown in Venice.

One of the earliest references to Titian professionally connects his name with the decoration of a house front. Above the hall door on the land side of the Morosini Palace in the Rio di San Canciano there was a fresco of Hercules, said to be one of the very first works undertaken by Titian at Venice. Titian at a very early period was also a painter of Madonnas, and in these earlier works displayed much of the devout feeling of the older Venetian school. One of the first Madonnas known to have been painted

in Europe possesses genuine Titians, many of them of rare beauty and freshness of color. The varied character of Titian's genius was very remarkable. There is scarcely a line of art which he has not enriched. Devotional and profane subjects, landscapes, and, above all, portraits, grew with surprising grace under his powerful pencil. He was a rapid worker, but never in a hurry, developing his conception in a sure, firm manner, never failing to reach the desired effect. Palma Giovane, who, in his youth, was Titian's scholar, has left the following interesting record of Titian's method in painting: "Titian," he says, "prepared his pictures with a solid stratum of pigment, which served as a bed or fundament upon which to return frequently. Some of these preparations were made with resolute strokes



ARTLESS AND SATED LOVE.—BORGHESI PALACE, ROME.

of a brush heavily laden with color, the half-tints struck in with pure red earth, the lights with white, modeled into relief by touches of the same brush dipped into red, black, and yellow. In this way he would give the promise of a figure in four strokes. After laying this foundation, he would turn the picture to the wall, and leave it there perhaps for months, turning it round again after a time to look at it carefully, and scan the parts as he would the face of his greatest enemy. If at this time any portion of it should appear to him to have been defective, he would set to work to correct it, ap-

plying remedies as a surgeon might apply them, cutting off excrescences here, superabundant flesh there, redressing an arm, adjusting or setting a limb, regardless of the pain which it might cause. In this way he would reduce the whole to a certain symmetry, put it aside, and return again a third or more times, till the first quintessence had been covered over with its padding of flesh. It was contrary to his habit to finish at one painting, and he used to say that a poet who improvises can not hope to form pure verses. But of 'condiments' in the shape of last retouches he was particularly fond. Now and

then he would model the light into half-tint with a rub of his finger, or with a touch of his thumb he would dab a spot of dark pigment into some corner to strengthen it, or throw in a reddish stroke—a tear of blood, so to speak—to break the parts superficially. In fact, when finishing, he painted much more with his fingers than with his brush."

One of the earlier works of Titian, which at the time was considered a masterpiece, and which was a decided mark of progress in Venetian art, was the "Artless and Sated Love," now in the Borghese Palace at Rome. The two female figures present a



TITIAN'S SKETCH FOR THE FALLING HORSEMAN IN "THE BATTLE OF CADORE."

marked contrast. On one side of the fountain leans a graceful, well-developed country maiden, her figure slightly veiled by folds of muslin. Her whole attitude expresses innocent pleasure. She gazes over her shoulder in a pretty, careless way, as if half-conscious of the presence of Cupid, who plays in the water behind her, but heedless of his allurements. At the other end of the fountain sits a haughty, serene woman, her charms veiled in a full robe of gray satin with scarlet trimmings. Her back is resolutely turned toward Cupid. She has played with the boy, and is weary of him and of all other sweet things. A bunch of roses lies carelessly in her listless hand, and the lute at her elbow is unheeded. The background of

a declaration of war. Unarmed, she said, the emperor might pass; an army would certainly be resisted. Maximilian immediately gathered his forces, and in 1508 prepared to invade the mountain passes of Cadore. Prominent among the officers of the Venetian army centred at Cadore to oppose the Germans were the father and uncle of Titian, and other members of the Vecelli family. An encounter between the two armies took place, and the Germans were completely routed. A large painting of this battle of Cadore was made by Titian twenty years later, in fulfillment of a long-standing contract to paint a canvas in the Hall of Great Council at Venice. A stream with steep and rocky banks forms the centre

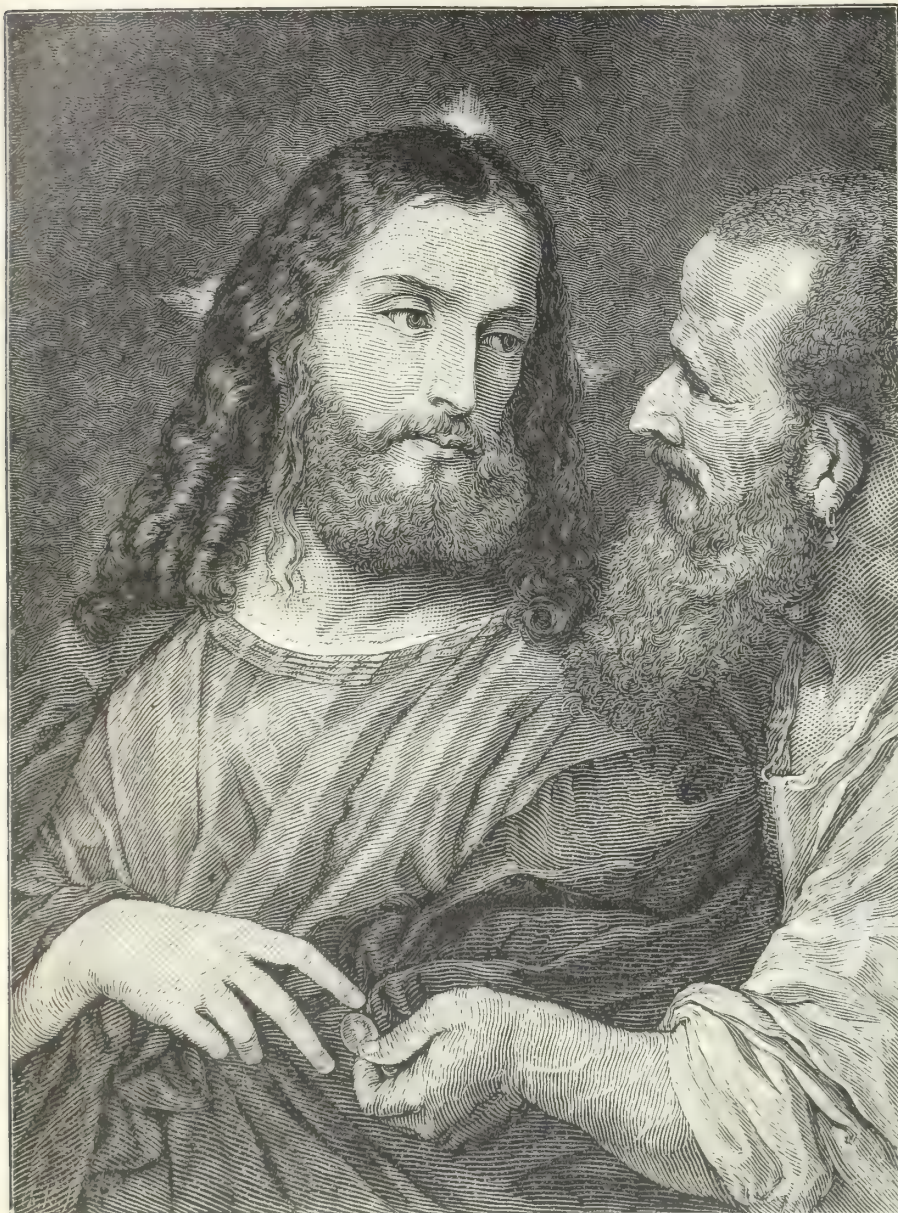


THE BATTLE OF CADORE.—[FROM A PRINT BY FONTANA.]

this picture is very beautiful. The balmy atmosphere of an autumnal evening broods over the hills, and streaks of gray cloud alternate with bands of light in a sunset sky. It is characteristic of this picture that the scene is laid in the idyllic lowlands of the Venetian provinces, and not in the neighborhood of the dolomites of Cadore. The remembrance of his native Alpine scenery became dearer to the artist in his more mature manhood.

In 1507 Maximilian of Austria, alarmed at the growing strength of France on Italian soil, summoned Venice to grant a passage to his troops, his purpose being to enforce the claims of the empire at the head of an army. Venice replied with a message equivalent to

of the foreground. On the right, the Venetian knights, with flying pennons, are moving into action. Across a light stone bridge which spans the banks of the stream the head files are charging on the Germans, whose cavalry and men-at-arms are falling together in wild confusion. The left-hand corner of the picture is filled by the figure of an imperialist soldier, whose horse is stumbling down the bank of the stream, while his rider is thrown sideways from the saddle, to which his legs still cling with spasmodic energy. His sword is in his hand, but his left arm is thrown up convulsively, the head forced back by the shock of the lance piercing the ribs, and the reins fly loosely in the air as horse and man are



CHRIST OF THE TRIBUTE-MONEY.

no commissions worthy of his talent or fame. But the paralysis caused by war could not diminish the industry of the artist; and although he was engaged in no great public work, he painted at this period some of his most finished Madonnas, a magnificent portrait of a doge, and that marvelous picture, one of the greatest works of his whole life, the "Christ of the Tribute-money," now in the Dresden Gallery.

This picture was painted for the Duke of Ferrara, and adorned his palace for many years. It is a work which challenges admiration, after a lapse of more than three centuries, with the same irresistible power with which it commanded the praises of Titian's friends and countrymen at the period of its completion. It is related that the artist was incited to paint it by the remarks of some German travelers who visited his stu-

diol. They declared that they knew of but one master capable of really finishing a picture, and that was Dürer; Venetian compositions, in their estimation, invariably falling short of the promise they had given at the beginning. Titian determined to show that the subtlest detail might be compassed without sacrifice of breadth, and the result of his decision was the "Christ of the Tribute-money." Vasari reflects the opinion of his time, which holds to this day, that the "head of Christ is stupendous and miraculous." It was considered by all the artists of his time as the most perfect and best-handled of any work that Titian ever produced.

Although Titian painted large numbers of Madonnas, altarpieces, and devotional pictures, he can not be called a truly religious painter, or be classified with those preceding him, who worked in true faith. His conceptions were artistic, and his aim idealized truth. "Nature delights him," says Taine; "real life is sufficient for him. He does not seek beyond this; for the poesy of actual objects, as interpreted by his artist

hurling to destruction. The marvelous foreshortening of this figure, the outline of the forms in their tension and agony, are admirable; equally so those of a soldier behind, who stands with his blade ready to defend himself, and presents a brawny back and arms to the spectator. Deep ravines on the right and left part the crags from the surrounding hills, and flames and smoke are darting from a house, and from the more distant battlements of the fortress. The original canvas of this great painting perished by fire in 1577, but a complete idea of the whole composition may be obtained from the contemporary print by Fontana. Besides the engraving there are also in existence several powerful studies of prominent figures in the battle-piece which are believed to be originals.

The final fruit of this victory over the Germans was a truce between Maximilian and Venice; but before this was concluded, the great losses in money and men suffered by the Venetians reacted seriously on the market upon which artists were wont to rely, and for several years Titian received

no commissions worthy of his talent or fame. But the paralysis caused by war could not diminish the industry of the artist; and although he was engaged in no great public work, he painted at this period some of his most finished Madonnas, a magnificent portrait of a doge, and that marvelous picture, one of the greatest works of his whole life, the "Christ of the Tribute-money," now in the Dresden Gallery.

eye, is to him sufficiently great. His 'Descent from the Cross' might be called a pagan tragedy; the artist has freed himself from the Christian mood, and is now simply an artist." Titian's Madonnas are beautiful young mothers, full of fresh, eager enjoy-

sympathies either in himself or in those for whom he painted. His larger sacred subjects are merely themes for the exhibition of pictorial rhetoric, composition, and color. Now this is not merely because Bellini and those of his time were religious men and



THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

ment and pride with the little child, but they lack the religious spirit found in the Madonnas of Bellini, and the delicate purity and angelic spirituality of those of Raphael. Ruskin says: "There is no religion in any work of Titian's; there is not even the smallest evidence of religious temper or

Titian was not. The difference in their artistic feeling is a consequence not so much of difference in their own natural character as in their early education. Bellini was brought up in faith; Titian in formalism. Between the years of their birth the vital religion of Venice had expired. The *vital*

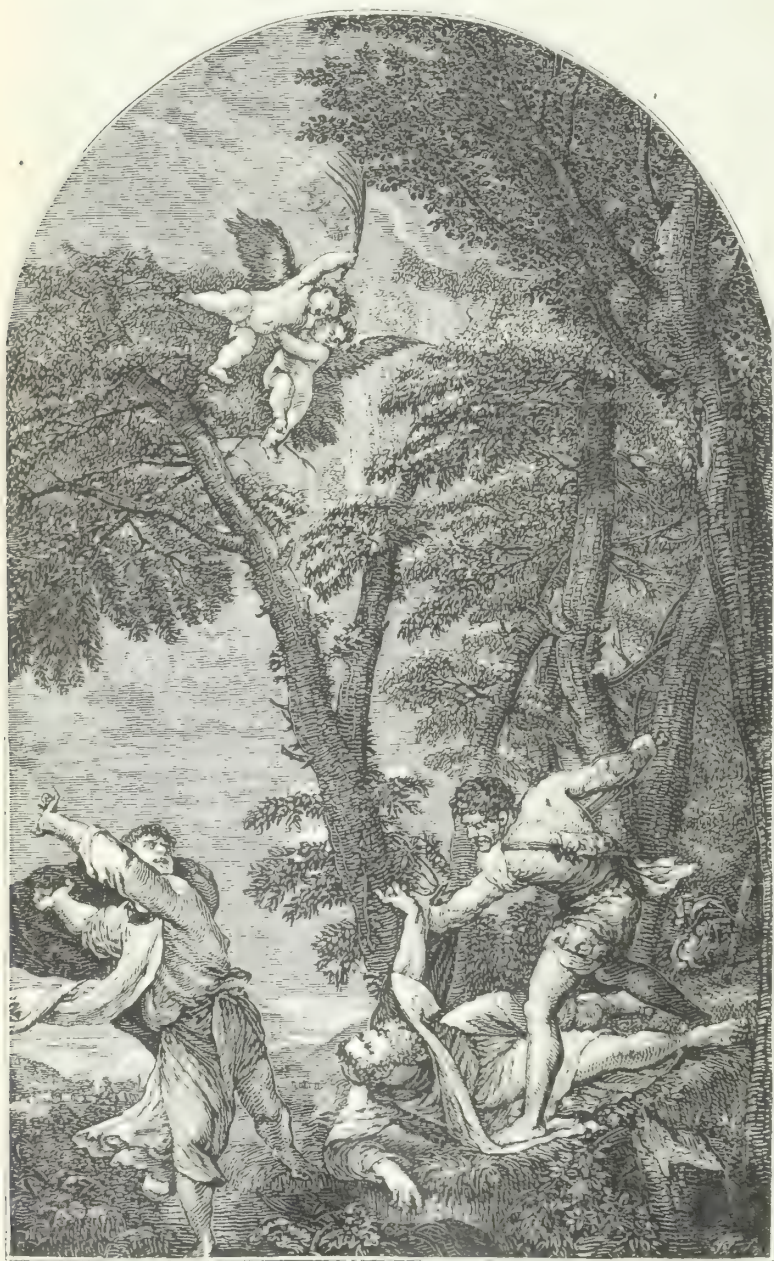
religion, observe, not the formal. Outward observance was as strict as ever, and doge and senator still were painted, in almost every important instance, kneeling before the Madonna or St. Mark. Observe the great picture of Titian's in the Ducal Palace, of the Doge Antonio Grimani kneeling before Faith; there is a curious lesson in it. The figure of Faith is a coarse portrait of one of Titian's least graceful female models. Faith had become carnal. The eye is first caught by the flash of the doge's armor: the heart of Venice was in her wars, not in her worship."

A strong confirmation of Ruskin's opinion is found in Taine's description of the "Assumption of the Virgin," painted as an altarpiece for the Frari at Venice, and which Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced "most terribly dark, but nobly painted." This picture, now in the Venetian Academy of Arts, Taine describes as follows: "An intense reddish-purple tint envelops the entire painting; utmost vigor of color and a healthy energy pervade the whole composition. Below are

the Apostles, nearly all with their heads raised toward heaven. Their faces are as bronzed as those of the sailors of the Adriatic, their hair and beards are black. They stand in intense shadow; the centre figure, in a brown mantle, almost disappears in the darkness, rendered still denser by the surrounding glory. Two pieces of drapery of bloody red project vividly in contrast with two green mantles. The whole group forms a colossal combination of writhing arms, muscular shoulders, impassioned heads, and confused draperies. Overhead, midway in the air, floats the Virgin in the midst of a glowing halo. She is a healthy, vigorous woman, unstatic, with no trace of the mystic smile on her countenance. She is enveloped in red and blue mantles, which assume countless folds around her superb form. At her feet the entire space is filled with a glittering band of youthful angels, their fresh, rosy forms full of the most intense human vitality. Some of the figures stand forward in a full glow of light, sporting their infantile forms with divine freedom in the air

around them. It is a magnificent pagan festival, full of earnest force and beaming youthfulness."

Another painting in which the immense strength of Titian's pencil is portrayed is the celebrated "Martyrdom of St. Peter," the original of which was destroyed by fire in 1867. This picture lives in numberless imitations and innumerable prints, and, more than all, in the memory of those who went to Venice for the sole purpose of seeing it; but the loss to art is still irreparable, because neither copy nor print can give an idea of a masterpiece that deserved to be called sublime. In this picture above all others Titian reproduced the human form in its grandest development, yet still within the limits which define nature as contradistinguished from the preternatural conventionalism of Michael Angelo. The figures are those of grand combatants, of the colossal forms of a Herculean race, but every excess is tempered by a constant appeal to the reality. It seems almost useless labor to describe a work so familiar to every student of painting, but the process of description brings out points which escape an eye captivated by artifices of design and color. The figures

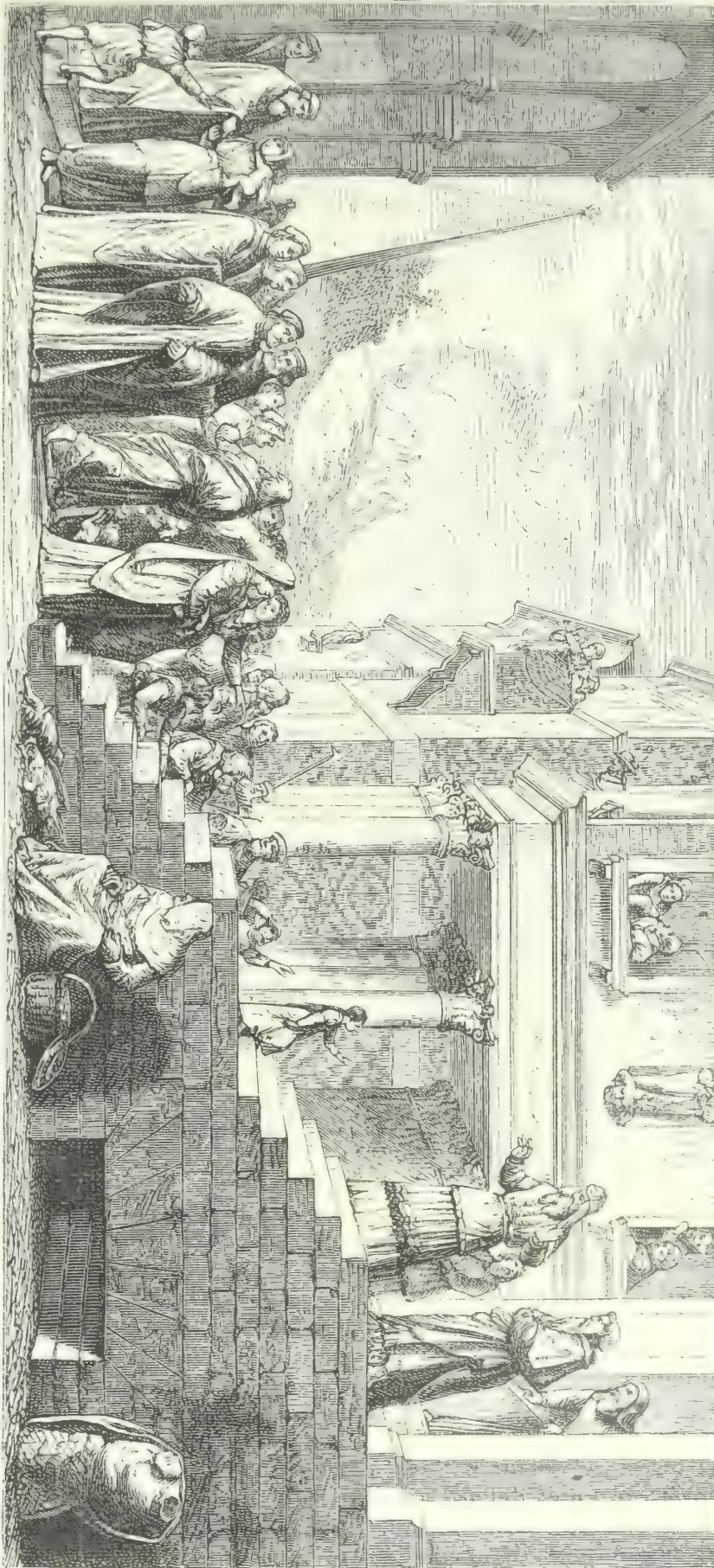


THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. PETER.

were placed on the verge of the plane of delineation, inviting examination by their closeness as well as by their size. The saint lay prostrate on a grass-grown knoll, his face

clotted hair, grasping at the saint's black mantle and treading on his dress as he dealt the final blow. To the left the saint's companion fled in an agony of fear, his head

THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN.—VENICE ACADEMY.



turned upward, his form partly raised on the right elbow and fore-arm, the right hand pointing to the Creed, the left outstretched toward heaven; over the prostrate martyr the hired murderer, with bronzed face and

and scapular stained with blood, his legs and arms striding and tossing, his face turned back and blanched by terror, his eye fascinated by the dagger of the murderer, and his agitated drapery expressing powerfully

a man in flight. To the right, in the distance of the glade, the suborner of the murder hurried on horseback from the scene of guilt. Combined with these forms of athletic strength, Titian set a landscape solemn in its gloom and grandeur—a landscape of tall and majestic trees, to the lofty summits of which “the last call of the martyr and the shriek of his companion had room to rise.” To this landscape, on the verge of a forest in the higher regions of the Alps, a mountain distance of great remoteness was added—a distance angrily colored, but united with the foreground and sky by an enchanted effect of light, a lambent ray piercing the clouds perpendicularly to fall on



TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

the upturned face of the martyr, to edge the frame of the flying friar, and project on the head and shoulders of the murderer, playing brightly the while on the floating shapes of two angels poised above the spot and looking down as they cheered the victim with the palm of martyrdom.

In contrast with the vehement action in St. Peter, martyr, is the quiet domestic pageant of the “Presentation of the Virgin.” Mary is pictured as a plump little maiden in a dress of celestial blue, ascending the steps of the Temple. At the top of the steps a high-priest in Jewish garments regards the young girl with kindly gravity. In the street before the Temple is a crowd of people, such as might be seen any day in

the public squares of Venice. There is much beautiful painting of architecture in this picture, and in the background, over the heads of the crowd, a rare bit of Cadorine landscape, with blue cones of dolomite in the distance.

During all these years of activity Titian never forgot his Alpine home. When weary of his labors or worn by the heats of the city, he wandered away toward the place of his birth, to visit his cottage in the Trevisan province, or enjoy the mountain air of Cadore. He would pass on his way through Treviso to Ceneda and Belluno; and in the charming landscapes of these regions, which vary from the richest lowland scenery to the most rugged of Alpine rocks, he gratefully revived his jaded spirits and refreshed his tired eye. On these visits he enriched his sketch-book with many fresh glimpses of mountain landscape and exquisite foliage studies. He painted, too, many pictures which are still the glory of his native town and the churches of the country round about. A beautiful altarpiece in the chapel of St. Tiziano, the property of the Vecelli family, claims for itself the glorifying touch of Titian's pencil. It is, no doubt, a work of his younger years, given as a votive offering to the chapel where Titian desired to be buried together with his ancestors. His desire would doubtless have been carried out had it not been for the terrible season of the plague at Venice, during which he died. This altarpiece, representing a Madonna and Child, with attendant saints, is in reality only a group of family portraits, and this constitutes its chief interest. There are other relics of artist recreation in and about Cadore, which prove that Titian amused himself during his “villeggiatura” by beautifying the houses of his friends. He painted in arabesque the groined ceiling of a small chamber in the house of his cousin and namesake, Tiziano Vecellio, which still exists, though so restored as to have lost all its value.

The date of Titian's marriage is unknown, but the fact of his wife's death in 1530 is recorded. Her name was Cecilia, and on her death she left Titian with three children, Pomponio, Orazio, and Lavinia, the daughter so much beloved, whose sweet countenance has been immortalized by her father in some of his most beautiful paintings. We find a letter written to the warder of Mantua by one of Titian's friends, under date of August 6, 1530, which says: “Our Master Titian is quite disconsolate at the loss of his wife, who was buried yesterday.” This glimpse into the domestic life of the artist is very touching. One can see the majestic figure of the master bowed with grief in the midst of his little motherless family. He soon went with his three children to Cadore, and spent a long time there consoling himself with his art. He painted various altar-

pieces for the parish churches, and also a banner to be used in church processions. This banner represented three children offering flowers to an enthroned Madonna. His own three motherless little ones are said to have served him as models for this painting. When Titian returned to Venice his sister Orsola accompanied him, and remained in charge of his household until her death, in 1550.

After the loss of his wife, the old house in San Samuele, where he had spent about sixteen years, became dreary and oppressive to him, and before long he hired a lodging in the northern suburbs, where he laid out a garden famous in after-years for the

all the "magnifici" of Venice. Kings and doges sought his friendship, overwhelmed him with commissions, for which he was liberally compensated, and created him a knight and count of the empire. He lived in splendid style, entertained magnificently, and was a "very courteous and polite gentleman." He did not believe, with Michael Angelo, that society is a burden involving a loss of power which is better employed in creating original works, but, on the contrary, found the convivial meetings with his friends a relief and refreshment to his mind. An interesting description of a supper given by Titian is found in a letter written in 1540 by Priscianese, a well-known Latinist, who



BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.—IN THE LONDON NATIONAL GALLERY.

beauty of its site and the company which occasionally met there. There was much to attract the lover of the picturesque in a dwelling on the northern outskirts of the city. Here were fresh vegetation, herbage, and trees, something quite different from the palace fringe of the Grand Canal, or the gloomy shade of the narrow water-courses intersecting the populous quarters. The house at San Samuele, which Titian inhabited from 1516 to 1530, was in the heart of Venice, close to the Grand Canal, and equally distant from San Marco and the Rialto bridge.

Titian was in every way an elegant man of society. He was a favorite of all the Italian princes; his house was the resort of

came to Venice to publish a grammar. He was received by Titian, who asked Aretino and Sansovino and Jacopo Nardi, the historian of Florence, to meet him. Priscianese writes: "I was invited on the day of the calends of August to celebrate that sort of Bacchanalian feast which is called ferrare Agosto in a pleasant garden belonging to Messer Tiziano Vecellio, an excellent painter as every one knows, and a person really fitted to season by his courtesies any distinguished entertainment. There were assembled with the said M. Tiziano, as like desires like, some of the most celebrated characters that are now in this city, and of ours chiefly M. Pietro Aretino, a new miracle of nature, and next to him as great an imitator of nature

with the chisel as the master of the feast is with his pencil, Messer Jacopo Tatti, called *il Sansovino*, and M. Jacopo Nardi, and I, so that I made the fourth amidst so much wisdom. Here, before the tables were set out, because the sun, in spite of the shade, still made his heat much felt, we spent the time in looking at the lively figures in the excellent pictures, of which the house was full, and in discussing the real beauty and charm of the garden with singular pleasure and note of admiration of all of us. It is situated in the extreme part of Venice, upon the sea, and from it one sees the pretty little island of Murano, and other beautiful places. This part of the sea, as soon as the sun went down, swarmed with gondolas, adorned with beautiful women, and resounded with the varied harmony and music of voices and instruments, which till midnight accompanied our delightful supper. The supper was no less beautiful and well arranged than copious and well provided. Besides the most delicate viands and precious wines, there were all those pleasures and amusements that are suited to the season, the guests, and the feast. Having just arrived at the fruit, your letters came, and because in praising the Latin language the Tuscan was reproved, Aretino became exceedingly angry, and if he had not been prevented, he would have indited one of the most cruel invectives in the world, calling out furiously for paper and inkstand, though he did not fail to do a good deal in words. Finally, the supper ended most gayly."

Previous to the sack of Rome, in 1527, Titian made the acquaintance of Pietro Aretino, pamphleteer, poet, and comic writer. Hardly a man of any note in Italy but stood connected with Aretino in some sort of personal or political relation; not a prince, Italian or foreign, but felt the necessity of buying his venal services. He was at one time private secretary to Giovanni de' Medici, and came into familiar contact with Giovanni's friends. How Titian came to be connected with a man who, possessing a rare combination of talent, wit, and knavery, may be characterized as an adventurer, and how, knowing him intimately, he kept up relations with him, is a strange feature in the life of an artist so great and so renowned; but from the first Aretino appeared to Titian as a man of influence with those who were the main-stays of his pictorial practice, coming to Venice, as he notoriously did, with strong recommendations to the Doge Andrea Gritti. It is a fact, however, that he was for many years very closely connected, not only with Titian's social life, but also acted often as a professional go-between in Titian's relations with his royal patrons. He sat several times to Titian for his portrait. The earliest picture Titian made of him has disappeared, but the one painted in 1545 is now

in the Pitti Gallery at Florence. It was for Aretino that the profile portrait of Giovanni de' Medici, now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, was painted. Aretino had been called, in 1526, to Mantua, where his celebrated master was dying of a gunshot wound. As Giovanni lay dead on his bed, Aretino sent for Giulio Romano, and had a cast taken of the chieftain's face. This cast was subsequently lent to numerous artists, and, among them, to Titian, who now revived with its assistance the form of the "*Condottiere*." Like many earlier pieces produced under similar conditions, this looks as if it had been done from life. The chieftain stands, beardless, in profile to the left, and is seen to the waist in armor, with his hand on a helmet on which the blow of a sword is apparent. A red hanging acts as a foil to the cold surface of the canvas, as well as to a face of regular shape, with lineaments indicative of strength and determined purpose; and the bold freedom with which the flesh is painted is only equaled by the skill with which the polish of the breastplate is represented.

One of the first of Titian's royal patrons was Alfonso d' Este of Ferrara, and Titian was repeatedly called to work at the court of that prince. It was there he met with Ariosto, who has celebrated the name of the artist in a stanza of *Orlando Furioso*, describing him as "the honor of Cadore." Titian, on the other hand, painted the portrait of Ariosto, and a great friendship is said to have existed between the two men.

It was during a journey to Ferrara, in February, 1523, that Titian finished the celebrated "*Bacchus and Ariadne*" of the London National Gallery. This painting is full of exquisite grace and mythological truth. Ariadne, near the shore of Naxos, turns her back to the spectator, her lawn tunic loosely enwrapped in an azure peplum, round which a red scarf is gracefully entwined, her limbs and feet and shoulders bare. Her face is turned in profile, and her hand raised as if to screen her from the gaze of Bacchus, whose chariot, drawn by leopards, stops on the sward. Bacchus himself, mad with eagerness, leaps from his car, followed by Maenads and Satyrs. Bacchus is an ideal of the Greek time, with flesh and blood to indicate that he lives, while Ariadne is an inspired type of the classic age, as full of grace as it is possible for any artist to compass. Rich harmony of drapery tints and soft modeling, depth of shade and warm flesh—all combine to produce a highly colored glow; yet in the midst of this glow the form of Ariadne, striving to flee from the presence of Bacchus, seems incomparably fair.

Charles the Fifth of Spain was the greatest as well as the most powerful of all Titian's patrons. When the emperor was in Mantua in 1532, he was so much pleased with the portrait of the Duke of Mantua by

Titian that he expressed a wish to have his own likeness taken by the same hand. The result was that Titian at different times painted portraits of the emperor, and it is said that from the day on which Charles

his family, were all among his sitters, and it was at this time that the celebrated picture of Charles the Fifth on horseback was painted. He also painted several compositions for Mary of Hungary, among which



CHARLES V.

the Fifth first saw Titian he never condescended to sit to any other master. He also commissioned him to paint the portrait of the deceased Empress Isabella. The original of this picture is supposed to have been by a Fleming; but Titian's painting, rendering gravely the features of a woman of about twenty-five years, was so full of beauty and inspiration that it appeared to have been taken from a living model. The emperor never returned the picture for a single correction. He always retained it near him, and when he was dying, requested that it should be placed at his bedside.

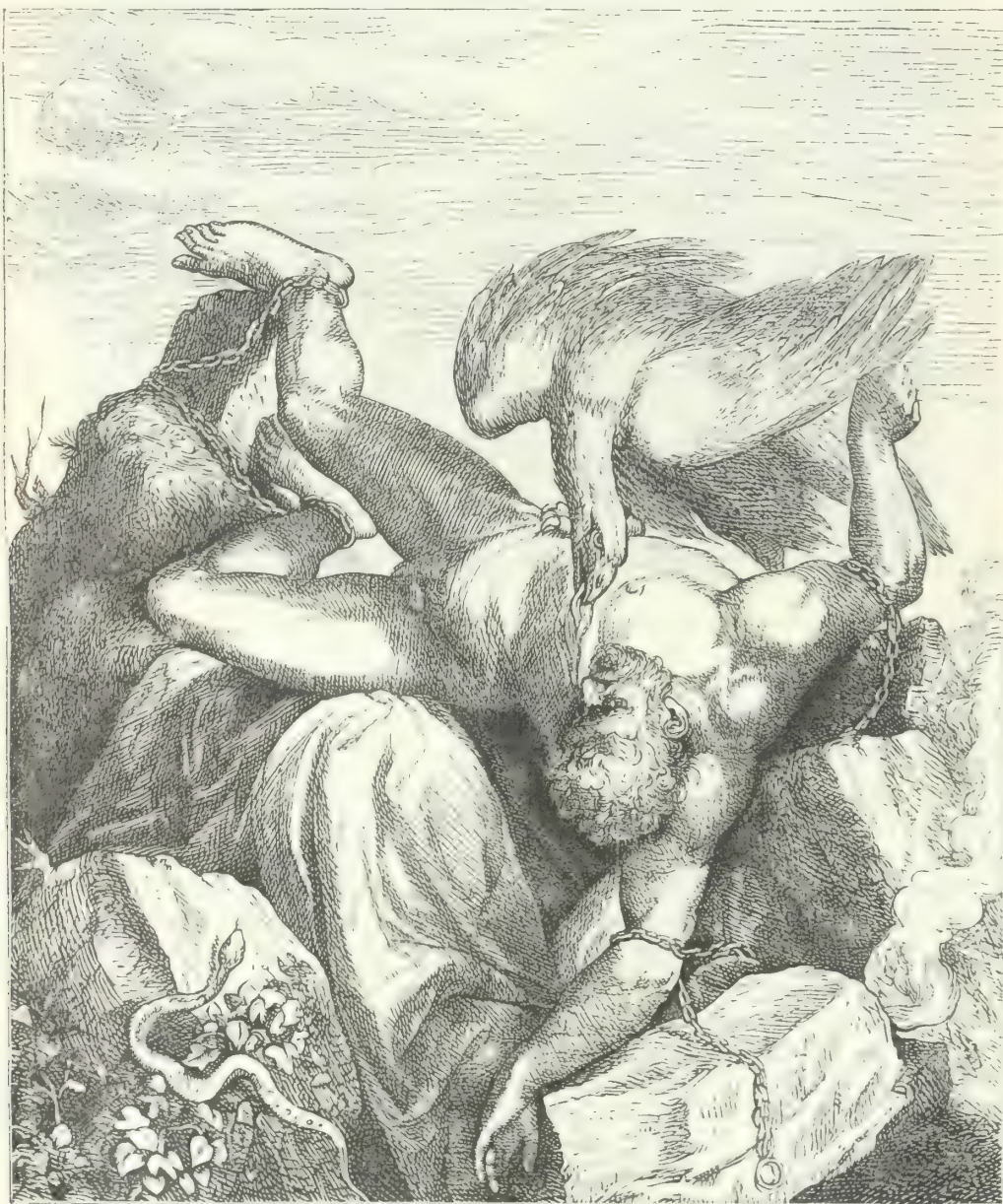
When the emperor was at Augsburg, he sent for Titian, and the artist valued the royal patronage so highly that, although then an old man of seventy years, he crossed the Alps in the heart of winter, and presented himself at the imperial court. The emperor received him "very graciously," as he writes to his friend Aretino, and he was immediately set to work to paint portraits not only of the emperor and his captives, but also of the royal and princely personages who attended at his court. Mary, Queen-Dowager of Hungary, the ladies of her retinue, the Duke of Alva, King Ferdinand and

was the terribly powerful painting of "Prometheus in Chains." Two years later Titian was again summoned to Augsburg for the purpose of making a likeness of Prince Philip, the whole bent of Charles's policy and wishes being now to promote his son. Titian's portrait was an ideal representation of the repellent features of the prince, and so wrought upon the heart of Mary Tudor when it was shown to her by the Spanish envoy in London that she became "greatly enamored" of her proposed royal consort. The same remark could be made of Philip which Aretino once said of the emperor himself, that there were two—one created by Nature, and the other by Titian.

Titian's connection with the imperial family was not severed by separation, and he remained in constant correspondence with the Spanish court to the end of his life. He received honorary titles from Spain, but the money to support them was wanting, and the pensions which had been promised him from that quarter remained unpaid. In vain does he send a list of fourteen important pictures furnished to the court at Madrid, among which are the "Venus and Adonis," "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," and

"The Last Supper," begging that he may be paid for these and for "many others which I do not remember." In the ninety-ninth year of his age, only six months before his death, he writes once more to his "Catholic and Royal Majesty, Philip the Second:" "My prayer is this: Twenty years have elapsed, and I have never had any recompense for the many pictures sent on divers occasions to your Majesty; but having received intelligence by letters from the Secretary Antonio Perez of your Majesty's wish to gratify me, and having reached a great old age, not without privations, I now humbly beg that your Majesty will deign, with accustomed benevolence, to give such direc-

ence of the men who lived and worked three centuries ago. His materials were simple. According to tradition he was accustomed to say: "White, red, and black are all the colors that a painter needs, but one must know how to use them." In knowing "how to use them" lay one grand secret of Titian's power, and this knowledge was not entirely the result of study. Ruskin says: "The true artist has that inspiration in him which is above all law, or rather which is continually working out such magnificent and perfect obedience to supreme law as can in no wise be rendered by line and rule. It is possible, by measuring and administering quantities of color, to paint a room wall so



PROMETHEUS.—[FROM A PRINT BY CORT.]

tions to ministers as will relieve my want." The title of *Cavaliere*, and a few hundred ducats at rare intervals, were all that Titian ever received from his connection with Spain.

Titian's unequalled power as a colorist enabled him to paint better portraits than any other artist of his time. One stands before his canvases as if in the actual pres-

ence of the men who lived and worked three centuries ago. His materials were simple. According to tradition he was accustomed to say: "White, red, and black are all the colors that a painter needs, but one must know how to use them." In knowing "how to use them" lay one grand secret of Titian's power, and this knowledge was not entirely the result of study. Ruskin says: "The true artist has that inspiration in him which is above all law, or rather which is continually working out such magnificent and perfect obedience to supreme law as can in no wise be rendered by line and rule. It is possible, by measuring and administering quantities of color, to paint a room wall so

whom we can almost hold converse ; standing, indeed, so vividly there, that they must needs answer had we the courage to question them. Youth and old age, the stalwart warrior, the fair woman, and the little child, all are given us with equal fidelity by Titian's master-hand. How touchingly

against the russet sides of the room, and in silver-gray against the casement, through which we see a stretch of landscape, a lake and swans, a billowy range of hills covering the bases of more distant mountains, and a clear sky bedecked with spare cloud. The paneled console against which she leans is



VENUS AND CUPID.

sweet is the picture of the little Strozzi maiden with her sunny beauty, the reality of which perished long ago! Ruskin calls this picture a "specimen of perfect art." This little Florentine, a daughter of Roberto Strozzi, was a child of only ten years when she sat to Titian; but the picture he produced is one of the most sparkling portrayals of youth that ever were executed by any artist. The little maid stands by the side of a console, on which her faithful lap-dog rests. Her left hand is on the silken back of the favorite. Her right holds a fragment of the cake which both have been munching. Both, as if they had been interrupted, turn their heads to look straightway out of the picture—a movement seized on the instant from nature. She is a handsome child, with a chubby face and arms, and a profusion of short curly auburn hair; a child dressed with all the richness becoming an heiress of the Strozzi, in a frock and slippers of white satin, girdled with a jeweled belt, the end of which is a jeweled tassel, the neck clasped by a necklace of pearls supporting a pendant. The whole of the resplendent little apparition is relieved in light

carved at the side with two little figures of dancing Cupids, and the rich brown of the wood is made richer by a fall of red damask hanging.

Titian often painted his beautiful daughter, Lavinia, and her lovely face and figure are given in various positions. There is in the Dresden Gallery an exquisite painting of a young girl with curling blonde hair, dressed in white, which was painted by Titian for the Duke of Ferrara as representing "the person dearest to him in all the world." It is supposed from the resemblance to identified portraits of Lavinia that this picture represents the beloved daughter in her girlhood. In the "Lavinia" of Berlin she is depicted as a full-grown, robust young woman, dressed in yellowish flowered silk, with slashed sleeves, a chiseled girdle round her waist, and a white veil hanging from her shoulders. Seen in profile, she raises with both hands, to the level of her forehead, a silver dish piled with fruit and flowers. Her head is thrown back, and turned so as to allow three-quarters of it to be seen as she looks from the corners of her eyes at the spectator. Auburn hair is carefully brushed

off the temples, and confined by a jeweled diadem, and the neck is set off with a string of pearls. The whole figure expresses unconstrained and innocent freedom of movement, and the face is pure and sweet. One can imagine the pride and pleasure the father must have experienced in transferring

the features being essentially different from those traditionally known as Lavinia's, while they curiously resemble those of Venus listening to the whispering Cupid, at the Uffizi in Florence.

Titian was a skillful painter of female beauty. He could paint a luxurious Venus or a pure, fair woman with equal power. The "Flora" and the two Venuses of the Uffizi, the Venus of Madrid, and of St. Petersburg, and a very considerable number of similar figures, are magnificent specimens of vigorous drawing and perfect harmony of lines and color. "La bella di Titiano," at the Pitti Gallery in Florence, belongs to a higher type of women, and is painted with more tenderness, as if the artist felt some respect for his subject, and would make her purely and delicately beautiful.

Titian lived to extreme old age, and to the very end he preserved his strength and vitality. The very last months of his life he spent with his palette and brushes still in his hand, working on the canvas of the "Pietà," or "Christ of Pity."

In 1575 the plague broke out in Venice. For months the terrible disease raged in the stricken city, and at length it entered the house of Titian. On the 27th of August, 1576, the great master died at the ripe age of ninety-nine years. Swiftly the news spread through the city that the greatest of all Venetian artists had passed away. The loss was immediately communicated to the supreme authorities. So great had been the terror created by the ravages of the plague that a law had been passed prohibiting the burial of a victim of the contagion in any of the churches of the city. This law was quickly set aside in Titian's case. It was ordered that his remains should find a place of rest in the "Chapel of the Crucified Saviour" at the Frari, for which he had been prepar-



STUDY OF A SOLDIER.

this charming vision to his canvas. Another portrait in the Dresden Museum is also called "Lavinia." It represents a lady of mature years in full dress, and is a genuine Titian; but some critics question whether it was intended as a portrait of his daughter,

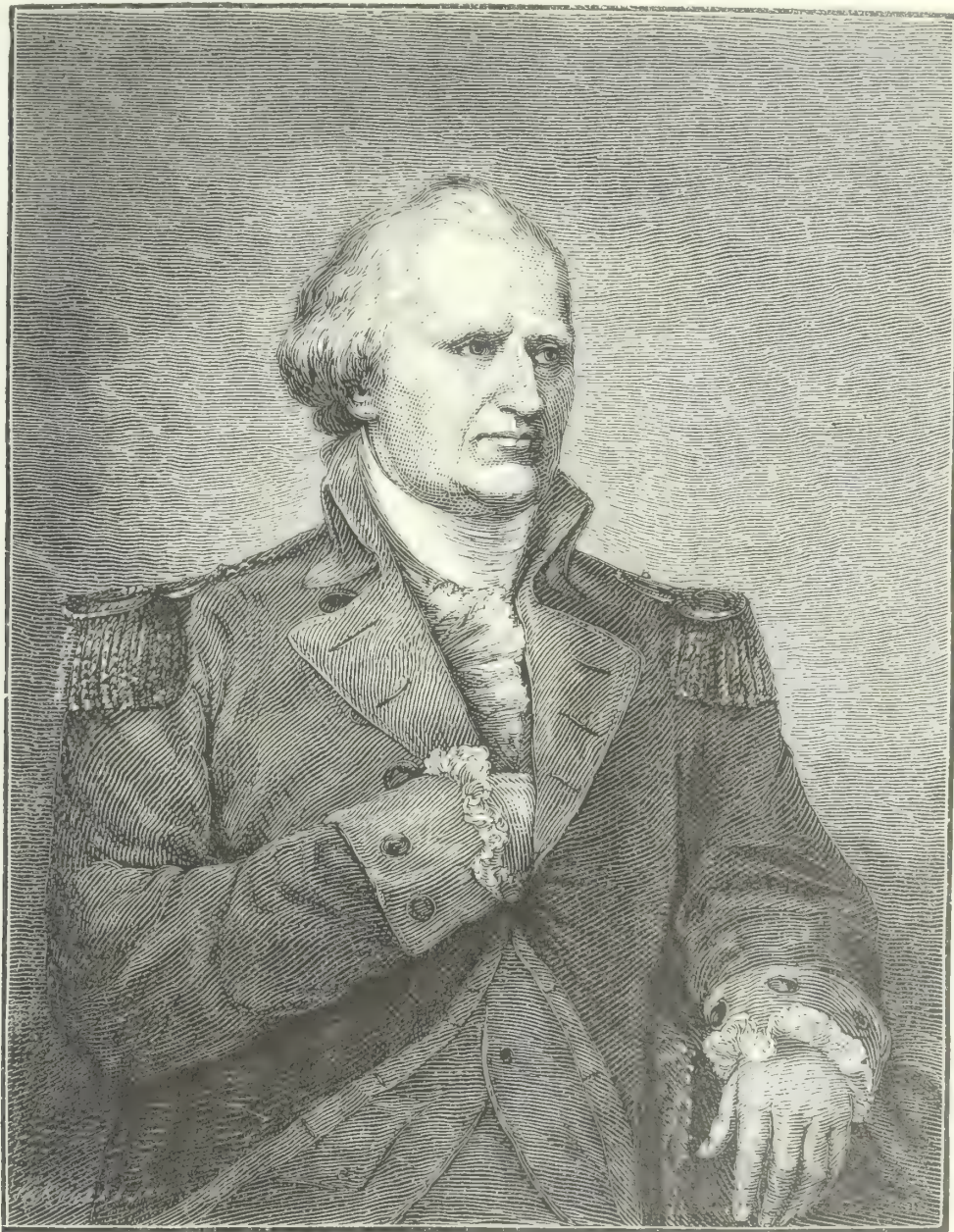
ing his last picture. On the 28th of August the canons of St. Mark came in procession to San Canciano; the body was taken solemnly to the Frari and laid in the earth, where it has rested in peace for three centuries.

GENERAL STARK AND THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

THE centennial celebration, August 16, the present year, of the victory of Bennington, will be but the repetition on a large scale of a festival observed by Vermonters annually for the last century.

Historians have rightly estimated the importance of this battle more by its moral effect on the national cause than by the

and foreboding throughout the country. It involved great loss of army stores, and was accompanied by a depressing influence on our troops, from the unequal contest of their rear-guard at Hubbardton with the strong force of the enemy. Schuyler held the entrance gate to the North River, but New England seemed at the mercy of the invad-



JOHN STARK.

number of troops engaged. It has also an interest from the fact that, aside from the assistance of the small force under Warner, it was one of the few battles of the Revolution fought by the militia without the help, and aside from the purposes, of the leaders of the Continental army. Three States, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and young Vermont, then only a few weeks old, have the credit and glory of giving the first important check to Burgoyne.

The evacuation by the patriots of Ticonderoga on the 7th of July had carried sorrow

ers. In the extremity to which we were brought, the new army and its leader were providentially furnished, and in one month the extemporized force threw down the gauntlet to the veteran invaders.

John Stark, selected at this critical period by the colonial authorities of New Hampshire to lead its militia, had acquired a good reputation in the French war and in the early battles of the Revolution. He was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, August 28, 1728. Archibald Stark, his father, a native of Scotland, was educated at Edin-

burgh University, and was one of the colony of emigrants who came to this country in the year 1720 and settled on the Merrimac River, under the auspices of the Massachusetts colonial government. In 1735, the family, having lost their house by fire, moved



HESSIAN SOLDIER.

eight miles north on the river to Harrytown, afterward called Derryfield, and subsequently Manchester. Here, on a large farm bordering on the river, and about a mile from the compact part of the present city, was the home of the family for several generations.

The vicinity was then a wilderness, and a frontier life was well calculated to produce in young Stark that fine physical development and power of endurance that carried him through the hardships and perils of partisan warfare in later years.

When about twenty-four years of age he went on a trapping expedition to Baker's River, in the northwestern part of the State, having as companions his elder brother William and two hunters named Simpson and Eastman.

Beaver-skins in large quantities had been collected, and the trappers were about returning, when they were ambushed by a roving band of Canadian Indians. Simpson was shot, Eastman and John Stark were captured, while William made his escape.

The captives with their booty were taken to Canada, whence they were redeemed two months after by a commissioner from Massachusetts, the equivalent given for Stark being an Indian pony valued at \$103.

At the commencement of hostilities in the French war of 1755, Stark, having gained some reputation as a guide to royal surveying parties in the northern wilderness, was commissioned an officer in Rogers's corps of frontiersmen—an organization of 100 scouts. In this service he was distinguished for cool, deliberate action in battle, prudence in the management of his company, and great powers of physical endurance. On the cessation of hostilities in 1759 he retired to the quiet pursuits of the farm, where for sixteen years he remained, following the peaceful industries for which he had an inclination.

In this interval of time Stark was married to Miss Page, of Dunbarton. He made arrangements to take the homestead into his own possession, and employed his time in advancing the general condition of the farm, erecting new buildings, and planting orchards. A new township adjacent, owned by Stark and two partners, was about this time surveyed and colonized, receiving the name of Dunbarton.

The first blood of the Revolution, shed at Lexington, aroused Stark from his life of quiet industry. Like Putnam, he left every thing behind when he saw his country's peril before him, and in less than an hour after hearing the news, he had mounted his horse and started for recruits, appointing a rendezvous at Medford. Two days succeeding, he mustered thirteen full companies, in two hours, into service, and 200 men remaining were made the nucleus of a second organization. Captain Stark received a colonel's commission, provisionally, from Massachusetts, until New Hampshire could act.

The familiar story of Bunker Hill is never told without bringing into deserved prominence the First New Hampshire Regiment, under Stark. At the point of the line held by it the British commander brought to bear the flower of his force, the Welsh Fusileers, a battalion noted for its prowess, and fresh from the terrible field of Minden. It went into action 700 strong, but at roll-call the next morning only 83 answered to their names. The killed and wounded of their assailants were 93.

From this period to the opening of the year 1777 we find Stark active in the field in the campaign season, and busy in recruiting service in the winter. His regiment, included in Sullivan's brigade, was ordered to Ticonderoga in the summer of 1776, where, under Gates, he served as brigadier. At the approach of winter the First New Hampshire Regiment was included in the large re-enforcement sent to Washington to retrieve, if possible, the fortunes of the main

army. The period of enlistment of Stark's men expired before the affair of Trenton, but on the personal appeals of their commander the whole force re-enlisted for six weeks. For this they were rewarded with the position of van-guard to Sullivan's brigade, one of the two attacking columns, at Trenton, and were the first of our troops that entered the town. Sullivan's brigade was in the battle of Princeton, and made a gallant record in the brief and bloody action.

In the spring of 1777, Stark, while engaged in recruiting and forwarding his regiment to Ticonderoga, learned that his name had been dropped by Congress from the list of colonels recommended for promotion. This was the second indignity of the kind offered him since the opening of the war. Conscious of patriotic motives and of success in his position, he ascribed the action of Congress to the jealousy of enemies, and declared that honor forbade his remaining longer in the service. Notwithstanding the appeals made to him to remain in the army, he resigned his commission and retired. But he did not relax his efforts as a citizen in the patriot service; he sent his own sons to the field, and urged on enlistments for the army.

Four months changed the aspect of affairs in our Northern military department. The fall of Ticonderoga, the repulse at Hubbardton, the exposed situation of the young settlements in Vermont, and the rumors of the advance of Burgoyne through Eastern New England, spread alarm in every quarter threatened. The delegates to the colonial Assembly of New Hampshire, stimulated by the spirit and liberality of John Langdon, their presiding officer, voted to raise two brigades, the command of one for the immediate exigency being offered to Stark.

No time was to be lost. A messenger was dispatched to bring the retired officer before the Committee of Military Affairs, and the command was tendered to him. It was accepted, on condition that the troops should act independently of Congress or of officers appointed by that power. A commission as brigadier was therefore issued, giving Stark

discretionary powers to act in connection with the main army or independently, as circumstances might require. Recruiting for three months' service was now carried forward briskly; a day sufficed to enlist and organize a company in the larger towns, and General Stark was enabled in about a week to start with a large portion of his force for the rendezvous at Charlestown, on the Connecticut River.

Two weeks only had passed since the first alarm from the capture of Ticonderoga, and yet Stark was organizing and drilling his force for action. The last week in July he sent forward a detachment of a few hundred men to the support of Warner's broken regiment of Continentals at Manchester—a town twenty-two miles north of Bennington. On the 4th of August a scout of 100 men, under Colonel Emerson, was sent to the valley of Otter Creek, north of Manchester, with directions to rendezvous at the latter place, whither Stark himself marched with the remainder of his force, after leaving 200 men at Charlestown as a garrison. The column in its march across the Green Mountains was augmented by militia under Colonel Williams.

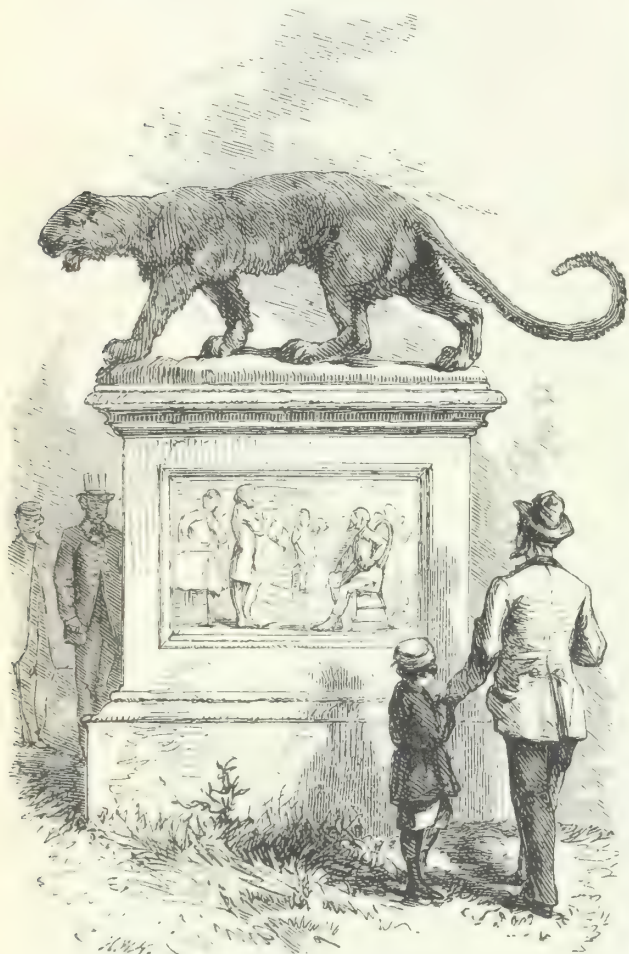


THE OLD CATAMOUNT TAVERN, BENNINGTON.

The Vermont Council of Safety, a committee of twelve, sitting at Bennington, had acted with such vigor in recruiting and correspondence that General Schuyler anticipated great assistance from the militia. When Stark, therefore, arrived at Manchester, he found General Lincoln, acting under orders from Schuyler, ready to march the whole force to "the Sprouts," a rendezvous at the mouth of the Mohawk. High words passed between the commanders, and Stark, showing that his commission gave him plen-

ary powers, flatly refused to leave Bennington uncovered. He, however, wrote to the commander of the Northern army, offering to co-operate in any manner with him when the immediate danger to Bennington was over. Lincoln left, only two days before the battle, to report his failure.

Rumors of a foray by Burgoyne in the direction of the Continental stores at Bennington now became frequent; Stark, therefore, on the 8th of August, left Manchester with his brigade for the former place. His



CATAMOUNT MONUMENT.

whole force was but about 900, the scouts under Emerson not having arrived, and several companies being detained at Charlestown. Colonel Warner now sent out a small force, under Captain Chipman, to bring in a quantity of muskets left stacked in the forest by the enemy near Hubbardton at the breaking up of Hale's regiment in the retreat; then, leaving the remainder of his force to await orders, he went forward with Stark to assist by his counsel and knowledge of the country.

Bennington was at this time a frontier town having about 1500 inhabitants. It was named in compliment to Governor Benning Wentworth, of New Hampshire, under whose auspices it was settled about twenty years preceding, being then included in the towns surveyed on the disputed boundary line between New York and the New Hampshire grants. The Council of Safety had been in session here about a month, having

their head-quarters at the "Green Mountain House," afterward better known as the "Catamount Tavern"—a name given it from the stuffed skin of a catamount placed on the summit of the pole supporting the landlord's business sign. The council-chamber of the committee was a busy place; Stark was in daily consultation with the members, and scouts were several times a day sent out on all roads leading to the north and west. The town was filled with militia, two regiments of Vermonters being in process of organization.

On the 9th of August Stark encamped in the west part of the town, a few miles from the village, but soon judged it prudent, from the report of scouts, to move to a point better adapted for attack, on the Walloomsack River, nearly north from his former position, and near the road leading from Bennington to Cambridge, New York. This was hardly accomplished, on the 13th, when he received information of the arrival of a force of about 150 Indians at Cambridge, twelve miles distant. A force of 200 men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg, was immediately sent against the enemy. At night a courier arrived with the intelligence that the Indians were but the advance guard of a force of the enemy advancing, with artillery, under Colonel Baum, assisted by Governor Skene. Swift couriers were now sent to Manchester for Warner's and Emerson's men, and tidings forwarded to Bennington, six miles distant, for the immediate help of all the militia in the vicinity. Leaving a camp guard, Stark, on the morning of the 14th, moved his whole force westward across the Walloomsack, on the road to Cambridge, to meet the enemy; but he had advanced only a short distance when he met Gregg falling back in good order before a superior force half a mile distant. A line of battle was immediately formed; seeing which, the enemy stopped pursuit and began manœuvring, with the evident purpose of avoiding a collision. Failing to draw the enemy onward, and the ground being unsuitable for a general action, Stark retired his force a mile, and encamped, intending to attack when his reinforcements came up the following day.

Scouts soon reported that the enemy was encamping west of the State line, on the banks of the little river, at a point easily fordable. At this place a bridge and six or eight rude log-houses in a clearing gave them some advantages of shelter and position. The accompanying map, drawn by direction of ex-Governor Hall, of Bennington, gives an accurate view of the battleground and camps. In this position, with scouts occupying the neutral ground, the belligerents slept on their arms.

The morning of the 15th brought a terrible storm of wind and rain, which the parties were in no condition to meet. Fight-

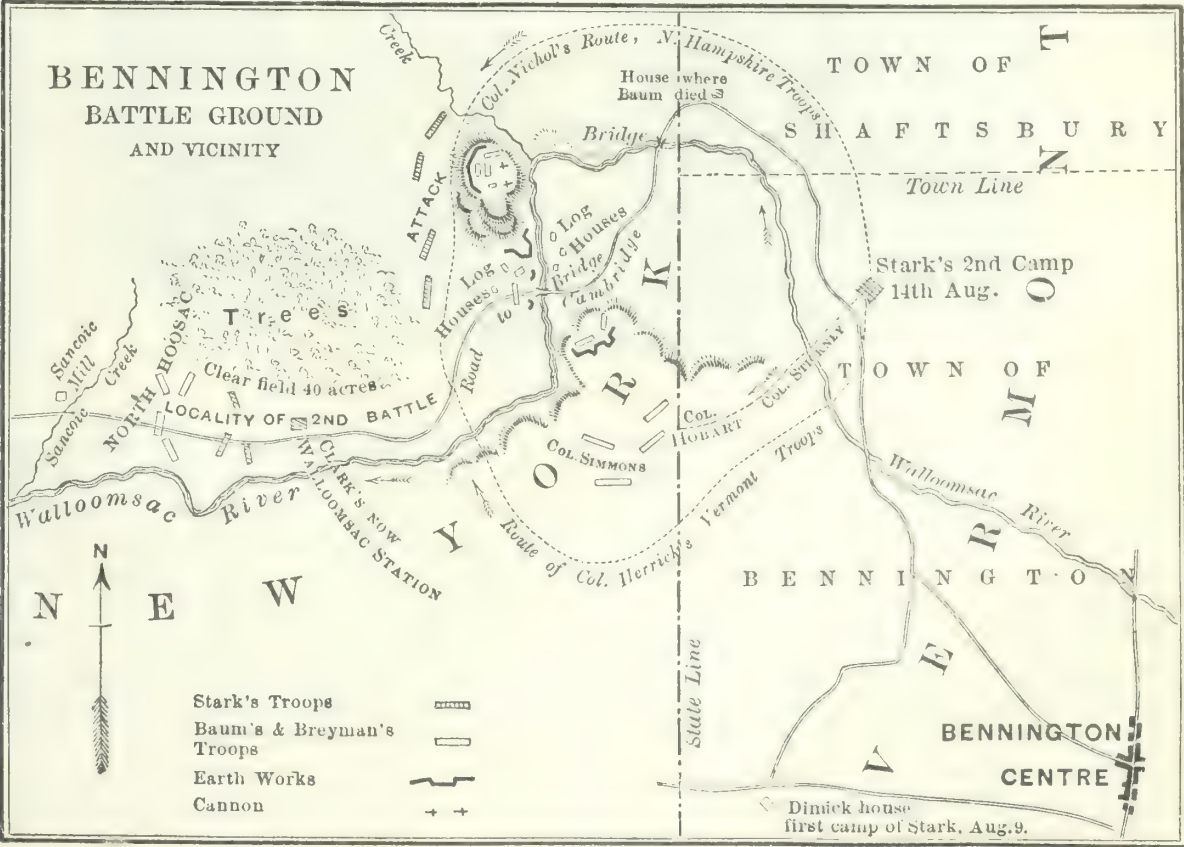
ing in such pouring torrents was out of the question. Baum's force, after a semblance of parade, cowered for partial shelter in the log-houses; and Stark, after forming flank-ing parties, withdrew them, and sheltered his men as well as possible in their brush huts and under the lee of fences. Tents there were none.

Surrounded by forests and concealed from each other by intervening hills, the opposing forces sent out numerous scouts, who were lurking in the wet brush most of the day. The flint-lock muskets, with all care possi-ble, were so drenched that few would ex-plode, and by noon Fraser's marksmen, whom Baum had sent over the stream to support the Indians, withdrew to the bank and left the ground to the Americans. Our scouts now advanced, harried the enemy working on their intrenchments, and, with no loss, killed before night about thirty, including two Indians, whose silver ornaments were brought as trophies into camp.

The scene on the ground occupied by Baum was a busy one despite the weather. The previous evening he had selected two hills by the river-bank, which he proceeded at once to fortify, his troops working with alacrity in the storm. The position was about half a mile west of the line dividing Vermont from New York; the battle was thus fought in the latter State. The log-houses were partially demolished, and the lightest timbers, with logs cut on the ground, were drawn by the artillery horses or car-ried by the men to the highest of the two hills up the stream, and placed in position, with earth filling the interstices. This was a work of difficulty, as often when the earth

was banked against the logs, the rain would wash it back, rendering the labor fruitless. Nearly half a mile down the stream, on the opposite bank, the smaller of the hills was being rapidly prepared for the security of Peter's corps of Tories, under Colonel Pfister. A breastwork was laid of rails, after the manner of a Virginia fence, and the whole filled in with flax pulled from an ad-joining field. Slight defensive works were also built to defend the pass of the bridge and the ascent on the south of the redoubt. This labor extended far into the night of the 15th, when a short respite was given, the marksmen being called into the re-doubt, and, with no fire to dry the troops, such rest taken as could be had with the wild whoops of the Indians or an occasional shot coming from the front. At midnight a dispatch from Breyman was received by Baum, stating that help would be forth-com-ing the next day.

Thus affairs remained at daybreak on Sat-urday, the 16th. The Berkshire militia had arrived in the night, and their chaplain, Parson Allen, immediately reported at head-quarters. Stark had failed to get reliable accounts of Breyman's approach, but his en-ergy of action saved him from the effects of Baum's confident strategy. A plan of at-tack had been decided in council by Stark, his officers, and the Bennington committee, and with the early dawn preparations were made to carry it into effect. The rain, aft-er fourteen hours' duration, abated in the night, and the morning broke clear and pleasant; not a breath of wind stirred the dripping vegetation, and the swollen river showed by its turbid current the extent of



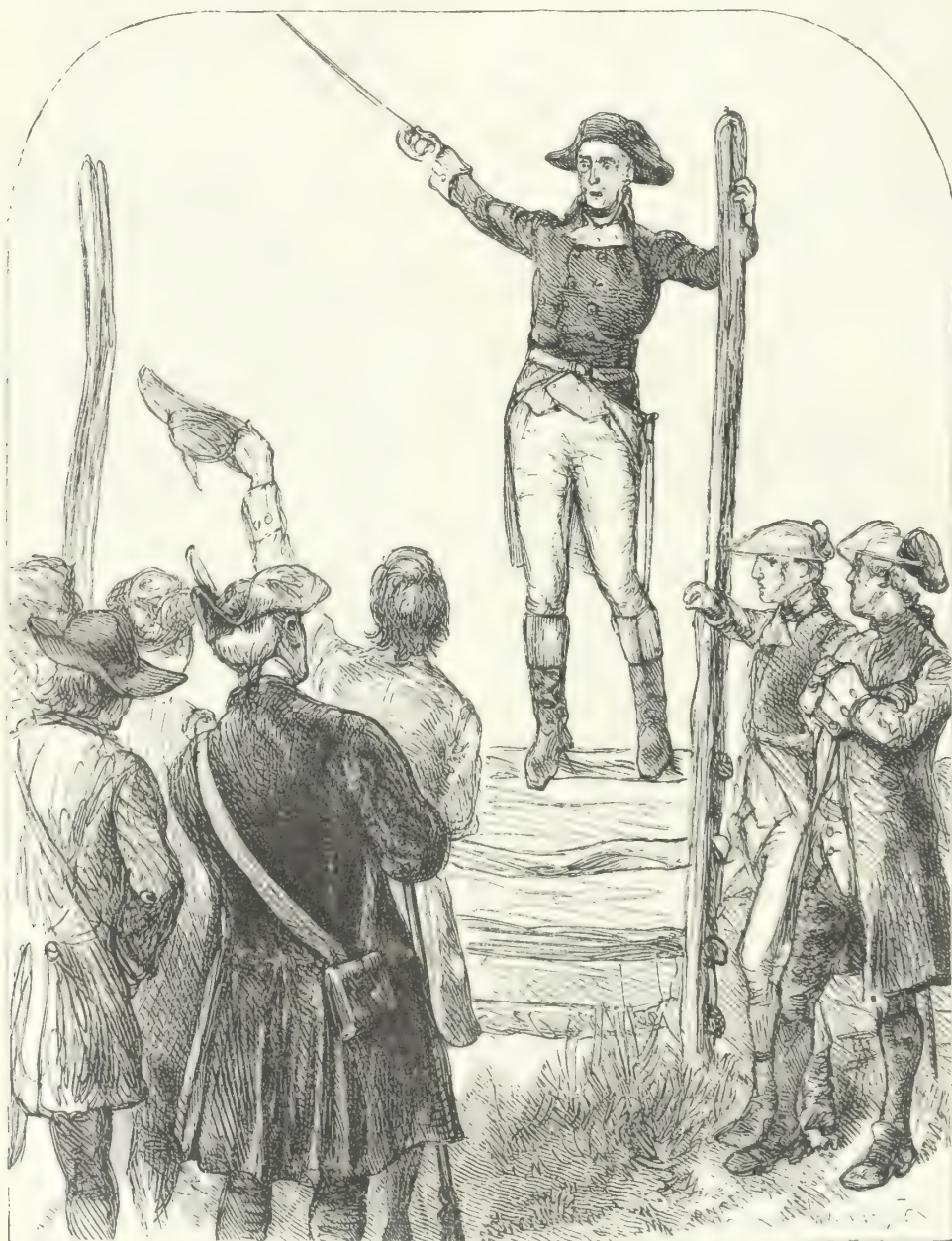
the storm. Both camps were astir betimes preparing for the contest.

It was a military axiom with Stark to strike only with a full preparation; accordingly, orders were given for the drying and cleansing of all arms, after which rations were served, and a deliberate review held of the condition of the troops.

While these events are occurring, let us take a glance at the personal appearance of the belligerents. The American troops comprised eight incomplete regiments: five com-

several miles distant. These organizations were in process of formation, few of them being half filled. None had a distinctive uniform except the Rangers—a body of Davy Crockett men, dressed in frocks with green facings. In the tactics of the forest these Rangers were at home, being a good match for the Indians, whose whoop they nearly imitated in their night countersign, which was “three hoots of an owl.”

The commander of the Americans, with the trusty Warner at his side, moved rapidly



GENERAL STARK HARANGUING HIS MEN.

panies from Berkshire County, Massachusetts, Colonel Simmons; the Sixth New Hampshire, Colonel Nichols; the Eleventh New Hampshire, Colonel Hobart (incorrectly given Hubbard in the reports); the Twelfth New Hampshire, Colonel Stickney; and a hundred scouts, Colonel Emerson. Vermont was represented by a small force of militia, Colonel Williams; a regiment from Bennington and the towns adjoining, Colonel Brush; and the Green Mountain Rangers, Colonel Herrick. The Continentals of Warner, 140 in number, and Emerson's men, were yet

through the camp. He was in the prime of life, forty-nine years old, dressed as a Continental brigadier, and mounted on a beautiful brown colt. His only staff officer was Warner, sixteen years his junior; and his medical department numbered but one or two surgeons. The entire force was about 1750, of which New Hampshire furnished about 1000; Vermont, 500; and old Berkshire, 250. A regiment from Worcester County, Massachusetts, advanced as far as old Hadley to participate in the action, but being too late for the service, returned.

Baum's force comprised about 1000, of whom 150 were Indians, 200 Tories, 100 Fraser's marksmen, 100 Canadian Rangers, 50 chasseurs, and 370 Riedesel's dragoons, or Hessians, acting as infantry. This number is nearly twice as large as given by Burgoyne in his official report to Germain, but this general's veracity, when he had a purpose to serve, was of an exceedingly elastic order. The British prisoners and dead numbered the next day over 900, and Burgoyne's orderly book makes his loss in the two engagements over 1200. The disposal of Baum's force was well made: the Tories, or Peter's corps, with a small platoon of Hessians, held the small hill, the Canadians were posted in the log-houses, a few Hessians were posted in the breastworks west of the bridge, the chasseurs were at the east declivity of the large hill, while the remainder of the Hessians were in the redoubt surrounded by the Indian scouts in the forest. The German commander evidently wished to avoid battle; at half past nine he withdrew his outposts, leaving the Indians only in the forest to guard against surprise.

As mid-day approached, the Americans were massed to receive orders; the locality was a large field, the entrance to which was by sliding bars and tall posts peculiar to the vicinity. Stark leaped to the topmost rail, steadied himself by the tall post, and harangued his troops in the well-known sentences: "Now, my men, yonder are the Hessians; they were bought for seven pounds tenpence a man. Are you worth more? Prove it. To-night the American flag floats over yonder hill, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow!" Throwing knapsacks, jackets, and all baggage in heaps, and placing a guard over them, the force started. Colonel Herick's Rangers, with the Bennington militia, 300 strong, were sent to make a detour to Baum's right; Colonel Nichols, with 350 men, was sent to the rear of the enemy's left—the two forces, when joined, to make an attack; 200 men under Colonel Stickney and Colonel Hobart, including part of the Berkshire militia, were sent against the Tory works, with directions to keep concealed in a corn field near by and await the opening of the action at Baum's hill. Foreseeing that there would be close work with the Tories, who were in citizens' dress, like his own force, Stark gave directions to the attacking party that a corn husk in the hat-band should be the badge of his own men. A guard under a sergeant was posted near the bridge to prevent communication between the two wings of the enemy during the movements of the flanking parties, and the disposal of the forces was complete.

As a cover to his designs, Stark now moved forward his reserve, and employed the time in marching slowly around a hill in full view of the enemy. This seemed to perplex Baum,

as his servant, Henry Archelaus, afterward said, "He scanned the movement with a field-glass, and directed his artillery-men to fire on the column." This cannonade did no great harm, and the ruse was continued, with a variety of movements, for nearly three hours. At length, about three o'clock, the flanking parties had reached their coveted position and communicated with each other. Nichols was the first to open fire. The Indians retired before the advancing line, and, panic-struck, fled to the redoubt, reporting that the forest was full of Yankees. Seeing the columns closing with a tightening coil around the hill, the savages dashed through the opening between the two detachments in single file, and, yelling like demons, made their escape, leaving a few of their number dead or prisoners. As the line pressed up to musket range, Baum opened a fire of small-arms, and brought one of the cannon forward to the angle left exposed by the flight of his savage allies. The action became hot on both sides, but the assailants being sheltered by trees and brush, received little injury from the Hessian fire, delivered breast-high, without aim. New developments and attacks now rapidly ensued in every quarter; the discharge of musketry was rapid, continuous, and obstinately maintained for nearly an hour, when an explosion occurred in the redoubt that shook the hill by its violence, sending blinding smoke and flying fragments among the combatants. Appalled at the detonation, there was a momentary lull among both parties. The tumbril, or ammunition cart, of the Hessians had exploded. Comprehending instantly the accident, the Americans, with a cheer along the whole line, made a dash for the parapet. No troops could withstand such a tide; it poured in at every angle with an impetuosity that defied resistance.

Muskets clubbed were opposed to bayonets; sabre and pike came into full play. Baum was driven back, unable to use his artillery, and all discipline in both forces seemed lost, except where the German commander and a few sturdy Hessians charged with sabre when unable to load muskets. Part of Fraser's marksmen rushed over the parapet, and leaving a few of their number dead and wounded, escaped. Baum was mortally wounded by a shot, and the force around him, panic-struck, fled down the hill to the south, where Stark's forces were advancing to meet them.

The action on the plain below; with the Tories under Pfister and the Canadians in the log-houses, was but the sanguinary counterpart of the scene at the redoubt. At the first discharge from Nichols's column the concealed troops rushed through the corn, receiving three volleys, which they did not deign to return until they emerged from their cover upon a field of flax at the foot of the breast-

work. Here girdled decayed trees gave them partial shelter, and behind these some of the men placed themselves, while others sought the cover of the rank flax and corn. A rapid and continuous fire now commenced on both sides. A small platoon of Hessians in the breastwork delivered at rapid intervals their fire, without aim, giving way at each discharge to the Tories, who, with handkerchiefs tied as turbans, appeared, alternating their volleys rapidly with the regulars. At the explosion in the large redoubt up the stream a charge was made, with a whoop and hurrah, on the Tories. It was now corn husk against turban in a desperate death-grapple. Musket stocks supplied the place of bayonets on both sides. The enemy was pushed back; Pfister fell, mortally wounded, and the remnant around him called for quarter. The Canadians, seeing the capture of the two strongholds, surrendered with the chasseurs, who, hemmed in, made little or no resistance. The first fight was won.

A hasty disposal was made of the prisoners. The Tories, numbering about 160, were tied by pairs to a leading rope, with a horse attached; the remaining captives, about 450, were permitted the honors of war, being marched in close ranks with a strong flank guard to Bennington. Here they were quartered in the church.

It was now nearly six o'clock. Stark and Warner hastened to the redoubt. Baum, attended by his faithful servant Henry and a Hessian surgeon, was being removed from the field. Looking around at the fearful work made in the redoubt, Stark remarked that the Americans had fought like hell-hounds. "Truly," said Baum, "they fought more like hell-hounds than soldiers." Baum and Pfister were taken to the same house, a mile distant, in Shaftesbury, where both died the following day. The Hessian commander has always been held in great respect. The best surgical care and nursing failed to save him; but friend and foe have uniformly testified that a braver man than Frederick Baum never lived.

The force now remaining on the field were somewhat separated. Random firing was heard on the Cambridge Road, in the vicinity of Sancoic Mill, two miles distant, and tidings soon came that a body of Hessians, 600 or 700 in number, was advancing, with two cannon. Nearly at the same moment the drums of Warner's regiment announced its advance, with Emerson's scouts from Bennington, the column being led by Lieutenant-Colonel Safford and Major Rann. Halting a few moments at the river to take a hasty draught and fill their canteens, the troops pressed forward to meet the new danger. Every available man was hurried to the front.

Skene had been posted by Baum about

mid-day at the Sancoic Mill to communicate with Breyman, and hurry forward the relief column. As the artillery in the redoubt had been playing on Stark's reserve for several hours, Skene appears to have taken the din of the battle for a continuance of the cannonade. Posted on the line of retreat of the few who escaped, it seems impossible that the guard at the mill should be in ignorance of the issue of the engagement; but Skene afterward averred that he knew not, when Breyman arrived, that Baum's fate had already been decided. He accordingly pressed the innocent Breyman on to the rescue.

Groups of militia now appeared in the undergrowth near the road to the left of the Hessians; Skene declared them royalists, and galloped his horse into an intervening clearing, and hailed them. The answer was a volley of bullets. Instantly the column was halted, the cannon brought up to the front, and the whole force deployed across the road. The forest to the right and left now revealed bodies of militia, and both sides endeavored by flanking parties to get a vantage-ground. The Americans lacked unity of purpose in their movements, and officers were hurrying to and fro trying to form some semblance of a line of battle; but before this could be accomplished the troops were obliged to fall back. When they had thus been pressed for half a mile, an officer from Warner's corps dashed among them, entreating them to hold out, for help was just at hand. Hardly were the words spoken ere a grape-shot tore the mouth of his horse; but notwithstanding the plunging of the animal, he kept his seat and urged on the wavering line. In a moment Warner's and Emerson's men, with strong flank guards, appeared advancing in line of battle. This was the nucleus wanted as a gathering point; it was at once made available, and a most obstinate and bloody contest ensued. A dash was made, and one of Breyman's cannon captured; a counter-charge, and it was retaken. Our forces were pressed back to within three-quarters of a mile of the captured redoubt; but the earnest efforts of Stark and Warner in bringing up Baum's captured cannon with more troops now gave strength for a brilliant charge, in which Breyman again lost a cannon, and began to fall back, contesting every inch of ground. In about a mile he deployed into a field on his left, and made a desperate effort to use his remaining cannon; but the active militia were there before him in the undergrowth skirting the clearing. Skene galloped to the cannon to encourage the artillery-men, when his horse was shot, and fell, entangling his rider. Extricating himself, he seized one of the artillery horses, cut the traces that held the plunging animal to the pole, mounted, and

fled, leaving behind him the Hessians and Breyman following in full retreat. The second fight was practically ended, and the day was won!

The fugitives pressed down the road, some falling in the mud before their pursuers, and begging in their foreign speech for mercy; others, entangled by their armor in the bushes, surrendered to the groups following them. The darkness had now become so great that friend could hardly be distinguished from foe. The pursuers were recalled.

The fruits of the victory were four brass cannon, about 1000 stand of arms, 250 sabres, eight loads of army supplies, four ammunition wagons, twenty horses, and the instruments of two drum corps. Two of the cannon are now in the State Capitol at Montpelier, one is held at New Boston, New Hampshire, and the fourth is lost. The prisoners, aside from officers, surgeons, and servants, were about 700, nearly 100 of whom were captured in the second action; 207 of the enemy were found the next day (Sunday) dead on the field of battle. Burgoyne's instructions to Baum and Skene were among the captured papers found on the officers.

The American loss was proportionably small to that of the enemy, a large part of it being before the Tory breastwork. Stark, in his official report to the New Hampshire authorities, states that his brigade—nearly two-thirds of the fighting force—lost forty-two wounded and fourteen killed. If Vermont and Massachusetts lost in the same ratio, the aggregate would be less than 100.

Among the incidents of the battle not hitherto found in print is the loss of Stark's horse while he was engaged in a reconnaissance on foot during the action. Professor Butler records it, having found the advertisement in an old file of the *Hartford Courant*, of date October 7, 1777. It is as follows:

[From the *Connecticut Courant*, Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1777.]

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.

STOLE from me the subscriber, from Walloomscok, in the time of action, the 16th of August last, a brown MARE, five years old, had a star in her forehead. Also, a doe skin feated saddle, blue housings trim'd with white, and a curbed bridle. It is earnestly requested of all committees of safety and others in authority, to exert themselves to recover said thief and mare, so that he may be brought to justice, and the mare brought to me; and the person whoever he be, shall receive the above reward for both, and for the mare alone one half of that sum. *How scandalous, how disgraceful and ignominious must it appear to all friendly and generous souls to have such sly artful, designing villains enter into the field in the time of action in order to pillage, pilfer and plunder from their brethren when engaged in battle.*

JOHN STARK, B.D.G.

Bennington, 11th Sept. 1777.

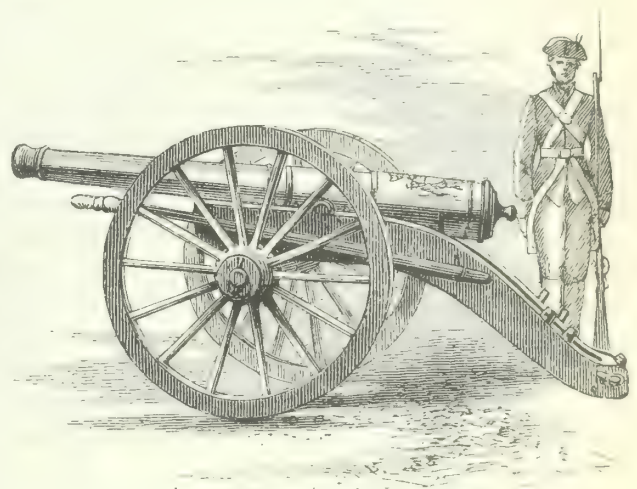
August 22, Stark sent his official report to Gates, thus recognizing the authority of his Continental superior officer; but he sent no report to Congress, "thus," says Everett, in

his biography (Sparks), "disdaining to make his success the instrument of a triumphant accommodation."

The day before the news from Bennington was received at Philadelphia, Congress passed a resolution censuring Stark's course with Lincoln; shortly after, it made honorable amends by giving him his full rank as brigadier in the national forces, accompanied with a vote of thanks to himself, officers, and soldiers.

Stark left Bennington September 14 with his brigade to join Gates, who had superseded Schuyler three days after the defeat of Baum and Breyman. Three days later the Northern army was again made glad by the news of the retreat of St. Leger from the investment of Fort Stanwix, and the union of Arnold's force with the garrison.

From this period to the close of the war the services of Stark were arduous, impor-



CANNON "MOLLY STARK," CAPTURED FROM BAUM.

tant, and are familiar to the student of history. While at West Point in 1780 he was one of the military tribunal of fifteen who decided the fate of the unfortunate André. The year 1782 was spent in New Hampshire enlisting and preparing supplies for the next campaign, but happily further military services were not needed.

Home and the quiet pursuits of life had great attractions for the war-worn soldier, and thither he now returned, with a constitution somewhat impaired by the exposures of camp life. In the care of his lumber mills and large farm his remaining days were spent. In 1784 he received from Congress his commission as major-general—a compliment long deferred, but richly earned.

Writing of Bennington, Everett observes: "It would be the height of injustice not to recognize in this battle the marks of the master-mind of the leader which makes good officers and soldiers out of any material, and infuses its own spirit into all that surrounds it."

As a man of business, Stark manifested the same energy and industry that charac-

terized him in his campaigns, showing favor to the worthy, but severity to the idle and vicious.

As years passed, and the activities of life yielded to the pressure of advancing age, he indulged freely his natural love of reading, his favorite books being Goldsmith's poems, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Rasselas*, poems of the Ettrick Shepherd, and the biography of the chivalrous Charles XII. of Sweden. In these declining years the Bible was his constant companion.

It was the invariable custom of the general once a year to gather at his house all the families in his vicinity for a festival of good-will and merry-making. If there was one household so poor or unfortunate as to shrink from attending, he made a special effort to have it present.

In person Stark was of medium height, rather broad at the shoulders, and formed for activity and endurance. His habit of horseback-riding, formed in the army, was kept up in old age, and he declined to use a carriage when he could have the saddle. As extreme age grew upon him, he was tenderly cherished by kind attendants. The last summons came May 8, 1822, when, aged nearly ninety-four, he passed from earth. A paralytic stroke deprived him a fortnight previous of the power of speech and of taking food, and the remainder of life, notwithstanding medical skill, was but a slow process of starvation. With the exception of Sumter, who died in 1832, Stark was the last surviving American general of the Revolution.

The rites of burial were observed May 10. The day was beautiful, and the attendance of his friends and old companions very large. Opposite the house the military, with re-

versed arms, were drawn up in line, and all available space in the house and on the lawn was occupied by the assembly. The impressive funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Dana and Rev. Mr. Bradford, after which Major Stark, the eldest son, who was himself sixty-three years old, thanked the audience and military, and gave a tribute of filial love to the memory of the departed hero.

The place of sepulchre, a quarter of a mile distant, chosen years before by the general, was, like that of Abraham of old, in his own field, with "trees in the borders." Here, several years previous, he had buried his wife and two or three of his children. The procession was in the touching and simple manner of old England: the military as escort; the body borne, with reverent tread, on the shoulders of bearers; a favorite charger, "Hessian," led behind in war trappings; and the long procession of mourners and citizens following.

The family cemetery was, in 1829, marked by a simple obelisk of granite, bearing the inscription:

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN STARK,
AGED 93 YEARS, 8 MONTHS, 24 DAYS.

In our Centennial year, just past, the citizens of Manchester assembled and planted memorial trees around the grave. The heirs and descendants of Stark presented to the city, at the same time, a deed of four acres of land, including the burial-place. In accepting the gift the city government proposed at an early day to appropriately inclose two acres, surrounding the square and monument with four large avenues, named respectively Bunker Hill, Trenton, Princeton, and Bennington.



BURIAL-PLACE OF THE STARK FAMILY, MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

SNOW-STORM ON MOUNT SHASTA.

MOUNT SHASTA, situated near the northern extremity of the Sierra Nevada, rises in solitary grandeur from a lightly sculptured lava plain, and maintains a far more impressive and commanding individuality than any other mountain within the limits of California.

Go where you will within a radius of from fifty to a hundred miles, there stands the colossal cone of Shasta, clad in perpetual snow, the one grand landmark that never sets. While Mount Whitney, situated near the southern extremity of the Sierra, notwithstanding it lifts its granite summit some four or five hundred feet higher than Shasta, is yet almost entirely snowless during the summer months, and is so feebly individualized, the traveler often searches for it in vain amid the thickets of rival peaks by which it is surrounded.

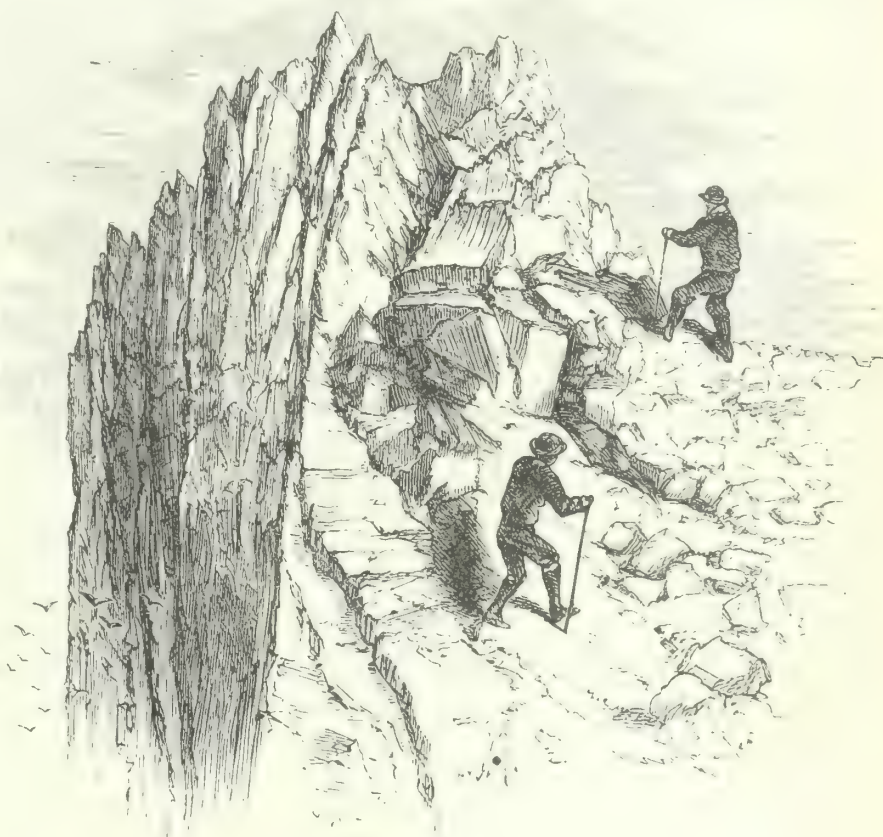
The elevation of the highest point of Mount Shasta, as determined by the State Geological Survey, is in round numbers 14,440 feet above mean tide. That of Mount Whitney, computed from fewer and perhaps less reliable observations, is about 14,900 feet. But inasmuch as the average elevation of the common plain out of which Shasta rises is only about 4000 feet above the sea, while the actual base of Mount Whitney lies at an elevation of 11,000 feet, the individual stature of the former is nearly two and a half times that of the latter; and while the circumference of Mount Shasta around the base is nearly seventy miles, that of Whitney is less than five.

All that has been observed of the internal frame-work of Mount Shasta goes to show that its entire bulk originated in successive eruptions of ashes and lava, which, pouring over the lips of craters, layer upon layer, grew upward and outward like the trunk of an exogenous tree.

The Shasta lavas are chiefly trachytic and basaltic, varying greatly in color, density,

and age. A few tufaceous and brecciated beds are visible in eroded sections near the summit, but pumice and obsidian, usually so abundant in other volcanic regions throughout the State, are here remarkably rare.

During the glacial period Mount Shasta was a centre of dispersal for the glaciers of the circumjacent region. The entire mountain was then loaded with ice, which, ever



EXTREME SUMMIT OF MOUNT SHASTA.

descending, grooved its sides and broke up its summit into a mass of ruins. But the whole quantity of denudation the mountain has undergone is not easily determined, its porous crumbling rocks being ill adapted for the reception and preservation of glacial inscriptions. All the finer striations have been effaced, while the extreme irregularity of its lavas, as regards erodibility, and the disturbances caused by inter and post glacial eruptions, have obscured or wholly obliterated those heavier characters of the glacial record found so clearly inscribed upon the granitic pages of the high Sierra between latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$ and 39° . This much, however, is plain, that when at length the ice period began to draw near a close, the Shasta ice cap was gradually melted off around the bottom, and, in receding and breaking up into its present condition, deposited the irregular heaps and rings of moraine soil upon which the Shasta forests are growing.



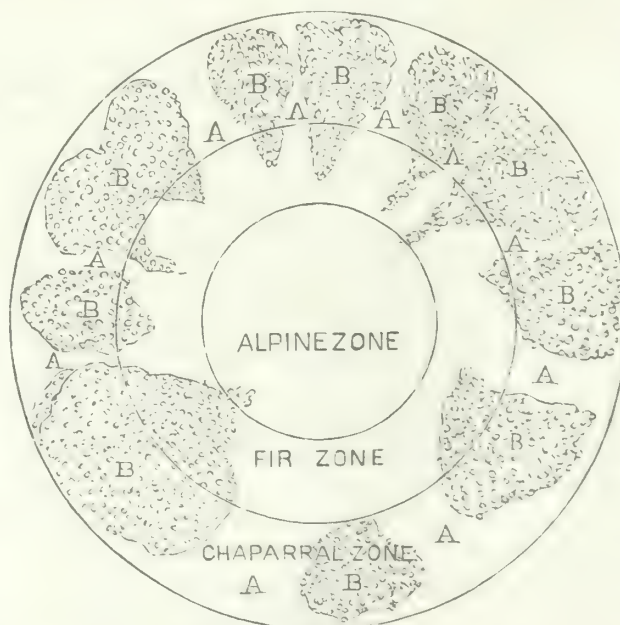
VIEW OF THE WHITNEY GLACIER NEAR THE HEAD.

The Whitney glacier is the most important of the few fragmentary ice patches still remaining active. It takes its rise in extensive snow and *névé* fields on the summit, flows northward, and descends in a series of crevassed curves and cascades almost to the timber line—a distance of nearly three miles. Though not the very largest, this is perhaps the longest active glacier in the State. Glacial erosion of the Shasta lavas gives rise to light porous soils, largely made up of sandy detritus that yields very readily to the transporting power of running water. Several centuries ago immense quantities of this lighter material were washed down from the higher slopes by an extraordinary flood, giving rise to the simultaneous deposition of conspicuous delta-like beds, extending around the entire circumference of the base, their smooth gray surfaces offering a striking contrast to the rough scoriaceous lava flows that divide them. But notwithstanding the incalculable wear and tear and ruinous degradation that Shasta has undergone, the regularity and symmetry of its outlines remain unrivaled. The mountain begins to leave the plain in slopes scarcely perceptible, measuring from two to three degrees. These are continued by exqui-

sitely drawn gradations, mile after mile, all the way to the truncated crater-like summit, where they attain a steepness of from twenty to thirty-five degrees. This grand simplicity is partially interrupted on the north by a subordinate cone that grows out of the side of the main cone about 3000 feet below the summit.

This side cone has been in a state of eruption subsequent to the breaking up of the main ice cap, as shown by the comparatively unwasted circular crater in which it terminates, and by numerous streams of fresh unglaciated lava that radiate from it as a centre.

The main summit is about one and a half miles in diameter from southwest to northeast, and consists mainly of two extensive snow and *névé* fields, bounded by crumbling peaks and ridges, among which we look in vain for any sure plan of an ancient crater. The extreme summit is situated upon the southern extremity of a narrow ridge that bounds the main summit on the east. As viewed from the north, it is an irregular blunt peaklet about ten feet high, fast disappearing before the stormy atmospheric erosion to which it is subjected. Hot sulphurous gases and vapors escape with a



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MOUNT SHASTA, SHOWING ITS THREE BOTANIC ZONES.

loud hissing noise from fissures in the lava near the base of the eastern ridge, opposite the highest peaklet. Several of the vents cast up a spray of clear bead-like drops of hot water, that rise repeatedly into the air and fall back until worn into vapor.

The steam and spray phenomena seem to be produced simply by melting snow coming in the way of the escaping gases, while the gases themselves are evidently derived from the heated interior, and may be regarded as the last feeble expression of that vast volcanic energy that builded the mountain.

Since the close of the ice period, nature has divided Mount Shasta into three distinct botanic zones. The first, which may be called the chaparral zone, has an average width of about four miles, and comprises the greater portion of the sandy flood beds noted above. They are densely overgrown with chaparral from three to six feet high, composed chiefly of manzanita, cherry, chincapin, and several species of ceanothus, forming when in full bloom one of the most glorious spectacles conceivable.

The continuity of these immense chaparral fields is grandly interrupted by wide swaths of coniferous trees, chiefly sugar and yellow pines, with Douglass spruce, silver-fir, and incense cedar, many specimens of which are over 200 feet high and six or seven feet in diameter at the base.

Golden-rods, asters, gillias, lilies, and lupines, with a multitude of less conspicuous herbaceous plants, occur in warm openings of the woods, with forms and colors in delightful accord, and enlivened with butterflies and bees.

The next higher is the fir zone, made up almost exclusively of the three silver-firs, viz., *Picea grandis*, *P. amabilis*, and *P. amabilis*, var. *nobilis*.

This zone is from two to three miles wide, has an average elevation above the sea on its lower edge of 6000 feet, on its upper of 8000, and is far the simplest and best defined of the three.

The Alpine zone is made up of dwarf pines, heath-worts, stiff wiry carices, lichens, and red snow.

The pines attain an elevation of 9500 feet, but at this height their summits rise only three or four feet into the frosty air, and are close-pressed and level, as if crushed by winter snow, and shorn off by the icy winds, yet flowering nevertheless, and sometimes producing cones and ripe nuts. *Bryanthus*, a beautiful flowering heath-wort, flourishes a few hundred feet higher, accompanied by *kalmia* and *spiræa*. Dwarf daisies and carices attain an elevation on favorable slopes of 11,000 feet, while beyond this a scanty growth of lichens and red snow composes the entire vegetation.

The following is a list of all the conifer-



PICEA AMABILIS.

ous trees I have been able to find growing upon Mount Shasta, named downward in the order of their occurrence :

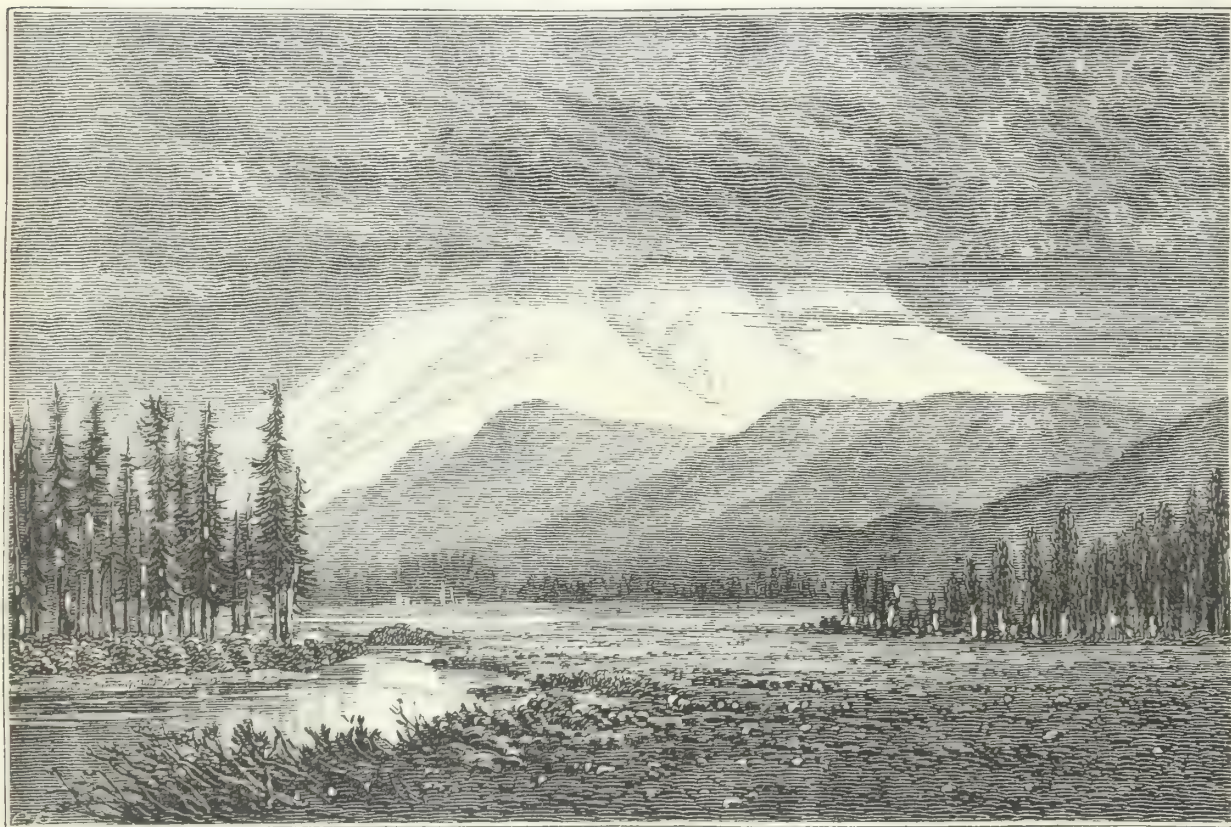
- Pinus flexilis*.....Dwarf pine.
- Pinus monticola*.....Mountain pine.
- Pinus contorta*.....Tamarack pine.
- Picea amabilis*.....
- Picea amabilis*, var. *nobilis*... } Silver-fir.
- Picea grandis*.....
- Pinus ponderosa*.....Yellow pine.
- Pinus ponderosa*, var. *jeffreyi*..Jeffrey pine.
- Pinus lambertiana*.....Sugar-pine.
- Abies douglassii*.....Douglass spruce.
- Libocedrus decurrens*.....Incense cedar.
- Pinus tuberculata*.
- Juniperus occidentalis*.....Cedar.

The bulk of the forest is made up of the three silver-firs, Douglass spruce, the yellow and sugar pines, and incense cedar, and of these *Picea amabilis* is at once the most abundant and the most beautiful.

The ascent of Mount Shasta is usually

made in July or August, from Strawberry Valley, on the Oregon and California stage-road. Storms are then less common and less violent, and the deep snows are melted from the lower slopes, and the beautiful Alpine vegetation is then coming into bloom. The ordinary plan is to ride from Strawberry Valley to the upper edge of the timber line, a distance of ten miles, the first day, and camp; then, rising early next morn-

In the cooler portions of the woods winter snow was still lying five feet deep, and we had a tedious time breaking through it with the pack animals. It soon became apparent that we would not be able to reach the summer camping ground; and after floundering and breaking trail in the drifts until near sundown, we were glad to camp for the night as best we could upon a rough lava ridge that protruded through



MOUNT SHASTA FROM STRAWBERRY VALLEY.

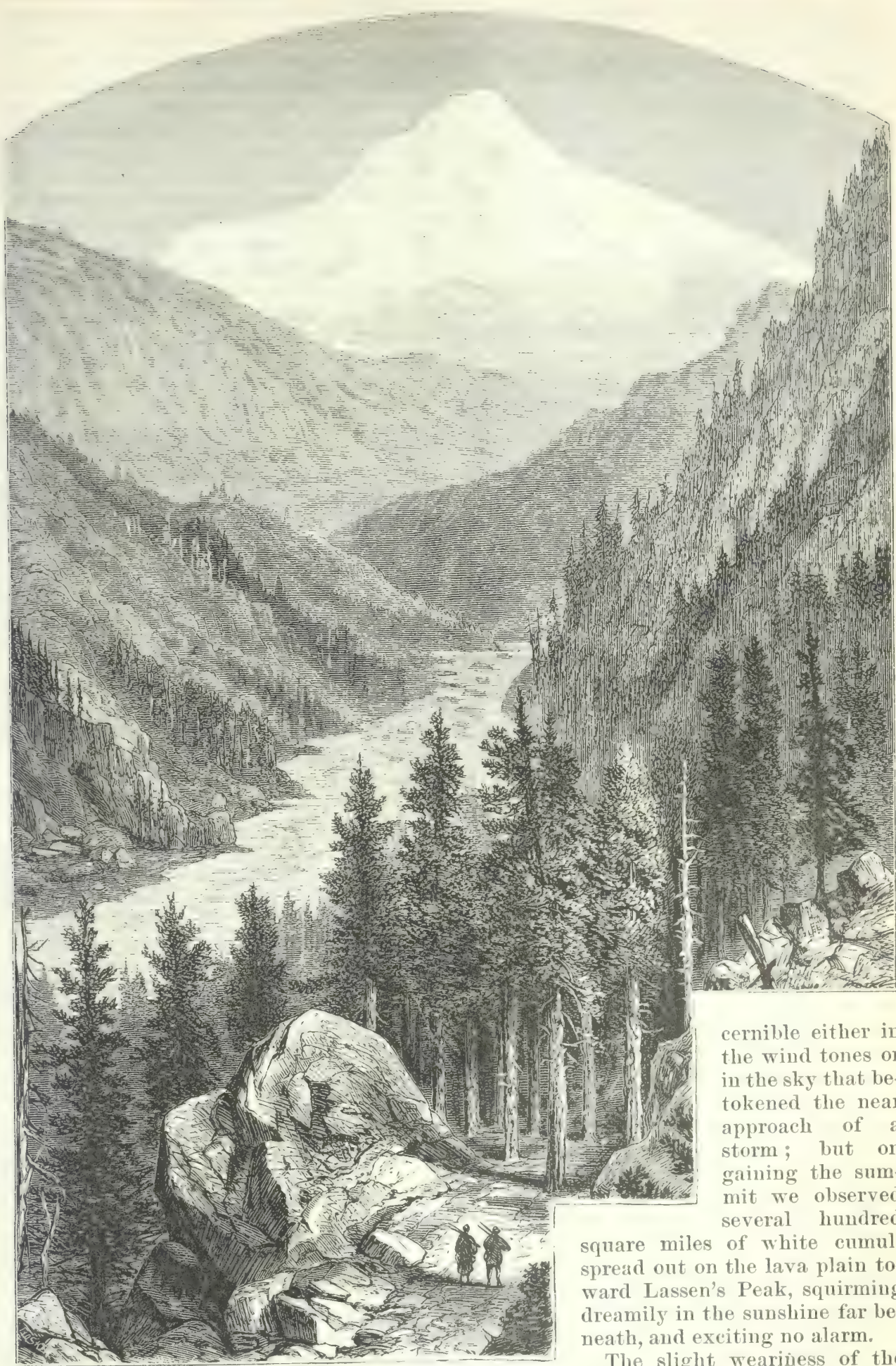
ing, push to the summit, and return to the valley on the evening of the second day.

In journeying up the valley of the Upper Sacramento one obtains frequent views of Mount Shasta, through the pine-trees, from the tops of hills and ridges; but at Strawberry Valley there is a grand out-opening of the forests, and Shasta stands revealed at just the distance to be seen most comprehensively and impressively.

Looking at outlines, there, in the immediate foreground, is a smooth green meadow with its crooked stream; then a zone of dark forest, its countless spires of fir and pine rising above one another higher and higher in luxuriant ranks; and above all the great white cone sweeping far into the cloudless blue—meadow, forest, and mountain inseparably blended and framed in by the arching sky. My last ascent of Shasta was made on the 30th of April, 1875, accompanied by Jerome Fay, a hardy and competent mountaineer, for the purpose of making barometrical observations on the summit, while Captain A. F. Rodgers, of the United States Coast Survey, made simultaneous observations with a compared barometer at the base.

the snow. From here we carried blankets and one day's provision on our backs over the snow to the extreme edge of the timber line, and made a second camp in the lee of a block of red trachyte. This, of course, was done with a view to lessening as much as possible the labor of completing the ascent, to be undertaken next day. Here, on our trachyte bed, we obtained two hours of shallow sleep, mingled with fine glimpses of the keen starry night. We rose at 2 A.M., warmed a tin-cupful of coffee, broiled a slice of frozen venison on the coals, and started for the summit at 3.20 A.M.

The crisp icy sky was without a cloud, and the stars lighted us on our way. Deep silence brooded the mountain, broken only by the night wind and an occasional rock falling from crumbling buttresses to the snow slopes below. The wild beauty of the morning stirred our pulses in glad exhilaration, and we strode rapidly onward, seldom stopping to take breath—over the broad red apron of lava that descends from the west side of the smaller of the two cone summits, across the gorge that divides them, up the majestic snow curves sweeping to the top



MOUNT SHASTA FROM THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER SACRAMENTO.

of the ancient crater, around the broad icy fountains of the Whitney glacier, past the hissing fumaroles, and at 7.30 A.M. we attained the utmost summit.

Up to this time there was nothing dis-

cernible either in the wind tones or in the sky that betokened the near approach of a storm; but on gaining the summit we observed several hundred

square miles of white cumuli spread out on the lava plain toward Lassen's Peak, squirming dreamily in the sunshine far beneath, and exciting no alarm.

The slight weariness of the ascent was soon rested away. The sky was of the thinnest,

purest azure; spiritual life filled every pore of rock and cloud; and we reveled in the marvelous abundance and beauty of the landscapes by which we were encircled.

At 9 A.M. the dry thermometer stood at

34° in shade, and rose steadily until 1 P.M., when it stood at 50°, although no doubt strongly influenced by sun heat radiated from the adjacent cliffs. A vigorous bumble-bee zigzagged around our heads, filling the air with a summery hay-field drone, as if wholly unconscious of the fact that the nearest honey flower was a mile beneath him.

Clouds the mean while were growing down in Shasta Valley—massive swelling cumuli, colored gray and purple and close pearly white. These, constantly extending around southward on both sides of Mount Shasta, at length united with the older field lying toward Lassen's Peak, thus circling the mountain in one continuous cloud zone. Rhett and Klamath lakes were eclipsed in clouds scarcely less bright than their own silvery disks. The black lava beds made famous by the Modoc war; many a snow-laden peak far north in Oregon; the Scott and Trinity mountains; the blue Coast Range; Shasta Valley, dotted with volcanoes; the dark coniferous forests filling the valleys of the Upper Sacramento—were all in turn obscured, leaving our own lofty cone solitary in the sunshine, and contained between two skies—a sky of spotless blue above, a sky of clouds beneath. The creative sun shone gloriously upon the white expanse, and rare cloud-lands, hill and dale, mountain and valley, rose responsive to his rays, and steadily developed to higher beauty and individuality.

One colossal master-cone, corresponding to Mount Shasta, rose close alongside with a visible motion, its firm polished bosses seemingly so near and substantial we fancied we might leap down upon them from where we stood, and reach the ground by scrambling down their sides.

Storm clouds on the mountains—how truly beautiful they are!—floating fountains bearing water for every well; the angels of streams and lakes; brooding in the deep pure azure, or sweeping along the ground, over ridge and dome, over meadow, over forest, over garden and grove; lingering with cooling shadows, refreshing every flower, and soothing rugged rock brows with a gentleness of touch and gesture no human hand can equal!

The weather of spring and summer throughout the middle region of the Sierra is usually well flecked with rain-storms and light dustings of snow, most of which are far too obviously joyous and life-giving to be regarded as storms. In the case of the smallest and most perfectly individualized specimens, a richly modeled cumulus cloud is seen rising above the dark forests, about 11 o'clock A.M., directly upward into the calm sky, to a height of about four or five thousand feet above the ground, or ten or twelve thousand feet above the sea; its pearly bosses finely relieved by gray and

purple shadows, and exhibiting outlines as keen as those of a glacier-polished dome. In less than an hour it attains full development, and stands poised in the blazing sunshine like some colossal fungus. Presently a vigorous thunder-bolt crashes through the crisp sunny air, ringing like steel on steel; its startling detonation breaking into a spray of echoes among the rocky cañons below. Then down comes a cataract of rain to the wild gardens and groves. The big crystal drops tingle the pine needles, plash and spatter on granite pavements, and pour adown the sides of ridges and domes in a net-work of gray bubbling rills. In a few minutes the firm storm cloud withers to a mesh of dim filaments and disappears, leaving the sky more sunful than before. Every bird and plant is invigorated, a steam of fragrance rises from the ground, and the storm is finished—one cloud, one lightning flash, one dash of rain. This is the California rain-storm reduced to its lowest terms. Snow-storms of the same tone and dimensions abound in the highest summits, but in spring they not unfrequently attain larger proportions, and assume a violence of expression scarcely surpassed by those bred in the depths of winter. Such was the storm now gathering close around us. It began to declare itself shortly after noon, and I entertained the idea of abandoning my purpose of making a 3 P.M. observation, as agreed on by Captain Rodgers and myself, and at once make a push down to our safe camp in the timber. Jerome peered at short intervals over the jagged ridge on which we stood, making anxious gestures in the rough wind, and becoming more and more emphatic in his remarks upon the weather, declaring that if we did not make a speedy escape, we should be compelled to pass the night on the summit. Anxiety, however, to complete my observations fixed me to the ridge. No inexperienced person was depending upon me, and I told Jerome that we two mountaineers could break down through any storm likely to fall. About half past 1 o'clock P.M. thin fibrous cloud films began to blow directly over the summit of the cone from north to south, drawn out in long fairy webs, like carded wool, forming and dissolving as if by magic. The wind twisted them into ringlets and whirled them in a succession of graceful convolutions, like the outside sprays of Yosemite falls; then sailing out in the pure azure over the precipitous brink of the cone, they were drifted together in light gray rolls, like foam wreaths on a river.

These higher cloud fabrics were evidently produced by the chilling of the air from its own expansion, caused by an upward deflection against the mountain slopes. They steadily increased on the north rim of the cone, forming a thick, opaque, ill-defined embankment, from whose icy meshes snow

flowers began to fall, alternating with hail. The sky speedily darkened, and just after I had completed my observations and boxed the instruments, the storm broke in full vigor. The cliffs were covered with a remarkable net-work of hail rills that poured and rolled adown the gray and red lava slopes like cascades of rock-beaten water.

These hail-stones seemed to belong to an entirely distinct species from any I had before observed. They resembled small mushrooms both in texture and general form, their six straight sides widening upward from a narrow base to a wide dome-like crown.

A few minutes after 3 P.M. we began to force our way down the eastern ridge, past the group of hissing fumaroles. The storm at once became inconceivably violent, with scarce a preliminary scowl. The thermometer fell twenty-two degrees, and soon sank below zero. Hail gave place to snow, and darkness came on like night. The wind, rising to the highest pitch of violence, boomed and surged like breakers on a rocky coast. The lightnings flashed amid the desolate crags in terrible accord, their tremendous muffled detonations unrelieved by a single echo, and seeming to come thudding passionately forth from out the very heart of the storm.

Could we have begun at once to descend the snow-filled grooves leading to the timber, we might have made good our escape, however dark or violent the storm. As it was, we had first to make our way along a dangerous snow ridge nearly a mile and a half in length, flanked by steep ice slopes on one side, and by shattered precipices on the other. Fortunately I had taken the precaution ere the storm began, while apprehensive of this very darkness, to make the most dangerous points clear to my mind, and to mark their relations with reference to the direction of the wind. When, therefore, the storm broke, I felt confident we could urge our way through the darkness and uproar with no other guidance. After passing the "Hot Springs," I halted in the shelter of a lava block to let Jerome, who had fallen a little behind, come up. Here he opened a council, in which, amid circumstances sufficiently exciting, but without evincing any bewilderment, he maintained, in opposition to my views, that it was impossible to proceed: the ridge was too dangerous, the snow was blinding, and the frost too intense to be borne; and finally, that, even supposing it possible for us to grope our way through the darkness, the wind was sufficiently violent to hurl us bodily over the cliffs, and that our only hope was in wearing away the afternoon and night among the fumaroles, where we should at least avoid freezing.

I urged that the wind was chiefly at our

backs, and that, once arrived at the western edge of the cone, we had but to slide or wallow down steep inclines whose topographical leadings would insure our finding camp in any case, and that if need be we could creep along the more dangerous portions of the ridge, and clear the ice and precipices on hands and feet. He positively refused, however, to entertain any thought of venturing into the storm in that direction, while I, aware of the real dangers that would beset our efforts, and conscious of being the cause of his being thus imperiled, decided not to leave him.

Our discussions ended, Jerome made a dash from behind the lava block, and began forcing his way back some twenty or thirty yards to the Hot Springs against the wind flood, wavering and struggling as if caught in a torrent of water; and after watching in vain for any flaw in the storm that might be urged as a new argument for attempting the descent, I was compelled to follow. "Here," said Jerome, as we stood shivering in the midst of the hissing, sputtering fumaroles, "we shall be safe from frost." "Yes," said I, "we can lie in this mud and gravel, hot at least on one side; but how shall we protect our lungs from the acid gases? and how, after our clothing is saturated with melting snow, shall we be able to reach camp without freezing, even after the storm is over? We shall have to await the sunshine; and when will it come?"

The patch of volcanic climate to which we committed ourselves has an area of about one-fourth of an acre, but it was only about an eighth of an inch in thickness, because the scalding gas jets were shorn off close to the ground by the oversweeping flood of frost wind.

The marvelous lavishness of the snow can be conceived only by mountaineers. The crystal flowers seemed to touch one another and fairly to thicken the blast. This was the blooming time, the summer of the storm, and never before have I seen mountain cloud flowering so profusely. When the bloom of the Shasta chaparral is falling, the ground is covered for hundreds of square miles to the depth of half an inch; but the bloom of our Shasta cloud grew and matured and fell to a depth of two feet in less than a single day. Some crystals caught on my sleeve, and, examined under a lens, presented all their rays exquisitely perfect; but most were more or less bruised by striking against one another, or by falling and rolling over and over on the ground and rising again. The storm blast, laden with this fine-ground Alpine snow dust, can not long be braved with impunity, and the strongest mountaineer is glad to turn and flee.

I was in my shirt sleeves, and in less than half an hour was wet to the skin; Jerome fortunately had on a close-fitting coat, and

his life was more deeply imbedded in flesh than mine. Yet we both trembled and shivered in a weak, nervous way, as much, I suppose, from exhaustion brought on by want of food and sleep as from the sifting of the icy wind through our wet clothing.

The snow fell with unabated lavishness until an hour or two after the coming on of what appeared to be the natural darkness of night. The whole quantity would probably measure about two feet. Up to the time the storm first fell upon the mountain, its development was gentle in the extreme—the deliberate growth of cumulus clouds beneath, the weaving of translucent tissue above, then the roar of the wind, the crash of thunder, and the darkening flight of snow flowers. Its decay was not less sudden—the clouds broke and vanished, not a snow-flake was left in the sky, and the stars shone out with pure and tranquil radiance.

As our experiences were somewhat exceptional during the long strange night that

the cold. Then, with a view to cheering myself as well as him, I pictured the morning breaking all cloudless and sunful, assuring him that no storm ever lasted continuously from day to day at this season of the year; that out of all this frost and weariness we would yet escape to our friends and homes, and then all that would be left of the trying night would be a clump of unrelated memories he would tell to his children.

We lay flat on our backs, so as to present as little surface as possible to the wind. The mealy snow gathered on our breasts, and I did not rise again to my feet for seventeen hours. We were glad at first to see the snow drifting into the hollows of our clothing, hoping it would serve to deaden the force of the ice wind; but, though soft at first, it soon froze into a stiff, crusty heap, rather augmenting our novel misery. "Last year," said Jerome, "I guided a minister up here. I wish he were here now to try some prayers. What do you really think, Muir—

would they help a fellow in a time like this?" Yet, after all, he seemed to recognize the unflinching fair play of Nature, and her essential kindness, though making no jot of allowance for ignorance or mistakes. The snow fell on us not a whit more harshly than warm rain on the grass.

The night wind rushed in wild uproar across the shattered cliffs, piercing us through and through, and causing violent convulsive shivering, while those portions of our bodies in contact with the hot lava were being broiled.

When the heat became unendurable, we scraped snow and bits of trachyte beneath us, or shifted from place to place by shoving an inch or two at a time with heels and elbows; for to stand erect in blank exposure to the wind seemed like certain death.

The acrid incrustations sublimed from the escaping gases frequently gave way, opening new vents, over which we were scalded; and fearing that if at any time the wind should fall, carbonic acid, which usually forms so considerable a portion of the gaseous exhalations of volcanoes, might collect in sufficient quantities to cause sleep



DWARF PINES.

followed, it may perhaps be interesting to record them.

In the early stages of the night, while our sufferings were less severe, I tried to induce Jerome, who is a hunter, to break out in bear stories or Indian adventures to lessen our consciousness of the cold. But although meeting the storm bravely, he was not in talking condition. Occasionally he would indulge in calculations as to how long the fire of life would burn, whether the storm would last all the night and the next day, and if so, whether Sisson would be able to come to the rescue ere we succumbed to

and death, I warned Jerome against forgetting himself for a single moment, even should his sufferings admit of such a thing. Accordingly, when, during the long dreary watches of the night, we roused suddenly from a state of half-consciousness, we called each other excitedly by name, each fearing the other was benumbed or dead.

The ordinary sensations of cold give but faint conceptions of that which comes on after hard exercise, with want of food and sleep, combined with wetness in a high frost wind. Life is then seen to be a mere fire, that now smoulders, now brightens, showing how easily it may be quenched.

The weary hours wore away like a mass of unnumbered and half-forgotten years, in which all our other years and experiences were strangely interblended. Yet the pain we suffered was not of that bitter kind that precludes thought and takes away all capacity for enjoyment. A sort of stupefaction came on at times, in which we fancied we saw dry resinous pine logs suitable for camp fires, just as when, after going days without food, we fancy we see bread.

The extreme beauty of the sky at times beguiled our sense of suffering. *Ursa Major*, with its thousand home associations, circled in glorious brightness overhead; the mysterious star clouds of the Milky Way arched over with marvelous distinctness, and every planet glowed with long lance rays like lilies within reach. Then imagination, coming suddenly into play, would present the beauties of the warm zone beneath us, mingled with pictures of other lands. With unnatural vividness we saw fine secluded valleys, haunts of the deer and bear, and rich fir woods with their wealth of fern-like branches and orange lichens adorning their tall brown trunks. Then the bitter moaning wind and the drifting snow would break the blissful vision, and our dreary pains would cover us like clouds.

"Muir," Jerome would inquire, with pitiful faintness, "are you suffering much?" "Yes," I would reply, straining to keep my voice brave, "the pains of a Scandinavian hell, at once frozen and burned. But never mind, Jerome; the night will wear away at last, and to-morrow we go a-Maying, and what camp fires we will make, and what sun baths we will take!"

The frost became more and more intense, and we were covered with frozen snow and icicles, as if we had lain castaway beneath all the storms of winter. In about thirteen hours day began to dawn, but it was long ere the highest points of the cone were touched by the sun. No clouds were visible from where we lay, yet the morning was dull and blue and bitterly frosty, and never did the sun move so slowly to strip the shadows from the peaks. We watched the pale heatless light stealing toward us down the

sparkling snow, but hour after hour passed by without a trace of that warm flushing sunrise splendor we were so eager to welcome. The extinction of a life seemed a simple thing after being so gradually drained of vitality, and as the time to make an effort to reach camp drew near, we became concerned to know what quantity of strength remained, and whether it would be sufficient to carry us through the miles of cold wind and snow that lay between us and the timber.

Healthy mountaineers always discover in themselves a reserve of power after great exhaustion. It is a kind of second life only available in emergencies like this, and having proved its existence, I had no great dread that either Jerome or myself would fail, though my left arm was already benumbed and hung powerless.

In our soaked and steamed condition we dared not attempt the descent until the temperature was somewhat mitigated. At length, about eight o'clock on this rare 1st of May, we rose to our feet, some seventeen hours after lying down, and began to struggle homeward. Our frozen trousers could scarce be made to bend; we therefore waded the snow with difficulty. The horizontal summit ridge was fortunately wind-swept and nearly bare, so that we were not compelled to lift our feet very high; and on reaching the long home slopes laden with fresh snow, we made rapid progress sliding and shuffling, our feebleness rather accelerating than diminishing our speed. After making a descent of 3000 feet, we felt the warm sun on our backs, and at once began to revive; and at 10 o'clock A.M. we reached camp and were safe. Half an hour afterward we heard Sisson shouting down in the fir woods on his way to camp with horses to take us to the hotel.

We had been so long without food, we cared but little about eating, but eagerly drank the hot coffee prepared by Sisson. Thawing our frozen toes was a painful task, but no permanent harm was done.

We learned from Sisson that when our terrific storm was in progress, only a calm, mild-looking cloud cap was observed on the mountain, that excited no solicitude for our safety. We estimated the snow-fall on the summit at two feet or more; at camp, some 5000 feet lower, we found only three inches, while down on the sloping base only a light shower had fallen, sufficient to freshen the grass.

We were soon mounted, and on our way down into the thick sunshine—to "God's country," as Sisson calls the chaparral zone. In two hours' ride the last snow bank was left behind. Violets appeared along the edges of the trail, and the chaparral was coming into bloom, with young lilies and larkspurs in rich profusion. How beauti-

ful seemed the golden sunbeams streaming through the woods, and warming the brown furrowed boles of the cedar and pine! The birds observed us as we passed, and we felt like speaking to every flower.

At four in the afternoon we reached Strawberry Valley, and went to bed. Next morning we seemed to have risen from the dead. My bedroom was flooded with living sunshine, and from the window I saw the great white Shasta cone wearing its clouds and forests, and holding them loftily in the sky. How fresh and sunful and new-born our beautiful world appeared! Sisson's children came in with wild flowers and covered my bed, and the sufferings of our long freezing storm period on the mountain-top seemed all a dream.

MA'M'SELLE.

IN Barnegat the world was dead and buried, and in its place there stood the graven image of a city carved in snow. The river, which in summer ran up and down, with the flowing and ebbing of the tide, between the decayed and half-ruined wharves of the old city and the island of Barnegat, on the other side, was choked with masses of ice; the streets were filled with the drifted snow; and still the storm, urged on and inspired by a riotous east wind, continued.

Along the High Street of Barnegat, where in happier times the sun lay longest, filling it from east to west with shifting light and shade, the wind was tossing the snow, as it fell, into clouds of whirling sleet, and being a wind of independent mind, unfettered by restraining or guiding principles, blowing, as it seemed, both up and down.

Coming up the street with the wind was a slender figure wrapped in a dark cloak. The snow powdered her from head to foot, making little drifts in the hollows of her shoulders, and turning the scarlet hood wound about her head into a wreath of snow and icicles, while the wind blew her hair about her face, twisted it into light, crisp curls, and tossed it back again, making of her beauty a jest and plaything.

As we looked from the window and watched her struggling with the storm, we decided that Ma'm'selle was paying dearly for her letters; but she seemed to have an opinion of her own upon the subject, for she glanced up at us and waved them in her hand with an air of triumph, as she stood at the door, shaking the snow from her dress.

There was something distractingly mysterious about Ma'm'selle. All winter she had been receiving weekly letters, which she insisted on going to fetch for herself. She grew absent-minded; and as she sat over her papers, or corrected the children's French exercises, she smiled confidently to herself in a way that suggested, in the most

bewildering and tantalizing fashion, a world of delightful experiences into which we were not admitted.

She came in that afternoon, and stood on the hearth before the fire, holding her letters in her hand.

"I am sure you want to know," she said, looking up suddenly.

No, there was nothing we wished to know. We were not curious. We were basely contented with our ignorance. Still, if Ma'm'selle had any thing interesting to communicate, we would most willingly lend her our ears.

"It is a long story," she said, "and begins a long time ago, when I was a mere child—only fifteen."

She seated herself on a low stool, and rested her head against the fire-frame, so that the light shone on her hair, and deepened its pale yellow into gold. There was something excessively irritating in Ma'm'selle's beauty. Perhaps it was because she wore it with such a meekly triumphant air, as if it were something for which she was not to blame, and which, out of consideration to us, she would take pains to forget. Whatever the reason might be, you were always sure to feel secretly annoyed with her for being so faultlessly beautiful. Although we admired her, it was under protest, and, as Kate observed, there was a kind of lurking disapproval mingled with all our admiration.

Ma'm'selle turned her letters over in her hand, and said, in the quick low voice which was habitual with her, "Yes, I think I am glad it has come at last." Then looking up quickly, and beating one hand gently with her bundle of letters as she spoke, she said:

"It was so long ago that it began, it seems as if it were in another life. It was like this: We were at Florence, my father and I. Our rooms, I remember, were just opposite the Pitti Palace, and below us was an English family. There was a milord and lady, besides troops of little children, and Miss Ethel and Leigh. Miss Ethel was quite a lady, and out in society, although she was not much older than I, while I was always running about with the other children and the French *bonne*. Leigh Halstead was twenty, and just home from Oxford. It was strange how much at home he was there in Florence. It was as if he had been born there, and had lived there all his life. He had a way of making our great cold rooms warm and human and full of color; he put color in them simply by being there himself. I think he was what you call picturesque. He was so fond of color! It was a world by itself, he said, and had as many tones as music; but that was because he knew what it meant, that it was the sign of life, and that is why, or that is partly why— But that comes afterward.

"We were very good friends in those first days after he came to Florence, for he helped me to understand many things that I had not known or that I had not cared to know before. I had not wished to be grown up. I was quite content to wander about the old city with my *gouvernante*, strolling idly through the dusky streets, where, at every turn, one saw some new color in the frescoes on the walls, or standing still to watch the pale glow of the sunlight which filled the niches and shifted slowly across the irregular outlines of the houses, feeling always how old every thing was, and as if in some way the old dead life were becoming a part of my own, but never caring to ask questions of any one. Now I wanted to be a woman, and to learn how to understand every thing which I had only felt before.

"One day we were in one of the galleries of the Palazzo Pitti, Élise and I, when Leigh Halstead came in. He wanted me to go with him to see a picture of the Madonna: there are so many Madonnas there and every where one gets quite tired of them, but this one I had never seen. It was Murillo's. We left Élise to follow us, and went together to look at it. It was a wonderful face, *mes amis*: so young and beautiful! and the eyes—ah! they were so full of awe and of a blessedness too grand and solemn to be glad. The face was pale, and the lips seemed hushed into a silence that could never be broken. All about her were those divine child faces which the old painters put into their pictures. She too was divine—there is no other word for her; it was the child Madonna, and her eyes grew deeper and larger as I looked at her. Ah! it made me hold my breath."

Ma'm'selle lifted her hands to her face, held them there for a moment, and then went on. Her voice was low and almost monotonous, but it had that rare quality of expressiveness which is the result of the most subtle modulation. Her voice grew intense, tender, and pathetic in a single breath; and you became conscious of it in other ways than through the sense of hearing. You felt it as well as heard it. It seemed to take possession of your senses like a penetrating atmosphere; it was like an embodiment of her peculiar magnetism and personality.

"We looked at it a long time," she said; "and he said it was like me—the child-mother. You can not wonder that I wept then; but he said he did not wish me to be a Madonna. He wanted me to smile, and tell him with my eyes that I would always be his little saint, and that by-and-by, when I was grown a woman, I would learn to love him, and be his wife.

"He had a bunch of April arum lilies in his hand, and among them was a little scar-

let flower; this he put in my hair, telling me it was a sign that I was not to dream any more unless I dreamed of him. After that he went away to Zurich.

"Every day I wore his scarlet flower in my hair, going with Élise to one of the palaces, where, on the broad gray basements, were piled masses of all kinds of flowers for sale, and coming home with our arms full of them.

"I was always thinking of him, and always trying to learn every thing that he would like. I think I was not like the Madonna any more; the color came into my face, and I felt that I was grown up; but I got wicked, and hated every one—every one but him. I thought they would keep me away from him, my Leigh.

"One day I went with one of the children into Lady Halstead's room to hunt for a book which she had dropped there. There was no one by but ourselves, and I stopped for a moment to look at it, it was so beautiful, so different from mine. I remember the hangings at the windows. They were of some soft rich stuff, and I went and laid my cheek against them; the colors were so warm—rich golden browns with gold threads interlaced.

"See," said Claire, the little girl, "what pretty jewels my mamma wears!"

"They were lying in an open casket on the dressing-table—strings of Roman pearls, opals, and antique Egyptian beryls.

"I had never seen such exquisitely beautiful ones before, and I took them in my hands and fondled them. It seemed to me that the opals were like me—myself; the color in them like the blood in my heart, never shining steadily, but throbbing uneasily, and flashing out here and there. I shook them out till they seemed like nothing but waves of color dripping through my fingers; then I twisted them in my hair, and about my neck. They were like the eyes of serpents, with the fire flashing in them. Claire came to the mirror, and clapped her hands.

"Pretty! pretty!" cried the child; "you are prettier than mamma."

"Just then the door opened and she came in—my Lady Halstead. She was very handsome, my lady, *une grande dame*; but she had a temper, *mes amis*, and she shook me with her large white hands. I think I have hated white hands since then," said Ma'm'selle, looking down at her own slender fingers, and rubbing them till they were pink. "She called me a horrible child. Ah! it was very vile in her; and she said no child of hers should have any thing to do with the daughter of an actress, and that I was not to come there any more. I was afraid of her at first, but I grew angry and wicked. I hated her, and I hated them all, because of her saying that and other things very hard to bear. So

I pulled the jewels from my hair and throat, and threw them on the floor, and stamped the life out of them. They lay there winking at me, and I thought they begged me not to kill them; but I would not mind; I crushed them under my feet. It was as if a rainbow had been spilled on the floor. Lady Halstead was shrieking with anger, but now I was not afraid of her. I was not angry either, but cold and miserable, and I went away and asked my father what she meant by saying that and other things about my mother.

"His face was very pale, and his voice was very low and quiet, as if it hurt him whenever he spoke to me about *ma mère*. It is twenty—twenty-five years now since she first appeared on the stage. It was in Paris, at *La Française*. She was an American; but she was very beautiful, and she had great talent. I have dreamed of her sometimes, and she is like this: tall and fair, but not too fair; a complexion like a creole's—soft and warm; and her hair the color of yellow autumn leaves when the sun shines on them. She was like a daughter of the old Norse gods; her eyes blue, like the North Sea, and deep-shining like stars. She was the fashion in Paris. She was *impassionnée*; and when the people came to hear her, they forgot the rest of the actors, and listened only to her. She held them by her genius and beauty and her wonderful voice. It thrilled them like music. Ah! I was proud of her when he told me that."

Ma'm'selle's face glowed with excitement, and her low, even voice rose into a subdued tone of exaltation. She rose and lifted herself to her full height. "I am not unlike *ma mère*. He told me so that night, and he wept when he said it. By-and-by she married. My father was a student, a recluse. He had *le culte de la femme*, and he worshiped her; but for all that, she could not leave the stage. It was her life; and after a while—Well, he was not happy. Perhaps neither of them was happy. Sir Leigh Halstead was in Paris then, and it was while he was there that *maman*—disappeared.

"Did she die?" I asked my father. "*Ma pauvre enfant*," he said, "she is dead. It is a long time now since she died to us. Ah! *ma pauvre petite*!" I knelt down and laid my head on his knee, and I felt his hot tears burn on my forehead.

"After that we talked no more of *maman*. We left Florence and went back to Paris, and after that we came to America."

Ma'm'selle paused in her story and walked up and down the room. She stopped before the window, and pressed her face against the glass, listening to the storm.

"It is cruel," she whispered. "America has always been cruel to us. At first we went about a good deal. It was as if we were searching for something; but we never

found it—what we were looking for; and by-and-by our money was gone. That is why I am here; that is why I am a governess—*une gouvernante*—and nothing more."

She repeated the words with a smile of infinite amusement. Her smile was as much a part of her personality as her voice. It was a bewildering smile, radiant yet evasive; it admitted no one into its confidence, and kept its own secrets.

"It was intolerable to me, this life here," continued Ma'm'selle, "and it has lasted three years. All the while I heard nothing of Leigh Halstead; but at last he found me out. He came here to America, to Barnegat, and, *mes amis*, these are his letters here."

She lifted them to her lips.

"Shall I go on, *mes amis*?"

Surely she might go on; we were not only eager for the rest of her story, but we began to suspect dimly the end, and we were anxious to have our prophetic visions of a love tale confirmed. Ma'm'selle rose and bowed, gracefully kissing her hand to us as she turned toward the door.

"Pardon," she said, "I am making it too long. I weary you. I will come again in the morning. In the mean while the children and their lessons. I will excuse myself, *mes amis*."

She left the room, blushing a little, as if in mute apology for her forgetfulness, her fresh young face looking, if possible, more irresistibly beautiful than ever.

Kate looked up after her, and sighed.

"There is something very uncommon about Ma'm'selle," she said, as if to herself. "I don't understand her. She makes me feel thoroughly stupid and insignificant because I haven't had a history myself. But she's delicious—simply delicious. If I were a man, I should be madly in love with her; but I'm glad I'm not. I'm glad I am only a commonplace woman with an uncommon governess."

The next morning we awoke into what seemed a newly created world. The storm was over, but the snow remained, flinging itself like graceful drapery over the roofs of the houses, and hiding their sharp angular outlines behind its soft clinging folds. In winter Barnegat was a poetic version of itself, and as Ma'm'selle looked from the window, she forgave it for being American.

She came in, dressed in a loose white wrapper made of some soft thick material, her fair hair falling low in her neck, and shining, as she stood in the sunlight, like a mass of rippling gold. She stood for a long time looking out at the window, her hands folded, and her eyes dim with suppressed feeling. Beauty, she said, was like a religion. She could not think it was right that there should be any thing ugly in the world, or that there should be such a disagreeable thing as unhappiness. Every

thing should be beautiful and joyous. She could not believe that she had ever been miserable or unhappy; and as she spoke she lifted the hair from her face, baring her forehead to the sun as it streamed in through the frosted glass.

Then she came and stood on the hearth, leaning against the mantel, her head drooping a little, and her eyes fixed on the floor.

"It was like this," she said, "his coming here—of course it is Leigh Halstead that I mean—as if I had been a long time dead and suddenly found myself alive. I was glad before I knew it, glad with an unreasoning sort of gladness. It was like going back into the old life, and yet not that either: we seemed to have changed places, for in all these years I had not stood still. I had become a woman, and when he came it seemed to give me a chance for the first time to be myself. Yet I was not sure at first that I wanted it to go on. I can not explain what I mean by this going on—it was simple gladness at first, and then there was the strangeness of my knowing him again, and of our two lives so far apart coming together, and then it was something stranger still. It was as if he could not get away from—from America.

"‘I want to go away,’ he would say, ‘but I simply *can't*.’

"One day—it was in the afternoon late, but before the sun was down—we had walked a long distance beyond the town, and, without knowing why, we strayed into the old church-yard. Far out at sea the sails of the ships rose and fell like purple shadows on the water, as the vessels veered with the wind, and where we stood the sunlight fell on our faces, staining the snow and the white stones around us a delicate rose-color. It seemed like life itself playing with death and with the dead.

"It was so still there, so very still, it seemed as if the earth itself had died and we had come to see it buried. It was so still that we forgot to talk; it was as if we too had become a part of the silence.

"At last I sat down on an iron seat where the snow had been brushed away, and Leigh came and stood near me, looking off toward the sea. I heard him talking to himself. ‘If I were to die now, I might go to heaven,’ he said; ‘I was never so near it before.’

"‘Why do you talk of dying?’ I asked him; ‘there is nothing so disagreeable.’

"Then he looked at me in such a strange way that I began to tremble, for we had never come so near—so near to each other—before. It was the great space around us, the stillness, and the sea and sky, and the great white earth stretching away behind us like the whiteness of eternity—we two were alone in the midst of it—that is what brought us so close, and I seemed to know what he would say before he said it.

"‘I wonder if I could be like you,’ he said, ‘if I were to live with you always. You do not know what it is to be wicked.’

"‘Ah! how can that be? I am not always good,’ I answered him.

"Then he laughed. ‘No! You do not know what the words mean, goodness and wickedness—how should you? You are a flower without perfume; you are a poem, not a woman, and I love you!’ Oh! how I love you, *ma bien-aimée*.’

"Then he held my hands between both his own, and I wondered if perhaps it was true that this was love. But I felt myself growing cold and miserable, for I knew even if it were love, that Sir Leigh Halstead’s son could never marry me. There were too many things to be considered—himself first, and then Sir Leigh and Lady Halstead, and, if she were alive, *maman*.

"I tried to make all this clear to him, but he would not listen, and at last he went away very angry. One, two weeks passed, and yet I was not unhappy, for his letters were full of love. I could feel it beating in the words he wrote, and I did not look beyond. His love was enough—it was intoxication."

Ma'm'selle looked up with a slight start, as if she feared she had confessed too much; then, walking quickly across the room, she leaned over the great arm-chair, playing with the tassel, and speaking very rapidly.

"He said nothing more of my marrying him until he came again one night to Barne-gat. You were away, *mes amis*, and the children asleep up stairs. But he said then that I must marry him at once—that night. I admired his saying that ‘must,’ although I knew I would not obey him. He had just received a telegram from his father’s physician, saying that Sir Leigh was very ill, and he was to come home at once. He swore he would not go back to England unless I went with him as his wife, and he looked very handsome and resolute when he said it, like King Cophetua, I thought, when he

‘sware a royal oath
This beggar maid shall be my queen.’

But I said to him, ‘I will be your wife when Sir Leigh Halstead writes me with his own hand that I shall be welcome at Armhurst Park.’ Was it not well said? Ah, but I remembered Lady Halstead too well. Did she not call me a horrible child?"

Ma'm'selle locked her hands tightly together, and her thin red lips curled in a way which, in one less beautiful, we should have called wicked. Then she went on speaking even lower than usual, in a voice of enforced quietude and intentness:

"It has come—at last. He was very ill, Sir Leigh, and every week he grew worse; but the disease was slow, slow and dangerous. At length—no longer ago than yesterday—a letter came from Leigh, my Leigh,

saying that his father was dead. He added in a postscript, 'Sir Leigh Halstead writes you with his own hand that you will be welcome at Armhurst Park.' He will come for me in May, and there will be Florentine lilies growing in the garden when I reach England."

"So you will be Lady Halstead," we say, both together.

"So I shall be Lady Halstead," echoed Ma'm'selle, quietly triumphant.

Kate rose and laid her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"I am very glad for you, if you are happy," she said; "but are you quite sure that you love this Leigh Halstead?"

Ma'm'selle took in her hands a scarlet flower which she wore at her throat, looked at it for a moment, and quietly pinned it in its place before speaking.

"It must be like that—every thing that is alive, I mean. It must be vivid, it must have color. My life here, and always in America, has been without it; and now—do you not like it?"

"Oh yes, we like it," replies Kate, looking to me for confirmation and support; "but there is a—a something which perhaps we would have liked better in your lover. He does not seem to care much, at least not particularly, for his father's death."

"Yes?" answers Ma'm'selle, musing, and as if she had not thought of it before. "Perhaps that is the way with lovers, that they should not care for—other things."

"Perhaps it is," answers Kate, dejectedly, humbly confessing her own ignorance on the subject; "I can't be expected to know."

"That is true," said Ma'm'selle. "You can't; but I—I have always wished to have something coming to me that my life might taste—as I remember once in the Boboli Gardens, where I used to go on Sundays with the children, when the warm air blew over my face, and the whole world was alive and warm, and the blood in my veins seemed crying out for joy, then it was as if—if every thing, life itself, tasted. I think Sir Leigh will make life taste. Yes, I am glad he gave me the April arum lilies in the palace of the Pitti, and that he has not forgotten. Yes—I think—I love him."

For a few weeks Ma'm'selle's affairs seemed to go on as prosperously as could be wished.

Of course it was wrong, as Kate suggested, that we should be glad of the elder Sir Leigh Halstead's death; but then it was, to say the least, very convenient for Ma'm'selle.

Ma'm'selle's conduct was most exemplary, and we admired her without reserve. We began to feel that we might not always have treated her with the most thoughtful consideration. Our doubts about her vanished; they were but smoke in the air, and her good fortune had blown them away. We were

even more eager than she for the arrival of the foreign mail and the latest news from Armhurst Park. Would Sir Leigh really wait until May, now that he had come into possession? Why did he not come for her at once? We wished her to consider our house her home, and we hoped the wedding would take place there.

In short, Ma'm'selle had become a heroine. She was in love, she was beloved, she was an angel.

"How can you be so sweet and patient about your lover?" asked Kate one night, as Ma'm'selle sat at the window, bending over some embroidery, and smiling occasionally to herself.

"It is not hard to be patient," said Ma'm'selle, in her rapid way, dropping her work, and looking out at the window, "when one is sure of the end. I am sure—quite sure. It is not possible but that every thing should come right and fortunate for me in the end. I was born fortunate. I have *l'esprit exalté*."

"And you are quite happy, Ma'm'selle? I like to have you tell me so," continued Kate, "because you are so quiet, you say so little about it."

"I am very well pleased," answered Ma'm'selle. "Sir Leigh is very fond of me, and his love is like incense—it fills my life. Is love not the poetry of life? and poetry, is not that the voice of Divinity made audible—the divineness of the world caught and imprisoned and disclosed to us so in glimpses?"

Ma'm'selle's hands lay folded in her lap, and she was still looking out of the window. Her face was pale, and her voice hushed into a tone of awe. Was this our Ma'm'selle? We thought of Murillo's Madonna, and did not speak. But Kate was not to be silenced.

"You say such strange things, Ma'm'selle," she said, after a little pause, "you quite take away my breath. But, to come back to your own affairs, really to your own affairs, I wish you would be more in love, Ma'm'selle—really, tremendously in love. I was never in love myself, except in a humdrum sort of way; but I should like to see the real thing once—enthusiasms, ardors, even a little tragedy if necessary, but every thing on a grand scale. I thought you were capable of *la grande passion*, Ma'm'selle. You make me feel as if you were going to disappoint me."

Ma'm'selle turned away from the window, and laughed quietly to herself.

"That is all very well in some one else. We have a saying in France, '*En amour, il y a toujours un qui aime l'autre*.' I am quite willing to be *l'autre*. But madame thinks I am not capable of enthusiasm. She shall see. My enthusiasm is for my father. He is a great man, but he is poor, and he must have money. It is for him I wait. He must be conciliated."

"Your father would not like you to marry

Sir Leigh?" we question, Ma'm'selle's father having been quietly ignored during the progress of her romance.

"No, he would not exactly—approve."

She took up her work, and hid her face, bending over it.

"What if you can not conciliate him, Ma'm'selle?"

"Then he is wise—he will submit."

The earth was slowly creeping out from under her covering of snow. The robins would sing were they here, we said, and the swallows build their nests, so full of the promise of spring were the days that came to us late that winter, bringing, like annunciation days, all the intangible grace and fragrance of the summer.

"Does it not make you feel as if you had just been born?" asked Ma'm'selle, coming in on one of those rare days with her letters.

She threw open the window, and sat before it reading, while the wind rustled the paper, and the warm moist earth, smoking in the sun outside, seemed to be sending up a delicate, only half perceptible, perfume of the violets yet unborn. It was not a long letter, and Ma'm'selle sighed as she finished reading it.

We hoped she had received no bad news. Would she assure us that the sigh was not an unhappy one? Was all going on well at Armhurst Park?

Ma'm'selle looked serious, and held out the letter, but drew it back again. "No, I will read it myself. He writes me this: 'I am afraid I am going to be ill. I have had a great deal to do arranging matters at home—paying Victor's debts, the rascal, and getting his commission; and, besides all that, getting every thing in readiness for you, *ma bien-aimée*. Mamma is very anxious, and has the doctor come every day. After he is gone she sits down and contemplates me, shaking her head, and saying, in a happy, discouraging way that she has, "You are so like your father, and you have his very symptoms." It is meant to be very consoling, no doubt, but I am hardly able to appreciate it. I have not been out for a week; the weather is thoroughly detestable—almost American. And now they say I must not write any more, not even to you. Is it not ridiculous? But you are not to be anxious about me, *cherie*; remember, you are not to worry, and you are not to forget that I love you. You are so young, so beautiful, so exquisite! I kiss my hands to you; I love you. You are as perfect as the lilies I gave you in Florence. Do you remember? Did I not kiss your hair that day? It was so bright! I remember now how bright it was. I kiss it again; I love you. You are not to be alarmed. Already I am better.'"

"Oh, I am so sorry!" exclaimed Kate. Do you think he is really ill?"

Ma'm'selle folded her letter and replaced it in the envelope.

"He is very ill. I am sure that he is very ill. He tries to make it better than it is, but I am not to be alarmed. You notice that he says that."

Ma'm'selle brushed the hair back from her face, and put her hands to her temples.

"No, I will not be alarmed," she said, after a pause. "I am sure, quite sure, that nothing unfortunate can happen to—me."

She began very bravely, but at the last her voice died away in a sob. She checked herself and left the room.

After this Ma'm'selle's letters arrived only at irregular intervals, but she made no complaints. There was one saying, "I am no better, but indeed I am no worse;" then another telling her that the weather was still wretched and unendurable, and that he could not get out, but that he waited in perfect confidence for the warm days of April; and after that there was a long ominous silence. Still Ma'm'selle did not give up.

Her face grew a little paler and her manner a little more quiet, but that was all. She would not talk of her lover, she begged only to be left alone, she was sure every thing would come out right, and she was not to worry. She would smile sadly as she said it, and go about her lessons with the children. It was pitiful to see the sweet, sad patience of her face.

At last, one day late in February, we saw her coming from the post-office, and before she reached the house we were assured from her manner that she had received no letters. At the gate she stopped, looking about her in an absent-minded manner, as if she did not wish to come in.

While she stood there, listless and pre-occupied, some one came up to her, spoke a few words, and put into her hands a yellow envelope.

"Is it a telegram?" whispered Kate, under her breath.

Ma'm'selle opened it, just glanced at it, and then let it drop from her fingers. She looked at it again where it lay on the ground; then hurriedly picking it up, she crushed it in her hands, and hurried into the house.

We looked at each other in silence. Was Ma'm'selle to be unfortunate, then, after all? We did not dare to give expression to our fears, but went up to Ma'm'selle's room dreading to hear the worst.

She was walking up and down, her arms hanging by her side, neither crying nor moaning, but opening and closing her hands with a fierce intensity of expression that seemed to reveal every thing we feared. She looked up with hard, cold eyes, but did not speak.

"My poor child, what has happened? what is it?" cried Kate, taking one of her hands, and stroking it gently with her own.

Ma'm'selle did not answer.

"Oh, if she would only speak! This silence is terrible!" groaned Kate, in despair.

Ma'm'selle looked at her as if she hardly understood what she was saying, and then, with a hard, worn smile on her face, she whispered, in a voice so low, so intense and pathetic, it would have drawn tears from a heart of stone,

"He—my Leigh—is—dead."

"My poor child! my poor child!" was all one could say.

Ma'm'selle still looked at us with the same strange expression of forced calmness on her face.

"Ah!" she said, pitifully, "I am afraid I am capable of *la grande passion*."

Then her voice failed her. The intensity, the perfect quietude, of her long self-control had exhausted all her energies. She tottered for a moment, reaching out her hands in a blind, hopeless way, and fell back on the sofa as pale and lifeless as a piece of delicately carved marble. We were at her side in a moment, bathing her temples and chafing her hands.

"It seems cruel," sobbed Kate, her voice choking with tears, "to try to bring her back to consciousness again. And I thought she was not in love. Poor hurt child!"

Ma'm'selle moved uneasily as the cold water touched her face, and put out her hands feebly, as if she were trying to catch hold of something, but she did not open her eyes.

"It is so cold here!" she murmured, shivering; and then she laughed in that wild, hopeless way so much more terrible to hear than sobs or cries. We could not quiet her. "Ah, I did not think I should drown so easily," she went on, smiling to herself. "It is pleasant here, pleasant and cool at the bottom of the river, only I can see your face—yours, Leigh—through the water." She put up her hand with a caressing motion, and beckoned with one finger. "Will you not come down too and be drowned?" she said. "It is so sweet to be dead; but you are not dead. What is it you say? Ah, yes, they will not understand—No, don't whisper it, the waves make such a noise I can not hear. You say May has come, and the roses are in bloom. I was the queen rose once; you know it—we know it. Ha! ha! No one knows what I am now. Hush! I will tell you. See here, the sea-weed is around my neck! No, it is the opals—they are choking me. Take them away quick—quick, I say! She is coming—your mother—Ah! that is well. Did you kiss me then? I shall sleep now. I was a mermaid only a moment ago, but your kiss fell through the water."

Ma'm'selle smiled as sweetly as an infant, and Kate looked up at me with an expression of relief. If she could only sleep, we felt as if there might be some hope for her; but this hysterical passion was so unlike

every thing we knew of Ma'm'selle that we trembled for the result. Her voice, even, was no longer the one to which we had long been accustomed; while she talked and laughed it rose high and shrill, and then sank, all at once, into a hoarse whisper. Her mind seemed drifting helplessly into darkness and chaos.

"We must have a physician," I whispered to Kate, as we bent over the sufferer.

Ma'm'selle turned in her sleep. Had she heard me? She opened her eyes with an expression as sane as ever, but the change in them was something startling. An indefinable expression of old age had crept into them; all their youthfulness seemed to have been blotted out in a moment. She rose from the sofa with her old air of quiet self-possession, but there was something new and indescribably touching in it. It was the quiet of exhaustion. Her face looked haggard and worn, and her manner was that of one who had outlived herself, and who waited with a patient despair for the end of all things.

"I am afraid I have been a trouble to you," she said, in her old quiet voice, not rapid now, but measured and hollow, as if the life of it had gone out. "Please do not remember it if—I have not been quite myself. Every thing shall go on as usual. Now, if you will leave me alone, please—you are very good, very kind, but if you please—"

It was impossible to resist her or to offer words of sympathy. There was something appalling in her placid serenity. Had she indeed risen above grief through some mysterious process of which we were ignorant? Silent and humbled, we crept away.

The next morning Kate prepared Ma'm'selle's breakfast herself, and carried it up stairs, but receiving no answer to her tap on the door, she came back for me. The silence terrified her. Ma'm'selle must be sick, or worse. Would I open the door?

We went in together, but there was no one in the room. Kate gave a frightened little cry, and covered her mouth with her hands. We looked at each other, and then stared helplessly at the chairs and tables, as if expecting them to solve the mystery.

"It is ridiculous," said Kate, after a brief silence; "but I feel as if she might have fallen out of the window, and it is so high there. Would you dare look?"

I went to the window, but there was no need of opening it. Against the sill was pinned a neatly folded note, delicately perfumed, and addressed in Ma'm'selle's peculiar handwriting. We read it together.

"Pardon me," ran the note, "that I leave you so abruptly. I have the great happiness of announcing to you an engagement which promises great success. I trust, therefore, that you will be so good as to pardon me. Perhaps I should tell you, for I owe you much

kindness, that I have been playing before you, and that I now go to appear before the public. It was quite necessary that I should have rehearsals, and you were *une audience parfaite*. You should have seen your own faces; your manner was in itself an inspiration. As for Leigh Halstead, he is a myth, the hero of my little drama, and that is all. Perhaps you will not weep now, but, indeed, I thank you for your tears. You could have given me no praise that would have been a finer tribute to my talents. You will also be glad to know, perhaps, that I have found *maman*. She is quite satisfied with me and my accomplishments. We shall appear together in Paris at *La Française*. I am sure of success, for I was born fortunate. I have *l'esprit exalté*. My father?—he is wise, and he submits.

VOTRE MA'M'SELLE."

We looked at each other. Our thoughts lay too deep for words or tears. We disapproved of Ma'm'selle.

TOM MOORE IN AMERICA.

I WAS in Norfolk, Virginia, in the early spring of 1853, where I met the late G. P. R. James, Esq., the prolific English author, who was then the British consul at that port. Mr. James kindly invited me to breakfast with him at his official residence, a plain, old-fashioned mansion on Main Street, a drawing of which I made on New-Year's Day twelve years afterward. I spent a morning most delightfully with the novelist and his interesting family. He was then a little past fifty years of age, stout built in person, his hair and beard slightly whitened by time, and in every aspect he bore the outward promises of a robust old age; but only seven years afterward he died at Venice, Italy.

Mr. James seemed to be a sincere admirer of our political system. He spoke generously of the people he had come to live among two or three years before, and sharply in condemnation of those of his countrymen who had disparaged the Americans in flippant criticisms of men and manners here. "It was an American," he said (Washington Irving), "who gave me such encouragement that, when I was only twenty-one years of age, I wrote and put forth my *Life of Edward the Black Prince*, the first work that appeared with my name." Mr. Irving was then in London, and had just secured a publisher for his *Sketch-Book*.

"I have often wondered," continued Mr. James, "how Tom Moore, so good and generous a fellow as he always seemed to be, could have written from this country such slanderous letters about the Americans to his mother, and almost vindictive poetic epistles to his friends. But he was very young then, only four or five and twenty," added Mr. James, apologetically. "And it was in this very house, and in this room, that Moore wrote one of the finest of his earlier poems, called 'The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.' He was staying with my ancient predecessor in office, Colonel Hamilton, who

was British consul at Norfolk so early as 1803, and who occupied this house then and four years afterward, when the unfortunate affair between the *Leopard* and the *Chesapeake* occurred. So exasperated were the people here on that account that, I have been told, a mob trailed the British flag in the dust before the consulate; and but for the genuine respect felt for Colonel Hamilton by all classes, he would have suffered personal insult. This, Sir, makes my house a historic relic; and it is also a sort of abandoned temple of the Muses, since here Tom Moore wrote poetry, and sang some of his beautiful songs set to sweetest melody by himself, accompanied by the spinet."

Had Mr. James then known some of the circumstances connected with Moore's brief visit in our country, he would not have "wondered" at the poet's bitterness, albeit without cause.

Thomas Moore (or Tom Moore, as he was usually called) was small in stature and almost girlish in appearance when he came to the United States in 1804. He had been a "show child"—attractive and noteworthy almost from babyhood. He was a clever rhymers at the age of fourteen years, and at twenty he had earned fame as a poet, and was "patronized" and flattered by the Prince of Wales, afterward King George the Fourth. His face was small and intellectual in expression, sweet and gentle. His eyes were dark and brilliant; his mouth was delicately cut and full-lipped; his nose was slightly upturned, giving an expression of fun to his face; his complexion was fair and somewhat ruddy; his hair was a rich dark brown, and curled all over his head; his forehead was broad and strongly marked; and his voice, not powerful, was exquisitely sweet, especially when he was singing.

Such is a description of Moore's personal appearance at the time of his visit here, which was given me by Mrs. M——r, an elderly lady at Fredericksburg, Virginia, almost thirty years ago. She was a gay young girl in her "teens" when, on a warm June evening, she met the poet at the house of a friend, heard him sing, and received from his hand a copy of the following sonnet "To the Fire-Fly:"

"This morning, when the earth and sky
Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly,
Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

"But now the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee, too;
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

"O let me hope that thus for me,
When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To light if not to warm the gloom!"

This sonnet was composed during Moore's night ride between Richmond and Fredericksburg, in a stage-coach, with a Quaker

and his daughter. In a rollicking poetic epistle which he wrote to his friend "George M——, Esq.," from Fredericksburg, on the 2d of June, 1804, he thus refers to this sonnet:

"And now, as through the gloom so dark
The fire-flies scattered many a spark,
To one that glittered on the Quaker's bonnet
I wrote a sonnet."

Mrs. M——r kindly allowed me to trace a fac-simile of the closing verse of the sonnet, with Moore's signature.

By the influence of his royal friend, Moore was appointed Registrar of the Admiralty Court at Bermuda, and entered upon the duties of his office early in 1804. The ship in which he sailed for his destination touched at Norfolk, Virginia, late in 1803, and remained there some time, when the poet was the guest of Colonel Hamilton, "whose house," he wrote, "is the very temple of hospitality." From Norfolk he proceeded to his post of duty; but finding the service distasteful to him, he left the business in the hands of a deputy, and sailed for New York. He afterward made a flying tour through portions of the United States and Canada, and then returned to England.

The poet had scarcely viewed the city of Norfolk, or made the acquaintance of a single family there, when he wrote a complaining letter to his mother and a poetical epistle to a young lady, lamenting in the latter the fading, in the light of experience, of the beautiful vision found in books,

"Which oft in boyhood's witching time
Had wrapt him to this wondrous clime."

Moore had for fellow-passengers across the ocean Mr. and Mrs. Merry. The former was on his way to Washington city, the accredited British minister. His wife was one of those proud, conceited, censorious, and generally disagreeable women who demand constant adoration and obsequiousness, feel insulted by every apparent neglect to honor their pretensions, and see little to praise and much to condemn in others. She flattered the vain young poet to his heart's content, and, inspired by her opinions and her prejudices, he saw through her eyes, and limned with his pen false pictures of society here. Writing to his mother (November 7, 1803), after he had been only two days in Norfolk, he ignorantly alluded to that city as "the capital of Virginia," and said: "This Norfolk is a most strange place: nothing to be seen in the streets but dogs and negroes; and the few ladies that *pass for white* are, to be sure, the most unlovely pieces of crockery I ever set my eyes upon.....Poor Mrs. Merry has been as ill-treated by the mosquitoes as she has been by every one else. They have bit her into a fever." Norfolk had been quite deserted by the inhabitants at that time on account of the yellow fever, which had just ceased its ravages.

The poet rode out to the Dismal Swamp with Colonel Hamilton, and penetrated its dark recesses to Drummond's Pond, in its centre, and he became much interested in a popular story about a young man who was made insane by the death of a girl whom he loved. The youth insisted that she was not dead, but had gone to the Dismal Swamp; and he went thither in search of her, and never returned. It was supposed that he perished in the morasses. The touching story excited the imagination of Moore, and at the consulate he wrote the poem already alluded to, the lover saying:

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe."

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree
When the footstep of death is near."

"Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore—
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before."

"And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew."

"And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he, starting, cried, from his dream awake,
'Oh, when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?'"

"He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played—
'Welcome,' he said, 'my dear one's light!'
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid."

"Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more."

"But oft from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe."

Moore sailed from Bermuda at the middle of April (1804) in the frigate *Boston*, which, after a short cruise, went to New York, where the poet remained a week. The only things that particularly awakened his attention in that city, he said, were a sight of Madame Jerome Bonaparte, and a slight shock of an earthquake. Madame Bonaparte, the charming daughter of Mr. Patterson, a wealthy merchant of Baltimore, had married the youngest brother of Napoleon the year before, when she was in the eighteenth year of her age. That beautiful but unfortunate woman is yet living in Baltimore, a cruelly deserted wife for more than seventy years; and now, in her ninety-fifth year, she shows

lingering traces of that radiant beauty which distinguished her at the beginning of this century.

The poet sailed again in the *Boston* for Norfolk, from which place he journeyed northward through Virginia, by way of Williamsburg, Richmond, and Fredericksburg, to Washington city, which had been created the seat of the national government a few years before. That journey, made in the uncouth stage-coach of the time, furnished a theme for a ridiculous medley of prose and doggerel verse in the form of the epistle alluded to, which Moore wrote at Fredericksburg to a friend, beginning:

"Dear George, though every bone is aching,
 After the shaking
 I've had this week over ruts and ridges,
 And bridges
 Made of a few uneasy planks,
 In open ranks,
 Like old women's teeth, all loosely thrown
 Over rivers of mud, whose names alone
 Would make the knees of stoutest man knock—
 Rappahannock,
 Occoquan—the heavens may harbor us!
 Who ever heard of names so barbarous?
 Worse than M——'s Latin,
 Or the smooth codicil
 To a witch's will, where she brings her cat in!
 I treat my goddess ill
 (My Muse, I mean) to make her speak 'em;
 Like the Verbum Græcum,
 Spermagoraiolekitholakanopolides,
 Words that are only to be said upon holidays,
 When one has nothing else to do."

In the prose part of his epistle the poet gives a graphic description of his ride over the Virginia roads, and especially of the bridges, and says: "Mahomet (as Sale tells us) was at some pains to imagine a precarious kind of bridge for the entrance of paradise, in order to enhance the pleasures of arrival. A Virginian bridge, I think, would have answered his purpose completely."

Moore arrived in Washington city early in June, 1804, and for a week was the guest of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Merry. Then some circumstance occurred that irritated his foolish pride and egotism, and powerfully stirred the jealousy of Mrs. Merry. That lady had been almost insulted, in her estimation, before Moore's arrival, and hastened to lay her grievances before him. President Jefferson had invited the British minister and his spouse to dine at the "White House." When dinner was announced, Mr. Jefferson happened to be standing by and talking with Mrs. Madison, the accomplished wife of his Secretary of State, at some distance from Mrs. Merry, and he accompanied the former to the table. What right had the President of the *young* United States to give precedence to the wife of one of his ministers over the spouse of a representative of *old* England? It was monstrous, and little Tom Moore said so in a letter to his mother which he wrote in Baltimore on the 13th of June. "I stopped at Washington," he wrote, "with Mr. and

Mrs. Merry for near a week; they have been treated with the most pointed incivility by the present democratic President, Mr. Jefferson; and it is only the precarious situation of Great Britain which could possibly induce it to overlook such indecent, though at the same time petty, hostility."

Mrs. Merry's husband was worked into a sort of Pickwickian fury by his offended wife, and made a great stir about it. So also did the Federalists; and the matter at length assumed such a shape that Secretary Madison wrote to Mr. Monroe (who had succeeded Mr. King as minister to England), giving him the facts of the case, as it appeared possible that the American ambassador might be called upon by the British government to give an explanation of the "pointed incivility" with which the wife of England's representative had been afflicted. A friendly British under-secretary had already informed Mr. Monroe of the circumstance, and intimated that he would probably hear about it officially. That information was fun for the grave Monroe, for the thing was so absurd; besides, he had an excellent counter-charge of "pointed incivility" to make, for only a short time before, the wife of an English under-secretary had been accorded precedence over Mrs. Monroe under similar circumstances. Full of unwonted merriment, he hinted his "line of defense" to his informant. The ludicrous "tempest in a tea-pot" suddenly subsided, and no more was heard of it.

But the Merrys persisted in being mortally offended. Mrs. Merry refused to shed the light of her countenance at the Presidential mansion, and her husband never appeared there except on official business. When the storm seemed to be spent, and clear sky appeared, the good-natured President attempted to relieve the irate minister and his wife from the awkward dilemma in which her folly had placed them. Through one of the diplomatic corps Mr. Jefferson inquired whether Mr. and Mrs. Merry would accept an invitation to a family dinner. Mr. Merry gave an affirmative answer, and Mr. Jefferson sent an invitation written with his own hand. But Mrs. Merry evidently interposed her veto. Her husband replied to the President's friendly note by formally addressing the Secretary of State to know whether he was invited in his private or official capacity; if in the one, he must first obtain the permission of his sovereign; if in the other, he must first have assurance that he would be treated in a manner as became his exalted position. Mr. Madison replied: "The President instructs me to say that Mr. and Mrs. Merry are at liberty to act as they please in a matter of such small moment." So the correspondence ended.

Tom Moore now appeared upon the scene, and the little poet, soon after his arrival in

Washington, had his own little grievance to complain of. Mr. Merry, as in duty bound, presented him to the President as a distinguished citizen of Great Britain. Mr. Jefferson had scarcely heard of him, for his fame had not yet stirred the admiration of American society. The President had a habit of casting a cold first look at a stranger; and on this occasion, standing erect, six feet two inches and a half, he gazed for a moment silently down upon the perfumed five-foot poet, spoke a word or two to him, and having other and more important engagements, gave the pretty young stranger no further attention. The vanity of Moore was severely wounded, and he hastened to dear Mrs. Merry with his sad tale of "pointed incivility" on the part of the "democratic President," and she honored him with her warmest sympathy. He resolved that the upstart republic of the West should feel the weight of his displeasure. Two or three days afterward he shook the dust of the national capital from his feet, and halting at Baltimore, sat down and wrote as follows to his mother on the 13th of June:

"I have passed the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the Occoquan, the Potapsio [Patapsco], and many other rivers with names as barbarous as the inhabitants. Every step I take not only *reconciles* but *endears* to me not only the excellences, but even the errors, of Old England. Such a road as I have come! and in such a conveyance! The mail takes twelve passengers, which generally consist of squalling children, stinking negroes, and republicans smoking cigars. How often it has occurred to me that nothing can be more emblematical of the *government* of this country than its *stages*, filled with a motley mixture of 'hail-fellows well met,' driving through mud and filth, which *bespatters* them as they *raise* it, and risking an *upset* at every step! God comfort their capacities! As soon as I am away from them, both the stages and the government may have the same fate, for what *I* care."

While his anger was yet hot, Moore had written a poetic epistle at Washington to Dr. Thomas Hume, the inspiration of which was derived from the coarse and often indecent ribaldry of the political writings of "Peter Porcupine" (William Cobbett), an Englishman. After referring in general terms to "the selfish motives of the leading American demagogues," and to Washington as one

"Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And stept o'er prostrate royalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch that the mob might reign,"

he fell upon Jefferson most savagely in innuendo, and in these words:

"Now turn thine eye where faint the moonlight falls
On yonder dome, and in those princely halls,
If thou canst hate as, oh! that soul must hate
Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great;
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
The Gallic garbage of philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times
With which false Liberty dilutes her crimes;
If thou hast got within thy free-born breast
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,

Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!
There, in those walls— But, burning tongue, forbear!

Rank must be revered, even the rank that's there;
So here I pause. And now, my Hume, we part;
But, oh! full oft, in magic dreams of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potomac here!
O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,

'Midst bears and Yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wander, and with me despise!"

The *Epistles, Odes, et cetera*, written by Moore while he was in America, were published in 1806, with notes. In one of the poems, and in a note, Moore pointedly alluded to a scandalous report concerning Mr. Jefferson's private character, to which his political enemies had given currency. A copy of these poems was placed in the hands of W. A. Burwell, a member of Congress, who was an intimate personal friend of Mr. Jefferson and his family. He showed it to Mrs. Randolph, the President's daughter. The gross insults offered to her father by a man who had been introduced into society here, and was caressed by the British minister and his wife, aroused the anger of the "gentle Martha"—one whom John Randolph, the cynic, pronounced "the sweetest woman in America"—and she and Burwell agreed that it would be proper to lay the subject before Mr. Jefferson. He was then at his home at Monticello. The indignant friends had "talked themselves into a towering passion," says Jefferson's biographer (the late Mr. Randall). They went into the library, where the victim sat calmly reading. Burwell pointed out the offensive words, when Jefferson, looking first at one and then at the other, whose angry looks betrayed their feelings, broke into a clear, loud laugh, which was instantly contagious. The cloud passed from the brow of Martha, and she and Burwell joined in the merriment.

Several years afterward Moore's *Irish Melodies* appeared. When a copy of the work was put into the hands of Mr. Jefferson by his granddaughter, the statesman, then retired from public life, exclaimed, "Why, this is the little man who satirized me so!" He read the poems with real delight. Some of the songs became great favorites with him, and his biographer says that "the last page which Mr. Jefferson's dying hand traced—his farewell to his daughter—contained a quotation of several lines from the one commencing, 'It is not the tear at this moment shed.'"

In Philadelphia Moore met with more congenial spirits among the Federalists. His lampoons of Mr. Jefferson, most of which were too gross for publication, delighted the President's political enemies, and the young poet was greatly caressed. He was received with enthusiasm into the literary

circle of which Joseph Dennie, the editor of the *Portfolio*, was the centre. "My reception at Philadelphia," Moore wrote to his mother, "was extremely flattering; and it is the only place in America which can boast any literary society, and my name had prepossessed them more strongly than I deserve." They gave him flattering introductions to friends on the line of his intended journey, and he felt a regret on leaving such pleasant persons, with whom he had passed the "few agreeable moments," he said, which his tour through the States had afforded him. He expressed his grateful feelings warmly in "Lines written on leaving Philadelphia," saying:

"The stranger is gone, but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he strayed by the waves of the Schuylkill alone."

Moore made another brief visit at New York, and then voyaged up the Hudson River to Albany in a sloop. At the great falls of the Mohawk at Cohoes, near its mouth, he wrote some lines on the wild scenery; and then he traversed the beautiful valley of the Mohawk and the wilderness of Western New York to Buffalo, along the general course of the Erie Canal—a great work then only a faint idea in embryo in the minds of a few sagacious men. While passing through the dark forests between Batavia and Buffalo, he was inspired to write the song "Of the Evil Spirit of the Woods," in which he speaks of the *alligator* in the waters there, which

"loves to creep
Torpido to his winter's sleep."

At the little hamlet of Buffalo the poet wrote an epistle in rhyme to W. R. Spencer, in which, after referring to "Christians, Mohawks, Democrats, and all" as making up society in America,

"Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nothing's known of luxury but vice,"

he seems to have relented when thinking of his Philadelphia flatterers, and wrote:

"Yet, yet forgive me, oh, you sacred few,
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew,
Whom known and loved through many a social eve,
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave."

Moore crossed the entrance to the Niagara River, near Buffalo, to the Canada side, travelled down to Chippewa, within two or three miles of the great cataract, and there spent a sleepless night, with the sound of the roaring waters in his ears. With Colonel Brock (killed in battle at Queenstown eight years afterward) he viewed the mighty Falls; and crossing Lake Ontario, he went down the St. Lawrence, among the Thousand Islands, from Kingston to Montreal, in an open boat. It was upon the bosom of

that beautiful river that he wrote the charming "Canadian Boat Song," which he set to an air sung by his rowers—*voyageurs*. Soon after that he sailed for England.

When, in 1806, Moore published his *Epistles, Odes, et cetera*, which were chiefly written in America, he prefaced them with remarks concerning society here, which he himself characterized as "just sufficient to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince" his readers of his fairness; and he acknowledged that the poems might never have been printed but for a *tempting offer of money for them by his bookseller*. Moore lived long enough to see the shallowness of his opinions then of men and manners in America, and the unwisdom of his conclusions thus expressed in one of his "Epistles:—"

"No, no, believe me, 'tis not so: e'en now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poisoned and her heart decays.
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death,
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime."

LARGE SCHOOLS VERSUS SMALL.

NOTHING is more difficult to overthrow than a popular prejudice. From its very nature as a prejudice, it rests on no ground of rational argument, and from its long existence, it has come to be looked upon somewhat in the light of an article of faith. To oppose it by an opposing assertion is of no use, for it is doubtlessly true that the "It is not" of one man is just as good as the "It is" of another, when this is all that is said. Indeed, in some cases, as, for instance, in the generally received opinion that small schools are better than large ones, the reasons which it is necessary to adduce to correct the statement touch so many of the deepest and broadest principles which underlie our professional work as teachers, that we hesitate before we involve ourselves in so wide a discussion.

But the opinion above alluded to prevails so widely in some parts of our country that it seems to me worth while to present a few of the many considerations which, from a somewhat wide and long experience, would seem to favor the opposite opinion as the true one.

The subject has of late been forcibly presented to my mind by the reading of some essays on English schools for girls, whose author is a woman of wide experience, and also by the printed opinions of other women, teachers and observers, in the testimony given by them before the commission which was appointed to examine into the state of girls' education in England. It is very interesting and re-assuring to find that the problems which we teachers are trying to solve

in America are precisely the same as those on which English teachers are at work, and also that where a comparatively satisfactory solution has been reached by them, it corresponds with remarkable exactness to the solution which we ourselves have hazarded. If we, on one side of the "Atlantic pond," have laid down the track of our planet by our calculations, and they, on their side, under circumstances so different, have discovered by observation the same track, we may well congratulate each other, and believe that at last we are approaching the truth.

I can never, moreover, read the writings of English women, as compared with those of American women, in whatever line, without feeling and acknowledging the greater caution and force with which they write. They seem to weigh their words and to approach all serious questions with a due sense of their responsibility. Fortified, therefore, by the agreement with us in this educational matter of English women of skill and experience in the profession, let me state the principal arguments for maintaining, in opposition to the generally received public opinion, that large schools have the advantage over small ones. I speak, of course, of private schools.

First, they have the power to be better than small ones from the fact that their resources are larger, and they can therefore command larger rooms, better ventilation, more light, and more extensive apparatus. If the amount of income is small, the expenditure is necessarily limited. Miss Wolstenholme, an English teacher, says in her testimony, in answer to the question, "Can you state any special difficulties that occur to you in the way of the substantial improvement and efficient management of girls' schools?" "The small size of the girls' schools, for the most part, stands in the way of any efficient management. The fees must be so heavy to secure efficient teachers, or otherwise the teachers are at a starving payment."

This expresses the truth exactly. And passing from the general statement of the obvious necessity of large pecuniary revenue for large advantages, in a merely mechanical way, to the second consideration, of the vital point of the teachers employed, let us recognize the fact that if good teachers can be found "at a starving payment" in England, they can not be found here. The field for women teachers is too broad and too free here for them not to know that higher, more lucrative, and more agreeable positions can be found than that of an assistant in a small private school. From our great cities, which employ four or five hundred women as teachers, and open to ability and experience the places of principals of schools of seven or eight hundred pupils,

down to our villages, where, summer and winter, a young woman may be found controlling and instructing boys almost old enough to vote in their duties as citizens, the field of the educational profession is open. In the higher positions women are commanding salaries of between \$2000 and \$3000, and the others are in proportion. Thus, for example, in the city of St. Louis, during the school year 1874-75, there were

2	receiving a salary of.....	\$2200
1	"	2000
1	"	1900
1	"	1600
6	"	1400
1	"	1320
10	"	1200
6	"	1100
4	"	1000
42	"	900

while the average salaries of all the women employed in the schools was \$676. These figures prove that the market value of a really competent teacher is not an item which can be set on one side.

But leaving the question of the inevitable large outlay for teachers' salaries, no teacher can teach as well before a small class as before a large one. I think lecturers in all lines and clergymen will bear me out in this proposition. I quote the words of Miss Beale, of the Cheltenham Girls' College in England, as expressing the truth more forcibly than I can do so: "Able teachers dislike to fritter away their time in teaching individuals who are not fit to work together; they like the intellectual sympathy of a class. 'The words of Pyrrhus to his Epirotes, "Ye are my wings," express the feeling of a zealous teacher toward hearers whom he loves, and whose whole souls take part in his discourse.'* Let any public speaker, any clergyman, ask himself whether that fine speech, that eloquent sermon, would have been delivered with the same energy, would have fallen flat or not, if it had been composed for and delivered to three people instead of to a large and sympathizing audience. We teachers, too, feel a strange joy in calling forth the harmonies in another mind, in feeling the sympathetic vibration."

Again, still with regard to the effect of a large school on the teacher. When we need a physician, do we summon one whose circle of experience has been small, who every day sees and studies the phenomena of health and disease on eight or twelve patients only? Or do we trust our lives more readily to the physician of wide practice, who can spend but five minutes with us individually, but who summons, to form his instantaneous decision on our case, the knowledge and conclusions he brings us from a hundred different patients for whom he has prescribed that day? Is it time spent on ourselves in-

* Niebuhr.

dividually that we desire, or the conclusions of a wide practice? The case is precisely the same with the teacher, if parents would only realize it. Miss Beale says again: "It is not well for us to have our attention constantly turned to one or two patients. Like doctors, we need a somewhat large practice if we would understand the treatment of sickness, mental or moral, if we would know both what food to prescribe and what medicines to administer."

But now, having shown why large schools are, other things being equal, more likely to have better teachers than small ones, let us consider next the more advantageous effect which large schools have upon the pupils.

In the first place, large schools are better because they can have more and differing teachers, and it is far better for the little girl to come under the influence of several minds during her five hours of school, than to be constantly under the sway of one. Each mind has its own peculiar drift or bent, each teacher her own peculiarities of manner, if she have any character of her own, and the child's mind is easily warped. Moreover, the variety introduced by a change of teachers and rooms from hour to hour helps to cultivate the faculty of attention into a habit; and when real attention is secured, the work is more than half done.

Secondly, in a large school the girls can be far better classified than in a small one.

Miss Wolstenholme says: "We can in large schools group and classify our pupils better, and give to them, what the younger ones especially need, the stimulus of social study." Miss Beale says: "Organization and proper classification are impossible where there are from twelve to twenty girls of all ages, no two of whom are fit to be in the same class." And we may add that if the twelve or twenty girls are fit to be in the same class, we have a class simply, and not a school at all. We have no organized unity when we possess only one of its members. A class under such circumstances loses incalculably the benefits which it would enjoy if a member of a school.

Thirdly, the intellectual stimulus is greater in a large than in a small school. The spirit of the whole buoys up each individual. There is less listlessness and more vigorous work on the part of the pupils. The teachers do not, therefore, become so nervously tired, and do better teaching.

Fourth, as regards order and discipline, the advantage is without question with the large school. The *synergy*—to borrow a most valuable word from our friends of the medical profession—of the large school carries each individual along with it with a force which she can no more withstand than she can the movement of the solid earth around its axis. It is on this synergy that the large schools rely for the government which in a

small one must be exercised by the teacher, and the whole organism governs itself, as it were, with scarce the consciousness, even on the part of the teacher, that she is exercising any power whatever.

Says Miss Wolstenholme: "There is in the large schools opportunity afforded within the limits of the school itself for the growth of a generous emulation; and the greatest gain of all, I think, is that *it becomes possible to govern by a healthy public opinion instead of by a personal will.*"

This, it will be at once seen, is of immense importance. All idea of arbitrariness by the teacher vanishes from sight. The teacher becomes a friend and guide instead of an opponent, and we secure mutual respect, honor, and confidence, instead of blind obedience, contempt, and a spirit of resistance.

Many a girl who, in the small family circle, where personal feeling reigns and ought to reign, is difficult to control, becomes at once a different being when she passes under the influence of a large and well-organized school. A silent but mighty influence represses her waywardness, checks her temper, and makes her docile to a degree that would astonish her father and mother.

Fifth, we must never overlook the fact that the girl who, educated at home, never, till she becomes a woman, realizes in any sense what it is to be a member of a community, misses a part of her education which would have saved her afterward from much embarrassment and trouble. In a school, for the first time in her life the little girl finds herself a member of a class of equals, whose rights she must respect, and who must respect hers. She finds herself also in relation to classes of inferiors and to classes of superiors, and their distinctions are not based on any external conditions, any advantages of wealth or social position, but on conduct, acquirements, and discipline. When she looks down, she is encouraged by seeing that she has made some progress in self-government and knowledge; when she looks up, she recognizes that the fields of character and knowledge rise terrace-like above her present level, and she does not grow conceited, but modest. In a word, she learns to know herself and to find her own level. Goethe's Three Reverences* are

* "One thing there is which no child brings into the world with him, and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man. It is Reverence.... We inculcate a threefold Reverence, which, when commingled and formed into one whole, attains its highest force and effect. The first is Reverence for what is above us. The posture, the arms crossed over the breast, the look turned joyfully toward heaven, is what we have enjoined on young children, requiring from them thereby a testimony that there is a God above, who images and reveals Himself in parents, teachers, and superiors. Then comes the second—Reverence for what is under us. Those hands folded over the back, and, as it were, tied together, that down-turned, smiling look, announce that we are

taught her without words, and her degree of culture is marked by an impartial hand. To form a community, all sorts of people must combine. Emerson's squirrel taught a good lesson when he said:

"All sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere;"

and it is certain that we can have no roundness of development in schools or individual characters in a cluster of people that is too small to afford us every variety of formative influences.

I have in mind now a little girl of ten, who in a small school or in a class of two or three would be a perpetual torment, careless and listless, but who is actually so borne along by the influence of the rest of her class that she is being forced to be docile, care-taking, and attentive, and all this with scarcely a word from her teachers. The current of earnest and honest work is too strong for her to stem, and a few years of this steady influence will develop her into a fine woman.

The only reason that I have ever heard assigned for the potential superiority of small schools over large is, that in them each pupil can have a larger share of the teacher's attention and supervision. But this theory is based upon a mechanical estimate of the force of character and intellectual power. One might as well say that small families were better than large for the

children because one-half a mother's love was more than one-seventh of the same. The truth is that the moral and intellectual influence of a teacher, like the love of a mother or any spiritual force, is not subject to the laws of mathematics, nor can it be expressed in figures, with the number of the pupils as the denominator of the fraction. Rather it is indefinitely multiplied by the increase of its objects, as is the mother's love or the father's care.

To the educator every child under her training is as distinct an individual as is every one of the hundred patients who claim the physician's care. Because he administers quinine to one who needs it, he does not administer it to the next. An educator before her school is like a skillful musician before his instrument, no two keys of which give forth the same sound, or can be mistaken the one for the other; only with this difference, that the keys she touches give forth a sound of their own, and not one that has been given them, and they are capable of improvement and development. If they need tuning, she knows how to do it; she softens or stirs them up at her will, and from them all calls forth not only melody, but harmony, with which each key grows capable of more individual action. To such a master should there be given an instrument of two, or of seven octaves?

In what I have said I have, of course, been speaking only of good schools, for these are the only kind that it is necessary to consider. No parent would send a daughter to a school, large or small, which he did not consider good, or without sufficient testimony to substantiate his wisdom in the choice. To compare a poor school which was large with a small one that was good would be as absurd as the attempt of Spenser's giant to weigh the right against the wrong. After all, the main question is not the size but the excellence of the school. But between a good school which is large and an equally good one which is small the advantage to the pupil is in every way indisputably on the side of the large one.

to regard the earth with attention and cheerfulness. From the bounty of the earth we are nourished. The earth affords unutterable joy; but disproportionate sorrows she also brings us. Should one of our children do himself external hurt, blamably or blamelessly; should others hurt him accidentally or purposely; should death, involuntary matter do him hurt—then let him well consider it, for such dangers will attend him all his days. But from this posture we delay not to free our pupil the instant we become convinced that the instruction connected with it has produced sufficient influence on him. Then, on the contrary, we bid him gather courage, and, turning to his comrades, range himself along with them. Now at last he stands forth, frank and bold, not selfishly isolated. Only in combination with his equals does he front the world."—*Wilhelm Meister* (Carlyle's translation), Vol. II., page 248.

A LATE WILD ROSE.

ROSE! thou wert late in coming to thy lane,
And something slow on thy September stem,
And when from summer's faded diadem
Fanny's hand plucked thee—with some little pain
Of bleeding fingers—thou wert the last gem
Of all that wealth of ruby, chrysolite,
Amber and gold, and lucid blue serene
In which proud August went, sometime a queen,
Now a wan dowager in weeds bedight,
Surviving on the splendor of *has been!*
Late in thy bloom, and lingering to the last!
Long in thy coming, thou shalt slowly go,
But on these pages, fixed forever fast,
Bloom when thy mortal sisters are laid low.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

THE *Caroll* packet steamed away from T Wharf, Boston Harbor, one glorious noon-time in August, bound to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Having paid ten dollars in gold to the International Steam-ship Company, the writer was graciously permitted to occupy a state-room in the after-cabin. Board, which was "fair to middling," was extra—a wise provision in favor of seasick passengers, but a doubtful economy in my case, as I never yet lost a meal at sea. Early on the second day we arrived at Halifax, where we remained until noon. This is one of those places which residents assure us improve on acquaintance, but it certainly does not leave a very favorable impression on the visitor. Judging from my own experience, he who has seen it once never wants to see it again; and he whom a mysterious Providence has directed hither a second time, wonders what

down the bay, are the spires of Pictou topping the slope of a range of hills. From the summit of these hills the traveller who climbs them is rewarded by one of the most beautiful and extensive water views on the continent—the broad bay of Pictou, invading the land with many steel-hued winding arms and creeks, and in turn studded with islets; the flashing surf on the bar; the green rolling land fading in a golden haze illimitably toward the setting sun; the dark purple Gulf of St. Lawrence spreading as illimitably toward the east, with roseate cliffs skirting the offing like phantom islands—all contribute to compose a picture inexhaustible in its variety and the satisfying character of its attractions.

Pictou is the seat of coal mines, and large quantities of the mineral are exported. Here our steamer coaled for the trip. A tunnel of iron plates was fitted to the for-



ENTRANCE TO STRAIT OF CANSO.

sin may have caused him twice to realize the meaning of the amiable exclamation, "Go to Halifax!" Down the savage, reefy coast of Nova Scotia we scudded before a sou'-westerly gale, accompanied with lightning, and passed through the river-like strait of Canso on a fine breezy morning, that enabled us to see to best advantage a really beautiful sheet of water. We touched at Port Hankerbury a few moments—a village of small houses, generally devoid of paint and destitute of verdure, and scattered about the naked hill-sides without order. Cape Porcupine, on the left, is a bold headland of considerable height. After passing this, we came out on the broad blue waters of the St. Lawrence, arriving at Pictou at noon-time of the third day out. A lovely bay is the bay of Pictou. As one enters, Prince Edward Island skirts the northern horizon, a low pale line; nearer rises Pictou Isle, red-cliffed and wood-tufted. On the left is the spit lying in front of the port, sustaining a striped light-house. In the distance, gray and dreamy, a mile or two

ward hatchway, and a platform was lowered over the hold; the cars were run out on this, and through a trap-door in the bottom of the car the coal was dropped into the vessel. In a few hours we had taken a hundred tons of coal on board, and about three in the morning left Pictou for Charlottetown. At sunrise we lay in Hillsborough Bay in a dead calm. A light low fog lay on the water directly across the entrance to the port, and we were forced to wait for the sun to dispel it. We were surrounded by the red cliffs of Governor's, St. Peter's, and Prince Edward islands, mirrored on the glassy surface of the water with absolute fidelity, or half lifted in the air by a partial mirage. Here and there a schooner lay idly over the quivering reflection of its own spars and sails. Overhead the sky was cloudless azure, specked only by flocks of wild fowl, and no sound disturbed the magical stillness of this peaceful scene but the far-reaching quavering cry of the loon throbbing over the water.

On the clearing away of the fog we glided



LIGHT-HOUSE—ENTRANCE TO PICTOU PORT.

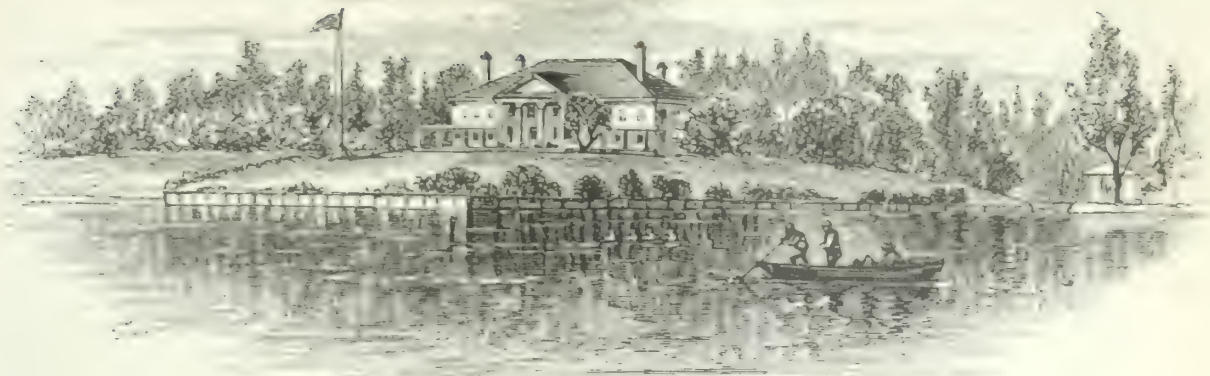
by the light-house on Rocky Point and the wreck which lies close thereby, and Charlottetown, with the broad estuaries that branch away from it for many miles in three directions, under the names of North, East, and West rivers, was revealed to us in the sheen of the morning sun. Charlottetown, in Queens County, the capital of the island, is a city of nine thousand inhabitants, on a tongue of land between North and East rivers. The city was founded about 1765, on a regular plan. The streets are of great width, and are laid out at right angles to each other on parallel lines. The houses are generally small and unpretentious in their appearance, but neat; while in some parts of the city, along the esplanade and inland, past the government buildings, dwellings of considerable taste and elegance, and embowered in shrubbery, are growing more numerous every year. The residence of the Governor is a neat building, admirably situated at the head of a close-shaven lawn, which slopes down to the water, and flanked by the sighing pines of the primeval forest. The present occupant, Sir William Hodgson, is the first native Governor placed over the island. He is a hale old gentleman of eighty-five, genial, courteous, and capable. The other government offices are situated on Queen's Square, in the centre

of the town, and surprise the visitor by the completeness and elegance of their construction and arrangement. They consist of a state-house, in which are included the halls for the Upper and Lower Houses of the Legislature, and other offices; of a court-house, just completed; and of a post-office which will compare favorably with many of the post-offices in our larger cities. Of the management of the postal department, we can not speak in the same terms. We found the clerks at all the island offices unnecessarily inquisitive, and capable of incredible blunders; there is also inexcusable laxness in the forwarding and care of letters and mailbags, insomuch that I never felt sure of receiving letters addressed to me, at least not for long after they were due, or that mine would reach their destination after I had posted them. That this was not my own experience alone was evidenced by the frequent complaints against the department constantly appearing in the local papers. This defect in the administration of the government supervision is one of serious and increasing importance, and demands immediate reform. It is said that, until within a very few years, such was the high-handed authority assumed by the self-styled upper classes of Prince Edward Island that it was by no means uncommon for letters to be

seized and examined by them with no other right than that of the strongest. Under the modifying influences of the Dominion and increased intercourse with the United States, many customs suggested by a colonial state of things are gradually passing away as obsolete; but the divisions of caste, so strong in England, and preserved with so



METHODIST CHURCH AND PART OF CHARLOTTETOWN, EAST RIVER IN THE DISTANCE.



GOVERNMENT-HOUSE, CHARLOTTETOWN.

much more intensity in all her colonies, are still maintained in Charlottetown with a rigor that, if it were not pernicious and prejudicial to true social progress, would be ridiculous; for whatever palliation there may be for it elsewhere, there is none in a place where the richest are but moderately well off, where intellectual culture is at a low ebb, where no men of such superior ability have yet arisen as to found even the only aristocracy for which there is any plausible excuse, the nobility of moral and mental supremacy.

The market, also in Queen's Square, is a noteworthy building. On market days—Wednesdays and Fridays—the farmers come in from the country with provisions of every sort, provender for cattle, fish from the rivers and the sea, homespun goods, game, confectionery, and the like. In the interior these are arranged in stalls, and the townspeople assemble to purchase a stock of food to keep them alive until the next market day. Around the building wagons and carts are collected, loaded with hay or lobsters. It is quite a lively and interesting scene, deriving picturesqueness from the ruddy complexions and flaxen or coal-black tresses of the buxom Scotch and French country lassies, and the tawny, unkempt Indian squaws from Rocky Point.

The churches of Charlottetown have little to boast of. The ritualists have begun a chapel with a slant to the roof so excessively steep as to come within the term "loud." The zeal of the congregation is in excess of their funds, and the building is at present like a chapter to a serial story whose author is at a loss to furnish material for the next chapter. The Kirk are erecting a neat, commodious edifice to replace the present sanctuary, which, it is pleasant to report, is too small for their enlarged congregation. The Methodists have the handsomest church in the city, and are in a flourishing condition. The Roman Catholics worship in a large barn-like structure of wood. They are active, and are spurred on to increased architectural efforts by the

bishop, who, considering that appearances have great weight with a large portion of unreflecting mortals, has devoted his episcopal labors to the increase of the brick and mortar owned by the Church.

Costly buildings for convents and schools have also been erected recently at Tignish and Charlottetown, and one is to be raised soon at Souris. These are, as usual, conducted with the chief end in view of inveigling into them children of Protestant parentage; and we have it on excellent authority that such children are rewarded and reported as meritorious often beyond their actual merits, in order to convey a favorable impression of their progress, thus flattering both pupil and parent, and encouraging other parents to the same end. The endless



AVENUE LEADING TO GOVERNMENT-HOUSE.

struggle for supremacy in political and educational matters between the papacy and the rest of the world has been fought and is still fought with vigor on Prince Edward Island; but notwithstanding some outward show of success, the vigilance of the Protestants, aided by superior numbers, has prevented the Romanists from thus

scheme to this end, which was supported by powerful influences. It was based on the theory that the perils from the Indians and other foes were much more formidable than they actually were. His memorial prayed for a grant of the whole island, holding the same as a fief to the crown forever.

The two million acres, more or less, which



MARKET BUILDING, CHARLOTTETOWN.

far achieving their ends. The population of the island is 94,021, of whom about 42,000 are in Queens County. The number of Roman Catholics is 40,765. The average increase in Protestants during the last seven years has been 18.8 per cent.; the increase in Roman Catholics has been 13.7 per cent. The present free education act was passed in 1852; a Board of Education exists, and the entire cost of public instruction is defrayed out of the general revenue.

Another great question which has agitated the island for nearly a century is the land question. The island, which is 140 miles in length and thirty-four miles wide, was discovered by Cabot, who named it St. John, by which it is called among all the French to this day. As the English failed to take possession of it at the time of discovery, Verazain claimed both the discovery and possession of it for the French in 1523, and it was granted by them to the Sieur Daubet, who, with a company of adventurers, established several fishing stations there. When the Acadians emigrated from Nova Scotia in 1713 many of them settled on the Isle St. Jean, and a garrison was stationed at Port la Joie, now Charlottetown. By the Treaty of Fontainebleau, in 1763, the island was ceded to Great Britain, and received its present name. The victorious government immediately decreed a careful survey of the island, and various plans for settling and dividing the lands were proposed. Lord Egmont, then First Lord of the Admiralty, devised a Utopian

the island was estimated to contain were to be divided into fifty parts called baronies or hundreds, forty of these to be granted to as many men with the title of Lords of Hundreds, owing feudal allegiance to him as Lord Paramount. These baronies were in turn to be subdivided into manors of two thousand acres each. Five hundred acres from each barony were to be set apart for a township. Fairs were to be held in each barony four times yearly, and market twice weekly. Many other feudal regulations relating to the judiciary and the building of numerous castles and other matters were included in this extraordinary memorial, which was intended to transfer to this side of the Atlantic a system better suited to and suggested by the state of affairs in the times of King Alfred and William the Conqueror, on the supposition that the island was a place "where the settler can scarce straggle from his habitation five hundred yards, even in times of peace, without risk of being intercepted, scalped, and murdered;" the fact being that the Micmacs, never very numerous, were quite inoffensive, and it is doubtful if a white man ever lost his hair on the island, except in the natural way.

Lord Egmont's plan failed of acceptance, but another scheme for dividing the lands, which was adopted, was also open to grave objections, as proved by subsequent results. The island, with some reservations for fortifications, churches, and other public purposes, was divided into sixty-six lots. One lot was reserved for the crown, the remainder were

in one day awarded by ballot to as many grantees, who had merited reward for military or political services. Quitrents were reserved on all these lots, payable at the end of ten years, it being also stipulated that each township should be settled within that period by at least one person for every two hundred acres, and failing fulfillment of the conditions by the grantees, the land to be forfeited. On a petition by the proprietors, the colony was formed into a separate government, Captain Walter Patterson being the first Governor, and the quitrents were made payable at the expiration of twenty years.

The conditions accepted by the grantees, or those to whom they sold their rights and grants, were in many cases unfulfilled, and they thus lawfully escheated to the crown. The acts of Governor Patterson under the circumstances, the long struggle, resulting in a drawn battle between all concerned, form an intricate story, too long for repetition in these pages. But since the recall of Patterson, and during the present generation, new difficulties have arisen, resembling the famous anti-rent wars of New York. Those whom the planters have invited or permitted to settle on their lands for certain rentals have, in many cases, claimed that the rents were in excess of the value of the lands, or that they had already paid enough to entitle them to hold the lands they occupy as freeholds. The problem was partially solved by the purchase of some of the territory un-

der dispute by the colonial government, and selling it over to the farmers under more favorable conditions. Since the island entered the Dominion, on the 1st of July, 1873, the question has again come up, and a royal commission was appointed for the appraisal and purchase of the large estates still remaining in the families of the original owners, the sum of \$800,000 having been appropriated for this purpose by the Dominion as one of the conditions on which the island joined the confederation. Thus far the appraisals seem to have been fair and impartial, although, from the nature of the case, inevitably giving rise to considerable discontent and hardship in some instances. It is one of those questions on which much may be said for each side, and with regard to which the public good would appear to require an act of seeming bad faith on the part of the government. The best good of the largest number is a right to be exercised with great caution, and the moral question involved in the consideration of the rights of the minority is not often regarded with sufficient attention by a ruling majority.

Since Prince Edward Island joined the Dominion it has taken a fresh start in the march of improvement, and evidences of this are every where seen in its increasing commerce, the growing value of the fisheries, the many new buildings going up in Charlottetown and the environs, and the new railroad, measuring 167 miles in length, and completed in the year 1875. It is run on a gauge so narrow that only three persons can



SCENE ON HUNTER RIVER.

sit in the cars abreast, the seats being for one and for two persons alternately on each side of the car. The rolling stock was made on the island, and is very creditable. The car windows are not washed quite often enough, however. Ship-building is also in a very thriving condition. In the various ship-yards of Mount Stewart, Summerside, and Souris I counted sixteen vessels going up, from seventy-five to 1200 tons in size, and I heard of others building at Fortune Bay and elsewhere at the same time. The new tonnage built for export for the fiscal year of 1874-75 amounted to \$632,440 in value. The total value of the exports during the same period was \$1,940,901, of which lumber was \$105,407; agricultural products, \$787,070; live stock, \$94,047; and fisheries, \$308,037. Of the last item the United States took \$272,620, and the total exports to the States of the products of the island for the year reached \$365,352. It is worthy of mention that the fisheries of the island and the commerce in the same are chiefly in the hands of two enterprising Americans, Messrs. Churchill and Hall. For the same period the total value of the imports of Prince Edward Island amounted to \$1,973,222, the balance of trade showing an increasing demand for foreign goods. It should be added that the foregoing data are given on a gold basis.

But one who has been in Charlottetown a week or two is not satisfied only with the evidences of insular prosperity furnished at the government offices by the courteous and efficient servants of her Majesty, or by the pleasant glimpses of farm and river and sea gained from window and roof. These very charming bits of nature only serve to tempt the visitor to sally forth, and, in carriage or boat or by rail, to view for himself the exquisite beauty of the island and the proofs offered on every hand of its thriving condition, as well as the manifold attractions it offers to the tourist and invalid—in summer and fall, should be added with emphasis. In winter, which begins with November and lasts until May sometimes, Prince Edward offers special inducements to those who enjoy six months of snow, and unlimited opportunities for sitting by the fireside o' stormy nights and listening to the furious din of sleet and hail beating against the ringing panes. Northumberland Strait, which separates the island from the main-land, is frozen over from December to April, or rather it is filled with floating ice, which sometimes freezes together in a compact mass. Where the strait is but nine miles wide, the mail is carried across every day on the ice, sometimes at great hazard. A boat on runners is used to carry the bags, serving, as the case may require, either as boat or sledge. The labor of going over the ice hummocks is often excessively laborious. Travel is, of course, almost entirely stopped for the sea-

son. I heard of one lady who went across on the ice to attend by the bed of her dying son. But in summer the weather is moderate and equable—more equable than is found on the adjacent continent. The mean temperature for August, 1875, was 67.01°; the mean temperature for the same month for the previous eight years was 64.28°. The highest temperature was 83.50°; the lowest was 51°, in the same month. The prevalent wind was south; the amount of the rainfall was 5.651 inches. Vegetation springs forward rapidly after the winter has fairly passed away; and the verdure on the fields, including wild flowers, continues later than in the New England States. Fogs, which are common in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, are very rare on and around Prince Edward Island; and hay fever, that distressing complaint, avoidable only by change of locality, is unknown on that lovely isle.

Steamers ply up the East and West rivers, and an afternoon spent on each of these takes one through beautiful scenery, and gives a fair idea of the characteristic beauty of the island. Never over five hundred feet high, the landscape is rarely monotonous, for in the interior it is much broken and undulating, while it falls away toward the sea and the bays into gentle slopes which terminate in abrupt red cliffs fifty to a hundred feet high. The brilliant tints, vivid orange and Indian red, of the new red sandstone, still in a formative state, harmonize admirably with the rich ultramarine of the water and the white trunks of the birch woods, or the emerald of the natural lawns which gradually slope to the water, in front of neat, cozy farm-houses, kept in good condition, and sheltered from the winter gales by clumps of the primeval fir, pine, and spruce. Nowhere very striking, the scenery of these rivers is charmingly rural and picturesque, every where pleasing, and offering quiet little bits that the artistic eye might transfer effectively to canvas. On Rocky Point, opposite Charlottetown, is a settlement of Micmac Indians, who live by fishing, hunting, and barter. They are inoffensive and indolent. But the largest settlement of Micmacs, the only tribe now on the island, is at Lennox Island, in Richmond Bay, which is reserved for them, and there they hold their annual powwows. Their number is gradually decreasing, and does not now exceed three hundred and five. They are in charge of a special commissioner.

A delightful excursion may be made to Rustico from Charlottetown. Going by rail to Hunter River Station, one finds himself at once in a beautiful region among hills and glens and wooded streams. Thence a carriage carries the traveller over farming country resembling some of the most beau-

tiful portions of old England, by way of Wheatley River to Rustico Bay. On the road I passed a country school-house at recess time. The children were playing in the road, but when they saw the carriage approaching they ranged themselves in a row, and as we passed the girls courtesied low, and the lads bowed in the most respectful manner. It was a quaint and pleasing sight, and might be imitated by our school children with advantage. By the French settlement and Roman Catholic church at Rustico we jogged

along to the end of a peninsula that is near the mouth of the bay. The last part of the way was over a kelp-strewn beach which is covered at high tide. There, on a bluff, we found the Rustico House, admirably situated on the edge of the spruce woods. Facing the bay, like a breakwater, is a sand spit tufted with long salt grass. Opposite the hotel is the entrance into the

bay; the flashing rollers of the St. Lawrence Gulf break on a bar across the mouth, and between the bar and the shore is a narrow shallow channel. Through this, twice daily during the season, the little fishing schooners of the port pass out to pursue the shore mackerel and herring fisheries. It is a very pretty sight to watch a fleet of these white-sailed fishermen dodging in and out about the bar. The fish are landed on stages built out over the water inside the port. Outside of the spit, on the sandy beach, the surf bathing is unusually fine, and bathing-houses are also furnished to visitors, who enjoy, in addition, good boating facilities; and, of course, capital sport is afforded for those who love the rod and the line. The mackerel fishing outside is exciting and novel, while the Hunter and Wheatley rivers in the immediate vicinity offer various attractions to fishermen, especially in sea-trout fishing. The sea trout is a fish peculiar to the waters of Prince Edward Island, living in rivers or arms of the sea which, influenced by the tides, are alternately salt and fresh. It is the size of the lake trout, with silvery skin and flesh pink like that of the salmon; it is caught with the fly, and is game for the best sportsmen. The season for this fish is chiefly during June and July, and East River, near Charlottetown, Dunk, Morell, Win-

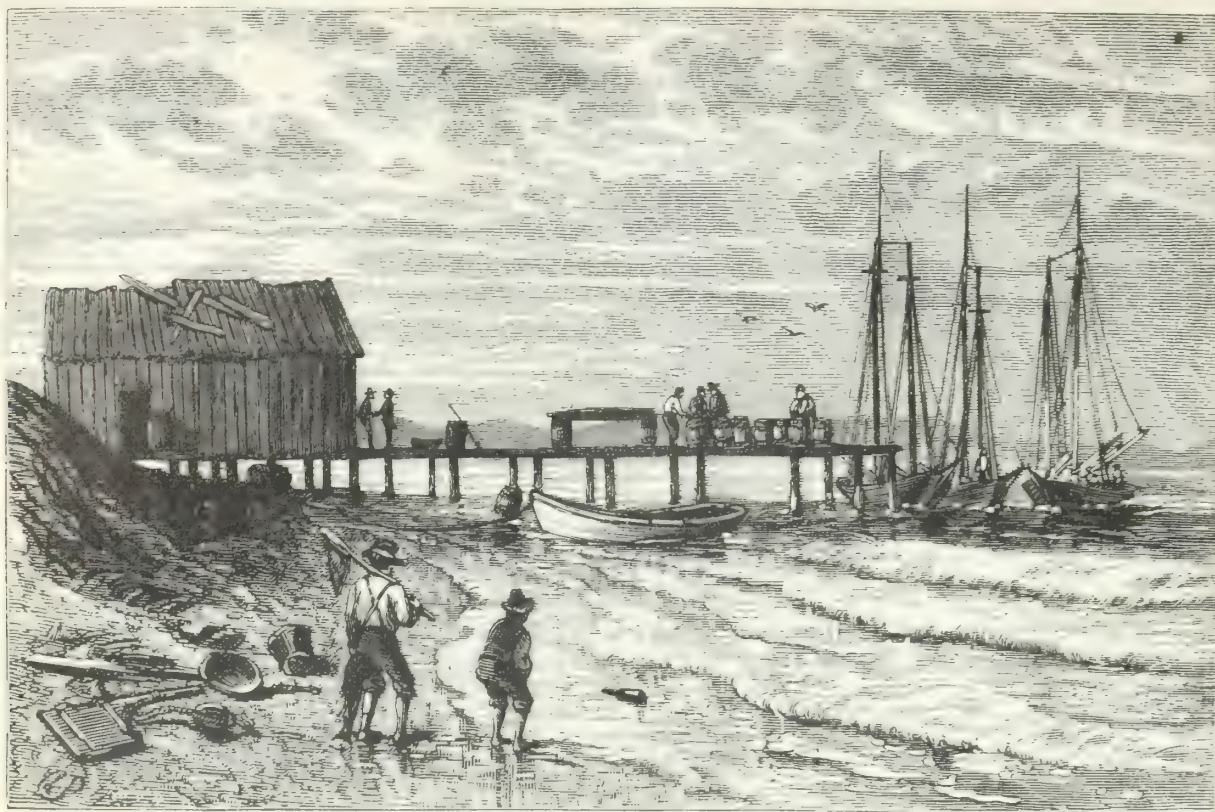
ter, Hunter, and Trout rivers are the streams in which it is most abundant. Salmon is also common in these streams, but shad is scarce. All the rivers of the island were re-stocked in 1876, and the Dominion fishing laws enforced. Lobsters are very abundant, and large canning factories have been established at Alberton and Souris. Duck, snipe, teal, plover, quail, and other game are sufficiently abundant to make hunting attractive, and dogs trained for sport are common. Wolves and deer, formerly plenty, are now all but



CARRYING THE MAILS ACROSS NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT IN WINTER.

extinct, but a few beaver and otter are still found, and in the tangled depths of the primeval forests which still exist here and there, black bears are quite numerous, hibernating undisturbed in winter, and creeping forth sometimes in summer to try a fat slice out of a tender young heifer. Oysters of the finest quality abound in the bays of Prince Edward Island. They are not as large as our largest, but they make up for size in flavor and lusciousness. Bedeque oysters from Richmond Bay are already famous, and are shipped in large quantities to Great Britain and other parts of the Dominion.

The agricultural products of the island are of less relative importance than those of its waters, yet they are noteworthy. The woodlands, consisting of beech, birch, maple, spruce, and fir chiefly, are gradually thinning out, while the product of grain and hay and vegetables, especially potatoes, is increasing. Fruits are in a backward state, and must always remain more or less so, owing to the lateness of the summers. The apples are hard and sour at best. Apple-pies there must be made according to a receipt furnished by a sprightly young lady of the island: "Put in sugar as long as your conscience will allow; then shut your eyes and throw it in by handfuls." Rich pasture is seen every where, and the landscape is dotted in all directions with cattle and



FISH-HOUSE AND STAGE AND FISHING BOATS, RUSTICO.

horses. As one rides along the roads and sees the beautiful horses and colts galloping or grazing on every farm, he is reminded of the Homeric period when Thessaly was famed for its steeds, and the heroes of the Trojan war were styled owners or tamers of fast horses.

Returning to Hunter River Station over the highest land on the island by the very charming road through New Glasgow, the tourist can take the cars to Souris, at the northeastern end of the island. The railroad in this direction passes through a more level country, but more savage and melancholy, because less inhabited, and presenting waste moor-lands abandoned to the rabbit, the grouse, and the bear. At Mount Stewart a branch of the road turns off to Georgetown, on Cardigan Bay, a sleepy, aristocratic, unenterprising town. Souris is quite the reverse. Originally a French settlement, and receiving its name from a swarm of field-mice which once invaded it, the little place, since the railroad has reached it, has sprung into a new existence. Houses are rising in every direction, and its ship-yards ring with the merry and tumultuous din of calkers' mallets. The port is exposed to southerly gales. Some years ago twenty-three schooners went ashore there in one day. But the Dominion has appropriated \$60,000 to continue the breakwater across part of it, and this will give a fresh impetus to the prosperity of one of the most thriving towns I have seen in the Dominion. The neighborhood of Souris is very attractive; the drives are of the most pleasing character, the landscape quiet, home-like, and yet

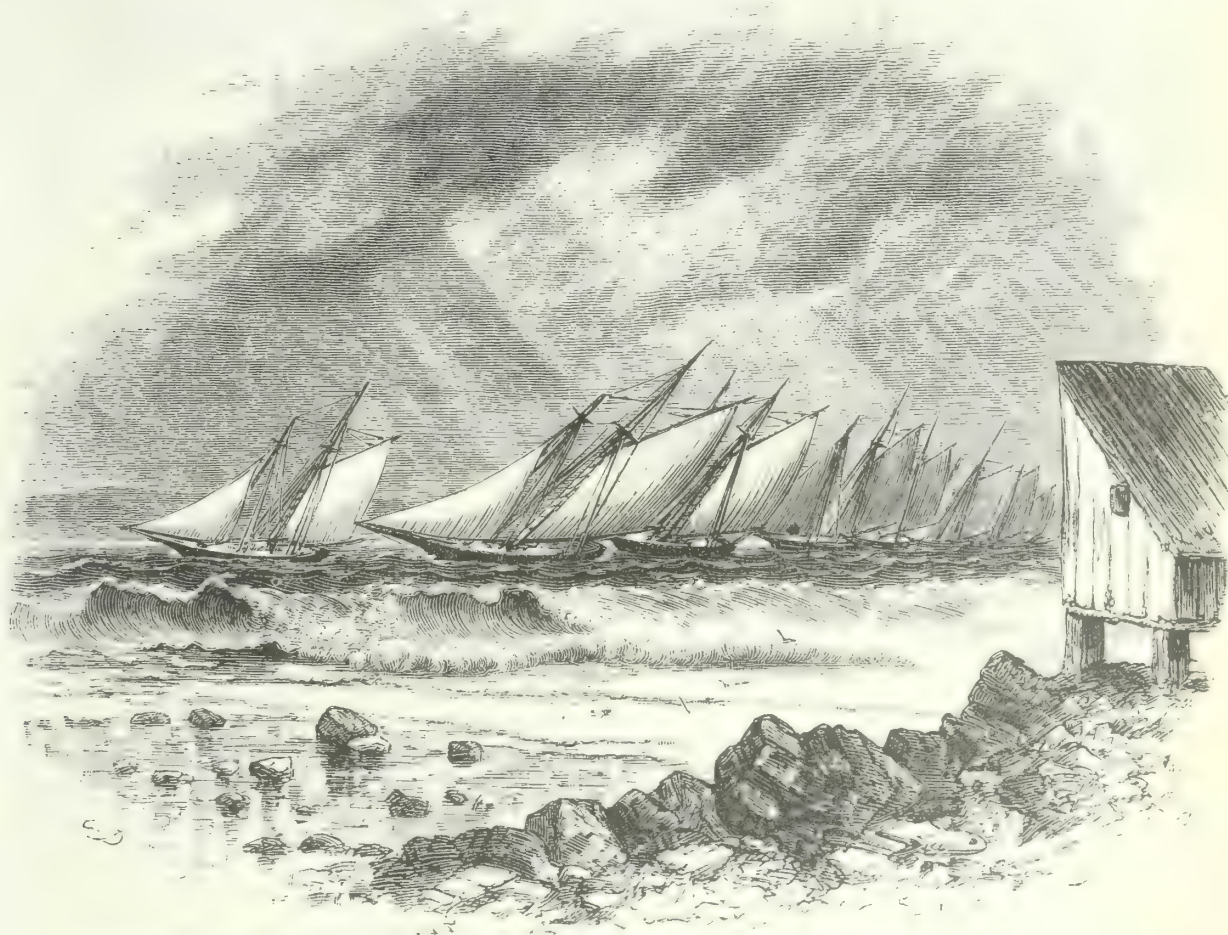
stimulating to the imagination. At Gowan Brae, the late residence of John MacGowan, Esq., is a hillock which bears unmistakable evidences of being artificial, and it is most probably the funeral mound of an Indian chief of other days.

Malpeque, or Richmond Bay, near the west end of Prince Edward Island, is a large and beautiful sheet of water. The island is here but three miles wide, for Bedeque Bay makes a deep indentation on the southern shore. On the latter lies Summerside, a town which scarcely had an existence twenty years ago. It has not grown quite as rapidly as Chicago; but within five years it has greatly gained in commercial importance, and in that respect appears to be ahead of any other town on the island, except Charlottetown. The steamer which connects Prince Edward with the railroad on the main-land plies daily between Summerside and Shediac, thirty-five miles distant, on the opposite side of the strait. On each side the cars run out on a jetty to meet the boat. This, of course, adds greatly to the business activity of Summerside. In the bay, a mile from the town, and at the mouth of the Dunk River, is Indian Island, on which Mr. Holman, one of the enterprising men of Summerside, has erected a hotel called the Island Park Hotel. This islet is just one mile in circumference, and is overgrown with picturesque primeval woods. These have been very judiciously intersected by rural drives and walks. The building itself, which is after the American plan, faces the harbor and the town, and bath-houses, billiard tables, bowling-alleys, and other de-

coys to attract the traveller in search of health or pleasure are provided. At low tide the strait on the south side can be easily forded, and the drives on that part of the island are charming. Of the hotels of Prince Edward Island we can not speak as favorably as we should like. Charlottetown swarms with them, but few can be conscientiously recommended. The attendance is often poor, the apartments are small and mean, and there is a tendency to raise the charges out of proportion to the value received, which is not the way to attract tourists to go that distance from home. Miss Rankin's, at the capital, is much the best, and she intends shortly to move into a more commodious building. A new hotel is rising at Souris, but what it will prove to be remains to be seen. Mr. M'Donald's is restricted for accommodations, but there seems every disposition to please the traveller, always excepting the charges, which I found too high at every place which I visited on the island, all things considered.

Of the people, so far as personal observation goes, I can speak favorably. Among

der-current strongly English, notwithstanding that the people are really more like Yankees than Englishmen in their habits and language. There is just difference enough between their ships, their houses, their vehicles or agricultural tools, their papers and their colloquial diction, for a careful observer to note that he is not in the United States; but often the difference is nearly imperceptible. It is in their value of time that I discovered the greatest dissimilarity. The phrase "Time is money" is certainly not true on Prince Edward Island, however true it may be with us. No one is on hand when he should be; every thing is done with a leisure that would imply longevity rivaling that of Methuselah. Punctuality in the hours of meals at the hotels is a thing not dreamed of, resulting in great waste of time and cold food. Nor did I see any evidence any where or in the character of any one that indicated that the word has any meaning on Prince Edward Island. This taking life easy is a very delightful thing under some circumstances, but it will not do in this age and in the



FISHING BOATS BEATING INTO RUSTICO HARBOR, BETWEEN THE BAR AND THE SPIT, BATHING-HOUSE IN THE FOREGROUND.

them are many descendants of loyalists of our Revolution, who are generally more opposed to the United States than others. The feeling toward our country is apparently friendly, and, until quite recently, the desire for a reciprocity treaty was very strong. But underneath is, I am convinced, an un-

Western world, in the wholesale manner in which it is practiced on that beautiful island, for those who desire to rise in the world. And herein seems to be partly the reason why the British Provinces of North America have not progressed as rapidly as their neighbors south of the Great Lakes.

Of the hospitality of the islanders I can speak in high terms; and to Mr. Campbell, author of a forth-coming history of the island, and many others the writer is indebted for numerous acts of courtesy, which aided to render the pursuit of knowledge in the Gulf of St. Lawrence a fascinating pleasure excursion. I returned by way of Summer-

side, Shediac, and St. John, New Brunswick, arriving at the latter place in ten hours from the island. From St. John, Portland can be reached by rail or steamboat, and the tourist who does not like travelling by water can thus go to Prince Edward Island entirely by land, excepting the thirty-five miles in a strong boat across Northumberland Strait.



FISHING PARTY

ALI.

Hot smoked the hills, a sultry breath;
Hot lay the city underneath;
The tired slaves dropped from the hand
The heavy peacock plumes they fanned,
Or brought, with languid step and slow,
The lavendered and sugared snow,
Or swept aside, fold over fold,
The curtains of the cloth of gold
Where lay the king, with fevered mouth,
In his pavilion to the south.

When, like the answer to some prayer,
Crept a soft rustle on the air,
Up from the gardens stole a breeze
Across the gilded lattices,
And waved the perfumed fountains' flow
Like shining ribbons to and fro,
And sighed across the king's repose
The breath of jasmine and of rose,
The fragrance of the falling fruit,
And brought the tinkle of a lute,
Brought the low song, and brought the stir
Of happy voices praising her
Who sang, and brought, recurring slow,
A far faint cry, a wail of woe.

The monarch turned him in his ease—
Again that plaint his dream to tease!
Long as the pleasant wind should blow,
That far faint cry, that wail of woe!
Again it came across the noon,
And jarred upon the joyous tune,

And hushed the warbling flute and fret,
Where, underneath their golden net,
The singing birds sprang airily
From myrtle bough and citron-tree;
And as the music welled anew,
The melancholy note came too,
And mingled in discordant strain
This world of bliss, that world of pain.
"Fetch me the wretch!" cried Haroun then;
"Fetch me that wretchedest of men,
Who lifts, to vex the soul in me,
His pipe of petty misery!
Shall such a base and trivial thing
Prevent my peace, and I be king?"

"Let thy slave speak," a voice replied.
"By the king's word one will have died
Before this shining day grows dim—
'Tis Ali's women mourning him."

Upon his silken cushions then
The king his slumber sought again;
But far away all slumber kept
The while those wailing women wept.
Dull to his sense the sweet sounds came,
And dark the sunshine's fragrant flame—
Dark as the shameful day should be
That set on Ali's treachery.

"Let music cease, let none be glad,"
The eunuch cried. "The king is sad.
But hither bid the Jew, to sing,
And satisfy my lord the king,



"AND THE JEW SANG."

Out of the ancient songs he knows
Of prophets prophesying woes."

And the Jew sang: "O king! the air
Blows o'er the fair earth every where,
And blows again. From day to day
The sun sheds his eternal ray.
Stars rise and set, but every night
The same their terrible white light
Searching the little soul of man
Born of a woman, and a span
Measures whose being, scarce less brief
Than the space left the dancing leaf.
The beauty of the world remains;
But man, with all his pride and pains,
Is but a smoke—ay, like the breath
Of his own nostril vanisheth.
The generations go their ways;
A pinch of dust is all that stays—
A pinch of dust that idle air
Blows o'er the fair earth every where.

"Build thee thy palace. Let the doors
Be cedarn, and of brass the floors;
And let thy purple curtains swing
Their cunning work, thy fountains fling
Their silver waters; have thy fill
Of milk and honey from the hill,
While moon-faced damsels round thee sing—
One day thou art not, thou, O king!

"Build thee thy tomb. Of mountain rock
Fashion its members, that they mock
Time's thrusts, and overlay its arch
In gold to stay an army's march,
And carve the crypt out for thy bones,
And lay the walks in pleasant stones,
And wrap round thy magnificence
Aloes and myrrh and frankincense,
And light thy lamp. At last the sod

Some laborer turns, himself a clod:
Within its tangled roots and mould
All that is left of thee shall hold.

"Where are the kings long dead? Their tombs
Are overgrown with bitter blooms.
There is no king, there is no slave,
Nor work, nor wisdom, in the grave.
The lice that plagued th' Egyptian day,
Man were more pitiable than they,
If one thing passed not these vain things—
The mercy of the King of kings."
And the Jew sang, "O king! thus saith
The Lord of Life, the Lord of Death."

Propped upon either hand, Haroun
Gazed wide-eyed on the vacant noon,
Listening; then rent his scarf, and cried:
"What boots it that my land is wide;
That my victorious armies go

Only to meet a crawling foe;
 That Justice sits upon my seat,
 With the drawn sword beneath her feet;
 That all my palaces are fair
 In pillared arches every where,
 Set all in gold and precious stones
 And carven ivory of thrones,
 Beneath the shade of branching palms,
 Among the gardens and their balms?
 Why do I watch the almonds shake,
 Day long, their blossoms in the lake,
 Or take my pleasure in the court
 To see the laughing children sport,
 Rose-limbed, in all their dimpled pranks,
 Within the shallow water tanks?
 Why do my dancers make delight,
 When the pale crescents throw at night
 Long lights on the delicious dusk
 Heavy with ambergris and musk,
 While softly steals the liquid note,
 Shaking the nightingale's sweet throat,
 Then mounts to some ecstatic height
 As a wing beats when lost in light?
 What joyance should I take in love?
 Why should my blood the swifter move
 When over me the white slave bends,
 The gold-haired woman Venice sends
 From the far isles beyond the sea?
 What blessedness in these can be,
 When to no end I draw my breath

But loathsome and disgusting death,
 That holds me beggared in his thrall,
 Till nothing is the close of all?
 The stars shall keep their awful place,
 But I and all my mighty race
 Have no remembrance with the dead,
 Cease like a story that is said.
 Accurst the day when I was born,
 The purple night, the melting morn!
 Accurst the breast whereon I lay!
 Accurst this handful of red clay!
 Haroun is but some meanest thing—
 O dust and ashes, you are king!"

And the king wept. And through the place
 Crept silence for a little space,
 Till once more came, recurring slow,
 That far faint cry, that wail of woe.
 "What!" whispered Haroun; "weep they still
 That Ali suffers the king's will?
 Is the slight remnant of his year
 So little worth, yet worth a tear?
 And can the breaking heart so praise
 The nothingness of length of days?
 Bid the sound cease!" he cried. "Give o'er!
 I never was a king before.
 Here I defy the powers that slay!
 The breath upon the lip I stay!
 Are life and death the king's to give?
 Bring Ali forth! Let the worm live!"



SHADOWS.

POPE tells us that "the noblest study of mankind is man;" and I believe Pope, with an addition. I have always been convinced that the study of mankind, when supplemented by the study of womankind, is the legitimate occupation of gifted souls like my own, and consequently I have shaped my life upon this conviction.

To be sure, I have not had large opportunities for prosecuting my studies; yet when was true genius ever fettered by the narrowness of its surroundings? Although I was compelled to pass the first forty years of my life in one street, in one house in that street, yet I flatter myself that I made the most of my limited field of observation in every way, and that what I did not know about the men and women and children—yes, and even the cats and dogs—of the neighborhood was not worth knowing.

Last year, however, circumstances unconnected with my present story made it necessary for me to change my residence; and all the inconveniences of removal were overbalanced by the prospect of new subjects for study, and wider opportunities of knowledge.

By the 1st of May I was comfortably settled in my new home, and my small household (consisting of two servants and myself) was growing accustomed to the new surroundings.

Of course my opposite neighbors attracted my first regards, and kept me almost constantly at the window. The two houses directly across the street were so entirely different. One was a well-built, spacious, elegant mansion, with ample drapery of lace and damask at every window, with an imposing colored waiter and a staff of other servants, where grocers' and butchers' carts delivered daily their well-filled hampers, where well-dressed guests came and went continually, where lights shone brilliantly every evening, and where every thing indicated the possession of ample means. The other house was small, mean-looking, too narrow for its height, and apparently overcrowded, if one might judge from the swarm of children it held. No curtains at those windows, no visitors to speak of, and only one servant, who brought home the slender purchases in a dilapidated basket, and who certainly looked overworked. Evidently the Barretts were as poor as the Browns were wealthy.

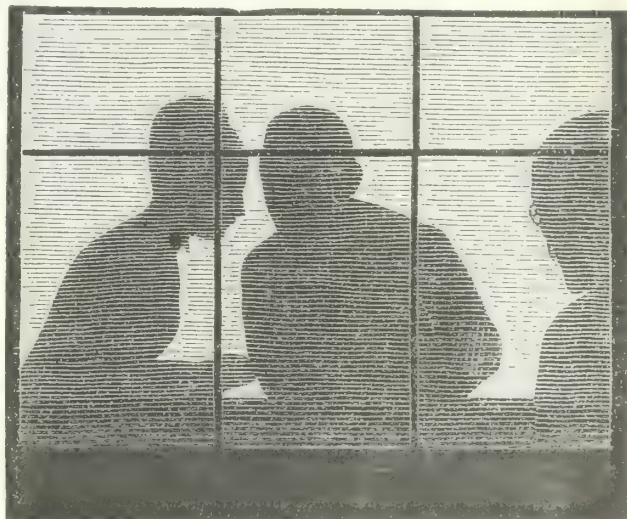
A few more days satisfied me as to the occupants of these houses. Mrs. Brown was a widow, with an only son, to whom she was quite devoted, and who was certainly an estimable young man. Mrs. Barrett was also a widow, with an aged father and eight children, of whom the oldest was a girl of twenty, uncommonly pretty, who assisted her

mother by teaching. A brother, two years younger, was a clerk; and Mrs. Barrett sometimes did fine sewing by way of eking out their scanty resources.

These details satisfactorily gathered, I began to turn my attention in other directions, when a mysterious circumstance made it impossible for me to think of any thing else than the Browns and Barretts.

It happened in this wise. I was sitting by my parlor window after dark, with no lights in the room—as I am fond of doing, because the dimness is favorable to meditation—when I chanced to see young Mr. Brown come out of his own house and ascend the Barretts' steps.

One of the children admitted him, and he went into the parlor, where immediately a light appeared. Some one drew down the shades, but they were very thin, and I could see the shadows of the inmates so clearly that there was no mistaking them as they were thrown upon the linen.



There sat Mrs. Barrett on one side of the centre table, sewing diligently, and opposite her, with their chairs close together and their heads almost touching, sat Lucy Barrett and Mr. Brown.

This discovery—for I felt it was nothing less—amazed and excited me beyond expression. Here was evidently a love affair, and how angry Mrs. Brown would be if she knew it! To be sure, the diligent use of my opera-glass enabled me to see some books on the table, from which the young couple *pretended* to be reading, but that amounted to nothing. Poetry most likely; and was not poetry always the natural language of love-making?

Well, my sympathy with Mrs. Brown kept me on the watch for nearly two hours, and during all that time Mrs. Barrett sat quietly sewing, and apparently unconscious of the way in which those two heads came together over the book before them.

But at last Mr. Brown rose to go, and then the mother seemed to wake up, for she went with him to the door, instead of letting her daughter go, as I quite expected she would.

But the moment his back was turned, what does that girl do? Drops her head down on her folded arms on the table, and seems to be having a good cry, as if she couldn't bear to part with him even then. Presently her mother returned to the room, and stood by, stroking the girl's hair as if she was consoling her. Then the light was extinguished, and I suppose they went to bed, but I was wakeful all that night.

From that time forward I kept a close watch on Leslie Brown, and I soon found that he spent four evenings out of six with pretty Lucy Barrett.

Always the programme was the same: he sat close beside her, reading or listening to the love-sick verses such occasions always demand, while Mrs. Barrett sewed near by, or the old grandfather sometimes took her place and played propriety; though, as the poor old man always fell asleep, the tableau became like this:



On the evenings when Mr. Brown did not appear, Lucy occupied the parlor alone, and wrote interminable letters, over which she sometimes cried.

At other times she might be seen in her little bedroom, standing at the window in an attitude of deep dejection, as if longing for her lover, thus:



Little cause had she for dejection, however, for Leslie Brown was as devoted as he

could be without exciting his mother's suspicions. He, too, wrote long letters (I could see *him* plainly enough, for he occupied the second story front-room, and he almost always left his windows wide open during the first part of the evening), but he seemed to be very fastidious about the composition of his epistles. Sometimes he would fill and tear up half a dozen sheets of paper before he was suited. Then he would put his letter in a large yellow envelope—such an unromantic color, too!—and send it by the negro waiter to his young neighbor when he could not go himself, and then I was sure to see her eagerly perusing the well-filled pages afterward.

What he could have found to write about so continually was a mystery to me, as they met so often; but I suppose lovers' nonsense always was and always will be endless.

Just about this time I made another and a most significant discovery. I was selecting some Berlin wools for a new footstool, when Lucy Barrett entered the shop and asked one of the sales-women if she could get some handkerchiefs marked for embroidering.

"Ladies' or gentlemen's handkerchiefs?" asked the girl. I pricked up my ears and listened.

"Gentlemen's," was the answer. Of course! The book of patterns was taken down, and the letters selected. By dint of strict attention, while I appeared to be looking for a shade of crimson, I heard the girl say, "L. B.—all right, miss; you can have them to-morrow," and then Lucy left, without observing me.

"L. B.," that was just what I expected—that meant Leslie Brown, beyond a doubt; and oh! what *would* his mother say? I began to feel that I had a duty to perform in this matter, for only the day before I had heard from a friend of my own, who knew the Browns slightly, that Leslie was supposed to be engaged to a young lady who was at present in Europe, but who was soon expected to return. My duty began to look very plain, in view of this last fact, and I was not long in coming to a determination.

I must notify Mrs. Brown without delay, but how? Should I seek an interview or write a letter? On the whole, I inclined to the letter, and before I retired to rest that night I had dispatched the following:

"If Mrs. Brown will take the advice of a sincere friend, and look about her closely, she will find that her amiable and unsuspecting son is in danger. An unscrupulous family will use every possible means to entrap him into a *mésalliance*. Accept this warning from one who shall be nameless."

That was certainly comprehensive and explicit without being compromising for me, if my agency in the matter should leak out. I posted my note with my own hands,

for Rosa, my maid, although an excellent woman, has an unfortunate curiosity which sometimes prompts her to take undue liberties with my letters, and I knew the address on this one would attract her attention at once.

The next morning I was on the watch for the effect of my warning, and, sure enough, the explosion came. The postman delivered his budget at the Browns', and Mrs. Brown, leisurely snipping the dead leaves of her geraniums at the parlor window, took the letters and began reading them at once.

Suddenly she started, crumpled the one she had read in her hand, and vanished from the parlor, to re-appear, in another moment, in her son's room above. *My* letter, beyond a doubt.

Breathlessly watching, I saw her seize the young man by the arm and point to the just-read page. He caught it from her hand and studied it attentively, and then they talked excitedly together for some moments.

What would I not have given to *hear* as well as *see* for the next half hour! but as that was impossible, I was forced to content myself with double vigilance. Finally the conference ended—Leslie taking his way down town, while his mother returned to her plants. How had it ended? I felt sure that Mrs. Brown was indignant, and the young man, of course, was wretched. In less than an hour something new happened—Mrs. Brown came out of her own house, looked up and down the street, as if hesitating over her course, and then took her way into the Barretts'.

My excitement at this stage of the little drama became painfully intense—evidently my warning *had* opened her eyes, and that talk with her son had made her aware of his infatuation. How grateful she must be to her unknown correspondent! and how cordially she would receive me some day, when I could avow my authorship, and explain the seemingly unimportant circumstances which had pointed me to the truth!

I remained at my post of observation, of course, until the close of the interview, which was just fifty minutes long. Nothing more happened; Mrs. Brown returned to her own house, and the day wore on quietly; but that evening Leslie did not pay his accustomed visit. I was sure of this, for I waited and watched until after nine o'clock, and should not have given up my surveillance even then if I had not seen the dim light in the Barretts' parlor extinguished, and the outer door closed for the night.

A whole week passed, and not once had the lovers met. Leslie kept away, and Lucy looked almost broken-hearted as she went and came daily in the performance of her duties.

Once or twice I had detected the young

man looking up anxiously at her window as he passed the house, but he made no effort to enter, and, stranger still, he seemed to have given up writing to her. No more long and carefully prepared letters occupied his leisure hours, and I was just beginning to think that the whole affair had been safely nipped in the bud, when one unlucky day Mrs. Brown went to make a brief visit to her sister in the country (so Rosa learned from her maid), and within an hour from the time of her departure a bulky letter in one of Leslie's horrid yellow envelopes was handed to Lucy Barrett by that treacherous waiter, who had doubtless been bribed to secrecy.

That evening witnessed the lovers' reunion, and poor Mrs. Brown's remonstrances were utterly disregarded, if not forgotten, as I felt certain when I saw once more the mingling shadows reflected on the window-shade.

That was a very unfortunate evening for me. It was raining heavily, and I had a slight cold at the time; but my sense of duty made me forgetful of all risks, and a thought of the poor, deluded mother determined me to watch over the son.

So, when Leslie rose to go, and, contrary to her usual custom, Mrs. Barrett suffered Lucy to see him out, I could not help raising



my window, *very* softly, you know, just to be certain that they were not talking too loud. Perhaps you may have noticed that when the street is quiet, and the noises of the day are hushed, ordinary voices are singularly audible.

They conversed for nearly ten minutes, and, just as I expected, I caught several words and parts of sentences, which I will set down in the order in which they occurred.

"A good, true wife," said the young man, as he took her hand in his own.

Lucy's reply was almost inaudible, but

I caught "happiness in the future," and "more than I can ever deserve."

Then Leslie finished a long speech with "an excellent time for the wedding;" and

week's illness and confinement to my bed was the result.

I was really suffering so much that I forgot my neighbors, and it was not until the



"WHAT IS IT? IS HE ILL, OR HURT?"

I heard no more. No need, you will doubtless say.

But the next morning I found myself really ill; my throat was sore, my head ached, and a violent chill was soon followed by a high fever.

My cold had been aggravated by my imprudence in opening the window, and a

tenth day after my seizure that my interest in my fellow-creatures revived sufficiently to prompt me to ask Rosa a single question.

"Well, indeed, mum, I've had so little time to spare since you've been sick that I can't tell you what's going on even next door. But cook says that she thinks they've had a

wedding this morning over at the Barretts', for the young lady went away in a carriage two hours ago, all dressed in a new traveling dress, and young Mr. Brown and another gentleman went with her, and all the children was a-standing on the steps a-throwing old shoes after them, and Mrs. Barrett was half laughing, half crying, at the parlor window."

"Married!" I exclaimed—"the designing girl! Then my warning was useless. But she'll never be happy, that's one comfort. Do you know whether Mrs. Brown is expected this week, Rosa?"

"Mrs. Brown! Why, there she comes now, mum, just getting out of her carriage, I do declare," answered Rosa, gazing from my window.

In a moment my resolution was taken. "Help me to get up, Rosa. I'll go right over there and break the news gently to the poor woman myself," I said, as I sat up, suddenly forgetting my ailments in my compassion for poor Mrs. Brown.

In fifteen minutes more I was standing on the steps, and I had rung the bell. That pompous waiter ushered me into the parlor, and took up my card; and before I had time to collect my thoughts, Mrs. Brown entered, with my card still in her hand.

"Miss—Greenfield," she began, as if she found my name too much trouble to pronounce, "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, I am sure; but if it is a charitable errand—"

Here I cut her short at once. "No, indeed, my dear madam, I am not come on an errand of charity, although my motives are benevolent. The fact is, I bring you bad news."

She started violently. "Bad news!" she repeated.

"Yes, ma'am, bad news. Your excellent son—"

But she turned deathly pale; then clutching my arm as we still stood (for she had not yet had the politeness to ask me to sit down), she gasped,

"What is it? Is he ill, or hurt? Do, for Heaven's sake, speak! Don't keep me waiting, woman!"

"No, no; he's safe—safe and well," I said. But she fairly pinched my arm as she ordered me to tell her what I meant without delay.

I never saw a more haughty, imperious woman than that Mrs. Brown, and I must confess she conquered me. I meant to tell my story in my own way, but she forced me right to the point.

"He's married!" I answered. Then seeing her look of incredulous amazement, I added, "Yes, married this very morning, not two hours ago, in your absence, and to that artful little neighbor of yours, in spite of all my efforts to open your eyes."

Mrs. Brown's face was a study. She looked by turns puzzled, astonished, angry, and scornful; then, with a very disagreeable smile, she asked:

"Are you in the habit of writing anonymous letters, Miss Greenfield? What you have just said would seem to connect you with a contemptible epistle of that sort, received some weeks ago, which I burned, half read." (Just as if she could make a woman believe *that*!) "Now, since you are so interested in my son, let me assure you that he is *not* married; that a little more than two hours ago he assisted as best man at the wedding of his old school-mate and friend, Lyman Bertrand, who returned from Germany three days ago to claim his promised wife, Lucy Barrett, after an absence of nearly two years."

She said all this very slowly, with her eyes on my face, and, I can tell you, I was not comfortable. Still, I would not give up yet. I replied,

"But you must allow that your son has been very attentive to an engaged girl; or perhaps you don't know that he has been spending most of his evenings there—writing such long letters, too, when he didn't go himself."

Mrs. Brown's smile was more supercilious than ever when she said, "Mrs. Barrett, as you have doubtless discovered, is poor. Lucy is an admirable German scholar, and my son expects to spend the next three years of his life in Germany. Consequently she has been instructing him for months past, at my urgent request."

"But the morning you received my letter, I saw you rush up to your son's room, and hold an earnest conference with him. Then for days he avoided going next door. Was not that in consequence of my warning?" I asked, anxiously.

"On the contrary, I never told my son of your letter; but I had received intelligence from a relative in Germany of young Bertrand's serious illness, and I went to comfort Lucy that same day by Leslie's advice. Poor girl! she was so distressed that the German lessons were discontinued until news of her lover's complete recovery gave her courage to go on. I think now that I have fully satisfied your curiosity, Miss Greenfield; but let me assure you that I never would have condescended to these explanations if I had not been afraid that you would injure Lucy by your imperfect and garbled version of all you have seen. Talk, then, since it seems you can not help it, but be truthful if you can. Good-morning!" and with that she swept out of the room like an empress, leaving me standing there like a fool.

Well, I must say she had made a very plausible story, but I always had my doubts about it.

A GROUP OF CLASSICAL SCHOOLS.

I.

A FEW years ago a remarkable book appeared in England, and was widely read in this country, the popularity of which was most likely a surprise to the author, who simply meant to spend a summer vaca-

Brown's School-Days are men now, and their sons are beginning to read the same book, which is likely to hold its place in English literature, while hosts of similar books have been written, published, read, and forgotten. The interest which the book excited



S. H. Taylor

tion in weaving into story form his school-boy experience, selecting those incidents and scenes which would not only compose a lively picture, but possibly carry to the young reader some help in the formation of his character. The boys who first read *Tom*

in America was scarcely more, it may be said, in the story itself than in the actual school at Rugby, the actual boy Tom Hughes, and the master Dr. Arnold. Although Rugby's claim upon historic interest is inferior to that of Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Christ's Hospi-

tal, Westminster, and other English schools, the personal regard for it, induced by this book and Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold*, has led thousands of Americans to make a special errand to Rugby who have perhaps scarcely glanced at the outside of more famous schools. Of these American visitors many have curiously compared the life at Rugby, as drawn from books and from their own observation, with the recollection of their own boyhood and schooling, and the American Rugby or the American Arnold has been discovered in several parts of the country, just as every new book of school-boy experience is modestly heralded as equal to *Tom Brown*.

The visitor to a great English school will, after all, find it somewhat difficult to make his anticipations and impressions agree. He will see some good architecture and mellow antiquity; if his researches carry him farther, he will be very likely to see some roughly hacked benches, and some "dens" in which the young cubs live; he will have young noblemen pointed out to him, who will be astonishingly like other boys; and he will occasionally see a master whose name has more than a local power. But boys are the most natural objects in the universe, and it is hard to see them through any veil of mystery or romance. They challenge a certain frank, matter-of-fact regard, and it is only when they are grown and become old boys that their school-days have any glamour about them.

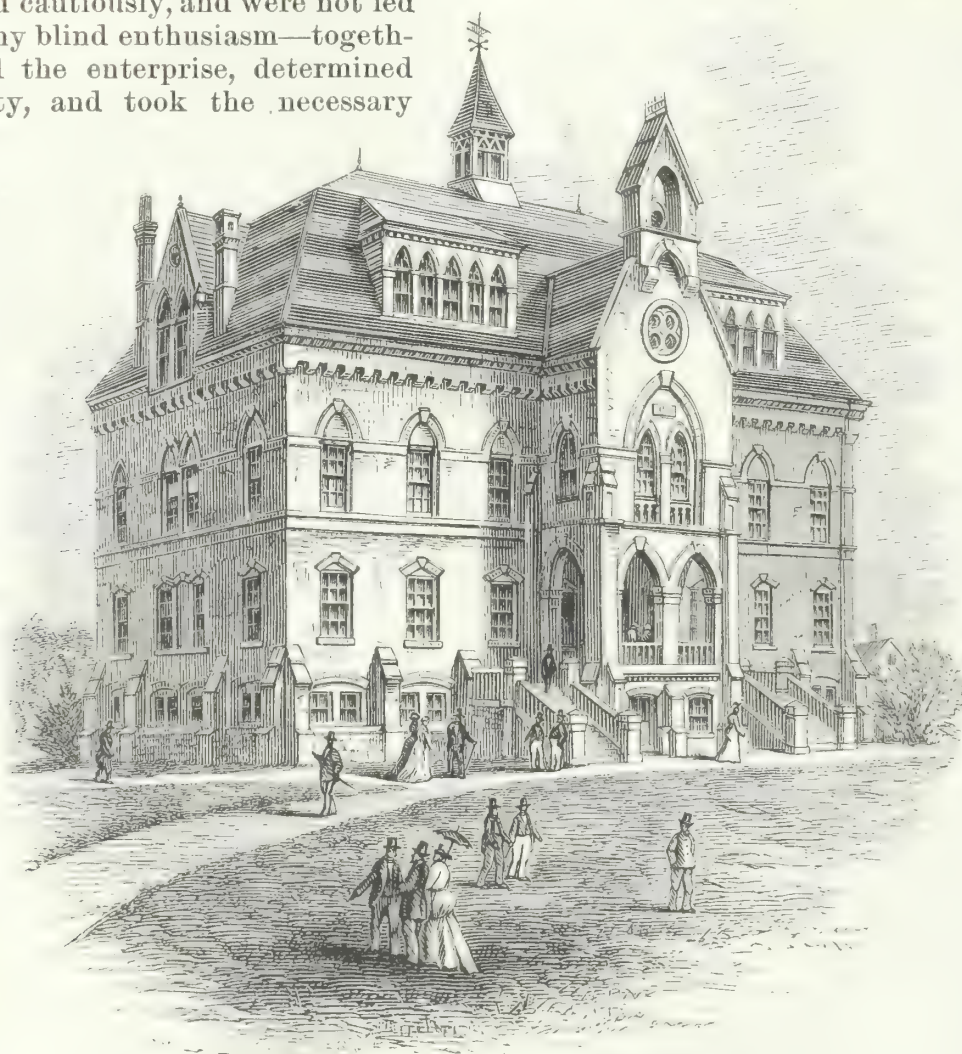
While, therefore, American schools of a similar intent are not invested with the antiquarian interest which attaches to the English public schools, nor embalmed as they are in the delightful literature of reminiscence, the substantial ground of interest is the same in both cases; and any one who wished to see American boys, or who was concerned in systems of education, would wisely direct his visits to a group of schools in New England having a certain family likeness, yet marked by individual traits plain enough to leave their stamp upon the boys resorting thither. With some there have been growing up traditions and methods for a hundred years or more; with others, the formative influences of a generation only, but that a generation keenly alive to the subject of education, have been at work; and in the case of one, at least, a very few years have sufficed to give the school prominence, and to justify its position in a historic group. These schools, which we purpose to examine somewhat in detail, are Phillips Academy, at Andover, Massachusetts; Phillips Exeter Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire; Adams Academy, at Quincy, Massachusetts; the Boston Public Latin School; Williston Seminary, at East Hampton, Massachusetts; and St. Paul's School, at Concord, New Hampshire. There are other

schools in the same section, like the Hopkins Grammar School, at New Haven, Dummer Academy, at Byfield, Massachusetts, and St. Mark's School, in Southborough, of the same State, which might fairly be described as representative schools; but by confining our attention to those selected we shall probably be able to examine the separate characteristics of all the schools which play so important a part in the higher education of America, for these schools all recognize as their principal, some their only, function the preparation of boys for honorable admission into the highest colleges of the land, and, by the work which they have done and the place which they hold in public regard, constitute a parallel to the English public schools as fairly as our colleges and universities do to the corresponding institutions in England. The public schools of England are the great feeders of Oxford and Cambridge; the schools we have named bear a similar relation to Harvard and Yale, Amherst, Williams, and Dartmouth. It is England and New England again.

Certainly it is by no accident that these schools are found within so narrow a tract of country, any more than that the two leading universities of America are within the same section. A glance at the origin of the two most widely known schools, the two Phillips Academies, reveals something of the force which caused and impelled the educational movement in New England. The reader will have noticed that one school is called Phillips Academy; the other, by way of distinction, Phillips Exeter Academy. Both had their foundation in the public spirit and devotion of the Phillips family. In Brechin Hall at Andover, the library of the theological school, in the great halls of the academies at Andover and Exeter, and in Memorial Hall at Harvard College, one may see hanging upon the walls portraits of one and another man and woman of this family, which belongs among the untitled nobility of New England, representing the best element of life there, not that which always dwells in the brightest glare of publicity, but that which directs and shapes the current of public opinion. A Phillips crossed the water with John Winthrop, and from him descended a long line of ministers, judges, governors, and councilors—a sterling race, temperate, just, and high-minded. It was while the war for independence was still raging that Judge Samuel Phillips, a resident in Andover, conceived and slowly matured a plan for the foundation of a classical school in the town. He laid his plans broad and deep, both as regards the financial provision and as regards the character of the institution. He was an only son, the heir to great estates; he had, moreover, a childless uncle, Dr. John Phillips, of Exeter, who had intimated his

intention to make him his chief heir. Both his father and his uncle were frugal men, who had saved and were still saving. He made it his business to persuade them to endow the school as its joint founders, diverting thus from himself the property which would otherwise fall to his share. The three men—and the older ones especially were men of sound judgment, who moved cautiously, and were not led away by any blind enthusiasm—together planned the enterprise, determined the locality, and took the necessary

ment when compared with what others were doing at that time, both in America and in England, they are simply magnificent. The endowment was made in the prostration of business during and subsequent to the war, in the face of grave fears for the country, and when the whole tone of public sentiment was despondent. It was an act



PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER—NEW BUILDING.

steps to bring the school into active existence. The combined gifts of these and other members of the Phillips family for the endowment of the academy amounted, in round numbers, to one hundred thousand dollars, and for half a century it was under the fostering care of some member of the family. Phillips Academy, at Andover, was incorporated by an act of the Legislature in 1780, being the first academy so incorporated in America. Six months later, Dr. John Phillips, of Exeter, secured the incorporation of Phillips Exeter Academy from the New Hampshire Legislature, giving to the school in life and by bequest property amounting at the time to about sixty-five thousand dollars, but now, under admirable management, greatly enhanced in value.

Thus these three men were the founders of the two schools; and though the sums bestowed, when measured by the standard of more modern gifts, do not cause astonish-

of faith, of strong will and high purpose, and the spirit which underlay the design is embodied in the elaborate constitution which serves for both schools. This instrument, with its multitudinous emendations, erasures, and additions, bears witness to the minute care with which the founders sought to formulate the principles of the schools. It would be a very unlikely piece of work nowadays; but the idea of such academies was new then, and, besides, at that period, constitutions were "in the air," and it was by this means that prudent men endeavored to give lasting form to the theories which they wrought at so laboriously. No one can read this paper without perceiving its weight and perspicuity. It was formerly, and perhaps now is, read yearly at the meetings of the board of trustees, and drew from one member, who had sat on the board for forty years, the remark that its language seemed to him more like inspiration than

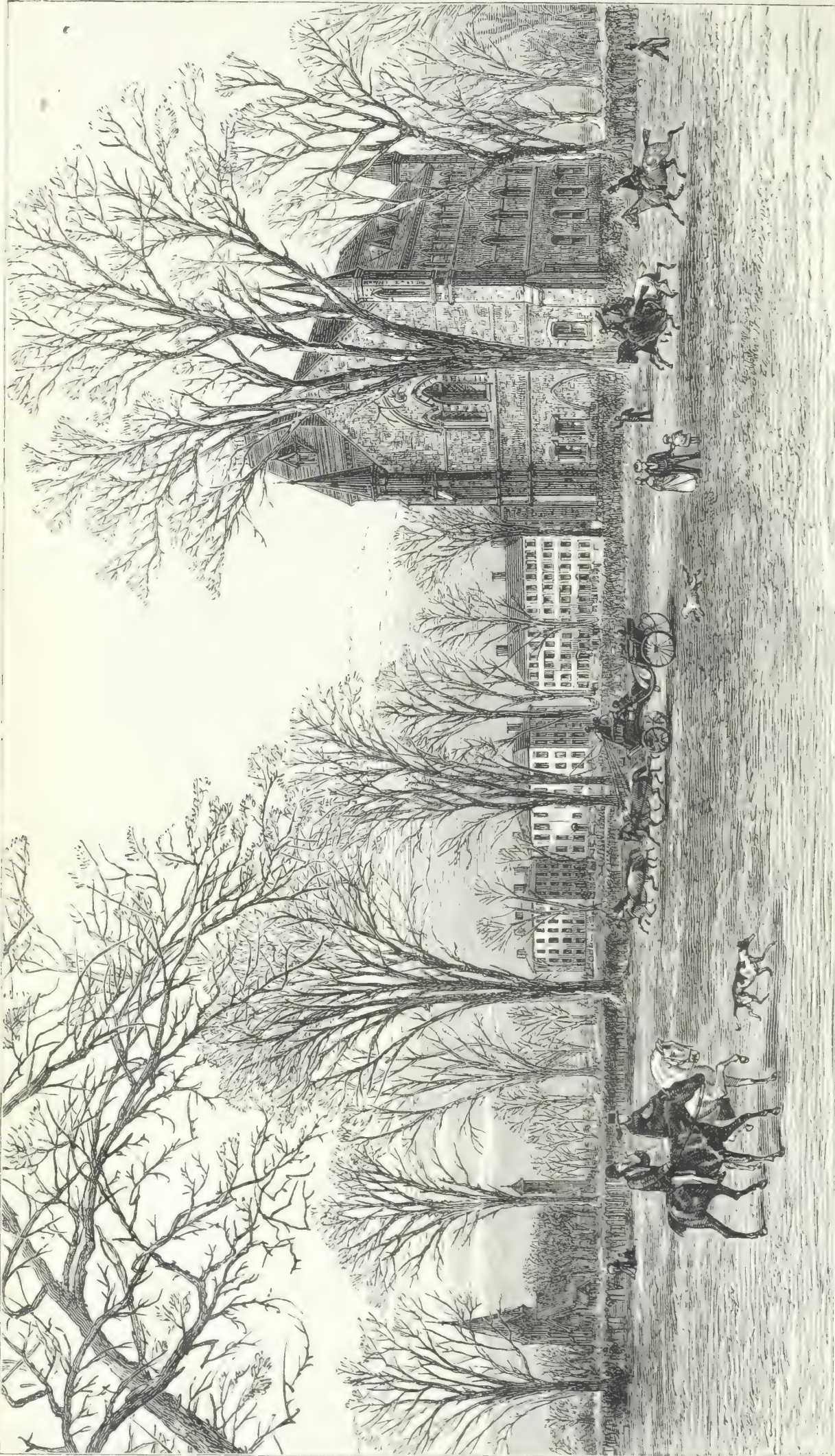
any thing else except the Bible. A less enthusiastic person might find the source of its strength in its forcible embodiment of those stern principles which made the New England judge fear the devil and his works with only less intensity than he honored and obeyed a just God. The constitution, while defining the courses of study and discipline, the duties of trustees and masters—not omitting to caution the trustees against extravagant entertainment at their yearly dinner—lays great emphasis on the conduct of the students, and the means to be taken for education in morality and religion, declaring that, “above all, it is expected that the master’s attention to the disposition of the minds and morals of the youth under his charge will exceed every other care; well considering that though goodness without knowledge (as it respects others) is weak and feeble, yet knowledge without goodness is dangerous, and that both united form the noblest character, and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind.”

These were not great swelling words. Our grandfathers were on the edge of turbid sentiment, we sometimes think, when in reality their serious and conscientious minds were laboring after adequate expressions. Much of the manner of writers a hundred years ago was like the dress they wore—used for decorous public service, and kept distinct from a working suit. But the earnestness and strictness of the founders of Andover and Exeter found other expression than a paper one. The masters selected to put the constitution into practice were men capable of giving it a strict construction. Here we confine ourselves for the present to Andover. The most prominent masters, who also held the office for the longest periods—Drs. Pearson, Pemberton, Adams, and Taylor—were not only careful scholars, but rigid disciplinarians. The older graduates still remember Dr. Adams and the gentle Osgood Johnson; but the freshest traditions gather around the person of Uncle Sam—Dr. Samuel Harvey Taylor—a name which will almost take the color out of an old boy’s cheek yet, though its owner has lain in the grave for six years.

It is difficult to speak of this man in adequate terms, and entirely impossible to characterize him in such a way as to answer the multiform impression which he made upon his pupils. At any time during his administration let a knot of boys discuss him, and all manner of conflicting judgments would be passed; let a stranger enter the circle, and he would hear a unanimous opinion as to Uncle Sam’s transcendent qualities as a teacher and master. The boys were afraid of him, and some for a time hated him with juvenile wrath; but there were few who did not respect him as a just man, and the strength of his rule induced a

certain loyalty which would suffer no disparaging word except in the freemasonry of the school itself. He overshadowed the school in its minutest particulars. The stories of his ubiquity when any mischief was going on grew year by year, until their marvelous character became portentous. He was accused of having an elaborate system of espionage; and while many cases of extraordinary knowledge could have been explained without this hypothesis, a general belief prevails that Uncle Sam did make use of other eyes than his own. There was one solemn moment in the day when, after the exercises in the chapel, Dr. Taylor would say, in his measured tones, “The following individuals are requested to remain;” and the individuals shivered as they heard the culprits’ roll called. To be found any where but in one’s room during study hours was regarded as a crime which by accident only had been omitted from the Decalogue; and more than one graduate in the first year of his college experience has crossed the silent college yard timidly, expecting a grim visitation from the college officer, his fears an echo only of the real peril of his academy days. On Sunday, when the boys were in chapel, Dr. Taylor sat in the rear seat, and no boy’s back but felt transparent. The curious thing about this surveillance was that the master’s eyes, which seemed cognizant of every thing, were rarely lifted, but in chapel and in recitation rested on the book before him. So impossible did it seem to escape his vigilance, and so uncompromising was his assertion of authority, that boys would sometimes buy a dear reprieve by the confession of guilt which they took upon his charge, and not from their own knowledge, surrendering their consciences thus to him as keeper.

It is not to be wondered at that, having this character as a disciplinarian, he rendered Andover a place to which subjugated parents sent their tyrannical sons. The effect upon the school was not always the best, any more than a colony thrives by the increase of its population when made a penal settlement; yet the rule maintained by Dr. Taylor resulted in the reformation of a good many of the hard characters sent to him; that is to say, many boys were on the road to ruin through the lack of true management at home, but were not inherently vicious, and the restrictive force imposed by this new government had the effect of checking tendencies in season, and bringing out the true stuff. Of course the heroic treatment fails in morals sometimes as well as in physic, and Dr. Taylor himself was no trifle with evil. He would, in his exceeding desire to help a boy, restore a penitent reprobate too quickly; but when it was clear to him that the boy was vicious, and misleading others, he would not toler-



ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

ate him longer. He had, like Webster, an awful presence, and many a boy of stout bravado among his fellows felt his knees knock together when alone with Uncle Sam.

We dwell upon this feature of discipline, because it was especially characteristic of Andover under Dr. Taylor's *régime*, and grew out of the impression which that masterful, powerful will made upon the material about him; but it would be a mistake to see in him a hard, unlovable character. Like all really strong men, he was a tender man; and as boys grew to manhood, the fear they felt for him was transformed into a loyal and affectionate admiration. It should be noted that Dr. Taylor as a disciplinarian was a more terrible object to the boys in the lower classes than to those in the highest division, who alone came under his immediate care. As a teacher he was known only to these older boys, and that function came to be in their eyes his predominant one. He appeared in a measure indifferent to the methods of teaching or to the capability of teachers in the school for the first years of a boy's life. Under-teachers were repeatedly changed during his administration, and he relied with confidence upon the power which he possessed to take boys in the final year of their course and make genuine scholars of them.

Himself a minute yet broad scholar, resolved upon extreme accuracy, yet possessed of a thorough love of the subject-matter of his studies, he was at once a nice grammarian and a humanitarian. Nothing in the structure of the ancient languages was trivial to him; nothing in the life and literature of the ancient world was remote from his interest; and he demanded the same range of scholarship in his classes. Exactness a fidelity to grammatical paradigms and rules, he flooded the lesson of the hour with a light from archæology and history. "It does not seem possible to me," says one of his old scholars, "that any Greek author whatever could have come unscathed from one of his examinations on the Greek particle. I have known him keep a scholar on his feet half an hour on a few lines of Homer with such a running fire of questions as seemed impossible to stand under, and when the whole class scarcely breathed for fear of a single mistake of their champion." "I can remember," writes another, "how we sat for an hour and three-quarters many a time, and dwelt with real interest and entertainment during all that time, over five lines of the *Æneid* or over two lines of the *Iliad*.....He taught Latin and Greek, it seemed to me, as no one had ever taught it before or ever would again. How intent and earnest was he as he took up the first line of Homer with all the freshness and curiosity of a new seeker for light, as if he had not gone wearisomely over and over it again,

now for the thousandth time! How lovingly he took it up, syllable by syllable and word by word, tending each word as carefully as a sweet babe, turning it one side and another with evident affection, warning us of the curious beauty of its interpretation, the fine philosophy of its derivation, the wise peculiarity of its composition, its singular increment, its unique terminal ending, its quaint and apt office in its place, and the happy burden of its meaning! How fondly did he dwell upon the significance of the aorist, the felicitous adaptation of the infinitive, the peculiar force of the *καὶ γάρ*, the exuberant opulence of verbs in *μι*!"

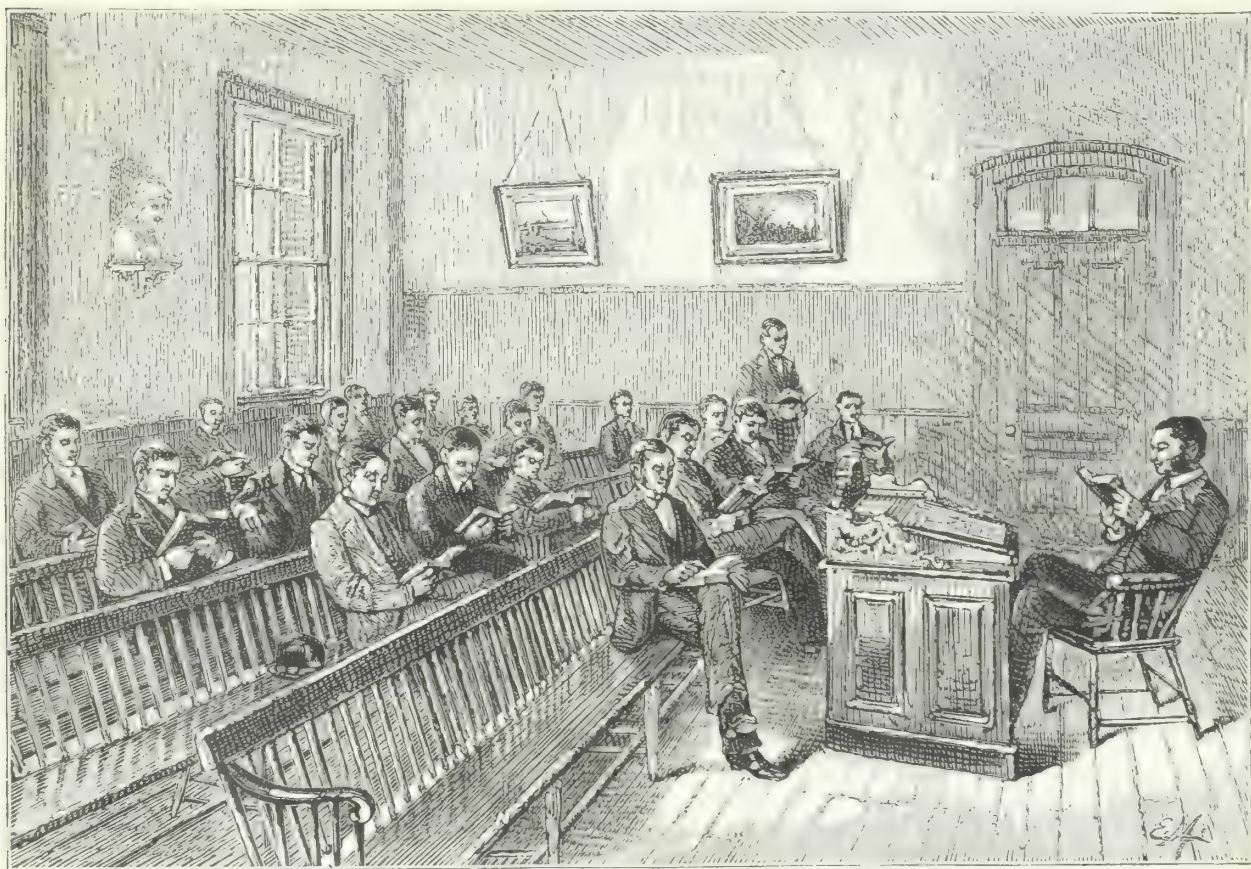
The room in which he held his class, Number Nine, was a daily battle-ground. Into it the boys filed with a sense that, however industriously they may have prepared themselves, there were chances of defeat never to be counted beforehand. The master sat at his desk, his eyes bent on his book, and rarely raised; his cards containing the names of the boys were before him, and it sometimes happened that he did not shuffle them with the strictest care, so that the same names would follow in succession day after day—a *sors* closely scrutinized by the boys who were most intent on the danger before them. There was no superfluous word in his questions. Each was delivered as if stripped for the fight. There was no pause for guessing answer, and no prompting by insinuating question. The questions, which followed each other in rapid succession, were not put rapidly, though cast in the most succinct form; but no interval was allowed between question and answer, answer and question. No laggard, wandering in his mind, was waited for till he could find the place, and all superfluous words in the answering of questions were ruthlessly cut short. The boys came out, those who were in earnest—and it was rare that all were not caught in a contagion of earnestness—flushed and eager, quickened by the contest, and excited to new effort.

The advantages and the defects of this training lie upon the surface. The utmost concentration of attention was taught, and habits of study and deportment which, it has been dryly said, it took a year of college life to break up. Many a lawyer examining a witness has owed his skill to Dr. Taylor's exercise of himself; and the relentless force of this iron will and penetrating intellect, expended day after day upon the minds of young students, broke down obstacles which years might not have removed under an easier method. It was a splendid gymnasium for these young fellows learning to use their wits. On the other hand, there was a certain prodigality in this style of teaching which is very apparent the moment any less forcible teacher attempts to employ it. Dr. Taylor did undoubtedly pack the mind with

abundant stores of illustrative learning; by sheer pile-driving force he made solid ground out of a continent of mud. None the less is it true that a more judicious selection of material, combined with careful training, better accords with sound scholarship. Dr. Taylor's mind was richly stored, but he asked too much when he expected boys of seventeen to receive and appropriate the same learning. The practical effect of his training was seen in the experience of boys at college. He did not aim at qualifying them for admission to any particular college, and was scornfully indifferent to the requisition made by this or that college on candidates, esteeming it his business to make scholars of his boys, and leave them and the colleges to settle such questions among themselves. Hence boys from Andover were often met at the outset by difficulties which their fine training could not of itself enable them to surmount; and there have been cases where clever boys have been heavily conditioned at Harvard who were admirable scholars at Andover. The requirements of the entrance examination were not anticipated by the Andover method. Dr. Taylor would not yield, and it is doubtful if his peculiar method of

have been compelled to merge it largely in this remarkable man, for he was the school during its most eventful period. His death was dramatic in its incident. On a Sunday morning in January, 1871, he was to have his customary Biblical exercise at school. He had been complaining of a stricture in his chest, and was begged to remain at home, the day being inclement, but he said, "My first duty lies with the school." It was his unfailing watch-word, and one of the last which he spoke. Reaching the door of the school-house through the drifting snow, the bell tolling, his pupils assembling, he crossed the threshold and fell. A hundred boys gathered about him; his son held him in his arms; almost instantly the entire school of two hundred was assembled; but in ten minutes he breathed his last.

The present school building replaces one that was destroyed by fire. It stands near the top of a hill which is crowned by the buildings occupied by the theological seminary of the Congregationalists, established in 1808. We mention it here because it has an organic connection with the academy, the two institutions being under the same board of trustees, the younger having sprung



THE MIDDLE ROOM, PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

training could have adapted itself to the circumstances. In mathematics especially there was a most lamentable deficiency of preparation; and where such stress was laid upon the quality of work done in the classics, it is obvious that the quantity required by the colleges might not be secured.

In characterizing the Andover school we

from the loins of the elder, partly as the consummation of a purpose originally formed by the founders of the academy, partly as the solution of a difficulty which had arisen when the incorporation of the theological seminary had been sought. It is plain, too, that the academy is influenced in many ways by the presence of the seminary. The admira-



ENGLISH COMMONS, PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

ble library of the latter, necessarily general as well as theological, is accessible to boys in the academy, who also have in the Taylor Memorial Library in the academy, formed mainly of Dr. Taylor's private library, a collection of two thousand valuable books. The same chapel serves for both, and many of the theological students are academy boys who have been away at college for four years, and come back with a warm regard for the school, which finds many modes of expression. Friendships spring up between the older and younger men, and the two institutions help to correct each other. The fact of the theological school as organically connected with the academy has served in many ways to deepen the religious character of the academy, and to identify it more closely with the religious denomination with which it is affiliated.

From the character of the foundation, many poor boys and boys of maturity are to be found there, and liberal provision is made for the assistance of those needing help. A serious element has always prevailed along with the city element already referred to; but since the close of Dr. Taylor's *régime*, which has not been adhered to by subsequent masters, the vicious element has been eliminated by the shorter method of expulsion, and the contrasts are not as strong as formerly. Then the presence of older boys, and of those having more definite intentions in education than boys commonly have, has shown itself in the vigor with which a debating society and a literary magazine have been sustained. The Philomathean Society enjoyed in 1875 its fiftieth anniversary, when gray-haired men came back to tell of their boyish pranks; and the *Mirror*, published by the society, with its alternate top-heavy wis-

dom and school-boy fun, dates from 1855. One unique feature of the school life is, or at any rate was, the organization of a fire-company, with the Phillips engine, which was always foremost on the ground in time of need, and the captain of which was Uncle Sam himself, who was never more in his element than when directing the company of eager boys; and many a boy retains in his memory the picture of that great teacher and stern master running with the machine in the ardor of his enthusiasm. There are no boating facilities. The Shawshine runs swiftly through the town, and gives opportunity for cool plunges now and then; Indian Ridge and Pomp's Pond, the round hills and wooded roads, tempt to long walks; Sunset Rock is mingled in the memory with furtive glances at the faces of school-girls from Abbot Academy in the town, and in the winter-time the hill gives splendid slopes for coasting. Foot-ball and base-ball dispute sovereignty, and one of the old brick buildings offers a gymnasium, with bowling-alleys, which the academy uses jointly with the seminary. The campus back of the school building is a fine area, and was Dr. Taylor's pride, who declared that no great school could spare a great campus.

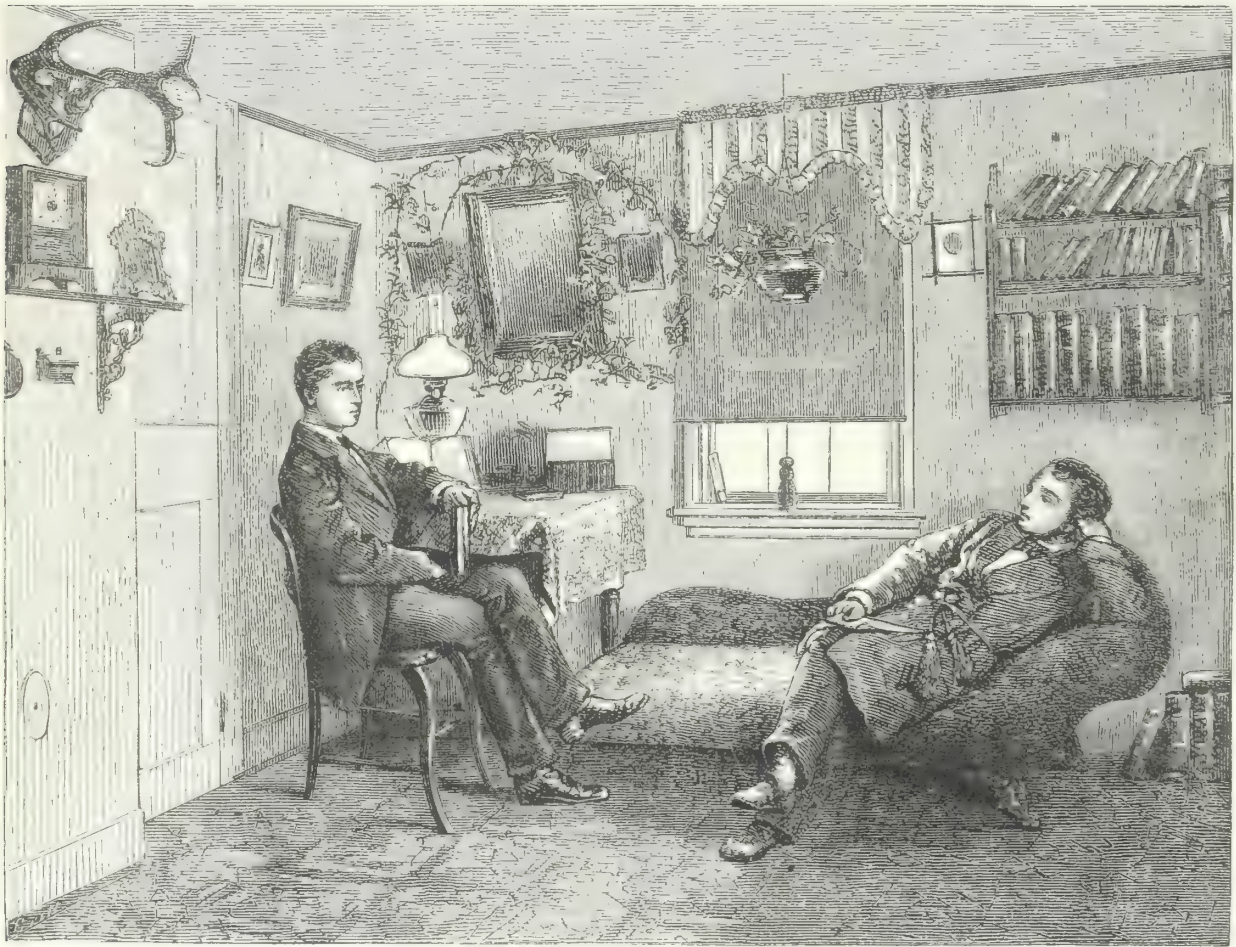
In the great hall at the top of the school-house are portraits of old worthies, and here the school exhibitions are held; but the old Phillips boy, looking from the windows, and rejoicing in the noble view, lets his eyes fall, with a pleasure all his own, upon the quaint homely rows of buildings called the "Latin" and the "English" commons—dormitories that have weathered a half century of storm and ridicule. There they stand, looking for all the world like houses from a German toy village, high-shouldered, absurdly plain, with

a most homesick air about them, yet uncommonly convenient for use. Each room is a corner room, well lighted and aired; two single bedrooms are attached to a common study, and the small number quartered in each building forbids any thing like organized mischief. One master lives in each row, but the distinction of Latin and English is scarcely more than nominal. It follows the classification of the school, where, besides the classical, there is an English or scientific department. But our business is to speak only of the preparation of boys for college.

A hundred years of a famous school means a long roll of famous names; and beginning with such important personages as the sons of General Washington's nephew, one may

was so long identified with the school means a change both in discipline and in methods of teaching. Dr. Taylor himself had doubtless begun to feel that the altered aspect of the higher education was leaving his own method more solitary; yet it would have been impossible for him to change.

The schools at Andover and Exeter were founded almost simultaneously; both had their origin in the generosity of the Phillips family; each had the same elaborate constitution—yet almost from the outset there has been a difference in the development of the schools, and Phillips Exeter Academy has its own history and characteristics quite independent of Andover. It is almost wholly the child of Dr. John Phillips, already



STUDENTS' ROOM IN THE ENGLISH COMMONS.

read upon the catalogue the names of many men eminent in literature and learning. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has touched upon his own reminiscences in his charming paper, "Cinders from the Ashes." Dr. Taylor has died, but the academy, with its traditions of sound learning and sober living, thrives still. One hundred and ten names in the classical and ninety-one in the English department appear on the latest catalogue, which shows a corps of eight instructors, Dr. C. P. F. Bancroft being principal. The increasing demands made by the colleges stimulate the zeal of masters and pupils, and a gentler rule has succeeded the austere regimen of Uncle Sam. The change from the autocratic rule of the master whose name

mentioned as uncle to Judge Phillips, the moving spirit in founding the Andover Academy. Dr. Phillips was one of the trustees at Andover from its first organization till his death, and for the last five years of his life president of the board. His endowment of Exeter thus was an act in generous emulation of his own beneficence. The wise provision which he made for the support of the school, and the care exercised by those in charge of the endowment, have given to the academy a wholesome independence, so that it occupies to-day a position of self-reliance and integrity, having funds sufficient for its support irrespective of its receipts from tuition fees.

During the century which has nearly

closed since its incorporation it has had, until recently, but three principals in succession; and as the first of these, never entitled principal, held office but five years, when ill health obliged him to resign, it is right to refer the character of the school, so far as that is determined by its masters, to two men who held the post, one for fifty years, the other for nearly forty, though his connection with the school as teacher had extended over fifty years. Dr. Benjamin Abbot, the former of these, graduated at Harvard in 1788, and immediately went to Exeter as principal. The choice of this man hints at one distinction between Andover and Exeter. Dr. John Phillips, like his brother and nephew, was a firm adherent to the old school of New England orthodoxy. He was also a man of deep humility and large-mindedness. He saw in Benjamin Abbot, an Exeter youth, the qualities which constituted a wise teacher, and he chose him to the place, although their theological preferences were at variance, Abbot belonging to the new school which in process of time became organized Unitarianism. To measure Dr. Phillips's liberality, one must needs place himself among his contemporaries, and not among his descendants. Not only did Dr. Phillips make this appointment, but two of the trustees originally chosen by himself, and three others chosen during his lifetime, held theological opinions opposite to his own. The interpretation of the constitution was therefore likely to be less rigid than was the case at Andover; and as the establishment of a theological school at Andover served to confirm the religious element in the school life there, so the freedom from such alliances at Exeter, and the affiliation which the school there had with Harvard University, tended to make the Exeter Academy less positively religious in its influence, and to concentrate the energies of the school upon its special work of preparing boys for admission to college. The strictness and careful conformity to theological standards which prevailed at Andover gave place in Exeter to a certain freedom of government and a regard for those principles and habits which we are wont to speak of as related to ethics, big and little, rather than to religion. The reminiscences of Dr. Abbot held by the old men of this day point to a high-minded and dignified gentleman of unfailing courtesy and reserved ways. "The whole history of his connection with the academy," writes his successor, "is a comment on the necessity of good manners, not only for the proper government of a school, but for the best development and culture of the youthful mind."

The successor to Dr. Abbot was his associate, Gideon Lane Soule, who still lives in Exeter, principal *emeritus* of the academy,

of which he was student in 1813, assistant teacher in 1818 and again in 1822, and acting principal from 1838 until his resignation a year or two since. The traditions of discipline which his predecessor established, as outlined in the character of Dr. Abbot, were carried forward, and there was added a scholarship which was quick to receive help from the latest researches and investigations. Dr. Soule has been a ripe scholar and admirable teacher. "Those who have attended his examinations for many years," writes Dr. Peabody, "bear witness to his critical accuracy, his pure taste, his keen appreciation of the classic authors, the thoroughness of his drill, the measured stages by which he has raised his successive classes to a level of attainment which has commanded always our warm approval, often our surprised admiration."

The absence of a positive religious influence at Exeter is accompanied by a like absence of what, for lack of better terms, may be called parental discipline. There is a dormitory, Abbot Hall, which furnishes bedrooms and studies for about fifty students, and is occupied, as was intended, by the students who require to exercise close economy. Another building, Gorham Hall, has recently been put in requisition, and serves as dormitory and boarding-house for as many more, while the remainder find board and lodging in the town. No master lives in either of the halls, and there never has been any thing like the personal supervision which has prevailed at Andover, especially under Dr. Taylor. In a word, Exeter approaches more nearly the college order of life than any other of the great schools with which we class it. The teachers are styled professors, as they are not elsewhere, and the students lead more nearly the life of college men. They have no common room for study; each does his work in his room, and meets the class in the recitation-room, and the whole school in the great hall for the daily religious exercises. Moreover, the school is singularly devoid of the voluntary associations which commonly attach to similar schools. There is, indeed, one society, which bears the mysterious title of The Golden Branch, and cultivates oratory and debate, as well as maintains a library; but beyond this there appears to be little to divert attention from the specific school work. There is no periodical, or dramatic club, or musical society, and there are no exhibitions or public school performances. It is difficult to refrain from judging that the energies of the boys are turned into the channel of school work. The whole tendency of the school system is to make study the one thing, and to let the boys grow up in self-reliant, independent fashion. The effect upon the manly ones is to make them more manly; the pressure upon the indolent

or shiftless is stronger than they can bear; the tenderly nurtured may be indurated and their pluck and native courage elicited—they may be discouraged and driven away. One boy brought up in comfort and luxury

income; and the Gordon scholarship, founded by Hon. Nathaniel Gordon, with an income of \$120.

How serviceable these endowments have been in the cause of scholarship no one can



PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY—NEW BUILDING.

naïvely said when he left that he had learned to make his own fire at Exeter; and it was a sign of self-help which had found a good many other forms of expression. This freedom of government, this treatment of the boys as mature, characterizes the school, and gives to Exeter the character of an embryo college; and the lads who leave it for college do not find a very great contrast in their two sets of surroundings, so far as their own independence is concerned.

The wise foresight of the founder and subsequent endowments have also given Exeter a great advantage in enabling it to grant in large part a free education to those who need it. According to the quaint phrase of the time, the foundation scholarships, given by Dr. Phillips and Jeremiah Kingman, were for those who showed "excelling genius," having character, indigence, talents, and scholarship—a combination not infrequent. About twenty students annually receive aid in this way; and there are, besides, the Bancroft scholarship, founded by Hon. George Bancroft, with an income of \$140; the Hale scholarship, founded by Miss Martha Hale in memory of her father, the late Hon. Samuel Hale, yielding the same

estimate; but if the roll of beneficiaries could be disclosed, it would show many names which men have since delighted to honor. One instance is recorded where the help given was the efficient cause of an education productive of excellent results. A journeyman carpenter, who had resigned all thought of a liberal education, was encouraged to apply for a place on the foundation; and not being able to meet the ordinary expense of the journey, he walked the hundred miles or more which lay between his home in Connecticut and Exeter. This was the beginning of Jared Sparks's education, and he richly repaid the help then given him by his after-labors in history and education.

There was a gathering at Exeter in 1872 upon occasion of the dedication of the new academy building, and in honor of the semi-centennial of Dr. Soule's connection with the school. The old building, long since outgrown, had been burned—a fate which seems to be in keeping for all old academy buildings—and the new building, excellently planned and built, occupies the site, in its general form a glorification in brick and stone of its wooden predecessor. One of

the pleasantest incidents of the celebration was an act of generosity which at once bore witness to the silent influence of the school and to the loyalty of its graduates. In 1819 a boy of fourteen entered Exeter, the son of a hard-working country doctor, who found his own meagre resources supplemented by the scholarship foundation of the school. Both father and son were profoundly grateful to the school for the education thus given. The father, when he died, bequeathed it the sum of \$100 in token of his gratitude. The son, graduating at Harvard, soon became one of the officers of the college, giving his time and strength to the interest of the college library, and receiving the slender support which the college is able to bestow upon its servants. He inherited from his parents at their death the sum of \$5000, the savings of labor and self-denial. This sum he held sacred to some higher object than his personal ease; and though advanced in years, he gave it, in the exact form in which he received it, to the trustees of the academy. Shortly after, he asked leave to double it from his own meagre savings; and doing this, he required that the sum should accumulate for a specific object, and that his name should be strictly concealed until his death. "He tried as hard," it has been well said, "to preserve his secret as if it had been a base and not a noble deed." At the time of the celebration the \$10,000 had grown to be \$15,000, and the secret had gradually come into the possession of so many persons that leave was at length obtained from the donor, John Langdon Sibley, to have his name announced. "The announcement having been made at dinner by Dr. Palfrey, Mr. Sibley was forced upon his feet by shouts of applause, and in a speech of unsurpassed *naïveté*, pathos, and unstudied eloquence, with a modesty and a filial piety that disclaimed all praise for himself, and won from all who heard him the most reverent regard for his parents, told the story of his early life, of his native home, and of the patient and loving toil and sacrifice of those to whose memory the Sibley fund is consecrated." This fund amounts now to more than \$20,000, its rapid increase being due to the conditions of the gift, that the entire yearly income shall be added to the principal until after the death of the donor, when a portion, under certain restrictions, is to be appropriated to the support of students of poverty and merit. Mr. Sibley's portrait or bust ought certainly to be placed, if it is not there now, among the memorials which render the great hall of the school a silent witness to the strong boyhood of great men who have honored Exeter. The names of Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Alexander Everett, Joseph Buckminster, John Gorham Palfrey, Nathan Hale, Henry Ware, Christopher Gore, Joseph

G. Cogswell, George Bancroft, Ezra Abbot, Jeffries Wyman, are names which any school might be proud to have on its list. The connection with Harvard University has always been a close one, and no other school in the country, save the Boston Latin School, has sent so large a number of students to Cambridge, while the standard of scholarship has been of the highest. The largest proportion of boys at Exeter has Harvard in view, and the reputation for scholarship which Exeter enjoys at Harvard has been unbroken for nearly a century. Its great rival in this respect is now not so much the Boston Latin School, as the Adams Academy at Quincy.

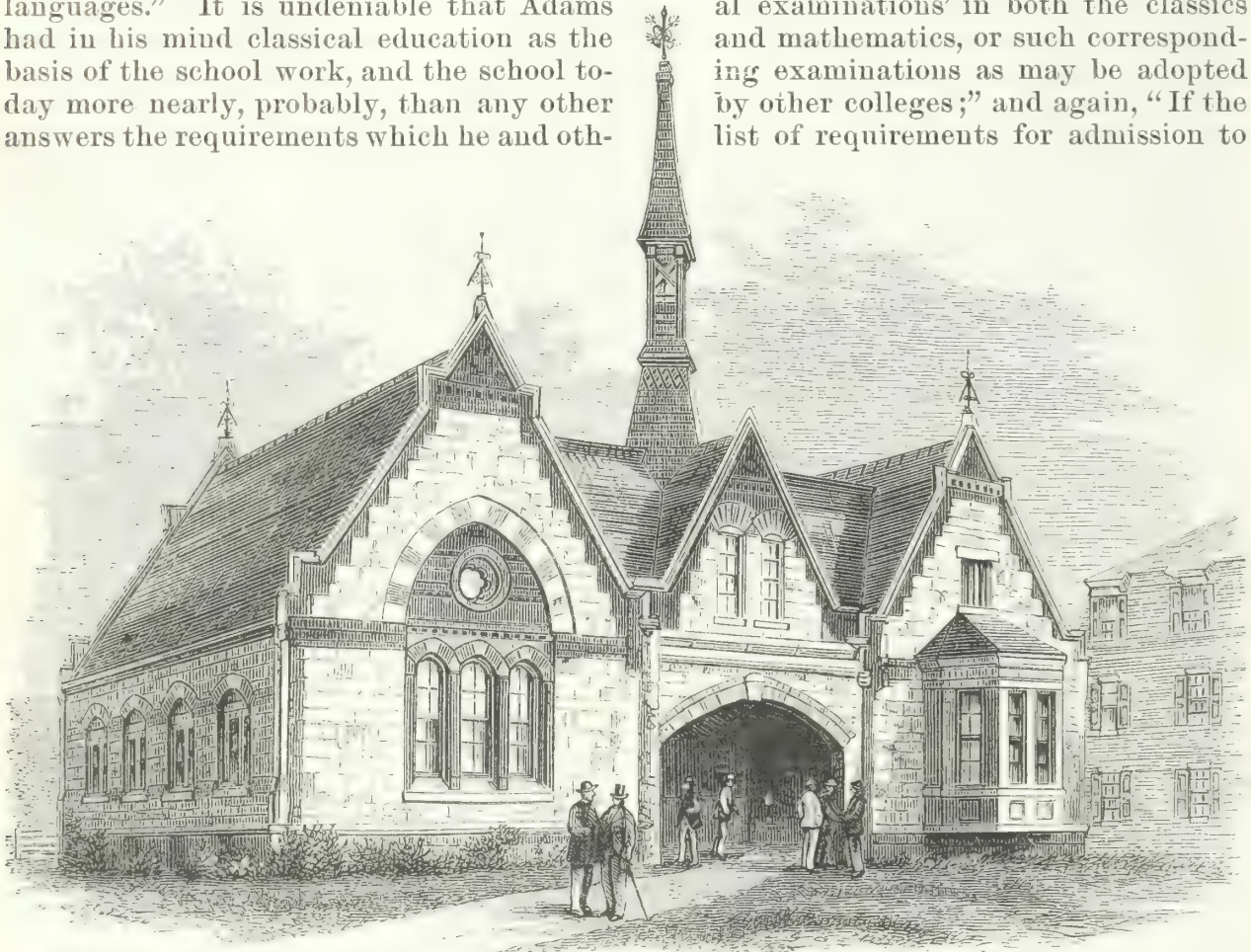
This academy, opened in September, 1872, owes its origin to the forethought of President John Adams, who, fifty years before, gave land to the extent of 160 acres as a foundation for a Greek and Latin school or academy. Some of the terms of the deed of conveyance are worth repeating. He gave the land, he says, in consideration "of the veneration I feel for the residence of my ancestors and the place of my nativity, and of the habitual affection I have to the inhabitants, with whom I have so happily lived for more than eighty-six years, and of my sincere desire to promote their happiness and the instruction of their posterity in religion, morality, and all useful arts and sciences by contributing all in my power for these purposes." Again, he provides that "a stone school-house shall be erected over the cellar which was under the house anciently built by the Rev. Mr. John Hancock, the father of John Hancock, that great, generous, disinterested, bountiful benefactor of his country, once President of Congress, and afterward Governor of this State, to whose great exertions and unlimited sacrifices this nation is so deeply indebted for her independence and present prosperity, who was born in this house; and which house was afterward purchased and inhabited by the reverend, learned, and eloquent Lemuel Bryant, pastor of this congregation; which house was afterward purchased by and inhabited by an honorable friend of my younger years, Colonel Josiah Quincy, and also inhabited by his son, Josiah Quincy, Jun., a friend of my riper years, a brother barrister at law, with whom I have been engaged in many arduous contests at the bar, who was as ardent a patriot as any of his age, and, next to James Otis, the greatest orator."

In such terms did the venerable patriot, then in his eighty-eighth year, make provision for a school that was to be ready for its work half a century later. In these days of retrospection there are few more memorable aspects of our ancestors' lives than the confidence with which they looked forward, and the abiding sense which they had of

the deathless renown which would belong to such names as Hancock, Quincy, and Otis. The Phillipses at Andover and Exeter, and President Adams at Quincy, built for the generations which they saw in the womb of time. Adams Academy thus, though the youngest of the great schools, has a historic beginning, and seems by its foundation to have at once an antiquity of its own. It is noticeable, too, how faithfully it reflects the purpose of its founder. The fourth item of the deed conveying land for the school-house declares "that as soon as the funds shall be sufficient, a school-master should be procured, learned in the Greek and Roman languages." It is undeniable that Adams had in his mind classical education as the basis of the school work, and the school to-day more nearly, probably, than any other answers the requirements which he and oth-

reading, and oratory hold a constant but subordinate place. The influence of the Adams doctrine may be seen in the relative importance assigned to oratory, which is stimulated by a prize offered by John Quincy Adams—the J. Q. A. of the present day, not the President—who did his work in this direction as lecturer on the Boylston foundation at Harvard.

More than this, the design is openly shown to be to take the Harvard entrance examinations as a guide to results. "The regular course of study will occupy four years, and it is hoped that it will enable the best pupils to pass at Harvard the 'additional examinations' in both the classics and mathematics, or such corresponding examinations as may be adopted by other colleges;" and again, "If the list of requirements for admission to



ADAMS ACADEMY, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

er educated men of that time would have made. In 1872, when a vague feeling prevailed and found frequent expression that the old regimen of Latin, Greek, and mathematics was becoming obsolete, this school was started with a distinct statement that it "is designed to prepare boys thoroughly for the best American colleges; and as it is believed that this object can be best secured by confining the attention of the teachers to boys whose purpose is the same, no pupils are desired whose parents do not intend to give them a collegiate education." This purpose to render the school exclusively a preparatory school for college is evident in all the appointments. The chief place is given to Latin, Greek, and mathematics, with the cognate studies in Greek and Roman history, while geography, American history,

college should be enlarged, the academy course will receive the necessary additions." The master appointed at the outset and still holding the post was Dr. W. R. Dimmock, formerly one of the teachers at the Boston Latin School, and at the time of his appointment Professor of Greek in Williams College. He preferred to carry on the school without assistants as long as possible, both that he might become thoroughly familiar with all the details of management, and that he might establish, as far as possible, the unwritten law of the school—the traditions which have so important though silent an influence on the character of a school. The school opened with twenty-six pupils; it now numbers 150, and it may fairly be regarded as having reached the limit desirable, if it has not already passed it,

since it would be manifestly a difficult matter for the master to have the personal acquaintance and intimate relation with the boys which the best interests of the school require, if the number were greater. This reflection is forced upon one by the evidence that the rapid growth and prosperity of the school are due, more than to any other cause, to the manner in which the master has impressed his own personality upon the school. He has now nine assistants, but the school has not yet become a mechanism; it is still a living organism, pliable, supple, and singularly free from the faults which spring from a too rigid system.

The spirit of spontaneity which pervades the school may be seen both in the work of the school and in the life of the boys. The school buildings are three: the school-house proper, of stone and brick, a building of agreeable proportions, but with insufficiently lighted halls; a temporary wooden building in the school-yard to receive the preparatory class and the overflow of the school; and the boarding-house, where the master and his family, the matron and steward, and as many pupils as can be accommodated, live. The school hours are from nine till two, broken by half an hour's recess, and the evening study hours are from seven till nine. Study is carried on under the immediate supervision of the master and the instructors, both in school and in the evening at the boarding-house, with special intent that the boys may economize time and learn how to study; as the boys grow older and show capacity for solitary study, they are allowed to work in their own rooms. Again, writing Latin is made much of, and the power of reading both Latin and Greek at sight is cultivated. Then, too, promotion within the school is due to individual excellence and attainments, and while classification is necessary for the order and economy of the school, it is not made an inflexible disposition of the boys without regard to their separate progress. In the amount and character of the work done, the school probably approaches more nearly than any other the German Gymnasium.

In the school life the spirit which pervades the school-room still remains. Of the 150 boys not quite one-half are day scholars, coming from Quincy and its neighborhood, from Boston, which is but eight miles distant, and from points on the railroad between the two places. The remainder, coming from all parts of the Union, are lodged either in the great boarding-house of the school or in the town. Some of those who come from Boston or the neighborhood dine with the boarders and spend their afternoon with the boys. The rules which govern the life are simple. The rising bell is at six and a half, and breakfast is from seven to eight, at the pleasure of the boys;

dinner at half after two, supper at six and a quarter; and the bed hour for the younger boys is nine, for the older boys nine and a half to ten. A teacher is in charge of each floor, and one for the dormitory or sleeping hall of the younger boys. Besides the devotional exercises in the school-house in the morning and in the boarding-house in the evening, the boys are required to attend some church Sunday morning, and the master gives instruction from the Bible and short homilies Sunday afternoon; but undue restraint is not imposed upon the boys on that day. They are allowed to walk, and to occupy themselves in such ways as are decorous and fit.

The historic character of the school is kept in mind. In the school-room hangs a portrait of John Adams, copied by Miss Jane Stuart from her father's painting; in another room is the President's classical library, bequeathed by him to the town, with directions to place it in the school building when that should be built; and once a year, in October, on John Adams's birthday, the boys have their yearly festival of Founder's-day, when, with more or less ceremony, as may seem best to the managers, a dinner is given, with speeches and music, and it is not hard to find some member either of the Adams or of the Quincy family who can give the boys some personal reminiscences of the founder.

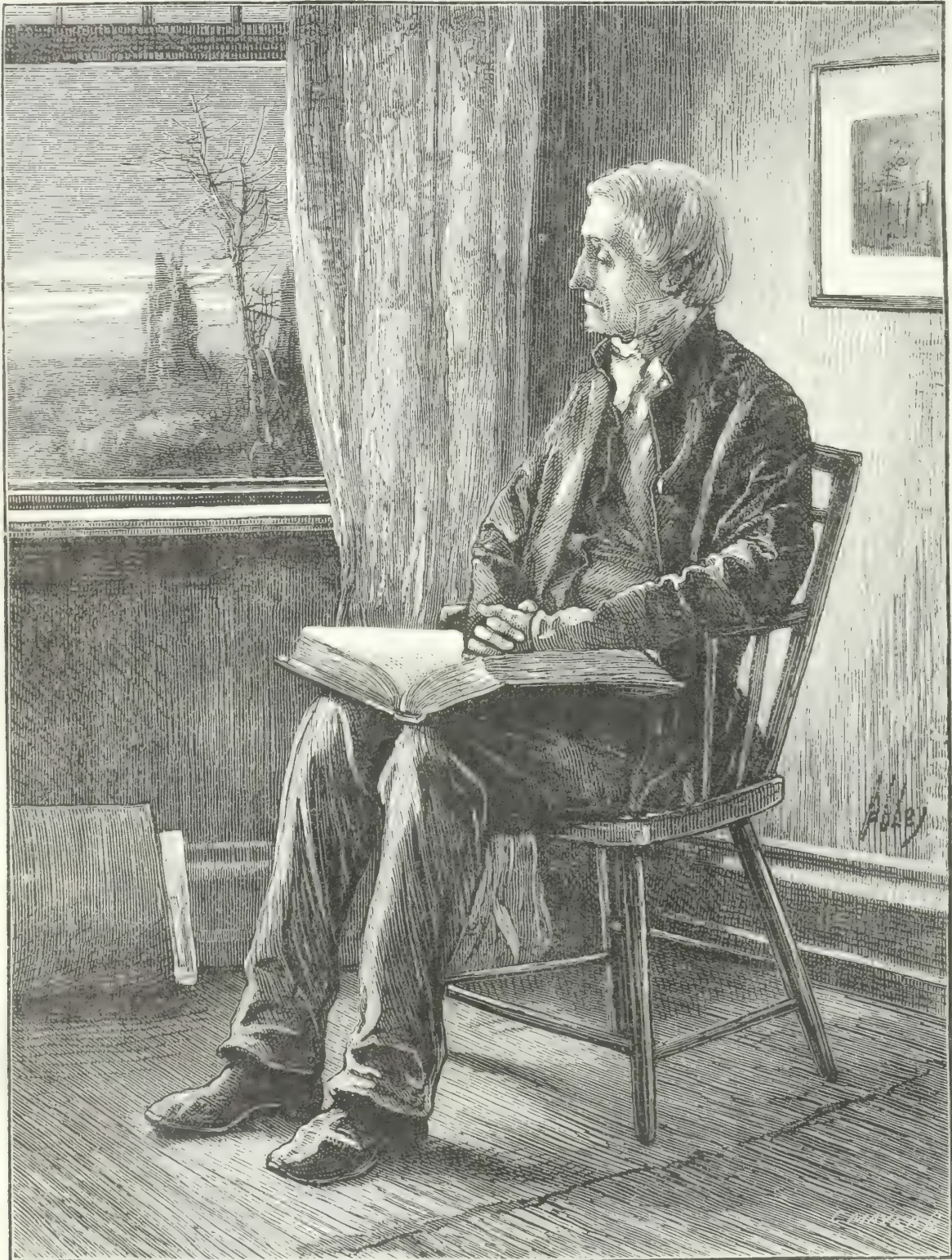
There are no boating facilities convenient enough to make boating one of the regular school sports, and foot-ball is the favorite game. In the winter there are, besides, amateur theatricals in the boarding-house; and the country air, with its mingling here of sea-breeze and draughts from the Blue Hills and granite quarries, is a tonic which has something to do with the vitality which pervades the school.

The school is still an experiment. It has only just sent to college the boys first committed to it. The preparatory stage, indeed, has passed; the master no longer has the sole instruction in his hands. But it still owes its force largely to the impetus given by a man singularly qualified for his place, and imparting to it his own enthusiasm and personality. It is an example of a school free from the helps and hinderances of a long series of traditions and of a crystallized organization. As such it has peculiar interest for teachers and for all concerned in the higher education. It remains to be seen whether the school in its growth will accumulate traditions, and be shaped in a form which will make it as vigorous in age as it is hearty and impulsive in youth. The two elements of personal influence and sound organization can never be long dissociated without peril, and perhaps the next school which we take up in our concluding paper will throw some light upon this subject.

THE PASTOR'S REVERIE.

THE pastor sits in his easy-chair,
 With the Bible upon his knee.
 From gold to purple the clouds in the west
 Are changing momentarily;
 The shadows lie in the valleys below,
 And hide in the curtain's fold;
 And the page grows dim whereon he reads,
 "I remember the days of old."

Fleet flies his thought over many a field
 Of stubble and snow and bloom,
 And now it trips through a festival,
 And now it halts at a tomb;
 Young faces smile in his reverie
 Of those that are young no more,
 And voices are heard that only come
 With the winds from a far-off shore.



"I REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD."

"Not clear nor dark," as the Scripture saith,
 The pastor's memories are;
 No day that is gone was shadowless,
 No night was without its star;
 But mingled bitter and sweet hath been
 The portion of his cup:
 "The hand that in love hath smitten," he saith,
 "In love hath bound us up."

He thinks of the day when first, with fear
 And faltering lips, he stood
 To speak in the sacred place the Word
 To the waiting multitude;
 He walks again to the house of God,
 With the voice of joy and praise,
 With many whose feet long time have pressed
 Heaven's safe and blessed ways.

He enters again the homes of toil,
And joins in the homely chat;
He stands in the shop of the artisan;
He sits, where the Master sat,
At the poor man's fire and the rich man's feast.
But who to-day are the poor,
And who are the rich? Ask Him who keeps
The treasures that ever endure.

Once more the green and the grove resound
With the merry children's din;
He hears their shout at the Christmas tide,
When Santa Claus stalks in.
Once more he lists while the camp fire roars
On the distant mountain-side,
Or, proving apostleship, plies the brook
Where the fierce young troutlings hide.

And now he beholds the wedding train
To the altar slowly move,
And the solemn words are said that seal
The sacrament of love.
Anon at the font he meets once more
The tremulous youthful pair,
With a white-robed cherub crowing response
To the consecrating prayer.

By the couch of pain he kneels, again;
Again, the thin hand lies
Cold in his palm, while the last far look
Steals into the steadfast eyes;
And now the burden of hearts that break
Lies heavy upon his own—
The widow's woe and the orphan's cry
And the desolate mother's moan.

So blithe and glad, so heavy and sad,
Are the days that are no more,
So mournfully sweet are the sounds that float
With the winds from a far-off shore.
For the pastor has learned what meaneth the word
That is given him to keep—
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

It is not in vain that he has trod
This lowly and toilsome way,
It is not in vain that he has wrought
In the vineyard all the day;
For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,
And bearing another's load
Doth lighten your own, and shorten the way,
And brighten the homeward road.

POPULAR EXPOSITION OF SOME SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

PART VI.—CONCERNING THERMOMETERS.

MODERN science owes that moral power with which it is now revolutionizing the civilized world to the rigorous precision it demands in the ascertainment and substantiation of facts.

It will not tolerate philosophical dogmas, nor accept the authority of any master, no matter how illustrious he may have been.

When in the sixteenth century science began to be cultivated in Italy, the academies of learning that were established asserted this principle as their maxim, and the Royal Society of London, subsequently instituted, adopted it in its motto.

Any theory or hypothesis passes for nothing unless calculations founded upon its principles can be shown to agree with observations or experiments actually made.

The grandest of all scientific theories, that of UNIVERSAL GRAVITATION, lay in abeyance many years. In the first calculations made by its author, Newton, he found that the moon is deflected from the tangent to her orbit thirteen feet every minute, but if the hypothesis of gravitation were true, her deflection should be fifteen feet. He therefore forbore to press his great hypothesis because of its discordance as to those two feet. But when subsequently he casually learned that a more exact measure of the size of the earth had been made by Picard in France, he left the meeting of the Royal Society in a conversation at which that fact had been mentioned, went home, and altered his computations to accord with the new element. Impartial and impassive as this Prince of philosophers was, he could not control his agitation as he foresaw the result that was coming, and had to entreat a friend to complete the calculations for

him. The hypothesis agreed with the fact, and the theory of gravitation was established.

So, too, in another great branch of human investigation—chemistry. Toward the close of the eighteenth century it reached a position in which this was the decisive question, When a substance is burned, does it become heavier or not? If not, then the dominant theory of those times, the phlogistic theory, might be true. If the contrary, the phlogistic theory must be false. What we now term the theory of oxidation must take its place. An appeal to the balance—an instrument which never lies—settled that question: the phlogistic theory was abandoned.

I have said that science tolerates no dogmas. She goes by the words of no master. Her only guide is the decisions of nature. To nature she appeals. Even though theories should have been hallowed by the acceptance of a thousand years, that is nothing to her. She abandons them on the instant that they are shown to be irreconcilable with fact.

Is it, then, at all surprising that she is changing the thought of the world?

The criterion of exactness in science is the measurement of quantities of various kinds, such as length, capacity, time, temperature, etc. For this purpose instruments are needed. In proportion as their construction is improved, their evidence becomes more and more decisive.

Among such instruments none exceeds in importance the thermometer. Its indications have to be consulted in determining measures of almost every kind.

The appearance of invariability as to size presented by common objects is altogether deceptive. When we say of a given rule or

scale that it is a foot in length, or of a given measure that it is a pint in capacity, our affirmation really amounts to nothing; it is wanting in exactness. The scale that is a foot long to-day, may be more or less than a foot long to-morrow; the measure that is declared to hold a pint to-day, may hold more or less than a pint to-morrow. Nay, more, these measures may not be in two consecutive moments the same. When a carpenter takes up his rule and applies it to some object the size of which he wishes to determine, it becomes in that instant longer than it was before; when a druggist grasps his measuring glass in his hand to dispense some of his preparations, the glass increases in size. A person enters a cool room, and at once it becomes more capacious than it previously was, for its walls and ceiling and floor, because of the heat he imparts to them, immediately expand.

Perhaps it may be said that all this is merely useless exaggeration, and practically not worth notice. On such, however, does the exactness of science, the value of its decisions, depend.

The slightest variation in the heat of bodies produces a variation in their size. It is the heat imparted to his rule by the touch of his fingers that lengthens the carpenter's measure; the warmth communicated by the grasp of his hand that causes the druggist's glass to hold more.

The dimensions of things can, therefore, only be exactly specified by declaring at what temperature the measure is made. Thus if we say that an object is one foot long at 60°, the statement becomes exact. If the temperature be not expressed, the statement carries no meaning.

The thermometer must, therefore, be quoted in all specifications of magnitudes, and hence it is one of the fundamental instruments of science.

Previously to the Christian era the Alexandrian naturalists had detected that liquids become lighter or heavier according as they are warmer or cooler. They do not seem to have suspected that under these circumstances there had been an expansion or contraction. The hydrometer, therefore, furnished to them rude and imperfect glimpses of variations of temperature, through the changes it indicated in the density of the liquids in which it was made to float. For more than fifteen hundred years no improvement was attempted, and, indeed, none was possible until clearer ideas of the effects of heat were attained. But in the sixteenth century, in Holland and in Italy, a true form of thermometer was devised; perhaps we ought to give the merit of priority to the Italian Sanctorius, whose name the invention now generally bears. He is one of those to whom the world has scarcely done justice. Far in advance of the medical knowledge of

his times, he saw the necessity of introducing the balance in physiological investigations, and obtained by its use many valuable results. He was born 1561, and died 1636.

Sanctorius's thermometer consisted essentially of a slender glass tube expanded into a bulb at one extremity, and open at the other. The bulb and part of the tube contained air, the rest of the tube a liquid which served as a mark or index. When warmed, the included air expanded; when cooled, it contracted, the liquid index correspondingly moving; and a scale of divisions or degrees being placed against the tube, differences of temperature could be measured.

The history of this invention furnishes an instance of the discovery of new facts by the use of instruments of measure. It was very soon detected that this thermometer did not indicate the same degree when the temperatures were undeniably the same, and sometimes it stood at the same degree when the weather had become warmer or colder. Meantime in Italy Torricelli had invented the barometer,

and Boyle in England by its use had discovered that the pressure of the atmosphere is variable—now it is more, now it is less. He had also discovered the effect of these variations of pressure on the volume of a gas such as that included in the bulb and tube of Sanctorius's thermometer. The law that was enunciated from his observations—"The volume of a gas is inversely as the pressure upon it"—is now one of the fundamental laws of modern chemistry.

In fact, it was the members of the Florentine Accademia del Cimento who foresaw and remedied this imperfection. Under the auspices of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Fernando II., they devised a thermometer free from the influences of atmospheric pressures. Their invention was, as we shall immediately see, the alcohol thermometer. They also attempted to give to it a definite scale. This great improvement was published in the very first article of their Transactions.

So the indications of Sanctorius's thermometer were not to be trusted. Its move-

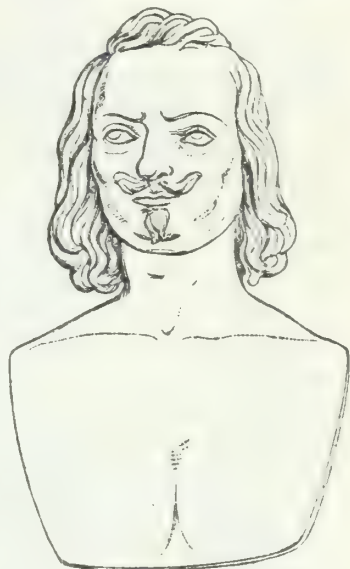


FIG. 1.

TORRICELLI, discoverer of the pressure of the air, inventor of the barometer, successor of Galileo in the University of Florence in the chair of Philosophy and Mathematics. [Fac-simile from the description of the Temple of Galileo.]

ments were determined by two influences—variations in heat and variations in atmospheric pressure, and these could not readily be disentangled from each other.

What, then, was to be done? Fortunately the Florentine Academicians had made some experiments on the compressibility of liquids. They had filled hollow spherical vessels of silver with water, and then submitted them to a screw press. Under a pressure of great severity, they had found that the water would actually ooze through the pores of a silver globe, and hence they inferred that liquids are incompressible. If, therefore, instead of using air, as Sanctorius had done, they resorted to a liquid, variations in the pressure of the atmosphere would have no perceptible effect, and the instrument would indicate variations of temperature only. Since water very readily freezes, they preferred spirit of wine as the liquid, and, to make its position more visible in the slender tube, tinged it red with cochineal.

Subsequently it was shown that the Florentine Academicians were mistaken as to the non-compressibility of liquids. Under the pressure of an additional atmosphere water contracts 0.0000457th part of its volume; under the same circumstances, atmospheric air contracts one-half. So small, therefore, is the effect of atmospheric variations of pressure in the case of the liquid thermometer that they may be altogether disregarded.

In the hands of the Florentine Academicians the thermometer gave rise to some very important results. Among them may be mentioned that of the celebrated experiment proving, in their opinion, the radiation and reflection of cold. A concave metallic mirror placed in front of a mass of ice converges the radiations it receives to a focus, and if in that focus the bulb of a thermometer be placed, it indicates at once the reception of cold. This seemed to sustain the time-honored opinion that as there is an actually existing agent, heat, so likewise there is another opposing agent, cold. They antagonize each other; each moves across intervening space by radiation; each is ca-

pable of reflection. When, however, subsequently the theory of the exchanges of heat was introduced, it was found that this classical experiment was capable of a very different and more correct interpretation.

Not without interest do we remark the views that have been held respecting Light, Heat, and Electricity. In Asia, thousands of years ago, it was believed that light and darkness were both actual existences, antagonistic in their relation to each other. This conception gave origin to some of the great historic theologies; the Persian dualism was founded on it. To an extent that few appreciate, it has influenced the dogmas of modern Europe. Very many ages passed before the correct idea was reached—that darkness is only the absence or negation of light. The personifications that of old had been invented still continue in many minds to survive.

So, too, as respects heat and cold. These were in like manner viewed as actual and antagonistic principles; the Florentine cold-ray experiment seemed to substantiate that hypothesis, and indeed we still frequently hear persons quoting the thermometer as showing so many degrees of cold. With difficulty the true conception, that cold is only a diminution of heat, was received. It held its ground firmly only after the publication of the theory of the movable equilibrium of heat.

Again, in electricity we have a similar variation of theory. Du Fay believed that there are two antagonistic forms of that principle—vitreous and resinous. By Franklin a modification analogous to those that had occurred in the cases of light and heat was introduced. A positively electrified substance had more than its natural quantity of the supposed fluid, a negatively electrified body, less. But Franklin's theory has not yet completely supplanted that of Du Fay.

Attached to the Museum of Natural History in Florence is the Tribune or Temple erected in 1840 by the Grand Duke Leopold II. to the memory of Galileo. Around the great astronomer, in niches, are placed busts



FIG. 2.—THE COLD-RAY EXPERIMENT.

or bass-reliefs of several of his pupils, such as that I have just given of Torricelli, and in suitable presses his telescope and other instruments, among them some of those used by the Accademia del Cimento. The walls are inlaid with marble and jasper, and the ceiling is divided into compartments, in one of which is represented the celebrated "cold-ray experiment" (Fig. 2). On a tripod is placed a mass of ice; fronting it is a concave mirror, veiled for the moment with a screen by Borelli, assisted by Viviani—names that

were given to quicksilver for ordinary temperatures, and to alcohol for very low ones. Then it was universally perceived that such a graduation must be assigned to its scale as would be easily understood all the world over, and when any particular degree was designated, every one would know what was meant, and could reproduce it exactly if he chose. And since any measure of length must necessarily have two fixed points—a point to start from and a point to go to—it was decided that for the thermometer the



FIG. 3.

BORELLI, who in his work, *De Motu Animalium*, first applied the laws of mechanics to the motions of animals, considering the bones as levers, the power acting between the weight and the fulcrum. He determined the motions of the satellites of Jupiter, and discovered that the orbits of certain comets are parabolic. He wrote on the causes of the malignant fevers of Sicily. He died 1679.

will endure in the history of science. In its focus the thermometer is placed. Megalotti, the secretary of the Academy, points with his finger to the degree at which the instrument is standing, preparing to note it in his report. At the command of the Grand Duke Fernando II. the mirror is uncovered, and the thermometer instantly signalizes that cold rays are converging upon it. Prince Leopold, the brother of the Grand Duke, has risen to watch the result more closely. The sketch reproduced on page 579 represents this interesting scene, and is taken from a description of the Temple sent to me at the time of its inauguration at the meeting of the Italian Association for the Advancement of Science, at Florence, in 1840. It was my good fortune, thirty years later, to spend some delightful hours in this exquisite Temple.

But though Italy had thus pointed out the correct principles of construction of the thermometer, several years were required to bring it to perfection. A long time was spent in determining the best liquid to be used; eventually the suffrages of science



FIG. 4.

VIVIANI, in his youth, "one of the eyes of Galileo," after the great astronomer had become blind. He observed the results of experiments which that immortal man directed him to make. Subsequently he attained great eminence as a mathematician, being honored by the Grand Duke Fernando II. with the title of First Mathematician to his Highness. He died 1703.

most advantageous fixed points are the degree at which water freezes and that at which it boils. The variation of these degrees was carefully studied and properly adjusted in the scale. It would demand more space than I have here at my disposal to describe the reasons that led to the introduction of the Réaumur, the Fahrenheit, the Centigrade graduation; but I may be permitted to add that it is greatly to be regretted that Fahrenheit's, and not the Centigrade, has been preferred in America.

The attempts that had been made to perfect the construction of the liquid thermometer by Newton and many other illustrious men may be considered as having reached their object in the mercurial Centigrade thermometer as completed by the Swedish philosopher Celsius.

Italy had thus taken an important part in the solution of the problem of the measurement of temperatures by the liquid thermometer. She was also privileged to offer another great contribution to science in the thermo-electric pile.

It had been discovered in 1822 by Professor Seebeck, of Berlin, that if two semi-rings of different metals, soldered together at their ends so as to form a complete ring, be heated at either of the solderings or junctions, an electric current is generated, which runs round the ring, and if the same junction be cooled, a current is also generated, but it runs round in the opposite direction.

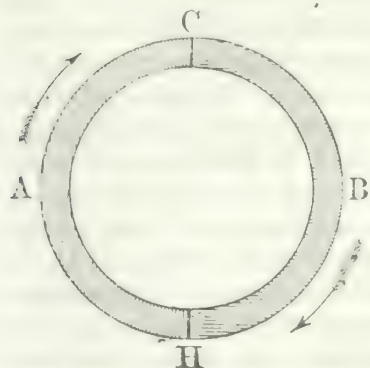


FIG. 5.

Thus if H A C (Fig. 5) represent a semi-ring of antimony, and C B H a semi-ring of bismuth, soldered together at their junctions, H and C, on warming the junction H an electric current will run in the direction H A C B

round the ring. If the junction H be cooled, the current runs in the opposite direction.

In 1831 the Italian physicists Melloni and Nobili presented to the French Academy of Sciences an account of some experiments made with a thermo-electric pile. It consisted of thirty-six pairs of small bars of antimony and bismuth connected with a galvanometer, and was so sensitive as to be affected by the warmth of a person at a distance of thirty feet. They had used this apparatus in a number of experiments on the transmission of radiant heat through substances, on the temperature of insects, and other delicate inquiries. The idea of increasing the number of pairs and connecting them together was obviously suggested by the voltaic pile. Fourier and Oersted had previously made attempts of a similar kind with three pairs of such bars, but for some reason had not met with any marked success, and, continuing their researches, had come to the conclusion that the effect does not increase in proportion to the number of pairs used. It was reserved for Melloni to correct this error, and not only to furnish to science one of its most valuable thermometric instruments, but also to solve by the use of it some of the most important problems in relation to heat.

I need not here describe the thermo-electric thermometer or thermo-electric multiplier, as it is indifferently called; it is figured in all treatises on heat. I may pass at once to some researches I have personally made on the subject. They were published in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, June, 1840, under the title of a memoir "On the Electro-motive Power of Heat." As the original paper is long, I can only give an abstract of it here.

From the memoir of M. Melloni on the polarization of heat we learn that M. Bec-

querel as well as himself had made experiments to determine the quantities of electricity set in motion by known increments of heat. From these experiments they had concluded that through the whole range of the thermometric scale those quantities are directly proportional to each other.

But as thermo-electric currents are now employed in a variety of delicate physical investigations, I shall show:

1. That equal increments of heat do *not* set in motion equal quantities of electricity.

2. That the *intensity* of these currents undergoes a slight increase with increase of temperature—a phenomenon due to increased resistance to conduction in metals when their temperature rises.

3. That the *quantity* of electricity evolved at any given temperature is independent of the amount of heated surface, a mere point being just as efficacious as an indefinitely extended surface.

4. That the *quantities* of electricity evolved in a thermo-electric pile are directly proportional to the number of its pairs of metallic elements.

The apparatus I have used in investigating the first of these propositions is represented in Fig. 6. A A is a glass vessel about

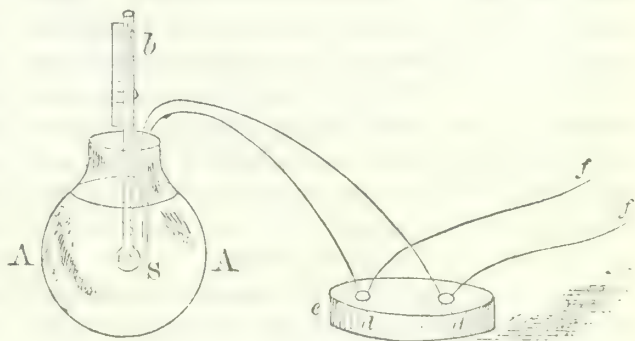


FIG. 6.

three inches in diameter, with a wide neck, through which can be inserted a mercurial thermometer, *b*, and one extremity of a pair of thermo-electric wires. The wires I have used have generally been a foot long and one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. The extremity *S* of the wires thus introduced into the vessel ought to be soldered with hard solder; their free extremities dip into the glass cups *d d*, filled with mercury, and immersed in a trough, *e*, containing water and pounded ice. By means of the copper wires *f f* communication is established with the galvanometer. The coil of this galvanometer is of copper wire one-eighth of an inch thick, and making only twelve turns round the needles, which are astatic.

When an experiment has to be made, the vessel A A is to be filled two-thirds full of water, and the bulb of the thermometer so adjusted as to be in the middle of it, the soldered extremity, *S*, of the two wires being placed in contact with the bulb, and a small cover with suitable apertures arranged so

that the steam as it is generated may rush up alongside the tube of the thermometer, and bring the mercurial column in it to a uniform temperature. The communicating wires, *ff*, are then placed in the cups, and the trough, *c*, is filled with water and pounded ice, and carefully surrounded with a flannel cloth. The water in *AA* is then gradually raised to the boiling-point, and kept at that temperature until the galvanometer needles and the thermometer are quite steady.

When a temperature higher than 212° , but under the boiling-point of mercury, is required, I substitute in the place of *AA* a tubulated retort, the tubulure of which is large enough to allow the passage of the bulb of the thermometer and the wires. A quantity of mercury sufficient to fill the retort half full is then introduced, and the tubulure being closed by suitable pieces of soapstone, the neck of the retort is directed obliquely upward, so that the vapor as it rises may condense and drop back again without incommoding the operator.

The metals I tried were in the form of wires. They were in the state found in commerce, and therefore not pure.

I gave the results obtained by this apparatus in detail in the original memoir. They may, perhaps, be indicated with sufficient clearness by quoting the degree that several of them marked as the boiling-point of mercury, that point being 662° F. A pair of copper and iron made it 257° ; silver and palladium, 880° ; iron and palladium, 539° ; platinum and copper, 1030° ; iron and silver, 279° ; iron and platinum, 829° .

The melting-points of several different metals were determined, by a very laborious series of experiments, through the expansion of air contained in tubes of hard green bottle-glass. The samples I used were not chemically pure, but merely commercial specimens. The plan I followed may be readily understood from an inspection of Fig. 7: *cb* is a tube of green glass about one-third of an inch in diameter and two inches in length. It is drawn down to a capillary point, *c*, and left open. It is filled

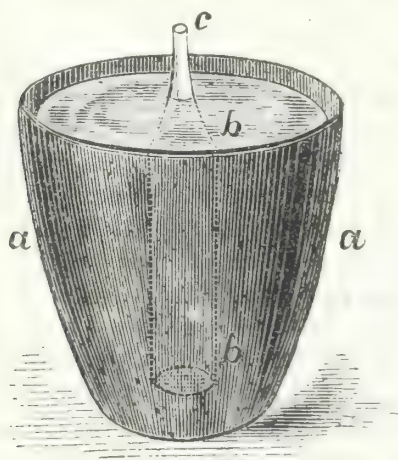


FIG. 7.

with atmospheric air, carefully dried. In a porcelain crucible, *aa*, capable of holding a couple of pounds or more, the metal to be tried is brought into fusion. The glass tube is immersed in it so that its end *c* is a little above the surface. The crucible is then permitted to cool; and when the melted metal is just so far solidified that the tube on being pressed upon can scarcely be moved, the opening *c* is sealed by a blow-pipe. The tube is then extracted from the crucible, the temperature being slightly raised for that purpose if necessary. When cool, it is opened under the surface of mercury, and, due regard being had to temperature and pressure, the quantity of air it contained at the moment of solidification of the metal and the quantity originally contained in it are ascertained by the customary processes. From these the temperature is deduced. It is, however, unnecessary to enter here on these details.

A thermo-electric pair consisting of copper and platinum gave for the temperature of tin when in the act of congealing 452° F., instead of 442° F., the point usually taken. For the melting-point of lead it gave $942\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ F., instead of 612° F. The melting-points of lead, tin, zinc, and occasionally of antimony and bismuth, were in this manner employed, for they allow time for the working of the galvanometric torsion balance, and, with the exception of bismuth, their temperature appears to be steady all the while they are in a granular condition before they finally solidify. The thermo-electric pair is immersed in the crucible of melted metal, the electric current measured in the moment of congelation. Any action on the pair is prevented by previously dipping it into a cream of pipe-clay.

If the results of some of these experiments be geometrically constructed, the temperatures being ranged along the axis of abscissas, and the quantities of electricity generated being represented by corresponding

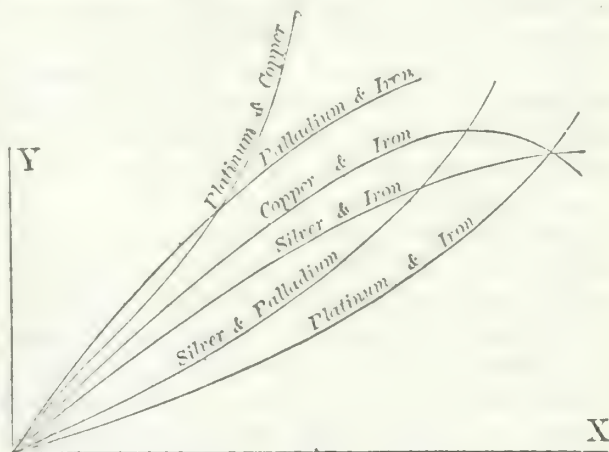


FIG. 8.

ordinates, we have such curves as in Fig. 8, in which it is to be observed that those given by a pair consisting of iron and silver, or of copper and iron, or of palladium and

iron, are concave to the axis of abscissas; but those given by platinum and copper, silver and palladium, and platinum and iron, are convex.

Some of the combinations into which iron enters as an element give rise to remarkable results. Thus, if we project the curve given by a pair of copper and iron, we shall find it resembling Fig. 9, where the maximum

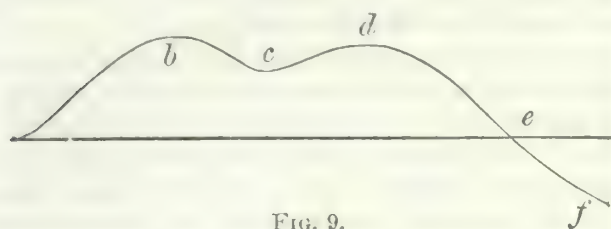


FIG. 9.

ordinate, *b*, occurs at a temperature of about 650° F. The point *c* appears to be between 700° and 800°, *d* at a dull red heat; *e* is very nearly the point at which an alloy of equal parts of brass and silver melts; for if the pair be soldered with this substance, it fuses when the needles have returned almost exactly to the zero point. With harder solders, or with wires simply twisted, the curve may be traced on the opposite side of the axis, toward *f*, its ordinates increasing with regularity.

A pair of silver and iron gives also a similar curve, the point *b* occurring at a temperature rather higher than the corresponding one for the preceding system, but still below the boiling-point of mercury.

The general result to be deduced from the foregoing experiments is this, that we can not determine with accuracy unknown temperatures by the aid of thermo-electric currents on the supposition that the increments of the quantities of electricity are directly as the increments of temperature throughout the range of the mercurial thermometer.

But, of course, there is no difficulty in such use if proper allowance be made for the increasing or diminishing electro-motive rate of the pair employed.

I pass by the second proposition, as of less interest in this place, and may make the following remarks as regards the third, which is that "the quantity of electricity evolved by a thermo-electric pair at any given temperature is independent of the amount of heated surface, a mere point being just as efficacious as an indefinitely extended surface."

The quantity of electricity evolved by hydro-electric pairs increases with their surface, but it is not so in thermo-electric arrangements. A pair of disks of copper and iron, two inches in diameter, were soldered together. They had continuous straps projecting from them, which served to connect them with the galvanometer. At the

boiling-point of water they gave 62°; on being cut down to half an inch in diameter, they still gave 62°; on the disk being entirely removed and the copper made to touch the iron by a mere point, its extremity being roughly sharpened, the deflection was still 62°.

Finally, the quantities of electricity evolved in a pile of pairs are directly proportional to the number of the pairs.

I made the resistance to conduction nearly constant by uniting all the pairs intended to be worked with in one line. The current, therefore, whether generated by one, two, three, four, etc., pairs, had always to run through the same length of wire, and, excepting the increase arising from the heating of additional pairs, experienced in all cases a uniform resistance. By making each pair of considerable length, the liability of the conduction of heat from the hot to the cold extremity was diminished.

Having, therefore, taken six pairs of copper and iron wires one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and each element thirty-eight inches long, I formed them, by soldering their alternate ends, into a continuous battery. Then I successively immersed in boiling water 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., of the extremities, the length allowing freedom of motion, and the other extremities not differing perceptibly from the temperature of the room.

On measuring the currents they gave, they were found to be 55, 111, 165, 220, 272, 332. These numbers are as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, nearly. Hence there can not be any doubt that the quantities of electricity evolved by compound thermo-electric batteries are directly proportional to the number of the pairs.

Certain other facts brought forward in the original memoir, the statement of which would occupy too much space here, led to the suggestion of forms of construction which will give to thermo-electric arrangements peculiar advantages. For example, the surfaces united by soldering must not be too massive. Let A (Fig. 10) be a semi-ring of antimony, and B a semi-ring of bismuth; let them be soldered together at C and H, and at the point H let the temperature be raised. A current is immediately excited; but this does not pass round the ring A B, inas-

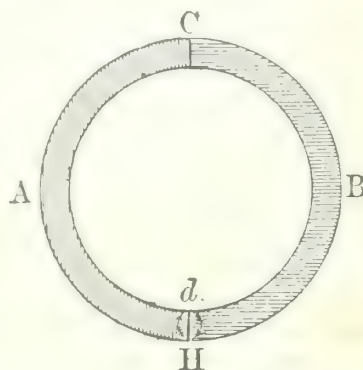


FIG. 10.

much as it finds a shorter and readier channel through the metals at *d*, circulating, therefore, as indicated by the arrows. Nor will the whole current pass round the bars

until the temperature of the soldered surfaces has become uniform.

An obvious improvement in such a combination is shown in Fig. 11, which consists of the former



FIG. 11.

arrangement cut out along the dotted lines at *d*. Here the whole current, so soon as it exists, is forced to pass along the ring; and because the mass of metal has been diminished at the line of junction, such a pair will change its temperature very quickly.

One of the best forms for a thermo-electric couple is given in Fig. 12, where A is a semi-cylindrical bar of antimony, B one of bismuth, united together by the opposite corners of a lozenge-shaped piece of copper, C.



FIG. 12.

From its exposing so much surface, the copper becomes hot and cold with the greatest promptitude, and, from its good conducting power, it may be made very thin without injury to the current. With a pair of bars three-fourths of an inch thick, and a circular copper plate, as at D (Fig. 13),

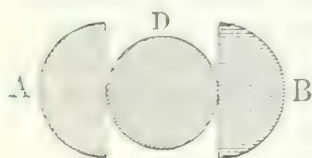


FIG. 13.

blackened, I have repeated the greater part of those experiments which M. Melloni made with his multiplier.

The instrument I used for measuring the electric currents referred to in the foregoing paragraphs was, as I think, an improvement on the ordinary torsion balance. I had described it in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine* for October, 1839, and had given drawings of it. The description of its construction I may here quote.

A A B B (Fig. 14) is a glass jar 16 inches high, open at both ends; at A A it is $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, at B B, 6 inches; it rests upon a piece of wood 8 inches by 10. A strap of stout sheet copper, *e f f e*, 1 inch wide and 15 long, is bent into the form indicated, its extremities at *e e* being let into the wood, and bearing mercury boxes, D D. The central part of this strap, from *f* to *f*, is placed horizontally, and has a circular aperture and side gap, as is shown at *a a*, through which the spindle carrying the needle can be passed, and works.

Sometimes, accordingly as the occasion requires, I replace this single strap by a coil of copper wire, thick and of few convolutions, if a thermo-electric current is worked

with; thin and of many convolutions, if the currents be of greater intensity.

The upper extremity of the jar, A A, has a divided circle, in the centre of which the key G works. This key is ground like a stop-cock to a slightly conical figure; it therefore revolves very truly, without any shake. It is drilled longitudinally to admit the passage of a fine glass thread, G n, which is secured in it by means of a perforated straw and a drop of sealing-wax.

The other extremity of the thread enters a little tubular perforation in the ivory axis, n n, and is also secured therein by sealing-wax. For hydro-electric currents only one needle is used; it is $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Besides carrying this needle, the ivory axis extends an inch and a half below it, and in a slit at its lower extremity holds a vane of stout tin-foil, r r, an inch wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ long. When in use, this vane of tin-foil works in a glass cup, k k, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, which is filled with water.

When thermo-electric currents are used, a coil of very thick wire and of few convolutions is employed. The single needle is replaced by a pair of much lighter ones, made as nearly astatic as possible. For some other points in the construction of the galvanometer and its method of use I may refer to the original memoir.

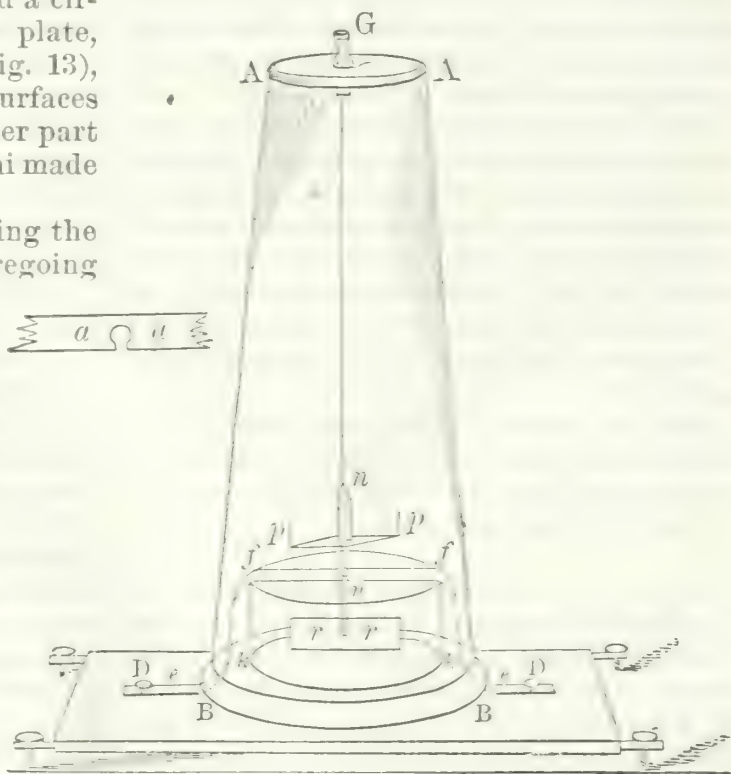


FIG. 14.

With a thermo-electric pair consisting of a semi-cylindric bar of antimony, A, and a similar one of bismuth, B (Fig. 15), united by a platinum wire, E, covered with lamp-black, I endeavored to find the distribution of heat in a diffraction spectrum.



FIG. 15.

Though such an instrument, provided with a suitably constructed galvanometer, is very sensitive, I could not positively ascertain that distribution, but was led to believe from the results of many experiments that the yellow is the warmest space, and the heat diminishes from it toward each end of the spectrum.

Here, with my reader's permission, I will make a digression from the special topic under consideration—the measurement of heat—and will recall some incidents connected with the conducting power of wires in its application to the electric telegraph.

When in 1839 I accepted the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of New York, I was brought into daily communication with Professor Morse, who was at that time residing in the university. I was then completing the memoir on the electro-motive power of heat, of which I have just given an abstract; he was occupied with his invention of the telegraph. He kept the parts of it, as their mechanical construction was completed, in my laboratory, and it was a common subject of conversation and discussion between us.

On one occasion I happened to refer to the then recently published law of Lenz, of the conducting power of wires for electricity—that the conduction of a wire is inversely as its length and directly as its section. Mr. Morse objected to its correctness, remarking that if the conducting power diminished as the length of a wire increased, the telegraph would be a practical impossibility. I therefore offered to furnish him with a demonstration that such would not be the effect, and accordingly gave him a memorandum, which he subsequently published in *Silliman's Journal*.

This memorandum simply showed that the conditions implied in the law of Lenz are represented by the logarithmic curve, which satisfactorily demonstrates that when a certain length of conducting wire is employed, there is then no such rapid diminution of electric force as is commonly supposed. But Professor Morse said that he would prefer an experimental proof. Accordingly, some preliminary ones were made with a battery of fifty pairs, and a wire thirty-three miles long. Subsequently, one summer morning (August 8, 1843), a grant of money from the government of the United States having been obtained in his favor, a party of gentlemen went with him to a rope-walk at Bloomingdale, near New York, and demonstrated the truth of these deductions on lengths of wire varying from one to one hundred and sixty miles, the measures made being partly by the electro-magnet, and more completely by the voltameter. These thoroughly confirmed the results that had been obtained by Professor Jacobi, of the

University of Dorpat, under the auspices of the Russian government, and corroborated the memoir read by Lenz before the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg.

Professor Morse published a narrative of these experiments, together with the memorandum I had furnished him, in *Silliman's American Journal*, Vol. XLV., p. 390.

The thermometer, whether of the ordinary mercurial form or the thermo-electric, serves only to indicate the temperature or the *intensity* of heat. For the measurement of the *quantities* of heat, the calorimeter is required.

Any of the elementary treatises on heat may be consulted for an explanation of the difference of the indications of these instruments. Perhaps, however, this illustrative statement may be sufficient. A thermometer put successively in a wine-glass of water and in a tumbler of water taken from the same reservoir will stand at the same height in both: it simply indicates the temperature. But if these quantities of water be put into a calorimeter, as that of the Swedish chemist Wilke, it will be seen that the quantities of heat they contain are different, being in proportion to their volumes.

Wilke's calorimeter may be thus described: *aa* (Fig. 16) is a block of ice, in which a cavity, represented at *b*, has been made; a slab of ice, *cc*, covers the mouth of the cavity. If, in a glass flask, *d*, a wine-glass full of hot water be placed, and the flask set in the cavity, as the water

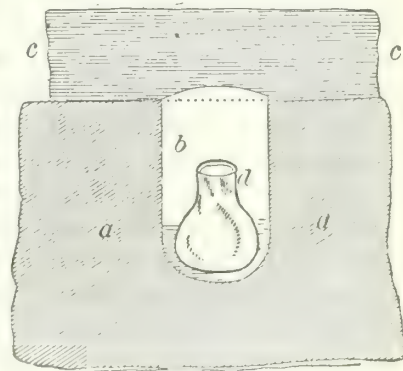


FIG. 16.

cools down to 32° F. it will melt a certain portion of the surrounding ice, and the quantity of water so produced may be measured. If, then, that cooled water be replaced by a tumbler full of the same hot water, and the experiment be repeated, the quantity of water now produced by the melting of the ice will be greater than in the last experiment in proportion as the tumbler exceeds the wine-glass in capacity. Thus the calorimeter measures *quantities* of heat, the thermometer, *intensities*.

The modern interpretation of the relations of heat, light, and actinism, as presented in the last of these papers (Part V.), leads to the description of some instruments and processes invented by me. These are calorimetric processes as applied to light, or photometers, as they may be otherwise called. For the clear understanding of their mode of action some elementary facts must be premised.

When a given radiation falls upon a substance, it may be divided into several distinct parts: (1) a portion may be *reflected* according to the optical laws of reflection; (2) a portion may be irregularly scattered or *diffused* in all directions; (3) a portion may be *absorbed*, and will raise the temperature of the substance, or bring about chemical changes in it; (4) a portion may be *transmitted*, neither raising the temperature nor occasioning chemical changes. This transmission is known as diathermancy.

For heat rays of any wave length the absorptive and emissive powers of a given substance are equal.

Of lamp-black, it is to be especially remarked that the reflective and diffusive powers are so insignificant below 212° F. that they may be neglected. This substance may be considered as the type of a perfect radiator, and the emissive and absorptive powers of other substances may be compared with it as a standard. It absorbs all incident heat, and that, no matter what the source of the heat may be.

But other substances, and especially colored ones, exhibit selective absorption. They absorb some kinds of radiations in preference to others. As a special instance of which we shall presently have to make use, chlorine gas transmits only yellowish-green rays, and absorbs others. The rays so absorbed may be occupied in raising its temperature or bringing on chemical effects.

The special quality of lamp-black as a perfect absorber of all radiations, no matter what their wave length, gives rise to some very important results. Whatever radiations are incident upon it are extinguished by it, and converted into heat. Hence it is an absolute radiometer. A thermometer bulb covered with it is a photometer. It will measure all radiations, no matter what their wave length may be.

Other substances that present selective absorption will measure the force of the radiations they so absorb either by the heat arising from their extinction or by the work done. Thus when a radiation falls upon chlorine, its force may be measured by the expansion of the gas through the rise of temperature exhibited by the chlorine as a consequence of the partial extinction of the radiation. Or if the chlorine has been previously mixed with hydrogen, the force of the radiation may be measured by the amount of hydrochloric acid it has formed, that is, by the work done.

On the latter principle I constructed an instrument for measuring the force of the chemical rays. It is described in detail in *Silliman's American Journal*, Vol. XLVI., and in the *Philosophical Magazine* for December, 1843. It consists essentially of a mixture of equal volumes of chlorine and hydrogen

gases, evolved from and confined by a liquid which absorbs neither. This mixture is kept in a graduated tube, so arranged that the gaseous surface exposed to the rays never varies in extent, notwithstanding the contraction which may be going on in its volume, and the hydrochloric acid arising from its union is removed by rapid absorption.

So sensitive is the mixture of chlorine and hydrogen that the image of a lamp flame converged upon it by a convex lens causes immediate contraction. If one of these instruments be exposed to daylight coming through a window, and the hand be passed in front of it, the contraction is in an instant arrested; nor can the hand intervene and be removed so quickly but that the index of the instrument will give a corresponding indication. If a Leyden-jar be discharged at a little distance, and the eye kept steadily fixed on the scale, the rays from the spark will be seen to exert a very powerful effect, the movement taking place and ceasing in an instant.

As regards the exactness of its indications, I gave in detail many proofs, derived from the use of artificial lights, that when the radiant source is constant, the amount of movement in the instrument is directly proportional to the times of exposure, and, by using a measuring lens, presently to be described, that the indications of the instrument are proportional to the quantities of the incident rays.

This instrument, the chlor-hydrogen photometer, is represented in Fig. 17: *a b c* is a glass tube bent into two branches; it is four-tenths of an inch in diameter, closed at the end *a*. At *d* is a circular piece of metal an inch in diameter; *x, y*, are two platinum wires fused into the glass, and entering the inte-

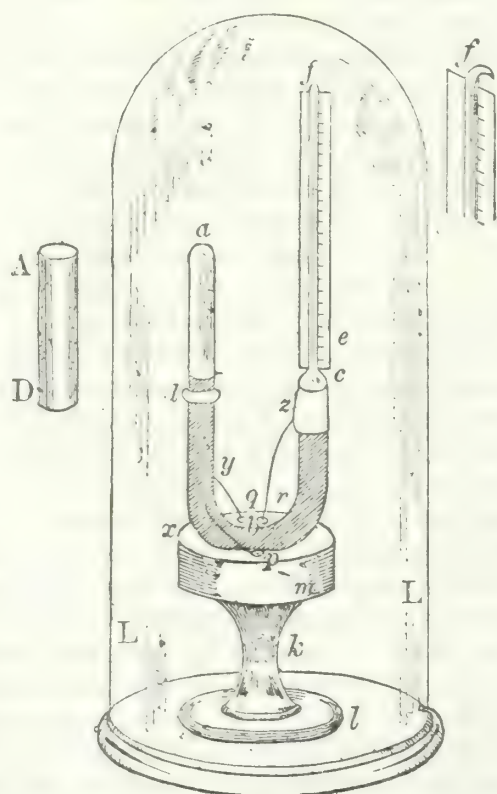


FIG. 17.

rior of the tube. At z a third platinum wire is inserted; it terminates in the mercury cup r , the others in the cups p and q respectively. The two branches of the glass tube, $a b, b c$, are not parallel, but include a small angle, so that a liquid can be transferred from one to the other.

A tube six inches long and one-tenth in interior diameter, $e f$, is fused on at c ; its upper end is drawn to a fine point, turned over, and left open, as shown in the right side figure at f . At its back a scale is placed. From a point a quarter of an inch above d downward, beyond the bend, and to within half an inch of the wire z , the whole tube is blackened. The unblackened portion above d is the sentient part of the instrument. A pasteboard tube, $A D$, seen at the left side of the figure, closed at the top and open at the bottom, may be dropped over this sentient part; the ring d supports it, and with it shuts out the light.

The fluid from which the mixture of chlorine and hydrogen is evolved and by which it is confined is hydrochloric acid. It is decomposed by a small voltaic nitric acid battery. For the method of its use, so as to have in the sentient part of the instrument a mixture of equal volumes of chlorine and hydrogen, and for other necessary particulars, I must refer to the original memoir.

A feeble electrical current is, therefore, caused to decompose hydrochloric acid, and furnish a sensitive mixture of equal volumes of chlorine and hydrogen gases. These, under the influence of light, reunite and reform hydrochloric acid.

Professors Bunsen and Roscoe, in their photochemical researches, made at the University of Heidelberg, and communicated to the Royal Society of London, 1856, say: "The first and only attempt which has been made to refer the chemical action of light to a standard measure is to be found in the researches of Draper. The description of the instrument and mode of observation employed by him was published in 1843. Even with this instrument, which, as we shall show, is in many respects defective, Draper has succeeded in establishing experimentally some of the most important relations of the chemical action of light. In these experiments Draper collected hydrogen, evolved by electrolysis over hydrochloric acid saturated with chlorine, and to this hydrogen he admitted so much chlorine, either by diffusion from the saturated acid or by electrolysis, that the mixture consisted of nearly equal volumes of the two gases, and entirely or almost entirely disappeared on exposure to light. The alteration in the volume of the gaseous mixture arising from the absorption of the hydrochloric acid formed by the action of the light was read off on a scale, and being within certain limits proportional to the time of ex-

posure, served as a measure of the chemical rays"

Professors Bunsen and Roscoe, having modified this instrument to suit the objects they had in view, accordingly used it in their very exhaustive and important series of researches.

The measuring lens referred to in the preceding paragraphs is constructed upon this principle: If half the surface of a convex lens be screened by an opaque body, as a piece of blackened card-board, of course only half the quantity of rays will pass which would have passed had the screen not been interposed; if one-fourth of the lens be left uncovered, only one-fourth of the quantity will pass. But in all these instances the focal image remains of the same size as at first. Therefore by adjusting upon the frame of the lens two screens, the edges of which pass through its centre, and are capable of rotation thereupon, we shall cut off all light when the screens are applied edge to edge opposite each other. We shall have 90° when they are rotated so as to be at right angles, and 180° when they are superposed with their edges coinciding, or one of them be taken away. Thus, by setting them in different angular positions, we can have all quantities, from 0° up to 180° , and by removing them entirely, reach 360° . The lens will thus give an image of a visible object always of the same size, its brilliancy or intensity varying at pleasure in a known proportion.

In Fig. 18, $A B B D$ is a double convex lens set in a wooden frame, F . Its face can be covered by two semicircles of blackened pasteboard, one of which revolves on the centre at c . In the figure they are represented as set at right angles, and the quarter of the lens at A is uncovered.

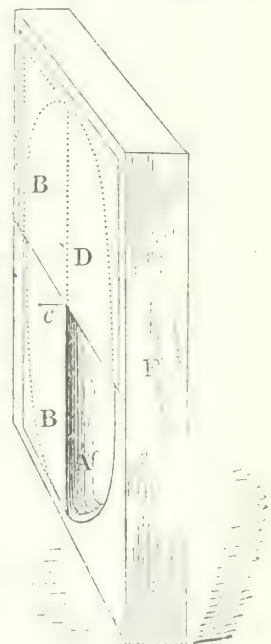


FIG. 18.

To the foregoing description of the chlor-hydrogen photometer I may add a reference to another which I have very advantageously used when extreme sensitiveness was not required. It depends on the employment of an aqueous solution of ferric oxalate. This substance, which is of a golden yellow color, may be kept for many years without undergoing any change, if in total darkness; but on exposure to a lamp or the daylight it decomposes, carbonic acid escaping, and lemon-yellow ferrous oxalate precipitating.

If set in the sunshine, it actually hisses through the escape of the gas. The ray which chiefly affects it is the indigo, the same which affects the chlor-hydrogen photometer and the silver compounds used in photography. This ray, to produce its effect, undergoes absorption, as might be anticipated from what has been previously said in this paper, and as is easily proved by causing a sunbeam to pass through two parallel strata of the oxalate, when it will be found that the light which has gone through the first portion is inoperative on the second.

Other properties which this solution of ferric oxalate possesses strongly recommend it as a photometric agent. Unlike solution of chlorine, it may be very conveniently confined in glass tubes by mercury. In its use there are two points which must be attended to: (1) the lemon-yellow ferrous oxalate must not be permitted to incrust the side of the glass exposed to the light, and thereby injure its transparency; (2) the ferric solution must be kept nearly at a constant temperature, for its color changes with the heat. At the freezing of water it is of an emerald-green tint; at the boiling, of a brownish-yellow. With these variations of tint its absorptive action varies, and therefore its liability to be changed. In an extensive series of experiments made with it, but which I have not yet published, I found that it is greatly improved by the addition of an aqueous solution of ferric chloride.

It may be remarked that the oxalate is an excellent photographic substance. A piece of tissue-paper, made yellow by being dipped into a neutral solution of it, when dried in the dark is very sensitive. Its invisible impression may be developed by a weak solution of nitrate of silver, two grains dissolved in an ounce of water answering very well. A weak solution of chloride of gold is a still more sensitive developer. I have in my possession photographs made by both these methods more than thirty years ago, which have apparently undergone no deterioration.

In the application of ferric oxalate to photometry several methods may be followed. The course I have most commonly taken has been to determine the quantity of carbonic acid produced, sometimes by volume, sometimes by weight. It is to be understood that before any carbonic acid can be disengaged, the solution must become saturated therewith, and that before we can correctly measure the quantity of light by the quantity of acid produced, this dissolved portion must be ascertained. In one of my photometers the expulsion of the dissolved gas is accomplished by exposure to a bath of boiling water; in another, by a stream of hydrogen. Both yield satisfactory results.

But this method by the determination of the produced carbonic acid is only one of

numerous plans; for instance, we might use the weight of certain metals which the solution after exposure will precipitate. Thus a portion which has been made and kept in the dark may be mixed with chloride of gold without any action ensuing; but if it has been illuminated, the weight of metallic gold precipitated is in proportion to the incident light. On this principle I commenced an attempt to determine the hourly and diurnal illumination of a certain locality. At the bottom of a metal tube, arranged as a polar axis, was placed a bulb containing a standard solution of the iron salt, and at the close of the proposed periods the weight of gold it could reduce was ascertained. There is something fascinating in determining the quantity of light which the sun yields us by the quantity of gold it can produce. Upon the whole, however, I would recommend those who are disposed to renew these attempts, to select a method depending on the volume of carbonic acid, for it is always easier to make an observation than an experiment.

Among the important results which may be expected from these new modes of photometry are the hourly, diurnal, and annual quantities of sunlight. These are important not only in a meteorological point of view, but also as respects physical geography and the great interests of agriculture. The sum of vegetable organization is in all climates and localities a function of the light distributed thereto. And so far as heat is concerned, it is not the intensity only, but the absolute quantity, which is to be measured. To each plant, from the moment of its germination to the moment of its maximum development and the completion of its life, a definite quantity of heat and of light must be given. As respects the heat in such inquiries, it is not only the thermometer but the calorimeter which must be considered; and as to the light, the photometers herein described determine its quantity but not its brilliancy, and therefore answer the indications required. And since it is not merely the temperature of a locality, but also the light of the sun, which is the effective condition of vegetable growth, we see how important even in agriculture itself these proposed determinations really are.

To those who would devote themselves to such inquiries I recommend as a photometric means a mixture of chlorine and hydrogen where great sensitiveness is required, and in other cases ferric oxalate.

The chlor-hydrogen and the ferric oxalate photometers act by selective absorption, on the principle of the calorimeter; that is to say, they measure the *quantity* of the radiations they *select*.

I may, perhaps not inappropriately, close this paper with a brief allusion to an instru-

ment I formerly used very much. It measures the *intensity* of the radiations it is made to *select*, and these radiations may be varied at pleasure. I will describe it first as adjusted for the radiations of which chlorhydrogen and ferrie oxalate take charge. The description is extracted from a paper I published in the *Philosophical Magazine*, August, 1844.

Let a wooden box, A B (Fig. 19), six inches long, two wide, and two deep, with perfora-

will recognize in this Ritchie's photometer. Upon the aperture in the top of the box a glass trough, *g h*, is placed; it is made by cutting a circular hole an inch in diameter in a piece of plate-glass one-third of an inch thick, and laying on each side of it a thin piece of plate-glass. This forms a circular trough, in which a strong solution of sulphate of copper and ammonia may be inclosed. Over the trough a tube, *d*, eight or ten inches long, is placed so that the eye

may see distinctly through the aperture in the top of the box the disk of paper, and more especially its dividing diameter.

Lights set at the opposite ends of the box, A B, may therefore be compared as regards their photographic intensity, the calculations being made by the common photometric law. And by changing the liquid in the absorbing trough, *g h*, any radiations may be se-

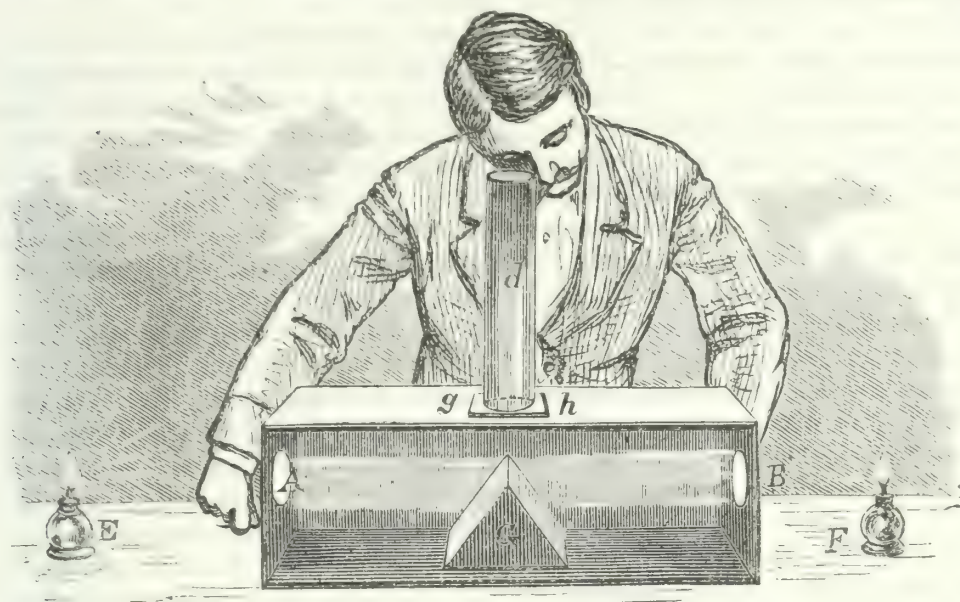


FIG. 19.

tions at A and B in its ends, be provided; in the centre of its top an aperture three-quarters of an inch in diameter is to be made. The box must be blackened interiorly, and a rectangular prism of wood, C, be placed in it, with its right angle in such a position that its edge bisects as a diameter the circular aperture; over this wooden prism a piece of white paper is pasted, care being taken that where it bends over the right angle of the prism it is folded sharp. So far the reader

lected for examination. The instrument may therefore be designated as "the selective absorption photometer."

From the facts which we have presented, as conveying the modern conception of the relation of luminous and calorific radiations, it may be concluded that the thermometer with a blackened bulb is an *absolute* photometer, and that, in accordance with the principles set forth, many other *selective* photometers and thermometers may be devised.

EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HERMETICALLY SEALED.

THE discovery which I have described above (but not half so well as the miller tells it now) created in my young heart a feeling of really strong curiosity. To begin with, how could this valuable thing have got into the Moon-stream, and lain there so long, unsought for, or at best so unskillfully sought for? What connection could it have with the tragic death of my grandfather? Why was that man so tardily come to search for it, if he might do so without any body near him? Again, what woman was this whose beauty no water or mud could even manage to disguise? That last was a most disturbing question to one's bodily peace of mind. And then came another yet more

urgent—what was in the inside of this tight case?

That there was something inside of it seemed almost a certainty. The mere value of the trinket, or even the fear that it ever might turn up as evidence, would scarcely have brought that man so often to stir suspicion by seeking it; though, after so long a time, he well might hope that suspicion was dead and buried. And being unable to open this case—after breaking three good nails over it, and then the point of a penknife—I turned to Master Withypool, who was stamping on the grass to drain himself.

"What sort of a man was that," I asked, "who wanted you to do what now you have so kindly done for me? About a month or six weeks ago? Do please to tell me, as nearly as you can."

If Mrs. Withypool had been there, she might have lost all patience with me for putting long questions so selfishly to a man who had done so much for me, and whose clothes were now dripping in a wind which had arisen to test his theory of drying. He must have lost a large quantity of what scientific people call "caloric." But never a shiver gave he in exchange.

"Well, miss," he said, "I was thinking a'most of speaking on that very matter. More particular since you found that little thing, with the pretty lady inside of it. It were borne in on my mind that thissom were the very thing he were arter."

"No doubt of it," I answered, with far less patience, though being comparatively dry. "But what was he like? Was he like this portrait?"

"This picture of the lady? No; I can't say that he were, so much. The face of a big man he hath, with short black fringes to it. Never showeth to my idea any likeness of a woman. No, no, miss; think you not at all that you have got him in that blue thing. Though some of their pictures is like men, the way they dress up nowadays."

"I did not mean that it was meant for him; what I mean is, do you see any sign of family likeness? Any resemblance about the eyes, or mouth, or forehead?"

"Well, now, I don't know but what I might," replied Master Withypool, gazing very hard; "if I was to look at 'un long enough, a' might find some'at favoring of that tall fellow, I do believe. Indeed, I do believe the more I look, the more I diskivers the image of him."

The good and kind miller's perception of the likeness strengthened almost too fast, as if the wish were father to the thought, until I saw clearly how selfish I was in keeping him in that state so long; for I knew, from what Mrs. Busk had told me, that in spite of all his large and grand old English sentiments about his clothes, his wife would make him change them all ere ever she gave him a bit of dinner, and would force him then to take a glass of something hot. So I gave him a thousand thanks, though not a thousandth part of what he deserved, and saw him well on his homeward way before I went back to consider things.

As soon as my landlady was at leisure to come in and talk with me, and as soon as I had told her how things happened, and shown her our discovery, we both of us did the very same thing, and said almost the very same words. Our act was, with finger and nail and eye, to rime into every jot of it; and our words were,

"I am sure there is something inside. If not, it would open sensibly."

In the most senseless and obstinate manner it refused not only to open, but to dis-

close any thing at all about itself. Whether it ever had been meant to open, and if so, where, and by what means; whether, without any gift of opening, it might have a hidden thing inside; whether, when opened by force or skill, it might show something we had no business with, or (which would be far worse) nothing at all—good Mrs. Busk and myself tested, tapped, and felt, and blew, and listened, and tried every possible overture, and became at last quite put out with it.

"It is all of a piece with the villains that owned it," the postmistress exclaimed at last. "There is no penetrating either it or them. Most likely they have made away with this beautiful lady on the cover. Kill one, kill fifty, I have heard say. I hope Master Withypool will let out nothing, or evil it will be for you, miss. If I was you, I would carry a pistol."

"Now please not to frighten me, Mrs. Busk. I am not very brave at the best of times, and this has made me so nervous. If I carried a pistol, I should shoot myself the very first hour of wearing it. The mere thought of it makes me tremble. Oh, why was I ever born, to do man's work?"

"Because, miss, a man would not have done it half so well. When you saw that villain digging, a man would have rushed out and spoiled all chance. And now what man could have ever found this? Would Master Withypool ever have emptied the Moon River for a man, do you think? Or could any man have been down among us all this time, in this jealous place, without his business being long ago sifted out and scattered over him? No, no, miss; you must not talk like that—and with me as well to help you. The rogues will have reason to wish, I do believe, that they had only got a man to deal with."

In this argument there were points which had occurred to me before; but certainly it is a comfort to have one's own ideas in a doubtful matter reproduced, and perhaps put better, by a mind to which one may have lent them, perhaps, with a loan all unacknowledged. However, trouble teaches care, and does it so well that the master and the lesson in usage of words are now the same; therefore I showed no sign of being suggested with my own suggestions, but only asked, quietly, "What am I to do?"

"My dear young lady," Mrs. Busk replied, after stopping some time to think of it, "my own opinion is, for my part, that you ought to consult somebody."

"But I am, Mrs. Busk. I am now consulting you."

"Then I think, miss, that this precious case should be taken at once to a jeweler, who can open it without doing any damage, which is more than we can do."

"To be sure; I have thought of that," I replied. "But how can that be done without arousing curiosity?—without the jeweler seeing its contents, if indeed it has any? And in that case the matter would be no longer at our own disposal, as now it is. I have a great mind to split it with a hammer. What are the diamonds to me?"

"It is not the diamonds, but the picture, miss, that may be most important. And more than that, you might ruin the contents, so as not to make head or tale of them. No, no; it is a risk that must be run; we must have a jeweler, but not one of this neighborhood."

"Then I shall have to go to London again, and perhaps lose something most important here. Can you think of no other way out of it?"

"No, miss, at present I see nothing else. Unless you will place it all in the hands of the police."

"Constable Jobbins, to wit, or his son! No, thank you, Mrs. Busk, not yet. Surely we are not quite reduced to such a hopeless pass as that. My father knew what the police were worth, and so does Betsy, and so does Major Hockin. 'Pompous noodles,' the Major calls them, who lay hold of every thing by the wrong end."

"Then if he can lay hold of the right end, miss, what better could you do than consult him?"

I had been thinking of this already, and pride alone debarred me. That gentleman's active nature drove him to interfere with other people's business, even though he had never heard of them; and yet through some strange reasoning of his own, or blind adoption of public unreason, he had made me dislike, or at any rate not like, him, until he began to show signs at last of changing his opinion. And now the question was, had he done that enough for me, without loss of self-respect, to open my heart to him, and seek counsel?

In settling that point the necessity of the case overrode, perhaps, some scruples; in sooth, I had nobody else to go to. What could I do with Lord Castlewood? Nothing; all his desire was to do exactly what my father would have done: and my father had never done any thing more than rove and roam his life out. To my mind this was dreadful now, when every new thing rising round me more and more clearly to my mind established what I never had doubted—his innocence. Again, what good could I do by seeking Betsy's opinion about it, or that of Mrs. Price, or Stixon, or any other person I could think of? None whatever—and perhaps much harm. Taking all in all, as things turn up, I believed myself to be almost equal to the cleverest of those three in sense, and in courage not inferior. Moreover, a sort of pride—perhaps very

small, but not contemptible—put me against throwing my affairs so much into the hands of servants.

For this idea Uncle Sam, no doubt the most liberal of men, would perhaps condemn me. But still I was not of the grand New World, whose pedigrees are arithmetic (at least with many of its items, though the true Uncle Sam was the last for that); neither could I come up to the largeness of universal brotherhood. That was not to be expected of a female; and few things make a man more angry than for his wife to aspire to it. No such ideas had ever troubled me; I had more important things to think of, or, at any rate, something to be better carried out. And of all these desultory thoughts it came that I packed up that odious but very lovely locket, without further attempt to unriddle it, and persuaded my very good and clever Mrs. Busk to let me start right early. By so doing I could have three hours with a good gentleman always in a hurry, and yet return for the night to Shoxford, if he should advise me so.

Men and women seem alike to love to have their counsels taken; and the equinox being now gone by, Mrs. Busk was ready to begin before the tardy sun was up, who begins to give you short measure at once when he finds the weights go against him. Mrs. Busk considered not the sun, neither any of his doings. The time of day was more momentous than any of the sun's proceedings. Railway time was what she had to keep (unless a good customer dropped in), and as for the sun—"clock slow, clock fast," in the almanacs, showed how he managed things; and if that was not enough, who could trust him to keep time after what he had done upon the dial of Ahaz? Reasoning thus—if reason it was—she packed me off in a fly for the nearest railway station, and by mid-day I found the Major laboring on his ram-parts.

After proper salutations, I could not help expressing wonder at the rapid rise of things. Houses here and houses there, springing up like children's teeth, three or four in a row together, and then a long gap, and then some more. And down the slope a grand hotel, open for refreshment, though as yet it had no roof on; for the Major, in virtue of his charter, defied all the magistrates to stop him from selling whatever was salable on or off the premises. But noblest and grandest of all to look at was the "Bruntsea Athenæum, Lyceum, Assembly-Rooms, Institution for Mutual Instruction, Christian Young Men's Congress, and Sanitary, Saline, Hydropathic Hall, at nominal prices to be had gratis."

"How you do surprise me!" I said to Major Hockin, after reading all that, which he kindly requested me to do with care; "but where are the people to come from?"

"Erema," he replied, as if that question had been asked too often, "you have not had time to study the laws of political economy—the noblest of noble sciences. The first of incontrovertible facts is that supply creates demand. Now ask yourself whether there could even be a Yankee if ideas like yours had occurred to Columbus?"

This was beyond me; for I never could argue, and strove to the utmost not to do so. "You understand those things, and I do not," said I, with a smile, which pleased him. "My dear aunt Mary always says that you are the cleverest man in the world; and she must know most about it."

"Partiality! partiality!" cried the Major, with a laugh, and pulling his front hair up. "Such things pass by me like the idle wind; or rather, perhaps, they sadden me, from my sense of my own deficiencies. But, bless me! dinner must be waiting. Look at that fellow's trowel—he knows: he turns up the point of it like a spoon. They say that he can smell his dinner two miles off. We all dine at one o'clock now, that I may rout up every man-Jack of them."

The Major sounded a steam-guard's whistle, and led me off in the rapidly vanishing wake of his hungry workmen.

CHAPTER XLV.

CONVICTION.

SIR MONTAGUE HOCKIN, to my great delight, was still away from Bruntsea. If he had been there, it would have been a most awkward thing for me to meet him, or to refuse to do so. The latter course would probably have been the one forced upon me by self-respect and affection toward my cousin; and yet if so, I could scarcely have avoided an explanation with my host. From the nature of the subject, and several other reasons, this would have been most unpleasant; and even now I was haunted with doubts, as I had been from the first, whether I ought not to have told Mrs. Hockin long ago what had been said of him. At first sight that seemed the honest thing to do; but three things made against it. It might seem forward and meddlesome; it must be a grievous thing to my cousin to have his sad story discussed again; and lastly, I had promised Mrs. Price that her words should go no further. So that on the whole perhaps I acted aright in keeping that infamous tale to myself as long as ever it was possible.

But now ere ever I spoke of him—which I was always loath to do—Mrs. Hockin told me that he very seldom came to see them now, and when he did come he seemed to be uneasy and rather strange in his manners. I thought to myself that the cause of this

was clear. Sir Montague, knowing that I went to Castlewood, was pricked in his conscience, and afraid of having his vile behavior to my cousin disclosed. However, that idea of mine was wrong, and a faulty conception of simple youth. The wicked forgive themselves so quickly, if even they find any need of it, that every body else is supposed to do the same. With this I have no patience. A wrong unrepented of and unatoned gathers interest, instead of getting discount, from lost time. And so I hated that man tenfold.

Good Mrs. Hockin lamented his absence not only for the sake of her darling fowls, but also because she considered him a check upon the Major's enterprise. Great as her faith was in her husband's ability and keenness, she was often visited with dark misgivings about such heavy outlay. Of economy (as she often said) she certainly ought to know something, having had to practice it as strictly as any body in the kingdom, from an age she could hardly remember. But as for what was now brought forward as a great discovery—economy in politics—Mrs. Hockin had tried to follow great opinions, but could only find, so far, downright extravagance. Supply (as she had observed fifty times with her own butcher and fishmonger), instead of creating demand, produced a lot of people hankering round the corner, till the price came down to nothing. And if it were so with their institutions—as her dear husband called his new public-house—who was to find all the interest due to the building and land societies? Truly she felt that Sir Rufus Hockin, instead of doing any good to them, had behaved very badly in leaving them land, and not even a shilling to work it with.

It relieved her much to tell me this, once for all and in strict confidence; because her fine old-fashioned (and we now may say quite obsolete) idea of duty toward her husband forbade her ever to say to him, or about him, when it could be helped, any thing he might not like, any thing which to an evil mind might convey a desire on her part to meddle with—with—

"Political economy," I said; and she laughed, and said, Yes, that was just it. The Major of course knew best, and she ought with all her heart to trust him not to burden their old days with debt, after all the children they had brought up and fairly educated upon the professional income of a distinguished British officer, who is not intended by his superiors to provide successors.

"Perhaps it is like the boiled eggs they send me," the old lady said, with her soft sweet smile, "for my poor hens to sit upon. Their race is too good to be made common. So now they get tinkers' and tailors' boys, after much competition, and the crammed

sons of cooks. And in peace-time they do just as well."

Of such things I knew nothing; but she seemed to speak with bitterness, the last thing to be found in all her nature, yet discoverable—as all bad things (except its own) are—by the British government. I do not speak from my own case, in which they discovered nothing.

By the time these things had been discussed, my host (who was always particular about his dress) came down to dinner, and not until that was over could I speak of the subject which had brought me there. No sooner had I begun my tale than they both perceived that it must neither be flurried nor interrupted, least of all should it be overheard.

"Come into my lock-up," cried the Major; "or, better still, let us go out of doors. We can sit in my snugery on the cliff, with only gulls and jackdaws to listen, and mount my telescope and hoist my flag, and the men know better than to skulk their work. I can see every son of a gun of them as clearly as if I had them on parade. You wish Mrs. Hockin to come, I suppose. Very well, let us be off at once. I shall count my fellows coming back from dinner."

With a short quick step the Major led the way to a beautifully situated outpost at a corner of the cliff, where land and sea for many a fair league rolled below. A niche of the chalk had been cleverly enlarged and scooped into a shell-shaped bower, not, indeed, gloriously overhung, as in the far West might have been, but broken of its white defiant glare by climbing and wandering verdure. Seats and slabs of oak were fixed to check excess of chalkiness, and a parapet of a pattern which the Major called Egyptian saved fear of falling down the cliff, and served to spread a paper on, or to rest a telescope.

"From this point," said the Major, crossing wiry yet substantial legs, "the whole of my little domain may be comprised as in a bird's-eye view. It is nothing, of course, much less than nothing, compared with the Earl of Crowcombe's, or the estate of Viscount Gamberley; still, such as it is, it carries my ideas, and it has an extent of marine frontage such as they might envy. We are asked £5 per foot for a thread of land fronting on a highway, open to every kind of annoyance, overlooked, without any thing to look at. How much, then, per fathom (or measure, if you please, by cable-lengths) is land worth fronting the noble, silent, uncontaminating, healthful sea? Whence can come no coster-mongers' cries, no agitating skir of bagpipes or the maddening hurdy-gurdy, no German band expecting half a crown for the creation of insanity; only sweet murmur of the wavelets, and the melodious whistle of a boatman catching your

breakfast lobster. Where, again, if you love the picturesque—"

"My dear," said Mrs. Hockin, gently, "you always were eloquent from the first day I saw you; and if you reconstitute our borough, as you hope, and enter Parliament for Bruntsea, what a sensation you will create! But I wished to draw your attention to the fact that Erema is waiting to tell her tale."

"To be sure. I will not stop her. Eloquence is waste of time, and I never yet had half a second to spare. Fear no eloquence from me; facts and logic are my strong points. And now, Erema, show what yours are."

At first this made me a little timid, for I had never thought that any strong points would be needed for telling a simple tale. To my mind the difficulty was, not to tell the story, but to know what to make of it when told; and soon I forgot all about myself in telling what I had seen, heard, and found.

The Major could not keep himself from stamping great holes through his—something I forget the name of, but people sow it to make turf of chalk—and dear "Aunt Mary's" soft pink cheeks, which her last grandchild might envy, deepened to a tone of rose; while her eyes, so full of heavenly faith when she got upon lofty subjects, took a most human flash and sparkle of hatred not theological.

"Seven!" she cried; "oh, Nicholas, Nicholas, you never told me there were seven!"

"There were not seven graves without the mother," the Major answered, sternly. "And what odds whether seven or seventy? The criminality is the point, not the accumulation of results. Still, I never heard of so big a blackguard. And what did he do next, my dear?"

The way in which they took my story was a great surprise to me, because, although they were so good, they had never paid any attention to it until it became exciting. They listened with mere politeness until the scent of a very wicked man began to taint my narrative; but from that moment they drew nearer, and tightened their lips, and held their breath, and let no word escape them. It made me almost think that people even of pure excellence, weaned as they are from wicked things by teaching and long practice, must still retain a hankering for them done at other people's cost.

"And now," cried the Major, "let us see it"—even before I had time to pull it out, though ready to be quick, from a knowledge of his ways. "Show it, and you shall have my opinion. And Mary's is certain to agree with mine. My dear, that makes yours so priceless."

"Then, Nicholas, if I retain my own, yours is of no value. Never mind that. Now don't catch words, or neither opinion will be worth

a thought. My dear, let us see it and then judge."

"My own idea, but not so well expressed," Major Hockin answered, as he danced about, while I with stupid haste was tugging at my package of the hateful locket. For I had not allowed that deceitful thing any quarters in my pocket, where dear little relics of my father lay, but had fastened it under my dress in a manner intended in no way for gentlemen to think about. Such little things annoy one's comfort, and destroy one's power of being quite high-minded. However, I got it out at last, and a flash of the sun made the difference.

"Brilliants, Mary!" the Major cried; "brilliants of first water; such as we saw, you know where; and any officer in the British army except myself, I do believe, would have had them at once in his camel-pouch—my dear, you know all about it. Bless my heart, how slow you are! Is it possible you have forgotten it? There came out a fellow, and I cut him down, as my duty was, without ceremony. You know how I used to do it, out of regulation, with a slash like this—"

"Oh, Nicholas, you will be over the cliff! You have shown me how you used to do it, a thousand times—but you had no cricks in your back then: and remember how brittle the chalk is."

"The chalk may be brittle, but I am tough. I insist upon doing every thing as well as I did it forty years ago. Mary, you ought not to speak to me like that. Eighteen, nineteen, twenty brilliants, worth twenty pounds apiece upon an average, I do believe. Four hundred pounds. That would finish our hotel."

"Nicholas!"

"My dear, I was only in fun. Erema understands me. But who is this beautiful lady?"

"The very point," I exclaimed, while he held it so that the pensive beauty of the face gleamed in soft relief among bright blue enamel and sparkling gems. "The very thing that I must know—that I would give my life to know—that I have fifty thousand fancies—"

"Now don't be excited, Erema, if you please. What will you give me to tell you who it is?"

"All those diamonds, which I hate the sight of, and three-quarters of my half-nugget; and if that is not enough—"

"It is a thousand times too much; I will tell you for just one smile, and I know it will be a smile of unbelief."

"No, no; I will believe it, whoever you say," with excitement superior to grammar, I cried; "only tell me at once—don't be so long."

"But then you won't believe me when I do tell you," the Major replied, in the most

provoking way. "I shall tell you the last person you would ever think of, and then you will only laugh at me."

"I won't laugh; how can I laugh in such a matter? I will believe you if you say it is—Aunt Mary."

"My dear, you had better say at once that it is I, and have no more mystery about it." Mrs. Hockin was almost as impatient as myself.

"Mrs. Hockin, you must indeed entertain an exalted idea of your own charms. I knew that you were vain, but certainly did not—Well, then, if you will allow me no peace, this is the lady that lives down in the ruin, and stands like a pillar by my pillar-box."

"I never thought you would joke like that," I cried, with vexation and anger. "Oh, is it a subject to be joked about?"

"I never was graver in my life; and you promised implicitly to believe me. At any rate, believe that I speak in earnest."

"That I must believe, when you tell me so. But what makes you think such a wonderful thing? I should have thought nothing more impossible. I had made up my mind that it was Flittamore who lived down here; but this can not be she. Flittamore was unheard of at the time of my grandfather's death. Moreover, her character was not like this; she was giddy and light and heartless. This lady had a heart—good or bad, a deep one. Most certainly it is not Flittamore."

"Flittamore! I do not remember that name. You should either tell us all or tell us nothing." The Major's tone was reproachful, and his eyes from their angular roofs looked fierce.

"I have not told you," I said, "because it can have nothing to do with it. The subject is a painful one, and belongs to my family only."

"Enough. I am not inquisitive—on the other hand, too forgetful. I have an appointment at 3.25. It takes me seven minutes and a quarter to get there. I must be two minutes and three-quarters late. Mrs. Hockin, mount the big telescope and point it at the ramparts; keep the flag up also. Those fellows will be certain that I am up here, while I enfilade them from the western end with this fine binocular. Surprises maintain discipline. Good-by, my dear, and, Miss Castlewood, good-by. Tea at 6.30, and not too much water."

CHAPTER XLVI.

VAIN ZEAL.

LEAVING his telescope leveled at the men, the Major marched off with his opera-glass in a consciously provoking style, and Mrs. Hockin most heartily joined me in condemn-

ing such behavior. In a minute or two, however, she would not have one word said against him, and the tide of her mind (as befits a married woman) was beyond all science: so that the drift of all words came back to her husband's extraordinary merits. And certainly these, if at all like her description, deserved to be dwelt upon at very precious periods.

However, I had heard enough of them before; for the Major himself was not mute upon this point, though comparatively modest, and oftentimes deprecating praise ere ever he received it. And so I brought Mrs. Hockin back at last to talk about the lady who was living in the ruin.

"It is not quite a ruin," she said. "My dear husband is fond of picturesque expressions. However, it is not in very good repair; and being unable to get possession of it, through some legal quibble, possibly he may look at it from a rather unfavorable point of view. And for the same reason—though he is so purely just—he may have formed a bad opinion of the strange individual who lives there. What right has she to be living without his leave upon his own manor? But there she is, and she does not care for us or any body. She fetches all she wants, she speaks to none, and if any body calls for rates or taxes, or any other public intrusion, they may knock and knock, but never get in, and at last they go away again."

"But surely that can not go on forever. Bruntsea is such an enlightened place."

"Our part of it is, but the rest quite benighted. As the man says—I forget his name, but the man that misunderstands us so—his contention is that 'Desolate Hole,' as the Major calls it, although in the middle of our land, is entirely distinct from it. My husband never will put up with that—his love of justice is far too strong—and he means to have a lawsuit. But still he has reasons for not beginning yet; and he puts up with a great deal, I am sure. It is too bad for them to tease him so."

"It does seem a very sad thing," I replied; "and the poor soul living there all alone! Even in the summer it is bad enough; but whatever will she do when the winter comes? Why, the sea in bad weather must be almost in upon her. And the roar of the pebbles all night! Major Hockin will never allow her to stay there."

"What can he do, when he can not get in, and they even deny his title? I assure you, Erema, I have sent down cream, and even a dozen of my precious eggs, with the lady of the manor's compliments; but instead of being grateful, they were never taken in; and my Polly—'Miss Polly Hopkins,' you know—very wisely took it all to her grandmother."

"To her grandmother instead of mine, as

the Major facetiously calls her. And now he says this is her portrait; and instead of giving his reasons, runs away! Really you must excuse me, Aunt Mary, for thinking that your good husband has a little too much upon his mind sometimes."

The old lady laughed, as I loved to see her do. "Well, my dear, after that, I think you had better have it out with him. He comes home to tea at 6.30, which used to be half past six in my days. He is very tired then, though he never will allow it, and it would not be fair to attack him. I give him a mutton-chop, or two poached eggs, or some other trifle of nourishment. And then I make him doze for an hour and a half, to soothe his agitated intellect. And when he wakes he has just one glass of hot water and sugar, with a little Lochnagar. And then he is equal to any thing—backgammon, bezique, or even conversation."

Impatient as I was, I saw nothing better; and by this time I was becoming used to what all of us must put up with—the long postponement of our heavy cares to the light convenience of others. Major Hockin might just as well have stopped, when he saw how anxious I was. Uncle Sam would have stopped the mill itself, with a dozen customers waiting; but no doubt he had spoiled me: and even that should not make me bitter. Aunt Mary and I understood one another. We gazed away over the breadth of the sea and the gleam of its texture, and we held our peace.

Few things are more surprising than the calm way in which ripe age looks on at things which ought to amaze it. And yet any little one of its own concerns grows more important, perhaps, than ever as the shadow of the future dwindles. Major Hockin had found on the beach a pebble with a streak of agate in it. He took it as the harbinger of countless agates, and resolved to set up a lapidary, with a tent, or even a shop, perhaps—not to pay, but to be advertised, and catch distinguished visitors.

"Erema, you are a mighty finder; you found the biggest nugget yet discovered. You know about stones from the Rocky Mountains, or at least the Sierra Nevada. You did not discover this beautiful agate, but you saw and greatly admired it. We might say that a 'young lady, eminent for great skill in lithology, famed as the discoverer,' etc. Hold it between your eyes and this candle, but wet it in the slop-basin first; now you see the magnificent veins of blue."

"I see nothing of the kind," I said; for really it was too bad of him. "It seems to me a dirty bit of the commonest flint you could pick up."

This vexed him more than I wished to have done, and I could not help being sorry; for he went into a little fit of sulks, and

Aunt Mary almost frowned at me. But he could not stay long in that condition, and after his doze and his glass he came forth as lively and meddlesome as ever. And the first thing he did was to ask me for the locket.

"Open it?" he cried; "why, of course I can; there is never any difficulty about that. The finest workmanship in the world is that of the Indian jewelers. I have been among them often; I know all their devices and mechanism, of which the European are bad copies. I have only to look round this thing twice, and then pronounce my Sesame."

"My dear, then look round it as fast as you can," said his wife, with a traitorous smile at me, "and we won't breathe a Sess till it flies asunder."

"Mary, Miss Castlewood makes you pert, although herself so well conducted. However, I do not hesitate to say that I will open this case in two minutes."

"Of course you will, dear," Mrs. Hockin replied, with provoking acquiescence. "The Major never fails, Erema, in any thing he is so sure about; and this is a mere child's toy to him. Well, dear, have you done it? But I need not ask. Oh, let us see what is inside of it!"

"I have not done it yet, Mrs. Hockin; and if you talk with such rapidity, of course you throw me out. How can I command my thoughts, or even recall my experience?"

"Hush! now hush, Erema! And I myself will hush most reverently."

"You have no reverence in you, and no patience. Do you expect me to do such a job in one second? Do you take me for a common jeweler? I beg you to remember—"

"Well, my dear, I remember only what you told us. You were to turn it round twice, you know, and then cry Sesame. Erema, was it not so?"

"I never said any thing of the sort. What I said was simply this— However, to reason with ladies is rude; I shall just be off to my study."

"Where you keep your tools, my darling," Mrs. Hockin said, softly, after him: "at least, I mean, when you know where they are."

I was astonished at Aunt Mary's power of being so highly provoking, and still more at her having the heart to employ it. But she knew best what her husband was; and to worship forever is not wise.

"Go and knock at his door in about five minutes," Mrs. Hockin said to me, with some mischief in her eyes. "If he continues to fail, he may possibly take a shorter way with it. And with his tools so close at hand—"

"Oh," I exclaimed, "his geological hammer—that dreadful crusher! May I go at once? I detest that thing, but I can not have it smashed."

"He will not break it up, my dear, with-

out your leave. He never would think of such a thing, of course. However, you may as well go after him."

It was wrong of Mrs. Hockin to make me do this; and I felt quite ashamed of myself when I saw the kind old Major sitting by his lamp, and wrinkling his forehead into locks and keys of puzzle, but using violence to his own mind alone. And I was the more ashamed when, instead of resenting my intrusion, he came to meet me, and led me to his chair, and placed the jeweled trinket in my hand, and said, "My dear, I give it up. I was wrong in taking it away from you. You must consult some one wiser."

"That odious thing!" I answered, being touched by this unusual humility of his; "you shall not give it up; and I know no wiser person. A lapidary's tricks are below your knowledge. But if you are not tired of me and offended, may I leave it to you to get it opened?"

"I would like nothing better," he replied, recovering his natural briskness and importance; "but you ought to be there, my dear; you must be there. Are you sure that you ought not rather to take it to your good cousin Lord Castlewood? Now think before you answer."

"I need not think twice of that, Major Hockin. Good and learned as my father's cousin is, he has distinctly refused to help me, for some mysterious reason of his own, in searching into this question. Indeed, my great hope is to do it without him: for all that I know, he might even wish to thwart me."

"Enough, my dear; it shall be just as you wish. I brought you to England, and I will stand by you. My cousin, Colonel Gundry, has committed you to me. I have no patience with malefactors. I never took this matter up, for very many reasons; and among them not the least was that Sampson, your beloved 'Uncle Sam,' thought it better not to do so. But if you desire it, and now that I feel certain that an infamous wrong has been done to you—which I heartily beg your pardon for my doubt of—by the Lord of all justice, every thing else may go to the devil, till I see it out. Do you desire it, Erema?"

"I certainly do not wish that any of your great works should be neglected. But if, without that, you can give me your strong help, my only difficulty will be to thank you."

"I like plain speaking, and you always speak plainly; sometimes too plainly," he said, recollecting little times when he had the worst of it. "How far do you trust me now?"

"Major Hockin, I trust you altogether. You may make mistakes, as all men do—"

"Yes, yes, yes. About my own affairs; but I never do that for other people. I pay

a bill for twopence, if it is my own. If I am trustee of it, I pay three half-pence."

His meaning was a little beyond me now; but it seemed better not to tell him so; for he loved to explain his own figures of speech, even when he had no time to spare for it. And he clearly expected me to ask him to begin; or at least it seemed so from his eyebrows. But that only came home to me afterward.

"Please not to speak of my affairs like that," I said, as if I were quite stupid; "I mean to pay fourpence for every twopence—both to friends and enemies."

"You are a queer girl; I have always said so. You turn things to your own ideas so. However, we must put up with that, though none of my daughters have ever done it; for which I am truly thankful. But now there is very little time to lose. The meaning of this thing must be cleared up at once. And there is another thing to be done as well, quite as important, in my opinion. I will go to London with you to-morrow, if you like. My clever little Cornishman will see to things here—the man that sets up all the angles."

"But why should I hurry you to London so?" I asked. "Surely any good country jeweler could manage it? Or let us break it open."

"On no account," he answered; "we might spoil it all; besides the great risk to the diamonds, which are very brittle things. To London we must take it, for this reason—the closure of this case is no jeweler's work; of that I have quite convinced myself. It is the work of a first-rate lapidary, and the same sort of man must undo it."

To this I agreed quite readily, because of such things I knew nothing; whereas my host spoke just as if he had been brought up to both those walks of art. And then I put a question which had long been burning on my tongue.

"What made you imagine, Major Hockin, that this very beautiful face could have ever been that of the old lady living in the ruin?"

"In Desolate Hole? I will tell you at once; and then call it, if you like, an imagination. Of all the features of the human face there is none more distinctive than the eyebrow. 'Distinctive' is not exactly what I mean—I mean more permanently marked and clear. The eyes change, the nose changes, so does the mouth, and even the shape of the forehead sometimes; but the eyebrows change very little, except in color. This I have noticed, because my own may perhaps be a little peculiar; and they have always been so. At school I received a nickname about it, for boys are much sharper than men about such things; and that name after fifty years fits as well as ever. You may smile, if you like; I shall not tell you what it was, but leave you to re-invent

it, if you can. Now look at this first-rate miniature. Do you see an unusual but not uncomely formation of the eyebrows?"

"Certainly I do; though I did not observe it until you drew my attention. I had only regarded the face, as a whole."

"The face, as a whole, is undoubtedly fine. But the eyebrows have a peculiar arch, and the least little turn at the lower end, as if they designed to rise again. The lady of Desolate Hole has the same."

"But how can you tell? How very strange! I thought she let nobody see her face."

"You are perfectly right about that, Erema; so far at least as she has vouchsafed to exhibit her countenance to me. Other people may be more fortunate. But when I met her for the second time, being curious already about her, I ventured to offer my services, with my inborn chivalry, at a place where the tide was running up, and threatened to surround her. My politeness was not appreciated, as too often is the case; for she made me a very stiff bow, and turned away. Her face had been covered by the muffler of her cloak, as if the sea-breeze were too much for her; and she did not even raise her eyes. But before she turned away, I obtained a good glance at her eyebrows—and they were formed like these."

"But her age, Major Hockin! Her age—what is it?"

"Upon that proverbially delicate point I can tell you but little, Erema. Perhaps, however, I may safely say that she can not be much under twenty."

"It is not right to provoke me so. You call her 'the old woman,' and compare her to your letter-box. You must have some idea—is she seventy?"

"Certainly not, I should say; though she can not expect me to defend her, when she will not show her face to me; and what is far worse, at my time of life, she won't even pay me a half-penny of rent. Now let us go back to Aunt Mary, my dear; she always insists upon packing overnight."

CHAPTER XLVII.

CADMEIAN VICTORY.

BEFORE two o'clock of the following day Major Hockin and myself were in London, and ready to stay there for two or three days, if it should prove needful. Before leaving Bruntsea I had written briefly to Lord Castlewood, telling him that important matters had taken me away from Shoxford, and as soon as I could explain them, I would come and tell him all about it. This was done only through fear of his being annoyed at my independence.

From London Bridge the Major took a cab direct to Clerkenwell; and again I observed that of all his joys one of the keenest was to match his wits against a cabman's. "A regular muff, this time," he said, as he jerked up and down with his usual delight in displaying great knowledge of London; "no sport to be had out of him. Why, he stared at me when I said 'Rosa-mond Street,' and made me stick on 'Clerkenwell.' Now here he is taking us down Snow Hill, when he should have been crossing Smithfield. Smithfield, cabby, Smithfield!"

"Certain, Sir, Smiffle, if you gives the order;" and he turned the poor horse again, and took us up the hill, and among a great number of barriers. "No thoroughfare," "No thoroughfare," on all hands stretched across us; but the cabman threaded his way between, till he came to the brink of a precipice. The horse seemed quite ready, like a Roman, to leap down it, seeing nothing less desirable than his present mode of life, till a man with a pickaxe stopped him.

"What are you at?" cried the Major, with fury equalled by nothing except his fright. "Erema, untie my big rattan. Quick—quick—"

"Captain," said the cabman, coolly, "I must have another shilling for this job. A hextra mile and a quarter, to your orders. You knows Lunnon so much better. Smiffle stopped—new railway—new meat market—never heered of that now, did you?"

"You scoundrel, drive straight to the nearest police office."

"Must jump this little ditch, then, Captain. Five pun' fine for you, when we gets there. Hold on inside, old gentleman. Kuck, kuck, Bob, you was a hunter once. It ain't more than fifty feet deep, my boy."

"Turn round! turn round, I tell you! turn round! If your neck is forfeit, you rogue, mine is not. I never was so taken in in my life!" Major Hockin continued to rave, and amid many jeers we retreated humbly, and the driver looked in at us with a gentle grin. "And I thought he was so soft, you know! Erema, may I swear at him?"

"On no account," I said. "Why, after all, it is only a shilling, and the loss of time. And then, you can always reflect that you have discharged, as you say, a public duty, by protesting against a vile system."

"Protesting is very well, when it pays," the Major answered, gloomily; "but to pay for protesting is another pair of shoes."

This made him cross, and he grew quite fierce when the cabman smote him for eightpence more. "Four parcels on the roof, Captain," he said, looking as only a cabman can look at his money, and spinning his extra shilling. "Twopence each under new hact, you know. Scarcely thought a hof-ficer would 'a tried evasion."

"You consummate scoundrel—and you dress yourself like a countryman! I'll have your badge indorsed—I'll have your license marked. Erema, pay the thief; it is more than I can do."

"Captain, your address, if you please; I shall summon you for scurrilous language, as the hact directs. Ah, you do right to be driven to a pawn shop."

Triumphantly he drove off, while the Major cried, "Never tie up my rattan again. Oh, it was Mrs. Hockin, was it? What a fool I was not to stop on my own manor!"

"I pray you to disdain such low impudence," I said, for I could not bear to see him shake like that, and grieved to have brought him into it. "You have beaten fifty of them—a hundred of them—I have heard you say."

"Certainly I have, my dear; but I had no Bruntsea then, and could not afford to pay the rogues. That makes me feel it so bitterly, so loftily, and so righteously. To be treated like this, when I think of all my labors for the benefit of the rascally human race! my Institute, my Lyceum, my Mutual Improvement Association, and Christian Young Men's something. There is no institution, after all, to be compared to the tread-mill."

Recovering himself with this fine conclusion, he led me down a little sloping alley, scarcely wide enough for a wheelbarrow, to an old black door, where we set down our parcels; for he had taken his, while I carried mine, and not knowing what might happen yet, like a true peace-maker I stuck to the sheaf of umbrellas and the rattan cane. And thankful I was, and so might be the cabman, to have that weapon nicely sheathed with silk.

Major Hockin's breath was short, through too much talking, without action, and he waited for a minute at this door, to come back to his equanimity. And I thought that our female breath falls short for the very opposite reason—when we do too much and talk too little; which happily seldom happens.

He was not long in coming back to his usual sprightliness and decision. And it was no small relief to me, who was looking at him miserably, and longing that his wife was there, through that very sad one-and-eightpence, when he pulled out a key, which he always carried as signor and lord of Bruntsea, the key of the town-hall, which had survived lock, door, and walls by centuries, and therewith struck a door which must have reminded that key of its fine old youth.

Before he had knocked so very many times, the door was opened by a young man wearing an apron and a brown paper cap, who knew Major Hockin at once, and showed us up stairs to a long low workshop. Here were many wheels and plates and

cylinders revolving by energy of a strap which came through the floor and went through the ceiling. And the young man told us to be careful how we walked, for fear of getting entangled. Several men, wearing paper caps and aprons of leather or baize, were sitting doing dextrous work, no doubt, and doing it very easily, and the master of them all was hissing over some fine touch of jewel as a groom does at a horse. Then seeing us, he dropped his holders, and threw a leather upon his large lens, and came and took us to a little side room.

"Are you not afraid to leave them?" asked the Major. "They may secrete some gems, Mr. Handkin."

"Never," said the lapidary, with some pride. "I could trust these men with the Koh-i-noor; which we could have done better, I believe, than it was done by the Hollanders. But we don't get the chance to do much in diamonds, through the old superstition about Amsterdam, and so on. No, no; the only thing I can't trust my men about is to work as hard when I am away as when I am there. And now, Sir, what can I do for you? Any more Bruntsea pebbles? The last were not worth the cutting."

"So you said; but I did not think so. We have some agates as good as any from Aberystwith or Perthshire. But what I want now is to open this case. It must be done quite privately, for a most particular reason. It does open, doesn't it? I am sure it does."

"Certainly it opens," Mr. Handkin answered, while I trembled with anxiety as he lightly felt it round the edges with fingers engrained with corundum. "I could open it in one instant, but the enamel might fly. Will you risk it?"

The Major looked at me, and I said, "Oh no; please not to risk any thing, if any slower process will do it without risk. We want it done without injury."

"Then it will cost a good bit," he replied. "I can open it for five shillings, if you run the risk; if that rests with me, I must charge five pounds."

"Say three," cried the Major. "Well, then, say four guineas: I have a lot of work in store for you."

"I never overcharge, and I never depart from my figures," the lapidary answered. "There is only one other man in London who knows the secret of this enamel, and he is my brother. They never make such enamel now. The art is lost, like that of the French paste of a hundred years ago, which almost puzzles even me until I go behind it. I will give you my brother's address if you like; but instead of five pounds, he will charge you ten guineas—if it must be done in private. Without that condition, I can do it for two pounds. You wish to know why that should make such a difference.

Well, for this simple reason: to make sure of the job, it must be done by daylight; it can be done only in my chief work-room; if no one is to see what I am about (and my men have sharp eyes, I can tell you), all my hands must be sacked for the afternoon, but not without their wages. That alone would go far toward the difference, and then there is the dropping of the jobs in hand, and waste of power, and so on. I have asked you too little, Major Hockin, I assure you; but having said, I will stick to it, although I would much rather you would let me off."

"I have known you for many years," the Major answered—"ever since you were a boy, with a flat box, working at our Cornish opals. You would have done a lot of work for five pounds then. But I never knew you overcharge for any thing. We agree to your terms, and are obliged to you. But you guarantee no damage?"

"I will open this locket, take out its contents, whatever they may be, and reclose it so that the maker, if still alive—which is not very probable—should not know that it had been meddled with."

"Very well; that is exactly what we want; for I have an idea about it which I may try to go on with afterward. And for that it is essential to have no symptom that it ever has been opened. What are these brilliants worth, Mr. Handkin?"

"Well, Sir, in the trade, about a hundred and fifty, though I dare say they cost three hundred. And the portrait is worth another hundred, if I find on the back the marks I expect."

"You do not mean to say that you know the artist?" I could not help exclaiming, though determined not to speak. "Oh, then, we shall find out every thing!"

"Erema, you are a—well, you are a silly!" Major Hockin exclaimed, and then colored with remembering that rather he should have let my lapse pass. But the lapidary seemed to pay no attention, only to be calling down to some one far below. "Now mind what you say," the Major whispered to me, just as if he were the essence of discretion.

"The work-room is clear now," Mr. Handkin said; "the fellows were delighted to get their afternoon. Now you see that I have to take off this hoop, and there lies the difficulty. I could have taken out the gold back, as I said, with very little trouble, by simply cutting it. But the locket would never have been quite the same, though we put a new back; and, more than that, the pressure of the tool might flaw the enamel, or even crack the portrait, for the make of this thing is peculiar. Now first I submit the rim or verge, without touching the brilliants, mind you, to the action of a little preparation of my own—a gentle but penetrative solvent. You are welcome to watch me; you will be none

the wiser; you are not in the trade, though the young lady looks as if she would make a good polisher. Very well: if this were an ordinary closure, with two flat surfaces meeting, the solvent would be absorbed into the adhesion, expansion would take place, and there we have it. But this is what we call a cyme-joint, a cohesion of two curved surfaces, formed in a reflex curve which admits the solvent most reluctantly, or, indeed, not at all, without too long application. For that, then, another kind of process is needful, and we find it in frictional heat applied most gradually and judiciously. For that I must have a buff-leather wheel, whose revolutions are timed to a nicety, and that wheel I only have in this room. Now you see why I sent the men away."

Though I watched his work with great interest, it is out of my power to describe it now, and, moreover, it is not needful. Major Hockin, according to his nature, grew quite restless and impatient, and even went out for a walk, with his cane unpacked and unsheathed against cabmen. But I was content to wait and watch, having always heard and thought that good work will not do itself, but must have time and skill to second it. And Mr. Handkin, moving arms, palms, and fingers beautifully, put the same thought into words.

"Good work takes a deal of time to do; but the man that does it all the time knows well that it will take long to undo. Here it comes undone at last!"

As he spoke, the excitable Major returned.

"Done it, eh? Well, you are a clever fellow. Now don't look inside it; that is no part of your business, nor mine either, unless this young lady desires it. Hand it to her first, my friend."

"Wait half a minute," said the lapidary; "it is so far opened that the hoop spins round, but it must not be taken off until it cools. The lady may lift it then with care. I have done this job as a piece of fine art; I have no wish to see any more of it."

"Handkin, don't you be so touchy to a brother Cornishman. I thought that I was Cornish enough, but you go cliffs beyond me."

"Well, Major Hockin," the lapidary answered, "I beg your pardon, if I said harm. But a man doing careful and skilled work—and skilled work it is, at every turn of the hand, as miss can bear witness, while you walked off—he don't care who it is, Major Hockin, he would fight his own brother to maintain it."

"Very well, very well. Let us come away. I always enter into every body's feelings. I see yours as clearly, Handkin, as if you had laid them open on that blessed wheel. My insight has always been remarkable. Every one, without exception, says that of me. Now come away, come away—will you never see?"

Intent as I was upon what lay in my left palm relaxing itself, I could not help being sorry for the way in which the man of art, after all his care, was ground down by his brother Cornishman. However, he had lived long enough in the world to feel no surprise at ingratitude.

Now I went to one of the windows, as the light (which had been very good) began to pale from its long and labored sufferance of London, and then, with soft and steady touch, I lifted off the loosened hoop. A smell of mustiness—for smells go through what nothing else can—was the first thing to perceive, and then, having moved the disk of gold, I found a piece of vellum. This was doubled, and I opened it, and read, in small clear writing:

"May 7, 1809 A.D., George, Lord Castlewood, married Winifred, only child of Thomas Hoyle, as this his signature witnesseth.

"CASTLEWOOD.

"(Witness) THOMAS HOYLE."

There was nothing more inside this locket, except two little wisps of hair tied with gold thread, and the miniature upon ivory, bearing on the back some anagram, probably that of the artist.

Already had I passed through a great many troubles, changes, chances, and adventures which always seem strange (when I come to look back), but never surprised me at the moment. Indeed, I might almost make bold to pronounce that not many persons of my age and sex have been visited, wholly against their own will, by such a series of incidents, not to say marvelous, but at any rate fairly to be called unusual. And throughout them perhaps it will be acknowledged by all who have cared to consider them, that up to the present time I did not fail more than themselves might have done in patience. And in no description of what came to pass have I colored things at all in my own favor—at least so far as intention goes—neither laid myself out to get sympathy, though it often would have done me a world of good.

But now I am free to confess that my patience broke down very sadly. Why, if what was written on that vellum was true, and Major Hockin correct as well, it came to no less than this, that my own dear father was a base-born son, and I had no right to the name I was so proud of! If, moreover, as I now began to dream, that terrible and mysterious man did not resemble my father so closely without some good reason, it seemed too likely that he might be his elder brother and the proper heir.

This was bad enough to think of, but an idea a thousandfold worse assailed me in the small hours of the night, as I lay on Mrs. Strouss's best bed, which she kept for consuls, or foreign barons, or others whom

she loved to call "international notorieties." Having none of these now, she assigned me that bed after hearing all I had to say, and not making all that she might have done of it, because of the praise that would fall to Mrs. Busk.

However, she acknowledged that she knew nothing of the history of "the poor old lord." He might have carried on, for all she could tell, with many wives before his true one—a thing she heard too much of; but as for the Captain not being his true son and the proper heir to the peerage, let any one see him walk twice, and then have a shadow of a doubt about it! This logic pleased but convinced me not, and I had to go to bed in a very unhappy, restless, and comfortless state of mind.

I hope that, rather than myself, that bed, full of international confusion, is to blame for the wicked ideas which assailed me while I could not even try to sleep. One of them—and a loyal daughter could scarcely have a worse one—was that my own dear father, knowing Lord Castlewood's bad behavior, and his own sad plight in consequence, and through that knowledge caring little to avenge his death, for wife and children's sake preferred to foil inquiry rather than confront the truth and challenge it. He might not have meant to go so far, at first beginning with it; but, starting once, might be driven on by grievous loss, and bitter sense of recreant friends, and the bleak despair of a homeless world before him. And serving as the scape-goat thus, he might have received from the real culprit a pledge for concealment of the family disgrace.

AMERICAN WORKMEN FROM A EUROPEAN POINT OF VIEW.

IT was a matter to stir one's patriotic pride, but not less to move one's pity, to observe the commotion in business circles in Switzerland, as the reports of the Swiss Commissioners to the Philadelphia Exhibition were made public. Affairs were not in a cheerful state at the time. The "hard times" that had begun in America were already sorely felt in the centre of Europe. Production was slackened in all the factories, and the values of many favorite investments had shrunk to one-half. When the report of M. Favre-Perret on American watch-making was read to crowded meetings of watch-makers at Neuchâtel and Geneva, the general expression was that of abject despair. Work was suspended for months on the costly building of the School of Watch-making founded by the Geneva government. A commission was appointed by the cantonal legislature to inquire what new industry could be introduced in place of that which must henceforth be abandoned to American competitors.

Among those interested in the other leading manufacture of Switzerland—the silk factories of Basle and Zurich—there were like searchings of heart. This same report of M. Favre-Perret warned his fellow-citizens that the silk business was as sure to be run away with by the Yankees as the watch business. The wonder in both cases is that facts which had long been accumulating, and which had never been hid in a corner, should have taken any body by surprise. The exportation of ribbons from Basle to the United States has been dwindling regularly, and is now reduced to one-sixth of what it was only four years ago. It is obvious that the next step for the Americans, after supplying their own market, is to compete in other markets.

The productions of the Swiss dairies are prized in all the markets of Europe. Last January, M. Grenier, at a meeting of the Agricultural Society of the Canton de Vaud, informed his associates to what extent the dairy productions of the great establishments of the Northern States and Canada were overflowing the home market. "There are thousands of these establishments," he said, "with capital amounting to \$25,000,000, already producing to the amount of \$31,000,000 annually. The export of cheese was 38,000,000 pounds in 1863, and 96,000,000 pounds in 1874. The export of butter has grown to 52,000,000 pounds a year. The competition is getting formidable, for the manufacture of cheese has been so perfected in America that, unless we look out, it will become utterly impossible for us to compete with it."*

A very large dealer in leather, M. Bally, declares that the same is true of this article. "Europeans no longer control the leather market. Prices are now set by America. Every little tannery feels the influence of the importations from America; our own exportation to the New World has dwindled almost to nothing."

At first thought it was supposed that the superior advantages of the American manufacturer arose from his use of machinery for operations that continue in the Old World to be wrought out by hand-work. If this were all, or nearly all, it would be an easy matter to import or to imitate the machinery—there are no patent laws in Switzerland—and, by combining capital in great establishments, to go on with their business with the double advantage of the low wages and abundant skilled labor of the Old World and the organization and appliances of the New.

One eminent American house, however,

* I quote the extract from a published paper by M. Édouard Dubied, of Neuchâtel, translating kilograms into pounds at the rate of one to two, and francs into dollars at the rate of five to one. M. Dubied sums up a series of statements by saying: "At this rate, there is no one of our industries which is not in a fair way to be overwhelmed by American competition."

with ample capital, had made this hopeful but expensive experiment. The finest business edifice in Geneva was built, three or four years ago, by Americans, and stocked with the best American watch-making machinery. The most skillful Geneva watch-makers were sought for at high wages—high, that is, for Switzerland, but low for America—and the world looked for a splendid success. But the beautiful building is now let out in lodgings, and the machines are advertised for sale. Evidently the secret of American success lay in something else.

I have followed the conjectures and proposals of the Swiss newspapers on this point with great interest. They demand patent laws for the encouragement of invention, schools of technical instruction for artisans, relief from the interruption of work by militia service, and other governmental palliatives; but they do not touch the main point of the superiority of the American manufactories, and that is *the personal superiority of the American workman*.

The secret is revealed in an extraordinary pamphlet by M. Bally, whom we have already quoted, and who is the proprietor of the great boot and shoe factory at Schoenenwerth, in German Switzerland. The pamphlet is printed both in German and in French, and has made a profound impression abroad. It gives, I will not say the impressions, but the shrewd and careful observations, of a practical man on his visit to the United States during the Centennial year. The title is sensational—*Garde à Vous!* ("Look out for Yourselves")—but the matter of it is solid.

Our traveller's first wonder in America is to see *how much is made of a man*, in a business point of view. He gets into a stage on Broadway, "the most crowded thoroughfare in the world," and is struck by the contrivance of fare box and door strap, which enables one man to do the business of three on a Paris line. In a horse-car he admires the bell-punch, which saves the company the salary of a *contrôleur*, and does his work more effectually. On a railroad train he is amazed to find only one conductor, and nothing of the army of watchmen who on European roads stand guard at every curve and crossing. He recalls the starting of a Swiss train: each one of a series of conductors cries successively, "Fertig!" then the *chef de train* calls, "Fort!" then he whistles; then the bell rings; then the locomotive whistles; finally the train starts. In America, the conductor surveys the whole train. When all is ready, he makes a sign to the engineer, and off she goes. It is the traveller's business to know the time of starting, and if he gets left once, he is likely to take better care another time.

All this by way of showing how, every

where in America, each man's labor is made to go as far as possible. You find the same distinction between the manufactories of the Old World and those of the New. "In Europe, as business increases, the proprietor enlarges his establishment; in dull times he contracts it. When competition compels, he improves his machinery, so far as he is driven to. If wages are too high, he moves his concern into the country, or to some region where manufactures do not abound. The American pursues another course. He contrives to increase the amount of production. His question is how to get the utmost out of his hands and his machinery. He does not delay improving his tools until he is driven to it, if the improvement is going to save time and money. If wages are high, he compensates himself by means of improved arrangements. It is not the mere machine that gives the American his advantage both in quantity and in quality, it is the way he uses it."

Naturally our traveller is interested in the oil regions, from which half the homes in Switzerland are lighted. He finds the system by which the petroleum is delivered directly from the well to the tanks at the railroads by means of conduits, to be characteristically American. "Among us for years and years the petroleum would have continued to be dragged to the railroad by peasants with their oxen, before it would have been decided to lay the pipes."

Not to dwell too long upon the details in which M. Bally delights, and which give great value to his pamphlet, we may quote some of his descriptions of particular establishments:

"To give a more exact idea of American methods, let me introduce you to the printing-house of — and —, at New York, one of the largest in the world. One day, as I was walking in 'the Swamp' with two of my friends, I was struck by the immense building, and without knowing what it was, I proposed to my friends to take them into it. A few steps further we met a tanner, who gave me a friendly salutation, reminding me that he had been introduced to me a few days before. I asked him what that remarkable building was; he at once offered to show us over it, although he did not know any one in the concern any more than we did. They gave us a guide at the counting-room, who showed us every thing. On the ground-floor are the newspaper presses, working upon stereotype plates; they deliver two copies a second of a great newspaper, printed on both sides. We have similar presses in Europe, to be sure, for the great journals of England and France; we are acquainted also with the folding-machine, which takes the flat sheet, and in one second gives it back as a folded newspaper; but you would hardly find among us such work-women as we saw here, who fold three sheets a second. We asked them, for fun, whether they couldn't work faster than that; and they answered, quite in earnest, 'Not in nice work, but in common work we can.'

"In the artistic department, devoted to wood-engraving, the arrangements are similar to those of European establishments; but I feel bound to say that in the American journals the printing and illustration are handsomer than with us."

But the most instructive part of M. Bal-

ly's testimony is that which relates to his own line of business—the shoe manufacture. The reader will not be surprised to find that he is in advance of his fellow-countrymen, and that his own establishment at Schoenenwerth is organized, as nearly as the case admits, "on the American system." This gives great value to his observations on the points of difference that still remain between his factory and one in America. The factory which he visits, in company with the chief proprietor, is in a Massachusetts country town:

"After a longish trip by railroad, we arrived, feeling thirsty with the tropical heat. The proprietor invited me to dinner at the best hotel of the little town, which had been built by himself. At table he asked me what I would drink. There was neither wine, beer, nor any spirituous liquor to be had in the hotel, nor even in the town. I was not embarrassed, and called for cold tea, for the same thing had occurred to me before, especially on one occasion four years before. That time a friend had asked me to spend three days with him, from Saturday till Monday, at Stoneham, and it was impossible to find in the whole town a drop of the juice of the vine—even of the hop-vine.... A thorough exploration of the factory brought us first to the department where the leather is prepared for the soles. Five stamping-machines furnish all the soles required for a maximum production of 9000 pair a day. At my factory one machine of the same sort can not turn out more than 400 pair of soles a day.

"In this department, as well as in that for cutting the uppers, it is a settled principle to employ none but American workmen. The men are paid by the day; but an account is kept with each, in which he is debited with the amount of leather delivered to him, and credited with the amount of work which he accomplishes. If he falls short of a certain amount of work, or if he wastes too much stock, he is discharged. In shops of the same dimensions with mine, they turn out six times the amount of work. But it should be remarked that in America each manufacturing concern devotes itself to a specialty, while the European houses are under the necessity of executing more or less everything in their general line of business.

"With us, for the 'crimping' of boots the workman is paid about fifty centimes [ten cents] a pair. In this American factory, by means of a crimping-machine and a little stretching apparatus, one man can crimp a pair in eight minutes. By reckoning what we ordinarily pay for a day's work, it is easy to calculate how much quicker the American works than the European. To crimp 3000 pair of boots a day, like the concern of which I am speaking, we should have to keep, with our present methods, not less than 200 workmen for this alone.

"In the sewing shop the feed of the sewing-machine communicates with a pedal. The thread cuts itself the moment the right hand takes away one shoe upper or boot leg, while the left hand brings on the next, the foot still resting on the pedal. So the machine keeps sewing for hours, without cessation, at the rate of 800 stitches a minute.

"The eyelet machine, of which I brought a model home with me, cuts the hole and sets the eyelet at the rate of 175 in a minute.

"With the pegging-machine I have seen, in one minute, two pair of soles pegged to large men's shoes with a double row of pegs. In this space of time, then, the machine has driven 800 pegs, without allowing for the time of fixing the four shoes to the machine and taking them off.

"With us, it takes not less than an hour for a country shoe-maker to finish and polish a pair of common working-men's shoes. In this factory, the seven different operations that go to this work are easily dispatched in ten minutes....

"The proprietor complained of the high rate of

wages. He could not get hands at less than two dollars a day; and so long as this continued, he could not think of doing an export business. I footed up, from his own factory books, the amount he was paying *by the piece*, and found that I was paying double what he was, and yet my men are always grumbling. They work with American machines, and use the same sort of tools, but they are far inferior to the Americans in productive capacity. The same remark has been made by manufacturers who have set up German shoe factories on the American plan, but find that they can not succeed with German workmen."

Another trait of American manufacture is the elasticity with which it accommodates itself to fluctuations in the market, and this also, according to our author, is to be ascribed largely to the character of the workmen:

"I am almost ready to say that the proprietor has only to accelerate or retard the movement of his steam-engine, to get from his hands a proportionately greater or less amount of work. This elasticity extends even to the little workshops. The tools and machines of the small manufacturers are of such a sort that their owners are not so dependent on their hands as they would be among us, where one is often unable to deliver goods at the time agreed upon, because one of his men has been to a wedding, or has been sick, or has gone off suddenly without giving notice. It takes very little apprenticeship to give another man the run of the work, even though he may not have been trained to that line of business; he fills the vacant place, and the employer is saved from embarrassment. The result of this is that manufacturers on a small scale can and do take responsible contracts for work to be delivered at a fixed time. With us, on the other hand, the small employer, instead of exerting himself to attain this result, drifts away from it more and more, and makes up his mind calmly to the deplorable state of things which, to the misery of the public, seems to have become incorporated into the public morals. Our artisans freely undertake to deliver work at a fixed time, and will give all manner of *oral* assurances of punctuality; but woe to the man who trusts to any thing short of a written contract, with a stipulation for indemnity in case of failure; he will find no end of unforeseen circumstances hindering. Instead of reducing such hinderances to the category of exceptions, they have become the rule to such an extent that, even when they do not exist, the contractor thinks it best to mention them by way of apology. I am sure that an American would blush to tell his customer that the prompt delivery of work according to engagement was impossible because one of his workmen had got married. In any case, he would be sure to lose his customers as soon as it appeared that his word was not to be relied on.

"One thing that astonishes a European when he arrives at an American hotel and gives his linen to be washed, is to have it promised back for the next day, be it much or little, and at the hour named to find it in his room in perfect condition. But in America you may trust any artisan as implicitly as you do the washer-woman. No matter how perfect a man's tools may be or how neat his workmanship, he will get no business if he falls into the regular European practice on this point."

What are the old countries to do to meet this formidable danger of American competition? The study of the Continental European press on this subject for the last six months has been full of interest.

Not to dwell upon the various remedies, inappropriate or inadequate to the case, that have been proposed—protective tariff, improvement of machinery, technical schools, patent laws, creation of new industries not

yet liable to American competition—let us advert to those which come to the main point of the trouble, and look toward advancing the character and effectiveness of the European workman.

“So long as the aim of the artisan is to extort from his employer high wages for inferior work, and so long as the existing indifference regarding quality of work continues to prevail, there is no hope for the revival of our manufactures. America has nothing to fear from such competition as this.” Thus M. Bally, recommending that measures be taken to bring the workman to a good understanding for the common advantage. No one will doubt the importance of it—if practicable. The folly of the mobs that broke the spinning-jennies is not yet obsolete on the continent of Europe; a labor-saving machine is looked upon by the workman as a natural enemy. An important branch of industry—the jewelry manufacture—has been for years banished from Switzerland in consequence of frequent strikes and exorbitant demands for wages. One eminent manufacturer of watches in Geneva gave me as a reason for his abandoning the business, the difficulty of getting honest work done by his own men.

Finally, the measure most gravely and reasonably insisted on may thus be stated in the language of M. Bally:

“It is the duty of governments to resist the demoralization of the people, and not to tolerate the invasion of a place by bars and wine shops that devour the people's earnings, train the young men systematically in habits of drunkenness and idleness, and use every expedient to attract customers and induce the largest possible consumption of liquor.... These drinking shops are dens of vice—the gnawing canker of our youth. They make our children lazy, spendthrift, and reckless, and wretched for their whole lives.

“What sort of success can you expect in a business like watch-making, for instance, which has to be so organized that one man shall take the work from the hand of another, and then pass it on to a third, in steady and exact succession, when one of these keeps his Sunday holiday over into Monday, and Tuesday is laid up with a headache; Wednesday, it is another man's turn for the same; Thursday, a third man leaves on military service; Friday, a fourth has an engagement with a lawyer to settle affairs with a creditor—in short, when work is broken up by endless irregularities?

“The American works like a clock. His soda-water and his tea don't give him the headache. He does not brutalize his mind with brandy. He is healthy and contented; his home is pleasant and attractive. Saturday afternoon he has free, and devotes it to getting the house and family ready for Sunday.”

The things that “strike a stranger” among us give us an idea where the difference lies between our country and his. And such descriptions as this of the American workman—his high intelligence, his business integrity and fidelity, his punctual and energetic industry, and his domestic comfort—ought to put to shame and silence the croaking of silly, denationalized tourists who come back to America to complain of the overworked condition of their countrymen, and

to wish we could have more holidays, and more light wines, and a more “genial” way of spending evenings in a beer garden, and especially that we could be emancipated from the austerity of the American Sabbath, and learn to spend the day in a sensible fashion—in excursions and picnics, with a ball in the evening. To one who has studiously compared the working-men of the New World and of the Old, it is obvious that among the causes which have contributed to that personal superiority of the American which is making the manufacturers of all Europe tremble in view of his approaching competition, one of the very foremost is that religious rest on one day in seven which is the necessary condition of the most effective labor on the other six.

A VISIT TO A COUNTRY-HOUSE. AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

MOUNT PLEASANT, June 23.

DEAR KATE,—I do not think Mount Pleasant is a very original name for a country place either, but I'm rather sorry you take that aggressive view of the name. It is plainly because you are not here. If you were, you would own that there is at least some propriety in it, for we are really on a little mount, and it certainly is very pleasant.

I thought, the evening I came, that I had never seen a pleasanter place. We drove up the long hill by a winding road, until we could look quite over the tree-tops, out on the ocean several miles away, and still above us was the house, with its sloping lawns, already brilliant with flaming hearts and triangles of flowers. All along the drives were little rustic nooks, damp and cool with trickling springs. Some were of bark and moss, and looked so natural! but were not natural enough, I've since found out, to tempt snails and thousand-legged worms and other horrid things into them. Then when we reached the house, it was all quite like a story, I assure you. On the porch sat Mrs. Meredith and Charley, and two young ladies of the regulation blonde and brunette type, each in white, and each wearing pink bows and ribbons as ornaments. (I noticed that, the moment I saw them, though I had an awful headache, and I felt sure I would sooner or later find out the reason. I knew, though a blonde might warm up with pink in the winter, that, unless she had a reason for it, she would set her dark rivals wild with envy by looking entrancingly cool in watery green or cloudy blue in the summer. I've heard too many conversations between you and Lina not to know that.) Sitting on a camp-stool near by them, smoking lazily, was a handsome fellow, who watched our progress with a pair of the bluest eyes I ever saw. There

were other people about, some patronizing the croquet ground, and others sitting under the trees. Now you must confess that this was a nice opening scene for my visit.

Of course Mrs. Meredith and Charley came hurrying to meet me, and welcomed me so warmly that I was quite indignant at you for saying, "You'll regret it if you let those common rich people drag you off for the summer," and wagging your head in that knowing way which aggravates me so, especially when I know you are more than half right.

Well, that was only two days ago, to be sure; still I do not yet regret coming. Indeed, I believe I am going to have a good time.

I have an exquisite room, all chintz and French paper; and though, I suppose, you would say, "Rather bambooish, isn't it?" if you were to see it, you know *I* like bamboo furniture, so I think my room is perfectly lovely.

I have settled all of the people in my mind now, and know where they all come from. The two pink girls are Miss Dall and Miss Rogers. The gentleman who was smoking when I came is Mr. Mitchell. Then there is a Yale student and Miss Harmon (quite a nice girl) and Nellie Parker (an odious little wretch, just a year younger than I am, who last night brought confusion into the parlor by introducing one of those awful cards from which the ages of unsuspecting persons can be told) and Henry Wells, to whom she is engaged.

To-morrow we are to have a picnic, and the next evening a ride in a hay wagon. What is to be done after, I do not know, and I'd not tell you if I did, until I see how you take this much.

I wish you would write to me at once, and tell me how you are beginning *your* summer.

Your affectionate sister, GERTIE.

HOME, June 25.

DEAR GERTIE,—Your letter came only this evening at tea-time, and you see how promptly I reply.

I'll only write you a few words now, until I *have* begun my summer. You know the only decided trait in auntie's character is indecision; so we have wavered between morning and evening boats ever since you left us last week. It would have been rather dull if aunt, Lina, Hattie, and I had not sat upon our strapped trunks down in the hall, and quarreled daily, in the most united and harmonious manner, over these unreasonable delays. But now I think we are really off to-morrow.

I do hope you will have a good time. You must forget all I said about the Merediths. I know it is a great relief to poor auntie to have only three girls instead of four on hand. So it is a good thing, after all, that you went.

Yes, your visit did begin quite "like a story," and *I* don't see why something might not come of it. Indeed, I don't see how such a nice girl as you are *can* stay two months in a country-house (with a background of Mrs. Meredith, Charley, and the "pink girls" to throw you into relief) without something coming of it. My mind's eye already sees you (and Mr. Mitchell perhaps) bowing before the foot-lights at the close of the tragedy, comedy, or farce, whichever it proves. All I ask is, don't let it be Charley Meredith; for although I often snub you and treat you badly, I really do love you, and the mere thought of your ever being his wife gives me "quite a turn."

Affectionately, KATE.

P.S.—Don't expect me to approve of hay-wagon rides. They are hideous! One always tears one's dress or falls in getting out, and fells to the earth the awkward wretch who is helping one. Naturally that makes him hate you; and poor but proud as we are, we do not like to wear mended dresses, and can not afford to buy many new ones. So be careful of yours, my dear.

I shall look soon for one of your journalistic letters. The "laters" and "evenings" and "midnights" are always so interesting!

MOUNT PLEASANT, June 30.

DEAR KATIE,—It is just a little over a week since I came, and oh, Katie, you never saw such a lovely time as I am having.

I've found out the secret of the ribbons and bows. Yesterday morning Mr. Mitchell and I walked down the drive just after breakfast. It was lovely—I mean the morning—and we stopped to rest in one of those pretty little grottoes I told you about. I had on my—

Evening.

It is late, but I must at least finish that sentence before I go to bed. You see, just as I got nicely started this morning, I heard Mr. Mitchell at the foot of the stairs calling "Miss Gertie! Miss Gertie!" I know, Kate, that *you* will think a week too short a time for him to call me Miss Gertie; but people can't help getting well acquainted in a short time when they are in the same house. Well, I went to the top of the stairs and asked him what he wanted. He said, "Oh, you are writing, are you?" Then he came part way up, and I sat down on the upper step, and he came and sat down on the one just below. I was still holding my pen, and he said I must have an interesting correspondent, to devote such a glorious morning to him. Then he took my pen, closed it, and put it into his vest pocket, saying I should not waste any more time with it until he chose to let me. So we sat on the cool stairs all morning. Miss Dall and Miss Rogers dragged their crisp white morning dresses up and down past us, getting ready, in the

most ostentatious manner, for a morning walk. I asked him, while they were in their room, if he didn't think it would be better for him to give me my pen and go with them, but he said, "No, thank you; it is much nicer here." So they went off, smiling at me sweetly, but in their hearts longing to push me down stairs, I know.

I don't remember what all we talked about. He looked at my rings, and told me a very interesting story about a moss-agate he wears—a very handsome one that he picked up when he was in the West. Then later he asked me whom I was writing to, and when I would not tell him, he begged to know the last word I wrote. I said "my," which launched him into wildest speculations as to the word which followed.

And that brings me back to the sudden break in my letter. I was going to say I had on my pink cambric, and while we were sitting on a great stone, he said, "What a pretty dress! Pink is my favorite color." So that must explain the secret of the rosy ties, etc., which adorn Miss Dall and her friend. Good-night, I will finish this in the morning.

Morning.

We are just going for a drive, and I will hurry this into an envelope, and mail it while we are at the village.

Hastily, but affectionately, GERTIE.

NEWPORT, July 3.

DEAR GERTIE,—And who are "we," pray tell? As the sublime Dundreary says, "This is becoming monotonous." But why don't you describe this remarkable Mr. Mitchell? What is he like? I can not form a very clear idea of him. If he is conceited, don't wear your pink cambric again. I don't know about the stair scene, Gertie. It speaks well for him that he has been out on the plains; it shows that he has some energy (I wonder if he went *à la* John Brent?). But I must confess that I do not think it was very original in him to look at your rings—a great many young men have looked at mine. Still he *may* not be stupid. You are getting old enough now to know a stupid fellow when you see him. How old is he, and what object or aim has he in life?

I am having a gay time, but it is too unmercifully warm to try to tell you about it.

Lovingly, KATE.

MOUNT PLEASANT, July 20.

DEAR KATE,—I have been so busy that I've actually not had a moment in which to write, and your letter now lies before me dated seventeen long—or short—days ago.

The day it came, I was the only one to receive a letter, and as I sat on the porch reading it, Mr. Mitchell came along and said he thought I ought to divide, as he had

none. Well, just for fun, I folded it up so he could read only these two lines, "How old is he, and what object or aim has he in life?" He laughed, and said to tell you that by Miss Nellie's card he was just thirty-five, but that for the present he did not mean to tell his object or aim in life.

I can describe him to you, Katie, but not very well. He is tall and handsome, has dark waving hair, which he parts in the middle, dresses nicely, wears black neckties, and is rather lazy.

About the plains, I am afraid he crossed them in a parlor-car, and because he had nothing else to do. He does not seem very, *very* happy all the time; indeed, there are times when he seems even sad. He reads beautifully, has published a volume of the loveliest poems—for private circulation—and when he is at home writes a good deal for one of the city dailies. He does not follow any profession, as he is rich enough to live without one. I once asked him why he did not, and he replied that he did not like to feel tied to any thing; so I suppose *you* will think him frivolous.

There are two or three new people here. Miss Dall, the blonde, has put on blue. Miss Rogers and Charley are devoted to each other, so Mr. Mitchell has no one but me. Katie, you know it is nice to have some one devote himself entirely to you, and it is rather flattering, too, to have some one make a study of your character, and surprise you by telling you of traits you possess that even your own sister never discovered, but which you yourself always knew existed.

Now, Katie, you are not for a moment to think I am in love. I only write so much about him that you may see what kind of a man he is.

Midnight.

The-tea bell rang, and I had to go. After tea Mr. Mitchell and I went for a walk, and when we came back we sat on the porch, talking. Every one else was in the parlor, and we could hear the babble of tongues, the shuffling of cards, and the continual runs and trills under Miss Nellie's fingers, so Mr. Mitchell carried our chairs out under the trees. I suppose it is the easiest thing in the world for two people to fall into a sentimental mood, if they happen to be sitting under the trees on a perfect summer night, with nothing in the wide world to do but realize the soft warm shadows around them, and watch the sad moon through the leaves as it sails through the fleecy sky, and talk idly of whatever suggests itself. At all events, we became sentimental.

He began by saying, "How much more appropriate it seems for you to be out here in the moonlight than in that sultry parlor playing cards!" You see, Katie, he always has a way of making me the prominent feat-

ure of every conversation, which is oddly flattering and embarrassing. And then he went on to say that he envied me being so young and innocent and inexperienced, and he made me talk to him. I ran on telling him all of my foolish, childish ideas of life and love—which you have always condemned, Katie—and every thing. He laughed at some and sighed at others, and finally did not say any thing, but just took my hand, and held it quite solemnly.

Now I suppose it is very foolish to write all of this to you, but I'll *tell* it as soon as I see you, so I might just as well write it, for I know you'll want to hear.

After a while I asked him why he was so still, why he did not talk to me. He replied, "I have half a mind to answer the question which your saucy sister asked, and tell you what my aim in life has been since I met you. But I do not know that you would care to hear." I told him that I could not do worse than laugh at him, and that would only be treating him as he deserved, since he had often laughed at me. He said, "Don't laugh at me; I could stand any thing but that." So I promised I would not. "You kind little creature," he answered, "I know you would not. Ah, Gertie, what a dear little loving wife you'll make some happy fellow! If only I might be he!" And oh, Katie, was there ever any thing so dreadful?—just as he said this, Miss Dall and Charley came right up to where we were sitting, and she cried out, "How sentimental you two do look! Don't you know, my dear Miss Gertie, that you are courting consumption, sitting out here in the dew?" But in spite of her concern at my imprudence, she very willingly took Mr. Mitchell's chair, and talked to him and Charley for nearly an hour, until I said I was tired and going in. Then she sprang up, and said she was going too, and we all four entered the house together. I only saw Mr. Mitchell a moment alone in the hall, and he whispered as he said good-night, "How cruel you all are!"

Katie, you know I could not help knowing what he was going to say, and I've sat up here for the last two hours thinking it all over, and I'm so happy that sleep is out of the question. I've never half told you what a splendid, noble fellow he is, because, until this evening, I never felt sure he loved me, and I did not want you to think me a goose, going into raptures over some one who did not care for me. But, Katie, he is just simply perfect. Ah, if only you knew him!

I can scarcely wait until morning comes, so he can finish telling me what he began.

Well, good-night. I've actually written myself sleepy. Before you get this, I suppose I'll be the happiest girl in the world.

Your loving sister, GERTIE.

NEWPORT, July 22.

DEAR GERTIE,—I do not think I ever read a more aggravating, a more tantalizing, letter. What possessed you to send it in that half-finished state? Why didn't you keep it a day or two longer, so you might have told all?

How can you endure Miss Dall after she has treated you so? It was clearly malice. She knew very well what she was doing. I only hope *I* will come across her some day. You poor little innocent! But I needn't pity you, for I suppose by this time you are "the happiest girl in the world," and will be taking on the grand airs of an engaged young lady by the time I see you. I really do not know that I can write any thing more than to send you my blessing, and wonder what kind of an engagement ring Mr. Mitchell will give you.

Write to me at once. I have not yet told aunt and the cousins, for I am waiting to subdue them with the complete story. Lina has been pluming herself so over a conquest she has made, and it will be such fun if you are married ahead of her.

I hope you remember that I said I felt sure something would come of your visit. I am jubilant over your success and my prophetic spirit, and would express myself more enthusiastically if it were not so late and so warm.

Good-by. KATE.

MOUNT PLEASANT, July 22.

DEAREST KATIE,—Can't you get me away? Do make some excuse. Let us go to the mountains for the rest of the summer. Do think of some plan, for I can not stay here.

Oh, if only I had not sent that last letter! It is bad enough for me to know it; but to think I have told you too! Burn it until not an atom remains, and scatter the ashes. Now that I have told you a part, I'll tell you all.

The next morning when I went down to breakfast every body was at the table. *He* was there, and said good-morning in such a cool, unconcerned way, and I was so nervous and embarrassed that I could hardly speak to any one. Mrs. Meredith insisted that I looked pale; feared I had taken cold; and said she would not allow me to sit under the trees another evening. I said I was well, and, as soon as I could, got away from them all and went out upon the porch. In a moment *he* came to me, with my hat in his hand, and said that a walk would bring back my color; and so we started. We wandered off to the wood, I every moment thinking he would resume the conversation of the evening before, but he did not. When we were well into the woods, he found a mossy log for us to sit upon, and, Katie, he talked of *every thing* but the one subject, and he finally took a volume of poems from his pocket, and read from them until it was time for

us to return. I felt as if I had been dreaming; I was perfectly bewildered. After lunch I went to my room, and staid there the rest of the day.

In the evening they all went for a moonlight drive; but before they started, Mr. Mitchell sent me a bunch of wild roses and a note saying he was sorry I had a headache, and asking me to be well and charming as ever in the morning. I prepared to be "well and charming" by lying awake half the night, trying to think it all out. I could not make any thing of it. He had said a great many things during the month that I felt sure he wanted me to understand but in one way; and, last of all, he had said what I told you; and then, though we had been alone together for hours, and I had longed to have him speak the few words which I knew he ought to have spoken, he had been silent.

Then I thought that perhaps he had somehow waited for encouragement, and that he might have thought I did not want him to speak. This was such a relief that I fell asleep at once, glad for an excuse to feel angry with myself instead of with him.

I got up well and happy this morning—how long ago it seems!—and when I went down stairs, I wore some of the sweet wild roses, and the fragrance from them seemed to re-assure me. Every body, and especially Mr. Mitchell, who met me at the foot of the stairs, was glad to see me, and the day passed off pleasantly enough.

Just after sunset he came and asked me to take a drive with him, and after accepting a carriage load of wraps from Mrs. Meredith, we started. Katie, I never can tell you what my feelings were when we started upon that drive, and much less can I tell you what they were when we returned.

To-day I am eighteen, you know, and as we drove along I told him so. "Only eighteen!" he exclaimed. "Your life is just beginning. I wonder what kind of a life it will be? Ah, little Gertie, if only I could have a place in it!"

I did not answer; I could not, you know. How could I? He had not asked me to *give* him a place in my life; how could I *offer* him one? I thought of all these and a hundred other things as we drove along in silence. He was the first to speak finally, and then resumed, as if he, too, had been thinking: "Well, Gertie, I can only hope it will be a happy life, and—that you will allow me always to be *your friend*." Then, without waiting for a reply, he checked the horse and began to talk of the view, which the moonlight made almost as plain as day. We were on a hill overlooking the sea. But what did I care for the effect of the moon upon the sail of a little pleasure-boat, or the gilding of the water in its wake? Oh, Katie, I'll remember that scene to my dying day.

It was marvelously beautiful, but its peacefulness made it hateful to me.

What queer creatures girls are! While he was talking, I was remembering some of the experiences you girls had known of—of men making women believe they loved them, and then, when they had gained their love, turning away and laughing at them. I knew then that I was one of these victims; but I determined that he should not have the satisfaction of laughing at me, so I began to talk and laugh gayly enough; but, oh, how wretched I was!

Soon I asked him to drive back. On the way I know I said all kinds of foolish, reckless things, for I did most of the talking, he being strangely silent. I suppose he was disappointed that I should be so indifferent to him. As he helped me out, something of his old manner returned, and he made a low bow before offering me his hand, saying something about every child being allowed to be a queen upon her birthday, and that he hoped each year would find me as much beloved as now. What mockery! As I sprang to the ground I answered, "Oh, don't talk of love! You are very sentimental to-night; the moonlight must have intoxicated you." You will despise me, Katie, I know you will, when I tell you I regretted these words as soon as they were uttered, he turned so white and looked as if I had struck him. He did not reply, and I have the comfort of knowing that he thinks I do not care for him.

Send for me at once. I *can not* endure another day here, I am so very, very unhappy, and I shall never be glad or happy again. I had thought him so good and noble; but now— Come or send soon. GERTIE.

NEWPORT, July 24.

MY POOR GERTIE,—You may look for me next week. I can not get away any sooner. Endure the days as well as you can, and keep out of his way. I can't write any thing to comfort you, if it is all as you think. But are you sure you have not made a mistake? You *may* have misunderstood him, though hardly. All I can say is, keep your self-respect, even if you do break your heart. That is, your heart won't break; it will only ache fearfully, and make you wish you were dead. Perhaps it would be better if you were, for a girl with such a bitter experience at eighteen is not likely to be a very sweet person ten years later. But we'll talk it all over when we meet. I dare say you've done right. Your loving sister,

KATE.

P.S.—I'm awfully disappointed, too. Now Lina will be too uppish for any good at all.

MOUNT PLEASANT, July 24.

MY DEAR KATIE,—Oh, these midnight epistles! I'm almost afraid to write this

one, lest, as soon as it is gone, I should tear my hair and wail with regret, just as I've done after sending the last two.

To-day you'll get my letter of two days ago. It will throw you into a rage, and this will arrive forty-eight hours later, to subdue it, I hope. I feel, after doing so much mischief and making people I love so wretched, that I'm not worthy to write them a letter or speak to them any more. But indeed I was too miserable to know I was an idiot—a blind, stupid creature breaking some one else's heart as well as my own. Still, if you are not too much disgusted with me, I might try to tell you why I write this letter. Don't read it if you have too great a contempt for me.

Let me see—where did I leave off? Oh yes, just after that terrible drive. Well, the next day I did not go down until nearly noon, and there was no one to be seen, as every body had gone for an impromptu picnic arranged at breakfast. It was quite late when they returned, and I only saw Mr. Mitchell before all the others. We all talked just as if nothing perfectly awful had happened, until he lit a cigar and went into the garden to smoke. Soon after, I said good-night and ran up to my room, from the window of which I could see him walking about the garden. I watched him until he went in, and although I hated myself for doing so, it was still a comfort, and I did not feel so desolate. When he disappeared, I went miserably to bed, but not to sleep.

What we have done all day is not worth writing. He was away with Charley Meredith until evening. After tea, I was sitting by an open window listening to him and some of the others talking outside. Presently he left them, and began walking up and down on the terrace. As he passed the window he saw me and stopped. I don't think he wanted to talk to me, but I suppose he felt obliged to, as no one else was entertaining me. The same feeling, I fancy, prompted him to ask me, rather stiffly, if I would like to go into the garden.

Now, Katie, foolish as I know it was, I had been adding to my miserable feelings by remembering how rude my last words to him had been, and I had determined that, the first opportunity I had, I would say something to efface them. So, although I felt he was angry with me, and did not really wish me to walk with him, I said I would go, knowing it was probably my only chance to speak to him.

It was very difficult to begin, as he was so indifferent and quiet. But I was not going to give up my intentions, all the more because I felt that he put on that lofty air to show me he had a contempt for me.

Now I don't ask you to respect me for the silly way in which I conducted the conver-

sation. I know you'll think me very weak; but I'm *so* happy and *so* glad I persisted in opening it!

At last I said I was going home. His only reply was, "Indeed! I thought you were to stay some time longer." This sounded so very disagreeable that my humility fled, and I said, angrily, "I do not tell you because I think you care whether I go or stay." He looked at me, and asked, as indifferently as ever, "Why should I care? You do not wish me to." Then I did not know what to say next, and I felt *so* baffled. Indeed, I did not dare speak again, lest he'd see how near to crying I was. I suppose he *did* see, for he added, in a friendlier tone, "Well, I hope we part friends?" I replied, "I hope so too. I feel as if you think I was very rude the other evening. I want to tell you why I said—" I had to stop there, for I suddenly remembered that I couldn't tell him; besides, he interrupted me with, "Oh, never mind; you ladies usually make these matters worse when you try to mend them. I was foolish to care for your words; you are a mere child, compared with my years."

As soon as he called me a child, I acted like one. I knew I would cry in another moment, and so turned quickly to go into the house, saying, "Haven't you been cruel enough already, without saying that?" He caught my arm. "What do you mean by saying I have been cruel, Gertie? What have I done?"

I sat down upon a bench near by, and he sat down too. I was crying in good earnest now, but I answered as well as I could: "You know what you have done; you know you have made me perfectly wretched. You have pretended to care for me—when you did not—when you were just making fun of me." He seemed quite stunned, but said, "I do not understand you at all. Do tell me what you mean. I too have been 'perfectly wretched' because you gave me so clearly to understand that you cared nothing for me. You have remained coldly silent upon two occasions when I tried to speak to you of something I longed to have you hear. I did not blame you for that, for I thought you a candid, honest little girl, and if you did not love me, I did not wish to make you hear. I was foolish to think you *could* love me. But when you openly sneered at what you called my *sentiment*, I then saw that, young as you were, you had learned to play most skillfully with a man's best feelings—" I could not stand another word, and I cried out, "Oh, how *could* you think so mean a thing of me? How could you doubt me? Didn't you know all the time that I loved you? How could I help loving you?"

And oh, Katie, we were so perfectly happy after that storm! We sat and talked a long time, and could scarcely forgive our-

selves for making each other so unhappy. That is about all there is to tell. Don't disarrange your plans on my account, for I'm quite willing to stay.

Mr. Mitchell goes to Newport next week, where he will see aunt. I know you'll all think him perfectly splendid. He is *such* a darling, and I'm *so* happy! Good-night.

Your loving sister, GERTIE.

P.S.—You see something *has* come of my visit, after all.

WAIFS FROM MOTLEY'S PEN.

"I SHOULD like to have you publish in the *New World* two translations from the German, which you printed somewhere between 1837 and 1840 in the *New Yorker*. One is called 'The Diver,' from Schiller; the other, a 'Wine Song,' from *Heinrich v. Ofterdingen*, by Novalis. I ask you to do this because I have literally no copy of them; I can't get any."

In looking over some old papers which had lain I know not how many years in an out-of-the-way garret corner, I found the letter from which the foregoing extract is taken, written by Mr. John Lothrop Motley to my father, Mr. Park Benjamin, then editor of the *New World*. With the hope of discovering these early productions of Mr. Motley's Muse—for at the time of their writing he must have been under twenty-six years of age—and at the same time conjecturing that his kinship to Mr. Benjamin would naturally lead him to seek the friendly columns of the *New World* as a medium for publishing other compositions, I undertook a protracted and careful search through the files of that journal and the *New Yorker*, which I fortunately have in my library. My object, it is hardly necessary to state, was to save from oblivion these stray waifs from the pen of the future historian, and, through their present republication, to leave them in available form for the coming biographer. The fact that Mr. Motley did not sign the poems above alluded to, renders it possible that many were passed over by me without recognition. Indeed, I encountered several the style of which bore a marked similarity to his; but I hesitate in forming any definite conclusion regarding them, preferring to leave their consideration to the judgment of the many intimate literary friends of Mr. Motley, whose opinion in the matter I deem more trustworthy than my own. It will suffice, therefore, to state here merely that such compositions exist, and that they are chiefly to be found in the files of the *New World* for the years 1841, 1842, and 1843.

The missive quoted above bears no date; but this is easily supplied, as its contents show it to have been written immediately after the defeat of Henry Clay in the Presidential campaign of 1844. The poems re-

ferred to I found in the issue of the *New Yorker* for January 19, 1839, and in that for the week following. They are now presented:

THE DIVER.

A BALLAD—FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

"Now who will venture—knight or page—

To plunge in the abyss,
And dare the roaring whirlpool's rage?

This golden prize be his
Who brings to me again the beaker;
Thus I reward the daring seeker."

The monarch speaks, and downward throws

The beaker in the waves;
The billows o'er it darkly close,
And thunder through their caves.

"Who of ye all, I ask again,
Has the heart the golden prize to gain?"

But the knights and pages silently

The monarch's voice have heard;
They gaze below on the boiling sea,
And reck not the royal word;
And thrice the monarch loudly cries,
"Has none the heart to win the prize?"

But all is silent—all is still;

When lo! a youthful page
Obeys the monarch's royal will,
And dares the torrent's rage.
Full many a warrior and lady, in sooth,
Gazed, full of wonder, upon the youth.

He steps to the precipice's brink,

And looks on the torrent below;
And he sees from forth the awful sink
The vortex its billows throw.

While, with a roar like distant thunder,
The struggling waves are rent asunder.

And the billows howl, and roar, and hiss,

As when waters with fire unite;
And to heaven, from the dark abyss,
Mounts the foam, all sparkling white;
And it seems, in the terrible commotion,
As if the ocean gave birth to an ocean.

But see! for a moment the storm is spent,

And black through the snowy foam,
Behold in the rock a yawning rent,
Deep, dark as a demon's home;
And through the hideous tunnel, behold!
The glistening billows are downward rolled.

Now quick, ere the surge returns, the youth

A hasty prayer doth pray,
And horror bursts from every mouth,
For the whirlpool hath borne him away;
And over the desperate swimmer's head
The waters murmur, hoarse and dread.

'Tis death-like still above, around,

But below howls the torrent fell;
While trembling accents faintly sound,
"Adventurous spirit, farewell!"

The thundering surge appalls the sense,
As they wait in shuddering suspense.

And if below your crown you'd fling,

And say, "Be his the meed,
Who wins, to wear it and be king,"
There's none the prize would heed.
The secrets of yon awful cell
No living human tongue shall tell.

Full many a ship that surge has cast

Below to a dismal grave,
And many a shattered keel and mast
Float on that greedy wave,
While far along the sounding shore,
List to the rising tempest's roar.

And the billows howl, and roar, and hiss,

As when waters with fire unite;
And to heaven, from the dark abyss,
Mounts the foam, all sparkling white;

And, with a roar like distant thunder,
The waves again are rent asunder.

But through the darkness, suddenly,
Lo! something swan-like white:
An arm and a glancing neck they see,
Opposing the whirlpool's might:
'Tis he! 'tis he!—and with joyful eyes
He bears on high the golden prize!

He comes in triumph through the ring,
And lowly bends the knee.
To his lovely daughter then speaks the king,
"Now fill the cup for me!"

She fills it with sparkling wine to the brink,
And the monarch loudly bids him drink.

And the youth exclaimed, "Joy! joy to those
Who breathe in the rosy light!
But fearful things yon depths disclose
To him who tempts their might.
Woe, woe to those who rashly dare
The dark and mystic veil to tear!"

"The torrent bore me lightning-swift
On its foaming waves away;
The whirlpool rushed from the yawning rift,
Contending for the prey.
Down, downward I was madly hurled,
By the raging vortex dizzily whirled.

"Yet God had not His aid withheld:
He had heard my hasty prayer,
For a jutting rock my eyes beheld,
And I grasped impatient there;
And by the rock where entranced I clung,
The beaker upon the coral hung.

"Far under me opened, dark and deep,
The terrible chasm's jaw;
The ear was bound in eternal sleep,
But the eye with horror saw
The dragon monster's hideous brood
All slowly creeping beneath the flood.

"A dismal crowd through the waters green
My shuddering senses mark:
The bristling roach, and the haberdine,
The ray, and the ghastly shark;
He oped his jaws with threatening motion,
That foul hyena of the ocean.

"And awful thoughts my soul oppressed,
Which bitterly did groan,
To be the only feeling breast
'Mid those dreadful things alone;
Far, far from the sound of the human tongue
Was the lonely rock where entranced I clung.

"The grisly shark toward me moved,
And his greedy eyeballs rolled;
But the hideous fish my saviour proved,
For I loosed my slippery hold,
And the torrent tore me swift away,
And bore me again to the light of day."

Then full of wonder stood the king,
And cried, "The cup is thine!
And here, behold! this precious ring,
The costliest that is mine;
And to your meed this gem I throw,
If once more you descend to the caverns below."

But the princess to the monarch came,
And prayed, with tearful eyes,
"Oh, father! enough of the fearful game—
He has gallantly won the prize;
But if still a desperate feat you need,
Let a knight surpass a page's deed."

But the monarch suddenly seized the cup,
And flung it again in the sea:
"Now bring me once more that beaker up,
My trustiest knight thou'lt be;
And the lovely princess at your side
Shall clasp you to-night as your blushing bride."

His words the page's soul inspire,
As he looks on the lovely maid;
His eyes are flashing with noble fire—
Her glance has his toil repaid;

And burning to win so bright a wreath,
He plunges below, for life or death.

They hear the surges' heavy swell,
And feel the whirlpool's shock;
The foaming waves they see full well,
As they thunder past the rock;
And the billows rush wide over the main,
But none restore that page again.

WINE SONG.

FROM NOVALIS'S "HEINRICH VON OFTERDINGEN."

On verdant hills the god is born
Who brings to us the joys of heaven,
To whom, upon his natal morn,
The sun his warmest beams hath given.

In spring is sowed the germ of pleasure;
And when the harvest's womb is rife,
When wave the fields with autumn's treasure,
The golden child springs forth to life.

A narrow cradle then receives him,
In caverned vaults below the earth;
But bolt nor caverned vault bereaves him
Of many a festal dream of mirth.

Let none approach his mystic dwelling
When in impatient strength he burns,
And full of youthful vigor swelling,
Each band and fetter proudly spurns;

For unseen sentinels watch o'er him,
His cradled slumbers ever near;
And he who dares approach before him,
Falls by an air-enwoven spear.*

But when the bands no more infold him
He opens wide his sparkling eyes;
And when no more his guards withhold him,
To meet his minions forth he flies.

Forth from his cradle's dim recesses,
In crystal clad, behold him move;
And lo! within his right he presses
The full-blown rose of peace and love.

His gay apostles, then surrounding
Their god, their jocund mirth express,
And loud a thousand tongues resounding
Swell the glad hymn of thankfulness.

In rays of rapture brightly beaming,
The life of life behold him send;
And from his cup, with nectar streaming,
Quaffs deeply Love—his warmest friend.

As spirit of the golden ages,
The poet's cause he hallows yet,
Who still, in visions, lays, and pages,
Acknowledges the sacred debt.

A boon to him the god presented:
To press the lips of lovely dames;
And that his right be ne'er prevented,
He thus his privilege proclaims.

A dramatic sketch entitled, "Blue-beard:
a Story in Five Acts, translated from the
German (of Tieck) by J. L. Motley," appears
in the *New World* of December 19, 1840. One
poem occurs in the play as follows:

SONG.

Hark! how the forest
Like winter is sighing!
Forth from its branches
Love's visions are flying,
And over the meadows
Steal the cloud shadows.

* Alluding to the noxious exhalations of wine from
fermentation, during which process it is in Germany
inclosed in the earth.

O'er mountain and dale
 The tempest is driving,
 The wanderer is striving;
 The moon lights the vale.
 From the dim grove a cry
 Floats plaintively by;
 The vow that was broken
 Floats off on the breeze;
 Like lightning each token
 Of happiness flees.
 Our dark life effaces
 Joy's glittering traces;
 Every dream has departed,
 And we weep, broken-hearted.
 Carnations and roses
 Were wreathed on my head;
 But ah! how soon withered!
 Those garlands are dead.
 The Summer departing,
 Leaves Winter her sway,
 And Love spreads his pinions
 And flies far away.

Confusing existence,
 Thou wild inconsistency!
 Hope and remembrance—
 Our joy and our woe—
 Ah! these, and these only,
 Our trembling hearts know.

Here is a sonnet translated for the *New World* from the Spanish of Calderon de la Barca (April 2, 1842), which constitutes the single exception which I feel warranted in making to my rule of excluding from this little collection all compositions which can not positively be identified as Mr. Motley's. It is signed "M.," and dated from Cambridge:

SONNET.

Those flowers that wore a flush of joy and pride,
 With the awaking dawn their buds unclosing,
 In the chill night's encircling arms reposing,
 Shall breathe of hopeless grief at even-tide.

That arch of streaming purple, snow, and gold,
 With floating change of hues the sky adorning,
 Is of our human life a sign and warning,
 So brief its span, its hopes and deeds so bold.

Moist with the dewy dawn, the bursting roses
 Glow till their fragrant life in fading closes:
 Their tomb, their cradle, doth one bud unfold.
 Such destiny man finds himself repeating:
 One day beholds life's coming and its fleeting,
 While but as hours seem ages that have rolled.

But one original poem of Mr. Motley's has rewarded my quest. It is entitled

LINES WRITTEN AT SYRACUSE.

Is this the stately Syracuse,
 Proud Corinth's favorite child,
 Hymned by immortal Pindar's Muse,
 Thus groveling, thus defiled?
 Tamer of Agrigentum's might,
 And Carthage's compeer,
 Humbler of Athens in the fight,
 And art thou mouldering here?

Still Syracuse's cloudless sun
 Shines brightly day by day,
 And, as 'twas Tully's boast, on none
 Seems to withhold his ray;
 Still blooms her myrtle in the vale,
 Her olive on the hill,
 And Flora's gifts perfume the gale
 With countless odors still.
 The myrtle decks no hero's sword,
 But ah! the olive waves,
 Type of inglorious peace, adored
 By hosts of supple slaves!

Round broken shaft and mouldering tomb
 And desecrated shrine
 The wild goat bounds, the wild rose blooms,
 And clings the clustering vine;
 And mark that loitering shepherd boy
 Reclined on yonder rock,
 His listless summer hours employ
 In piping to his flock.
 Ah! Daphnis here, in earlier day,
 By laughing nymphs was taught,
 While Pan rehearsed the artless lay,
 With tenderest music fraught;
 Ay, and the pastoral Muse inspired
 Upon these flowery plains
 Theocritus, the silver-lyred,
 With sweeter, loftier strains.

I stood on Acradina's height
 Whose marble heart supplied
 The bulwarks, hewn with matchless might,
 Of Syracuse's pride;
 Where Dionysius built his cave,
 And, crouching, crept to hear
 The unconscious curses of his slave
 Poured in the 'tyrant's ear';
 The prison where the Athenians wept,
 And hapless Nicias fell—
 With citrons now and flowers entwined,
 The friar's quiet cell;
 The fragrant garden there is warm,
 The lizard basking lies,
 And, mocking desolation, swarm
 The painted butterflies.

I stood on Acradina's height,
 And, spread for miles around,
 Vast sculptured fragments met my sight,
 With weeds and ivy crowned.
 Brightly those scattered marbles gleamed,
 In wild profusion strown;
 The city's whitening bones they seemed,
 To bleach and moulder thrown.
 I gazed along the purple sea,
 O'er Lestrygonia's plain,
 Whence sprang, of old, spontaneously
 The tall and bearded grain,
 And nourished giants—proudly sweep
 Those plains, those corn fields wave—
 Do Titans still the harvest reap?
 Go ask yon toiling slave!

Brightly in yonder azure sky
 Old Etna lifts his head,
 Around whose glittering shoulders fly
 Dark vapors wildly spread.
 Say, rises still that ceaseless smoke,
 Old Vulcan's fires above,
 Where Cyclops forged, with sturdy stroke,
 The thunder-bolts of Jove?

Mark where the gloomy King of Hell
 Descended with his bride;
 By Cyane her girdle fell,
 Yon reedy fountain's side,
 Where Proserpine descended, still
 The crystal water flows,
 Though sullied now, that sister rill
 Where Arethusa rose.
 Ay, while I gaze, eternal Greece!
 Thy sunny fables throng
 Around me, like the swarming bees
 Green Hybla's mount along—
 By Enna's plain, by Hybla's mount,
 By yon Æolian isles,
 By storied cliff, by fabled fount,
 Still, still thy genius smiles.

Alas! how idle to recall
 Bright myths forever fled,
 When real urns lie shattered all
 Where slept the mighty dead!
 Spurn Fancy's wing for History's pen,
 Call up yon glorious host—
 Not demi-gods, but godlike men—
 Invoke Timoleon's ghost!

Or turn where starry Science weeps,
And tears the briers that hide
The tomb where Archimedes sleeps,
Her victim and her pride.

In vain, sweet Sicily! the fate
Of Proserpine is thine;
Chained to a despot's sceptred state,
A crownless queen to pine.
Thy beauty lured the Bourbon's lust,
And Ceres flings her horn,
Which scattered plenty, in the dust,
Again her child to mourn.
All desolated lies thy shore,
Fallow thy fertile plains;
And shall thy sons aspire no more
To burst their iron chains?
No; when yon buried Titan rears
His vast and peerless form,
By Etna crushed, ten thousand years,
Through earthquake, fire, and storm
Shall man, arising in his strength,
Erect and proudly stand,
Spurning the tyrant's weight at length,
The Titan of the land!

In many of the biographical sketches of Mr. Motley which have come under my notice since his decease, it is stated that his first essay in novel-writing (*Morton's Hope; or, the Memoirs of a Provincial*) met with little or no success, and that the author himself, in after years, condemned the book. At the risk of being charged with a digression—for I intended to string together but a few withered flowers of forgotten poesy—I venture to quote a notice of the work which might well cause its writer to wait many years before meditating literary infanticide. The reviewer is Theodore Hook, and in the *New Monthly Magazine* he says: "There is a manliness and a concentration in the author's style that at once evinces his power; and he possesses, in an eminent degree, that most rare and difficult art in story-telling—the knowing where to stop. He never launches out into digressions, nor wearies the reader with unnecessary remarks and explanations. His meaning is at once stamped clear and finished, and requires no after-touching to render it more complete." How well the critic describes, thus concisely, some prominent characteristics of Mr. Motley's later writings I need not more than suggest. But just then the author himself seems to have been buoyed up by no very sanguine anticipations of future success. Despite the flattering dicta of the critics, he says, thinly veiling his own personality under that of his hero, who, by-the-way, had resolved upon being a great historian and poet, "Alas! for the golden imaginations of our youth! They are all disappointments. They are bright and beautiful, but they fade. They glitter brightly enough to deceive the wisest and most cautious, and we garner them up in the most secret caskets of our hearts; but are they not like the coins which the Dervise gave the merchant in the story? When we look for them the next morning, do we not find them withered leaves?"

I began with a paragraph from the yellow

old letter before me. Let me close with another one, peculiarly and amusingly applicable to the present period, when the reeking atmosphere of a tense political struggle still lingers about us. There is a good deal of honest indignation expressed, a too-hasty conclusion drawn; but there is much quiet fun in the writer's wholesale strictures on the politicians, and few will be able to repress a smile over the modest political career which the future minister to St. James once saw opening before him. After speaking of James K. Polk's election, he continues:

"And the way in which it has been done—the outrageous frauds, the Polk and tariff cry in Pennsylvania, Polk and free trade in Carolina, and, more atrocious than all, the infernal lies about Clay's private character, which is really admirable, and which has been so slandered that it has been, instead of a powerful recommendation, almost his greatest obstacle—all these things taken together, I think must disgust any man with popular institutions, and with the very dirty politics which are their result. All these things must, in short, to use the energetic language of the 'Balm of Columbia' advertisement, 'bring every generous-thinking youth to that heavy, sinking gloom which not even the loss of property can produce, but only the loss of hair, which brings a premature decay, causing many to shrink from being uncovered, and even to shun society to avoid the jests and sneers of their acquaintances. The remainder of their lives is consequently spent in retirement.'

"Before dropping the subject, and to show the perfect purity of my motives, I will only add that I am not at all anxious about the legislation under the new government. I desired the election of Clay as a moral triumph, and because the *administration* of the country, at this moment of ten thousand times more importance than its legislation, would have been placed in pure, strong, and determined hands. It is now in the hands of the lowest of the low. The administration of Polk will be even worse and more low-lived than that of Tyler. That seems impossible now, but I believe every body will agree to it before it is over. As to the tariff, I am not afraid of them. As to Texas, if it be annexed, the result will inevitably be a separation of the Free States from the Slave States—a dissolution of the Union, which will, I think, ensue much sooner than we have been accustomed to believe. This is, perhaps, a result not very much to be deprecated; so that, so far as we of the North are concerned, it does not matter much whether Texas is annexed or not. The abolitionists now avow that they promoted the election of Polk in order to hasten the dissolution of the Union. This they now avow as their leading measure. They are the dissolution party, and (as the elec-

tion statistics of each succeeding year prove) they are increasing in number every day. There is no attachment to the Union, no loyalty any where. The sentiment of loyalty is impossible under our institutions. Loyalty implies both respect and love; and who can respect or love institutions of which the result is four years of Tyler followed by four years of Polk?

"I don't mean to express any opinions on these matters. I haven't got any. It seems to me now that the best way is to look at the hodge-podge, be good-natured if possible, and laugh

"As from the height of contemplation
We view the feeble joints men totter on."

"I began a tremendous political career during the election, having made two stump speeches of an hour and a half each—one in Dedham Town-hall and one in Jamaica Plains—with such eminent success that many invitations came to me from the surrounding villages. If I had continued in active political life I might have risen to be vote distributor, or fence viewer, or selectman, or hog-reeve, or something of the kind."

A RAILROAD STUDY.

AMONG the social forces of the modern world the railroad holds unquestionably the first place. There is not a single occupation or interest which it has not radically affected. Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, city and country life, banking, finance, law, and even government itself, have all felt its influence. But especially has the railroad been a potent influence in providing the material organization for the diffusion of culture among the people, and thus preparing the conditions for a new step in the social progress of the world.

It was in 1830, on December 9, that the first locomotive built in this country was finished at the West Point Foundry. It is quite possible that young men who saw it may still be in existence, and be yet in a condition of vigorous maturity. At probably but very few eras within recorded history has the good fortune been afforded within the compass of a single life to witness such social changes as the locomotive has produced. This first locomotive was, by a happy chance, called the "Best Friend," and was constructed for the South Carolina Railroad, from Charleston to Hamburg, in that State, under the personal supervision of E. L. Miller, who was a strong advocate for the use of steam-power at this time, when its success was still problematical. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which was chartered in 1827, was in process of construction, and was ranked among the supporters of the claims of horse-power. This was used on the two small railways,

one at Quincy, Massachusetts, built to transport granite from the quarries to tide-water, and the other, known as the Mauch Chunk road, built to carry coal from the Summit mines, in Pennsylvania, to the landing on the Lehigh River, and which were the only railroads in existence in 1827.

In 1828, January 30, the South Carolina Railroad was chartered by the Legislature, and has always claimed for itself that it was the first road in the country undertaken with the intention of using steam-power. Mr. E. L. Miller had such a faith in the success of steam that he agreed to take the responsibility of the construction of this first locomotive, which on trial proved its efficiency. From a report, dated May 1, 1833, made by Alexander Black, commissioner of the South Carolina Railroad, to Elias Horey, its president, another fact concerning this first locomotive appears which is singularly suggestive. Mr. Black says: "The 'Best Friend' was accepted by the company, and performed with entire success until the next summer, without a single day's interruption, until the negro who acted as fireman, being incommoded by the unpleasant noise of the steam escaping through the safety-valve, ventured on the experiment of confining it by pressing the weight of his body on the lever-gauge of the safety-valve, which experiment resulted in the explosion of the boiler."

In the recent Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia the Pennsylvania Railroad had on exhibition a locomotive, named the "John Bull," which was built in 1831 by George and Robert Stephenson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. It was made not three years after Stephenson had built the "Rocket," the first locomotive ever constructed. The "John Bull" was ordered by the Camden and Amboy Railway, and stood in the Exhibition, to which it had not only worked its way, but had drawn several passenger-cars, of an equally venerable antiquity with itself, upon pieces of the original iron rails, rolled in England for the first construction of the road.

The advent of the railroad in this country was most opportune as a practical settlement of the question of internal improvements, which had for years been so hotly contested. In 1796 Tennessee was admitted to the Union, and the same year Congress authorized the survey of the lands north of the Ohio, and their offer for sale, at an upset price of two dollars an acre, with a year's credit, and ten per cent. discount for cash. By the ordinance of 1787 slavery was prohibited within this Territory, and the next year the first settlement in Ohio was made at Marietta, at the mouth of the Muskingum, the place being named in honor of Marie Antoinette. The same year Fort Washington, on the site of Cincinnati, was

built, and a road, constructed by Virginia, and about 300 miles long, finished from Alexandria to the Ohio, ending opposite Marietta. The Ohio Company, the organization of which had been made before the Revolution, in 1787 bought a tract of 5,000,000 acres, extending along the Ohio, from the Muskingum to the Scioto, for two-thirds of a dollar an acre, payable in installments and in certificates of the public debt. The settlement at Marietta was made under their auspices. A company, under the leadership of the Rev. Manasseh Cutter, who is said to have suggested the provision prohibiting slavery in the ordinance for the government of the Territory, started in December from Massachusetts, and travelling by land, reached their destination the next April. Population flowed so rapidly into the new Territory that, in 1802, the people having petitioned for the right to organize a State government for themselves, permission was granted them for a Convention to be held at Chillicothe, in November of this year, for this purpose. When this was done, by a mutual agreement the settlers in the State and Congress made the following compact to induce further emigration, and to obtain the needed communication with the older settled portions of the country: by an irrevocable ordinance lands purchased from the United States were exempt for four years from taxation, and Congress granted one township in each section for school purposes, and agreed to give five per cent. of the money derived from the sale of the public lands to the construction of roads. This fund was subsequently divided—three per cent. to be expended upon roads within the State, and two per cent. for roads leading to the East.

From this date the question of internal improvements began to assume prominence in our politics; and the Cumberland Turnpike, running from Cumberland, Maryland, to the Ohio, occupied the attention of Congress at various times up to 1836, when its control was abandoned to the States. This road cost for its construction \$6,670,000, and is now merely a highway, a parallel railroad route having deprived it of the importance it once held when it was known as the "national road." It was in vetoing a bill for the "preservation and repair" of this road that President Monroe examined the whole matter of internal improvements in an elaborate paper. There were then two parties upon the subject, as there have been subsequently upon matters of similar import; then, as now, those who saw insuperable objections to the government undertaking any business to meet the necessities of the people having no kind of objection to its transferring the performance of such matters to private parties, and aiding them. Of course, with the chance of government

undertaking the work of internal improvements, there were abundant projects presented to Congress; and in 1810 propositions were before that body for the United States to aid by taking half the stock of the companies proposing to construct canals from Boston to Narraganset Bay; from New York to the Delaware; from the Delaware to the Chesapeake; from the Chesapeake to Albemarle Sound; from New York to Lakes Champlain, Ontario, and Erie; round the Falls of Niagara; from the Appomattox to the Roanoke; from the Tennessee to the Tombigbee; and a series of turnpike-roads from Maine to Georgia, which were to form a grand, continuous mail-route.

That there was need for new methods of intercommunication, the increasing population made every day more apparent. In 1784 the cost of transportation from Philadelphia to Erie is stated to have been \$249 a ton, the method being by pack-horses principally, which were driven in lines of ten or twelve, each horse being tied to the tail of the one preceding, so that the train was under the management of a single driver. Each horse carried a pack weighing about 200 pounds. In 1789 the first saw-mill in Ohio was built by the New England Ohio Company, about sixteen miles from Marietta, on Wolf Creek, about a mile above its junction with the Muskingum. The crank for this mill was made in New Haven, Connecticut, and weighed 180 pounds. It was carried by pack-horses over the mountains to the Youghiogheny River, at Simrel's Ferry, and thence shipped by water to Marietta. This same year the first wagon-load of goods is said to have been transported, by the southern route, through Virginia, from Hagerstown, Maryland, to Brownsville, Pennsylvania, whence, by the Monongahela, water communication was had with the Ohio River. A train of four horses could take a ton from Hagerstown and return in a little less than a month, the distance being 140 miles, at a charge of three dollars a hundred-weight, or sixty dollars a ton.

In 1808, Albert Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury, made a report upon the subject of internal improvements. In this he stated that a great number of roads had been built in the Eastern and Middle States, while few had been constructed south of the Potomac. The roads were chiefly turnpikes, varying in cost from less than \$1000 a mile to \$14,000. The toll collected paid an interest on the investment varying from less than three per cent. to eleven per cent. Since 1803 Connecticut had incorporated fifty turnpike companies. New York, in less than seven years, had incorporated sixty-seven turnpike companies, their nominal capital being about \$5,000,000, and twenty-one companies with a capital of \$400,000

to build toll-bridges. The report recommended that \$2,000,000 should be appropriated yearly for the next ten years in improving the means of intercommunication between the different parts of the Union, and made suggestions for certain specific measures of this nature.

The operations on the lakes during the war of 1812 called attention again to the cost of transportation, and in 1818 the House directed the Secretaries of War and of the Treasury to report at the next session a list of the internal improvements in progress, and plans for aiding them by appropriations. In the discussion upon this motion it was stated that the expense for the transportation of each barrel of flour to Detroit was not less than sixty dollars, while for every pound of ammunition and other material it was not less than fifty cents. The reports were placed before Congress the next year, but nothing was done about them. The condition of the Treasury was not such as justified any appropriations, and the advent of the Missouri Compromise, with the collapse of the bank, occupied public attention, and directed that of Congress from matters as prosaic as the building of roads. But the enterprising minds of the country were still busy upon the question of steam transportation. In 1819, May 24, the side-wheel steamer *Savannah* left that port on a voyage to Liverpool, where she arrived on the 20th of June, having exhausted her supply of coal after twelve days' steaming. Her captain was Moses Rogers, who had commanded the *Clermont* in her trip up the Hudson in 1807. John Stevens, of New York, who was greatly interested in the whole question of steam transportation, and had in 1812 published a book entitled *Documents to prove the Superior Advantages of Railways and Steam-Carriages over Canal Navigation*, and had proposed to build a railway from Albany, New York, to Lake Erie, succeeded, in 1823, with his associates, in obtaining from the Legislature of Pennsylvania a charter for the construction of a road from Philadelphia to Columbia, in Lancaster County, a distance of a little over eighty miles. As they failed to carry out their contract, in 1826 an act incorporating the Columbia, Lancaster, and Philadelphia Railroad Company was passed by the Legislature, which in 1828 authorized the construction of the road by the State, and it was completed in October, 1834.

On the 1st of January, 1832, it was reported that there were nineteen railroads either completed or in process of construction in the United States, and that their aggregate length was nearly 1400 miles. Though Congress afforded no material aid to this new era of internal improvements—the land-grant system not having been yet

invented—yet this same year it exempted from duty the iron imported for railways and inclined planes, and actually used for their construction. In 1840 it has been estimated that our yearly average of railroad construction was about 500 miles. In 1850 this average had increased to 1500. In 1860 it was nearly 10,000, and in 1871 it was stated that enterprises requiring an expenditure of \$800,000,000, and involving the construction of 20,000 miles of railroad, were in actual process of accomplishment. In 1872 the aggregate capital of the railroads of the United States, which were estimated to embrace one-half of the railroads of the civilized world, was stated to amount to the sum of \$3,159,423,057, their gross revenue being \$473,241,055.

Thus within forty years, within a little more than a generation, this enormous amount of wealth had, as it were, been created from nothing. Here is probably twenty times more wealth than was obtained by the "conquistadores" of the sixteenth century at the time of the discovery of America, when all Europe was made wild by the stories of untold gold in the new-found world. The difference in the methods of its acquisition may roughly indicate the progress made in two centuries toward the organization of labor. The Spanish conquerors decimated the flourishing countries they obtained possession of by the sword, and making slaves of the natives, actually exterminated them in many of the West India Islands by their enforced labor in the mines. The advent of the railroad has made the settlement of the whole West possible, and raised the production of cereals in the United States for the year 1872, according to the Agricultural Department, to the enormous total of 1,656,198,100 bushels.

With such a rapid growth of the railroad era, it was naturally to be expected that every thing connected with it has not been conducted in the most orderly manner possible. People learning by experience are apt to make mistakes, and when an entire nation is simultaneously passing through the same educational process of culture, it can not be expected to reach perfection at the first attempt. There was no precedent by which the railroad should be governed, nor which the people could consult for guidance in dealing with it. The turnpike and canal were as incompetent precedents as the games of children would be for the serious business of their after-life. And as the railroad has had to create its own engineers, competent to deal with the new problems of construction it has introduced, so has it had to originate its own financial measures; and it was inevitable that the criticism of a larger experience might justly find fault with the mistakes of both. Were the problem to-day presented to the country, with the

knowledge that we have upon railroad matters, to furnish anew a system of railroad transportation as competent for our industrial needs as that we now have, there is no doubt an arrangement would be made very different from any now existing. The existing system was not constructed to meet the needs of the present course of trade, but for totally different necessities. At the same time, but for the advent of the railroad, the trade which now finds itself hampered for want of facilities would never have existed. None of the trunk-lines, which are the only reliance for bringing to the Atlantic coast the grain crop of the West, were designed for this work. At the period of their construction there was no settled West, and no grain crop to transport. They were built to connect other points, and to supply other needs. The facts in the construction of the New York Central will show this readily. This line, between Albany and Buffalo, consisted originally of various smaller roads, built for local needs, and consolidated in 1853. The consolidation agreement was entered into by the following roads: the Albany and Schenectady; the Schenectady and Troy; the Utica and Schenectady; the Syracuse and Utica; the Rochester and Syracuse; the Buffalo and Lockport; the Mohawk Valley; the Syracuse and Utica, direct; the Buffalo and Rochester; the Rochester, Lockport, and Niagara Falls. The simple statement of the names of these roads shows how local and fragmentary was the early growth of the railway. There was no conception then of trunk-lines. The very knowledge of the topography of the West, as the term is understood to-day, was as vague, almost, as at the time of the settlement of America, when the charters of the colonies were described as extending from the Atlantic to the South Sea, or, as with Connecticut, to the Pacific Ocean.

The rapid settlement of the West, and the admission of California as a State in 1850, made the need of a railroad apparent, and in 1853 Congress passed an act instituting a survey for a railway route from the Mississippi to the Pacific. Supplementary acts were passed in 1854, and the report of the surveys was published in 1855-61. This immense work occupies thirteen volumes, and is a mine of information of all kinds, and also a thrilling narrative of the heroism of engineering.

On July 1, 1862, President Lincoln signed the bill for the Union Pacific Railroad, and the same day issued a call for 300,000 men. We were in the heat of the civil war, and both these acts were suggestive that there was no fear of the Union crumbling to pieces. The railroad bill was signed in obedience to the generally felt necessity for some practical organization to closer join the distant parts of the Union, and the call was

at the suggestion of a convention of eighteen Governors of the loyal States. By the terms of the grant to the Union Pacific the whole line from the Missouri River to the Bay of Sacramento was to be completed not later than July 1, 1876. The road was, however, completed and the last tie, of polished laurel wood bound with silver bands, laid May 10, 1869, and fastened with a gold spike furnished by California, a silver one furnished by Nevada, and one of a mixture of gold, silver, and iron furnished by Arizona. Toward the end of the work an average had been built of four miles a day for weeks. The ceremony took place near the head of the Great Salt Lake, where the two roads—the Central Pacific, chartered by California, and the Union Pacific, starting from the Missouri—met. It was the culmination of the period of railroad growth, and had a practical poetry about it which was really grand. By an arrangement, the wires of the telegraph had been connected with the sledge used to drive the last spike, and the intelligence that the continent had been spanned by the railroad was known at the instant of its accomplishment at San Francisco and New York.

It was a triumph of the new over the old. The era of the local character of the railroad was ended, and most probably to the same date we may ascribe the completion of the land-grant policy for railroad construction. The inauguration of this policy may be given as February 10, 1851, when the charter of the Illinois Central was issued. It was a new system, originated by the railroad, for making practical use of unavailable assets, and has been pretty thoroughly tried. The system, however, being commenced by the country, increased with characteristic railway speed. In 1856 Congress made grants of the public lands for the aid of railroads to Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Alternate sections of the public lands in these States were granted them to aid in the construction of railroads in their territory. It was, perhaps, a better method for settling the disputed question of national aid to internal improvements than that which was practiced in the earlier days of the Cumberland Turnpike and similar enterprises. That it was, however, a very generous use of the public property for the benefit of individuals is plainly shown by the promptness with which railway enterprises were organized to take advantage of this new conception in industrial science. To the Congress of 1869-70 railway schemes were presented asking for grants of the public lands amounting to over two hundred millions of acres.

The material record of the railway in the United States, as we have seen, is no mean achievement. It has met and overcome obstacles of distance and construction in a

way which justifies the belief that it will be equal to any future emergency which can arise. Hampered by the want of ready money in the community it came proposing to aid, it has devised and successfully practiced financial methods as new as its methods of transportation. Towns and counties have been induced to bond themselves for its aid. The capitalists of the Old World have been seduced into taking their bonds. Stockholders—frequently there were none—and those who supplied the funds on construction bonds have seen the property pass to other hands, from whom fresh levies had been made with mortgages as a security. The attainment of our railroad system has probably been as financially disastrous to the class of investors who bore the brunt of the first cost, as the settlement of the country itself was to the original supporters of the colonies settled all along the coast from Massachusetts to Georgia, and especially the proprietary colonies. The incompetence of the methods of one era to meet the exigencies of the next is nowhere seen more plainly than in the development of finance. Though it has been claimed that "it is safe to say that this forgotten element in the account (the mere amounts of money actually paid into construction, and since wiped out of existence by insolvency or loss of interest) would constitute more than a set-off for the largest amount of watered stock ever alleged to have been issued," yet it is hardly to be expected that the debtor and creditor accounts of the railroad with the public can be kept in this way with entire satisfaction to the community. For the community, with the railroad itself, has gone through a process of education, though possibly in a different direction.

The new methods of the railroad, as the railroad itself, have been brought into being by the persistent activity of a small body of enterprising, pushing, driving business men, and the patient public has been, as it always is, slow to thoroughly comprehend and become familiar with its new ways. At its first advent the railroad was hailed with delight. It replaced the tedious and slow methods of the stage-coach, and the generation which, within its own personal experience, compared the convenience of travelling by rail with travelling by coach, was constantly impressed with the greater advantages of the rail. Some twenty years ago it was the writer's fortune to travel frequently on a line that shall be nameless here, with a friend some thirty years older than himself. As my friend had frequently made this trip in the stage-coach days, when it had taken him eight days, the annoyances of the railroad were as nothing to him. He remembered what the trip used to be. What long, dusty, and tiresome days he had passed, jolting up hill and down, cramped up in

a confined position, suffering from heat or cold, more or less subject to the weather, and rather poorly fed at somewhat irregular hours for a whole week. Nor was it the least discomfort that his nights were even more dreadful than his days. Now he was making the same trip in eight hours. What if his seat was not perfectly comfortable? He could get up and walk about. What though the attendants were surly, or even rude; that they could not answer a civil question civilly, or that they were even rough? He could stand it eight hours. Therefore, when I complained of these things—when I was indignant at their negligence of the comfort of their passengers; at the dustiness of their cars; at the impossibility, when some delay occurred, of finding any one to give a civil answer to a question concerning the reason for it, and so expressed myself—he took me to task for being unreasonable. Upon this point we always disagreed, until I said to him, one day, "The reason why we differ concerning the comfort of this trip is because we belong to different generations. You were born to the stage-coach, and compare the railroad with it; I was born to the railroad, and compare it with itself."

That early in its career the railroad manifested the spirit in its relations with the public which to-day is the cause of the discontent felt with its management, is shown by the following extract from the message to Congress by President Jackson in 1835: "Particular attention is solicited to that portion of the report of the Postmaster-General which relates to the carriage of the mails of the United States upon railroads constructed by private corporations under the authority of the several States. The reliance which the general government can place on those roads as a means of carrying on its operations, and the principles on which the use of them is to be obtained, can not too soon be considered and settled. Already does the spirit of monopoly begin to exhibit its natural propensities in attempts to exact from the public, for services which it supposes can not be obtained on other terms, the most extravagant compensation. If these claims be persisted in, the question may arise whether a combination of citizens, acting under charters of incorporation from the States, can, by a direct refusal or the demand of an exorbitant price, exclude the United States from the use of the established channels of communication between the different sections of the country, and whether the United States can not, without transcending their constitutional powers, secure to the Post-office Department the use of those roads by an act of Congress which shall provide within itself some equitable mode of adjusting the amount of compensation." How far in their relation with the

post-office the railroad has changed in these latter days our recent experience in the matter of the fast trains for the delivery of the mails will show.

In their relation to the people as common carriers we have evidence in the testimony given in 1873 before the Congressional select committee on transportation routes to the sea-board, by Mr. Edwin D. Worcester, "the secretary of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, and acting treasurer of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company," as to what considerations affect the roads in their charge for freight. This gentleman testified: "Rates never have the slightest reference to what the capital of the company is, or how large an investment they may desire to pay on. The only question is what the property will bear, keeping always in view the future development of business, and the elements of public prosperity involved in such development." It is questionable whether any feudal baron ever made a terser or more exact statement in justification of the taxes he levied upon his serfs. He would not exterminate them with exactions, for this would stop his own revenue; the happy point he sought to reach was just what they could pay, and live.

The remedy with the railroad, as with the feudal baron, lies in the culture of the people, in their practical comprehension of their position, and their organization for attaining a better, because a juster, system. In educating the people to this conception the railroad itself has been the most potent factor. It has been the agent teaching order, punctuality, and business promptness to the whole country. The old farm methods have all been superseded. The slow and leisurely way of putting off until to-morrow which formerly prevailed no longer will suffice, or is still found only on the outskirts, where the whistle of the engine is not heard, or the regular arrival of the train does not compel the shipper of his produce to be ready at a specified hour. Local prices no longer exist, but are all regulated by reference to those of the cities, quoted in the daily papers. Agriculture has been infused with a spirit of business, and the farmer, instead of looking to his farm to furnish its own supply of fertilizers and for the chief consumption of his crop, now looks to the distant market for both purposes. It is the same with the small interior towns. The freight of the railroad enters as a factor in every exchange performed all over the country, and its rise or decrease is a subject of importance to every one. The railroad, therefore, should not complain if the people, having been educated to the conception of the absolute importance of accuracy and method in their business relations with the railroad, should demand of the railroad the exercise of the

same qualities in its relations with them. The undefined impression so general among the people that they have not been fairly treated by the railroad in this respect is the reason of their discontent; and this discontent has taken the very methodical business method of using the means at its command to find out whether its impression is correct or not. The discussion of the subject has led to the institution of boards of railway commissioners. The first of these was established in Massachusetts in 1869, and since then most of the New England States and some of the Western ones have followed this example.

The yearly reports issued by the Board of Massachusetts have been most excellent aids to the people of the whole country in arriving at an intelligent comprehension of the railroad question, as will appear from an extract or two. Speaking of railroad extension, the report of 1875 says: "The necessities of development should be provided for by the investment of fresh capital. Upon the capital required for it that development should pay a fair profit; if it could not do so, it should not be ventured upon; but the community ought not to be called upon, as it now is, to pay in that capital itself under the disguise of surplus earnings. These surplus earnings should be left in the pockets of the people. Instead of paying interest on an increased railroad system built by private capital, the community is itself furnishing the capital to develop roads which are the property of the private corporations."

If a farmer should seek to raise the price of his crops to the consumer on the ground that he had purchased fresh teams and machinery, and the consumer should pay their cost in the price of the crop, he would be laughed at. And yet this is just what the railroad does. Had the farmer a monopoly for the supply of his crop, he might succeed in forcing the consumers to pay his enhanced price; but then he should not be surprised if the consumers still objected.

In their report for 1876, the Massachusetts commissioners, speaking of the methods used by the railroads in keeping their accounts, say: "For several years past the commissioners have, in each of their reports, freely criticised the methods of book-keeping in use by the various railroad corporations of the State, and the character of the returns made from them. The railroad returns are, and must continue to be, essentially unreliable, if not even deceptive, until a radical reform in the methods of railroad book-keeping is effected. The cause of the difficulty is obvious. It dates from the very origin of the railroad system, when it was not appreciated what that system as a whole, or the several members of it individually, were destined to become. Rail-

roads were then regarded as purely private enterprises managed by corporate bodies, in the doings and business affairs of which the holders of the company's stock alone were interested. They were supposed to be more analogous to turnpike corporations than to any thing else, and enjoyed much the same exemption from public supervision, nominal returns only being made by them. Gradually, however, the public character of the functions they exercised became better understood, until, as long ago as the year 1846, only eleven years after the first three roads were opened in Massachusetts, the corporations were called upon by a general law for the annual statement of their doings and condition, which since then have been published as part of the records of the State. In some other States of the Union, however, no such returns have ever been required, and nothing is known of the railroad companies except what their officials see fit to make public. Neither has provision ever been made, in Massachusetts or elsewhere, to secure any uniformity in the books and the methods of keeping them, which lie behind the returns. A system might, indeed, be prescribed by law, and in some cases has been; but the carrying out of the system is left practically in the discretion of the several corporations. Until 1873 the Massachusetts returns seem to have been accepted as they were sent in, and accepted for what they were worth, without scrutiny or comment. It is consequently almost needless to say that they were worth very little."

Before examining the further steps taken in Massachusetts to make the public knowledge of the railway accurate and reliable, we will quote from the earlier reports a sentence or two in which this matter is spoken of. Though to some persons it may seem strange that the reports from such important public bodies as the railroads are should be thus characterized, yet the strictures are but just; and when it is remembered how important the railway interest has become, how absolutely the entire fortunes of large numbers of persons are dependent upon its proper management and solvency, while in the immense majority of the States there is no more control exercised over them than there was over the banks during the era of "wild-cat" banking, the need of such strictures becomes evident. In their report for 1873 they say: "Until a more uniform and systematic method of keeping accounts can be introduced, it is impossible to more than approximate the results of the working of the system, and neither the public nor the stockholders can obtain any correct knowledge of the condition of the several corporations." In that for 1874 they say: "It would not be profitable to multiply examples, but, as the result of their examinations, the commissioners feel it incumbent

upon them to warn those interested in railroad investments in Massachusetts that the books of the corporations are, in many cases, far from properly kept. It may be that the officers concerned are exceptionally honest, but this is certainly the only safeguard against fraud which the stockholders possess. If the banking business were conducted with the same looseness in accounts, defalcations would be even more frequent than they are now."

In the same year, speaking of the powers conferred upon the board by the Legislature, they say: "As is perfectly well understood, the board possesses no power of enforcing any suggestions it may make; it can only state its conclusions, which carry such weight as they may derive from the force of the reasons adduced in their support. When the board was originally organized, great doubts were entertained whether such a method of procedure would prove effective, or, indeed, of any real value. A larger experience, however, rather tends to show that, in the peculiar existing condition of the relations between the community and the corporations, this merely recommendatory power is, perhaps, best of all adapted to accomplishing many results. Theoretically, a mere power to hear, suggest, and recommend amounts to nothing; practically, it may be made to accomplish a great deal; and what it does accomplish, it accomplishes in the best way and with the least degree of antagonism. To exercise an arbitrary power is a very easy way of disposing of difficulties; but such a course inevitably leads to bitter controversies and to much hard feeling. Discussion, argument, and suggestion can, perhaps, in the end be made to effect as much with far less friction. Certainly the present commissioners have no disposition to ask for any increase of powers."

In 1875, discussing the principle upon which our railroad system is based, they say: "That principle is, that it is better for the community to pay the interest on the capital required to build its railroads than to pay in that capital itself. After a road is built the same rule should apparently obtain. The entire structure and equipment should be fully kept up out of the earnings set aside to operating expenses, upon a line of demarkation which should be common to all corporations. Whatever balance remained over, after all operating expenses are thus defrayed, should be credited to the income account; it is the property of the stockholder, and should so appear. In this balance the public, in Massachusetts at least, has a definite and well-defined interest under the original contract between it and the corporation; it is, in fact, after a certain point in the amount of dividends has been reached, an accretion which theoretic-

ally belongs to the public, though practically they neither do nor can get any advantage from it; or, under the most favorable circumstances, that advantage must be deferred to that very remote period when no further occasion for railroad development shall be felt. Under a more logical and intelligent system of public accounts, a course wholly different from that described would be pursued. A rigid and uniform method of keeping accounts would be adopted, and an adherence to it by all corporations strictly enforced. Out of the earnings all operating expenses would first be paid, and that on a system which would insure a regular, though not excessive, improvement in the condition of all the properties; or, at least, every reasonable safeguard should be maintained against depreciation. This done, the entire balance should be credited to net income, and from it as a fund, should it be sufficient for the purpose, dividends should be paid to the full amount authorized by the original contract between the corporation and the public. Any surplus remaining after these claims were satisfied should be applied, neither to new development nor to additional construction, but to the extinguishment of all indebtedness, and after that to a reduction of rates. It should go toward relieving the public of its burdens."

In the report for 1876, returning to this subject, they say: "The returns of each road are arrived at from a system of book-keeping peculiar to itself, through the application of arbitrary rules, which in different cases may or may not be the same, and which in the case of corporations at all embarrassed financially are almost certain to be exceptional. Under such a system it is in no way necessary to have recourse to fraud or misstatement in order to give to a company's affairs a desired aspect, whether favorable or otherwise. It can be done with perfect certainty and yet the books be accurately kept, and the results truthfully deduced from them.....The process is perfectly simple.....A road on the verge of ruin may be made to appear in a flourishing condition; and side by side with it a road choked with remunerative business may be represented as daily going behindhand. Yet all the while each return will be accurately drawn from the books, and, what is more, the officials of each company may very honestly consider the returns made by them are the more correct in principle. Indeed, discretion and good judgment enter so largely into railroad accounting that it has been in no way unusual for corporations to find themselves hopelessly bankrupt before those who managed their affairs were aware that they were in a position of danger.....It is these returns, however, which now practically give to the stockholders as well as the public all the insight they get into the condition of

the railroad companies. The affairs of these corporations are so complicated and vast, and their constituency is so numerous and scattered, that the private investigations once possible are now out of the question. It is very difficult even for the directors themselves to make them; impossible for any one else. Yet railway securities are quoted and bought and sold in a way which was formerly peculiar to government bonds. The returns being, then, the only source from which information as to the value of these securities is to be had, they are, nevertheless, of little value in the hands of one not accustomed to railroad accounts; while one familiar with the tests to be applied to them can make them produce thoroughly inconsistent results."

Such persistent and well-considered criticism has finally produced the required result, and the Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1876, conferred upon the board all the power deemed necessary to enable them to gradually reduce the railroad returns of the State to an intelligible system. At a conference called by the Massachusetts commissioners, and at which Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut were represented by commissioners, and New York by the State engineers having charge of the railroad returns, a system of returns prepared by the Massachusetts board, in connection with a committee appointed by a meeting of representatives of all the railroads, was adopted and sent to the Legislatures of these different States, accompanied with a memorial, the following extracts from which will be of interest. They say:

"The railroad systems of the States represented by you are connected with peculiar closeness, the road of a single corporation often running through the territory of several States. Their returns, as published, include over 11,000 miles of track, operated by more than 150 corporations, earning over \$100,000,000 of annual income, and represented by over \$800,000,000 of securities, of which more than \$300,000,000 is in the form of interest-bearing debt.

"The accounts of these corporations are kept on no uniform system and under no public supervision; while the returns published by the different States neither resemble each other, nor can they be relied on as correctly representing the condition of the several companies' affairs. Indeed, the returns now required in the several States differ so much that in certain cases corporations have to answer four different sets of questions from the same set of books.

"There is certainly no one material interest in this country an exact and correct knowledge of which is of such general importance as the business of railroad transportation and the affairs of corporations concerned in it. Under the loose system of

making returns hitherto and now in use, it is impossible to obtain this knowledge; and we are fully convinced that it will continue to be so until the different States unite in requiring that all railroads make their returns at a given time and in a uniform manner.

"As a result of careful deliberation and conference with representatives of leading railroads, a form of return and rules under which accounts are in future to be kept have been agreed upon by us, a copy of which is hereto appended. If adopted in the several States, this form and the accompanying rules will compel the corporations to keep correct and detailed accounts, and to make uniform returns, at one fixed time, from them. From these the several States can cause the publication of such facts, be they more or less, as in each case may be thought sufficient, the original returns being, necessarily, matter of record only. The system under which the returns are made will be none the less uniform.

"In Massachusetts only are the commis-

sioners clothed with power to adopt and put in operation this system without further legislative action. For the reasons given, therefore, we unite in recommending to the Legislatures of the other States abovenamed the early passage of such laws as will make practicable this reform. This can be done either through the direct incorporation of the system recommended into law, in place of that now in use, or, better yet, in the manner pursued in Massachusetts, where State officials have been clothed with discretionary power in the premises."

When in connection with this action it is remembered that the important Congressional committee upon transportation to the sea-board, in their report, recommend the establishment of a national Bureau of Commerce, it will be seen that a new era is approaching in our railroad history—the era of order and method, in which both the railroad and the public by their acts will show that they mutually understand and respect each other.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE learned philosopher of clothes, Teufelsdröckh, remarks, in *Sartor Resartus*, that it is permitted to men, under certain restrictions, to wear white waistcoats; and in the early days of this republic the Senate of the United States (whether in the body or out of the body I know not) took up the question of social "calling," and decided that the wives of Senators must be called upon before they called. There was solemn discussion, also, concerning the "style" of the President, whether it should be Highness, and Protector of our Liberties, or some other resounding form; and when Washington received his fellow-citizens at the levée, he stood upon a dais, with the worthy but somewhat severe dame who is now known at temperance tea parties as "Lady" Washington by his side. In later days the muse of official propriety has meditated the moving theme of diplomatic attire, and Secretary Marcy wrote a circular letter prescribing the black dress coat of the American gentleman as the ceremonial costume of the American minister. But all questions of etiquette and ceremony are very imperfectly understood by us; and there is a good deal of anguish in Washington in certain circles when a Vice-President, and a Secretary of State, and a Senator, and a justice of the Supreme Court meet in the drawing-room before dinner. Who shall go out first, is a question that rends the soul bent upon propriety. A Senator gave a dinner, and when the moment arrived, he turned to the senior Senator of the United States, who was present, and asked him to hand out the lady of the house. "But I see the Secretary of State," replied the senior. "No guest in my house takes precedence of the senior member of the body that makes Secretaries of State," was the lofty reply.

These are, indeed, high matters, and they manage them differently in England. If fine manners are naturally associated with rank, the sup-

position would be that the higher the rank, the finer the manners. It would then follow that the guest of honor, who was also the stranger, would take precedence of all others. It is therefore bewildering to learn that when the Prince of Wales recently gave a dinner to General Grant, the distinguished guest brought up the rear of the procession to the dining-room. We are but boors in etiquette; yet if the Prince of Wales had been the guest of honor of the President of the United States, he would not have been permitted to close the march to dinner; and he would have preceded not as prince, but as guest; for it would be equally true of untitled Mr. Bright or Mr. Gladstone as of a prince. Courtesy is a poor thing if it can not dispense, upon due occasion, with the rigidity of ceremonial forms. It is rumored that the American minister in England was long absorbed in the task of arranging General Grant's invitations, so that he should not be apparently insulted by being treated at entertainments given in his honor with less consideration than any other guest. This is hardly credible to an unsophisticated American, because he can not comprehend either that an English gentleman should offer or an American gentleman accept such a situation. The rules of really good society, whether titled or untitled, are every where the same in regard to certain essential points, and it is a pity if they are violated in the house of a prince. To invite an untitled man into a titled company, upon an occasion of pure ceremony where titles determine precedence, is to invite him to go behind. If a prince gives a dinner in honor of an untitled guest, he is bound to honor him chiefly, and he invites the company merely to help him render the honor. If, therefore, it be true that the Prince of Wales gave a dinner especially to General Grant, and permitted the greater part of the company to precede him to

the table, General Grant should quietly have left the house, and all the more if, as is constantly said, etiquette and forms are real things to European society. For if that be so, the significance of the situation was that an American without a title, however illustrious, however honored at home, and the especial guest of the occasion, is not to be recognized as the equal of titled people. Probably, if the story be true, General Grant was not troubled; but if English gentlemen are required by etiquette to acquiesce in so flagrant a discourtesy, they are greatly to be pitied.

The general's reception and welcome in England, however, despite such discords, was extraordinary and gratifying. The demonstration was so unusual and universal that the guest was justified in assuming that it was offered as much to his country as to himself, and to himself only as a representative. Taine says that there is a great deal of the old Berserker in the modern Briton, and it is, perhaps, the Viking in his blood which makes great soldiers so dear to him. The very circles that have received General Grant with such exuberant honor are those that most deeply disliked and derided the cause in which he made his name famous. They have, perhaps, that fine honor of a brave man which compels him to salute, and with sincere respect, the other brave man who has conquered him. It is a kind of exalted self-esteem, not alien to John Bull, which leads him to feel that the man who can overcome *him* is indeed worthy of all honor.

The guest bore himself throughout with a modest self-respect, which not only won the admiration of his hosts, but which was very agreeable to his countrymen. He developed also a talent, which he had not displayed at home, of felicitous speech-making, and on many occasions he said exactly the right thing in exactly the right way. Sometimes, perhaps, amid the acclamation and the magnificence of the scene, he recalled Galena and the life of twenty years ago, wondering, doubtless, at his own fortune. His English hosts, in turn, as they gazed upon him and upon the stately British welcome, must have mused upon the conditions of a society in which a man who seventeen years ago was wholly unknown, and who now, without any advantage whatever except his own character and capacity, has risen to be one of the most conspicuous men in the world. Of course it is not to be denied that he has been immensely favored by fortune; but that is an element in every noted career. It is part of that fortune that, going to England just at the time when England was very anxious to be friendly with America, he was saluted as the especial representative of his country; and so it has fallen to him to serve both countries in being the occasion of so lavish a display of English good feeling.

IN the same friendly vein as the feeling with which General Grant has been received in England are some comments of an English scientific visitor to this country two years ago. Dr. John Charles Bucknill, who is both F.R.S. and F.R.C.P., came to see our asylums for the insane, upon which topic he has written a report, in which he speaks incidentally of other observations made by him. Those that we quote are peculiarly interesting as a tribute to the practical power of self-government in this country. They are based, indeed, upon his experience in New England;

but a gentleman returning from a long residence in Europe just before Decoration-day of this year said of the throng in New York that nothing struck him so much as its self-restraint and good humor. There was plenty of jesting, but no rioting, no disorder.

"...I can not quit Boston," says Dr. Bucknill, "and its kindly and cultivated folk, who made my visit there so happy and interesting, without bidding it and them a word of affectionate farewell. They love the old country, though they are proud of having taken the first step to break away from it. I was with them when they celebrated the centenary of Lexington, and the remembrance had no bitterness. And if they are proud of the past, they may well be so of the present, for on that day I mixed with the great crowd of 150,000 New Englanders, the outpouring of the city and the gathering of the country into the villages of Lexington and Concord, and I sought for, but did not discover, one man the worse for drink. In all that vast crowd, which I may even fairly call a mob, for it was a most disorderly assembly, there were no drunkards nor roughs, and the only policemen to be seen were a few fat, slouching fellows round the President, who could not, however, prevent the mob from stealing his train, so that he had to wait for another. If there had been the average English element of roughs and drunkards, such a crowd must have ended in a riot, for the people did just what they chose, without interference. They climbed on and jumped off the roofs of railway trains, clambered in at the car windows, rode on the cow-catchers, surged over the roads and through the processions, and yet all in good temper, and stopping short of any positive mischief. All day long I saw no quarrel or fight, heard no angry words even; there were no breaches of the people's peace, and the behavior of this curious crowd was to me the strongest revelation of what sobriety, culture, and self-respect may attain to in the deepest and thickest layers of the population.

"As for Boston itself, I wish we could steal the beautiful old city and float it over to our shores, with its cow-path streets; with its schools, where every child is compelled to receive a good education, whether the priest likes it or not; with its population so greedy of knowledge that they work the free libraries as eagerly as ours would be likely to work free gin shops; and, above all, with its rich cornice of poets, scholars, and philosophers...."

THOSE who are inclined to a desponding view of our condition may profitably observe how we are regarded by intelligent strangers, who naturally prefer their own country as we prefer ours, but who are more able to see us impartially than we are to see ourselves. We are apt to judge our own country as a parent judges his children, seeing all the faults and unmindful of the excellence, forgetting that the other children with whom he measures them are seen by him only occasionally, and, as it were, upon parade, and that to their parents his own children seem to be the paragons. We see other countries at a distance and upon good behavior. We can really know them only by an intimate acquaintance which very few persons enjoy. It is seldom that a man can know another country as Mr. Wallace knows

Russia, and yet until he has such knowledge he is, according to his temperament, at the mercy of his ignorance. If he be sanguine, other countries in comparison with his own will seem to him inferior; if he be despondent, they will seem ideal realms. But patriotism is like friendship. The finer and truer it is, the more dissatisfied it is with any short-coming, and the more impatient of any thing less than the best. It is both too generous and too severe. But this, at least, is evident, that no American is so poor a patriot as he who constantly panders to an overweening national self-exaltation by perpetually and vehemently insisting that every thing American, because it is American, is superior to every thing else. The highest patriotism, like the truest friendship, rather reproves than flatters.

This explains, it seems to us, some poems that Mr. Lowell wrote two or three years ago, and which seriously offended some sincere Americans, who thought that they showed him recreant to the character and to the hope of his country. To us, on the contrary, their very indignant earnestness was the evidence of the deepest love and the heartiest faith. They were satires, indeed, and satire, like caricature, is in its nature extravagant and unqualified. Neither of them can discriminate. But the satire of Pope upon Addison and that of Fielding in Parson Adams are as different as love and hate; and in Lowell's severest verses, even in "the land of broken promise," it is impossible not to feel the high heart-beat of the passionate sorrow that springs only from love, and not to perceive that the sting is not meant to poison, but to stimulate; not to slay, but to make alive. The satire of Carlyle's "Latter Day Pamphlets" is unsparing, but it is inexpressibly mournful, for it is the bitter wail of love and pride, not the snarl and sneer of hate and infidelity. Those who reproach Mr. Lowell for asserting in a satire that at her Centennial Exhibition America could show Europe greater rascality than Europe could display, do him a most grievous wrong if they do not see that his purpose was to arouse his country to a wrath and a resolution that would spurn any action which seemed to favor or foster undoubted offenses. The satire was an appeal to the national conscience to reject ways and influences that were totally unworthy of America and tended to degrade her—"yes," exclaims the indignant and sorrowful bard, in a strain of natural and intelligible excess, "which have already degraded her to the worst level of other lands." Shall it be replied that this is to say that America is responsible for worse things than the Inquisition in Spain, or the *lettres de cachet* in France, or the rack in the Tower, and the Smithfield stake in England? But that is to complain that Pegasus flies in the air instead of trotting steadily along the highway. It is to reduce poetry to the terms of a grocer's bill. It is to forbid that enthusiasm and overstatement which is of the very nature of passionate verse. No cynic, no skeptic, could have reproached in such a strain. A lawyer's clerk might convict upon the precise letter of the allegation; but the Lord Chief Justice, with good sense and perception, would overrule him upon the highest law of literary equity, that the letter killeth, and the spirit alone giveth life.

We have known the most loyal American hearts hurt by these verses, and ready to protest that the

poet was an unworthy American. Do they recall the "Commemoration Ode," the ode at Concord, the ode under the Washington elm, and will they not allow to a love and a patriotism so absolute and inspiring the fiery gust of wrath at the too powerful spirit in the land of Washington which dishonors his memory and that of the older and younger soldiers of American liberty? This is all that the poet has done. This is his proud credential; and young America could send to old Spain no truer representative of the highest American hope and deepest faith than he who loves his native land so wisely and so well that he will not suffer the foreigner to be first in pointing out her danger and her fault.

It is sometimes whispered that the fourth estate of the realm, the newspaper, is not slow to celebrate itself, as Mr. Whitman says, although not with his "barbaric yawp." And it has such immense advantages over any opponent that contradiction of its claims requires great pluck. The *esprit du corps* of the press is so strong that if a man defies the newspaper or speaks lightly of any of its ministers, as Sydney Smith audaciously imagined that the equator might be spoken of, the editorial fraternity are apt to make common cause and overwhelm the rash skeptic of the infallibility of the press. Its surest correctives, therefore, are to be expected from within its own fold. Its critics and censors must be of its own household. Let strangers beware. If a company of Harvard students going to Springfield, let us merely imagine, to row a race with Yale, find themselves annoyed by importunate intruders who call themselves "reporters," or "correspondents," or "commissioners" of "great dailies," and at last impatiently post at the door of their head-quarters a placard announcing "reporters and loafers not wanted here," that company will presently learn that they are intolerable to gods and columns. Thundering broadsides of denunciation will open upon them; and as the coast of some great country blazes suddenly at midnight, beacon fire answering beacon fire, because of a boat off shore supposed to be a smuggler, so newspaper after newspaper repeats, until the land reverberates the contemptuous assertion, that Harvard graduates by scores humbly beg at newspaper doors to be received as reporters, and when their prayer is heard, make the most wretched reporters of all.

The assumption of this prodigious uproar is that the students were in the case imagined the chief offenders. But the real question involved is simply, What measures may properly be taken with bores? Private life and private people, including Harvard students, still have rights, notwithstanding the majesty of the press, and among them is the right to be rid of bores, whether they call themselves commissioners of great dailies or not. It is always barely possible that the greater the daily, the greater the bore. The discretion of deciding what and how much of his affairs shall be communicated to the public always rests with the individual, and it is a gross invasion of his rights either to insist upon knowing what he does not wish to state, or to ridicule and denounce him for declining to tell. It is indeed true that men should always say no politely. But again it is no less true that commissioners should be as courteous as other people. If a

student, for instance, declines in a gruff and insulting manner to mention what tooth-wash he prefers, let not the commissioner vituperate and insult in return; let him rather regret that there should be bad manners in the world, and reflect what produced this particular exhibition of them. If his investigations should lead to the astounding discovery that the student's vehement discourtesy was occasioned by his own impertinence, the general result to mankind might be very beneficial.

In the purely imaginary case of Harvard students at Springfield contemplating a boat-race with the sons of Yale, it appeared that there were persons hanging around the Harvard headquarters, rudely handling the boats and the oars, asking all kinds of foolish questions, and altogether intrusive and annoying, who to the imperative question who they were and what they wanted, and why they should not be handed over to the local authorities, to be dealt with as tramps or common vagrants, replied in every instance that they were commissioners or reporters of great dailies. The students, bent upon their business and exasperated by the omnipresent vexation, seeing no difference between these intruders called reporters and the familiar "loafer," did undoubtedly objurgatively declare that reporters and loafers were not wanted. It was done in heat, and, like all such actions, was a mistake, but no other disembarassment seemed so practicable as a comprehensive proclamation of warning to bores of every pretense. The consequent declarations that Harvard graduates when they were lucky enough to get a chance to report made execrable reporters, certainly did not tend to show that the mistake of the notice was very serious. Of course, as against an indignant press, the roused guardian of our liberties, the boatmen had no chance; and there is doubtless a firm conviction planted in remote homesteads among solitary hills that the net result of the mental training of Harvard University is the turning out of a body of execrable newspaper reporters.

The hope of chastening that tone of the press which, in a felicitous phrase of the *London Times* in regard to another matter, may well be called "the wild justice of expektoration," lies chiefly, we said, in the press itself—among the more reasonable and self-respecting of its reporters, commissioners, and editors. We—that is to say, this Magazine and this Easy Chair—are of the fourth estate; we, too, were born in Arcady. Its honor is therefore in our degree our own, and we do not recognize any obligation to defend bad manners because they are those of retainers of the press, nor to vituperate the man who, upon the spot, peremptorily, and even indignantly, reproves those bad manners. We of the fourth estate must concede that there are many peripatetic gentlemen of the press whose conduct belies the name of gentlemen. It is undeniable that to be "a newspaper man" is not immediately to command universal confidence and respect, and, therefore, to assume that to repel sharply the intrusion of bores is to insult a noble profession is folly. But if this be the instinct of that *esprit du corps* of which we spoke, it is by no means the feeling or the practice of the whole craft. That more reasonable and self-respecting body of the press perceives and reproves the excesses committed in its name.

There is in the State of New York, outside of the city, a press association, including a very large number of the leading newspapers in every part of the State. This year it came of age, holding its twenty-first annual convention in Albany. It was welcomed to the capital by its president, Charles E. Smith, of the *Albany Evening Journal*, in a graceful and eloquent address, whose high tribute to the true function of the press was emphasized by the character and career of the man who uttered it. The Mayor of the city officially welcomed the association, the Lieutenant-Governor addressed it, and the Governor received it at his house. The annual oration was delivered by John M. Francis, editor of the *Troy Times*, late minister to Greece, whose intelligence, tact, and peculiar ability have made his paper one of the powers of the press in the State. In his discourse he stated, forcibly and unhesitatingly, some of the offenses of the newspaper; and the spirit from which they spring is the spirit which underlies the impertinence of reporters in the case we have imagined, and the consequent summary dismissal of the reporting powers of Harvard graduates. The words of Mr. Francis may be profitably pondered by those who are inclined to judge "the press" as a profession by the conduct of those who are indignantly classed with "loafers:"

"We enjoy freedom of the press; but that freedom is too often perverted to the base uses of libelous accusation, gross misrepresentation, and sensational calumny. In the reckless pursuit of news, oftentimes, imagination is drawn upon for facts; idle and vicious gossip is retailed as veritable intelligence; words they never uttered are put into the mouths of men, acts they never did or dreamed of doing are charged upon them; motives the vilest which they never entertained, and which never entered their thoughts, are attributed to them. A great deal of this wicked work has been done by the press, often under a virtuous profession of independent or heroic journalism, sometimes, no doubt, thoughtlessly, and from a greedy passion to get news; if there is none of the exciting and sensational sort to be had that is real, then to invent the article and set it afloat as genuine—to get news, or what shall pass for sensational news, at all hazards, though it be not only false, but vile and infamous in its statements and implications as affecting the acts and character of honorable men. I shall not mince words in dealing with this evil. In the name of a grievously abused profession, of public morality, personal honor, national character, and all that constitutes a decent civilization, it deserves to be reprobated as a foul and wicked wrong, and repelled and crushed out as an unclean thing, with less of shame to blazon its pollution than the whited sepulchre filled with dead men's bones. It has brought discredit, if not odium, upon our journalism; it represents the cowardly and stealthy assassin of character rather than the champion of justice which the honorable and enlightened press should typify."

The members of the fourth estate who act in this spirit will never tempt people who are busy with their own affairs to stigmatize them as "loafers" for impertinent meddling. And the reproof of the oration was airily echoed and humorously enforced in his pungent verses by Mr. William H. McElroy, of the *Evening Journal*, the poet of the occasion. The moral of the admirable exercises of the association may be summed up in a paraphrase of the obnoxious Springfield legend, "Reporters who are loafers not wanted here."

THE Easy Chair made some comments upon the verdict in the case of the Ashtabula disaster which seemed to a friend who had ample personal knowledge so unjust that he sent a counter statement, the substance of which we published.

Another gentleman, "a resident of Ashtabula, a witness of the disaster, and the clerk of the coroner's jury which investigated it," now counters the counter, and with his word the Easy Chair must bow itself out of the discussion.

Our correspondent admits frankly that the Lake Shore Railroad is and always has been generally well managed, that its officers are gentlemen, and that the company has done nobly in the settlements for damages; but he denies that the verdict of the coroner's jury "was founded mainly upon the evidence of discharged employés of the road who were dismissed for good reason." He declares that, to the best of his remembrance, not one of them was a discharged employé. Here, however, there may be a misunderstanding as to terms. The word employé may have a significance limited to the lower grades of employment. We understand, however, that Mr. Tomlinson, whose evidence we cited, had been employed in some capacity, and Mr. Congdon also. Our correspondent states that the witnesses included prominent civil engineers, leading officers of the Lake Shore Railroad Company, prominent citizens, passengers, etc., and that the investigation began on the 30th of December, 1876, and lasted until March 8, 1877, and was truly impartial. "Not one-twentieth part of the testimony taken was ever published in the daily papers, and the little that was published was merely a condensed synopsis prepared by young and totally inexperienced reporters." Our correspondent regrets that the whole was not published, not only to justify the verdict, but to furnish valuable information to the public.

Of course, in the testimony offered upon such an occasion, there will be great conflict of feeling and of many kinds. This inquiry involved theories of engineering and of structure, as well as all the small and bitter jealousies arising from various personal relations. But for the public the important point is that the road is well managed, that its officers are gentlemen, and that it has done admirably in the settlement for damages; and upon these points there is no difference of opinion.

THE picturesque village of Williamstown, high up on the hills in the northwestern corner of Massachusetts, and the seat of Williams College, is to have its natural beauty enhanced by the skill of a landscape gardener, and to become, as an enthusiastic son of Williams writes to the *Boston Transcript*, "the model town in all America." The improvement will be the result of a gift to the town for that purpose from Mr. Cyrus W. Field, also a graduate; and the writer in the *Transcript*, although in this instance commenting upon the gift of a New Yorker, says, what is well worth attention, that "the interest in the common good, the municipal concerns, is so great that in Boston it is hardly considered reputable to make a will without some public bequests." Nothing could show a higher civilization or greater promise for the country. And it is not true of Boston alone. New York certainly is rich in such benefactors. Cornell, Vassar, Cooper, Astor, Lenox, are names which are associated with the same generous public spirit.

But in lately reading the report of the superintendent of the Tennessee School for the Blind, one of the tales which are always so tender and

touching, the Easy Chair reflected that there was a possible direction of this private beneficence which is as yet almost entirely unheeded. Very rich men, with a natural and generous feeling that they are almoners rather than owners, have founded libraries, colleges, schools, museums, but they have not yet thought of the immense field open to them either in founding or in supplementing institutions for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the feeble-minded. The Tennessee School for the Blind, for instance, is a State foundation, and the report is to the Legislature. It is conducted, apparently, with economy and care, yet the simple story of the superintendent shows, quite without such intention, how great a good a little money could do. There are about fifty or sixty pupils at the school. Their textbooks are, of course, peculiarly expensive. "Every model, map, type, letter, and means of illustration used in the school-room is not to be looked at and studied; it is to be touched, rubbed, or laid hold of, and handled. We have pounds of hard metal worn down a sixteenth of an inch by the diligent fingers of our pupils." The constant friction finally wears out the plates, and however costly they may be, they are indispensable to efficient instruction. But the safety and health of the pupils have required so much of the special appropriations that very little could be allowed for the purchase of new educational facilities. Those sensitive fingers and eager minds must wait. Yet surely there are those who are seeking to do good who would gladly make them busy again.

Six of the pupils, also, during the year, have had their sight restored, or so improved that they can no longer be called blind. Yet where this priceless result was due to direct treatment, it was not obtained at the school, but elsewhere. For the institution is strictly a school, and not an infirmary. Care of every kind, indeed, is taken to promote the conditions under which restoration of sight may be possible, but no oculist has ever been paid, nor is ocular treatment suffered to interfere with the work of the school. Yet here, again, the experience of the year shows that with skillful treatment there might be many restorations. And if a man could turn his money into sight for the blind, as he could by supplementing for that purpose the funds of the school, or endowing, with the permission of the State, a department for ocular treatment, he would be in an especial sense the steward of God's bounty to the poor.

As in every school for the blind, particular attention is devoted in the Tennessee institution to musical instruction. Blindness seems to quicken the musical sense; and the superintendent quotes a report of the Perkins Institution in Boston thirty years ago, which states, what experience has since confirmed, that a practical knowledge of music furnishes the blind their best opportunity of support. The superintendent pleads earnestly that the musical department be made most efficient. For thirty years the school has spent money, and, as he thinks, wisely, for the purpose, but there was never enough to furnish such a thorough musical education as would secure a livelihood to the students who wished to try. Greater expenditure would have been better economy, and would have yielded a tenfold instead of a twofold return. In 1844 Joseph Campbell,

a blind boy, came to the school, and in seven years, under great disadvantages, he was fitted to be a tolerable teacher of music. He knew his own deficiencies, but a thorough teacher in the city of Nashville was interested enough in him to teach him almost gratuitously. Of course Joseph took such time as the teacher could give, and often he had his lesson at midnight or after. As he became more accomplished, he went to the Wisconsin institution for a better salary, thence to the New England institution, with a still higher salary, and at last to Germany to complete his musical education. During all this time—twenty-six years—he was most faithful in his study; and in 1870, having spent nearly all his money, he was just sailing for America when he was summoned to the direction of the new Royal Normal College and Academy of Music at Upper Norwood, London, and there he successfully remains.

It was not at the school that he received his thorough musical training. But if such youth

as he, and the blind in whom musical taste and talent are so strong, could be well fitted at the school to be teachers, its actual value to the State, as enabling the beneficiaries to support themselves, would be greatly increased. As the sons of Williams and of all the other colleges meditate, when they return to the annual embrace of their alma mater, how they can serve the public good, among the many wise and excellent ways let them not forget the relief of those for whom the State cares, but cares inadequately. Let them think of those anxious fingers wearing away the metal, of the happy eyes to which sight returns, of the patient student at midnight cheerfully and successfully battling with four senses against the five of others, and the tender thought will open to them new and beneficent ways of helping other men—ways cheered by the celestial whisper, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Editor's Literary Record.

Art Education applied to Industry, by GEORGE WARD NICHOLS (Harper and Brothers), is in many respects a very attractive volume. It contains over a hundred and twenty illustrations of various works of art, from Greek, Roman, and Persian vases down to the Bryant vase and the Bennett candelabrum. These are in design excellent illustrations of industrial art in its various eras and departments, and in execution exquisite illustrations of what can be done by the comparatively modern art of wood-engraving. Thus the book fulfills a function similar to that fulfilled by a museum of antiques and art specimens. The object of the author has been rather to awaken popular interest in an important subject than to afford professional instruction to artisans and art students. While his volume contains a comprehensive account of the history of art industries, and the more recent methods taken both in this country and abroad to promote art education, technical terms are avoided, and the whole subject is brought within the comprehension of the ordinary reader. After some preliminary chapters on the necessity of art education, and some account of the industry and art of the Middle Ages, the author proceeds to recount in successive chapters what has been done in Great Britain, France, Belgium, and other European countries in art education, and what are the principles which have been arrived at by actual experiment. This involves an account of the South Kensington Museum of London, the Union Centrale at Paris, and the various art schools of Italy. In the United States something has been done by the Cooper Institute, in New York, and by the School of Design for Women and the Academy of Fine Arts, at Philadelphia. But apparently the only localities where art education has been incorporated into the system of public instruction, and has been pursued with a definite purpose and anything like adequate time, are the State of Massachusetts and the city of Cincinnati, though some beginning has been made in New York and other States. In Massachusetts art was established as a branch of popular education in 1870; Professor Walter Smith, who had

been art master in England, was appointed State director of art education, and the system organized by him is now in successful operation. Mr. Nichols is more radical in his educational philosophy than perhaps even he is aware. Our systems of education are derived from ancient times, when society was divided into educated and ignorant classes, when even reading and writing were confined to the lawyers and clergy, and when all schooling was a preparation for the learned professions. Our schools have all been, until comparatively recently, tributary to a few avocations; they have fitted men to be lawyers, doctors, and ministers; but it is hardly too much to say that they have unfitted them to be masons, carpenters, cabinet-makers, farmers—in short, to fulfill the ordinary industrial avocations of the present age. Our common schools have emptied their graduates into the high and Latin schools, and they into the colleges, while we have had, until very recently, no institutions whatever to take up and carry on the education of boys who desired to fit themselves for other walks in life than those for which the college prepares them. The business college is a comparatively modern institution, and the agricultural college is still an experiment. If any one doubts our general statement, he may find the evidence of it in the significant fact that, notwithstanding the broadening influences of the last quarter of a century, while there are 324 colleges and universities, there are less than seventy-five schools of mining, engineering, and agriculture, and but ten schools of art, in this country. There are more schools in the United States devoted to the preparation of young men for the ministry than there are schools organized to prepare men for all of the various mechanical and industrial pursuits. Mr. Nichols's philosophy, if applied to education, would revolutionize all this. He recommends the Belgium system. He would make drawing a part of the regular curriculum in all our common schools. For this purpose he would establish an evenly graded system based upon the principles of geometry. He would allow from two to three hours a week for this

study, and he would carry it on in such a manner that the advanced student, as he reached the higher grade, would find the foundation laid for special studies in any of the various branches of industrial art—painting, designing, engraving, wood or metal working, or architecture. Thus our system of education would proceed by diverging instead of by converging lines, our River Nile would spread its beneficent waters over a broad delta, our common schools would become the educator for the mechanic arts as well as for literary and professional pursuits. Not only to the artist, the educator, but to every American citizen interested in the intellectual and industrial development of this country, this book is one of far more than ordinary interest and value.

L. TYERMAN'S *Life of the Rev. George Whitefield* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) will undoubtedly be the standard biography of that remarkable apostle of the great Methodist reformation. It is a worthy companion to the *Life and Times of John Wesley* by the same author; as such it will find its place in all libraries of religious literature, and will be welcomed by the students of religious history. But the importance of the subject did not require treatment so elaborate as that required in the case of John Wesley's life. Wesley was an organizer, Whitefield an orator; the life of Wesley is the history of the birth and early nurture of Methodism; the history of Whitefield is simply the romantic story of a remarkably successful itinerant. Mr. Tyerman's work comprises two volumes, which, combined, contain 1200 pages. This requires more time than the ordinary reader can well afford to give to the story of such a life. It is told, too, with a minutiae of detail which impairs the artistic effect of the narrative. Mr. Tyerman has, however, written with careful conscientiousness. He has spared no pains in his accumulation of materials and in his investigation of doubtful questions. He writes in general sympathy with Whitefield and the movement which he represented, but criticises with candor the preacher's faults. We rise from the perusal of his volume with the conviction that Whitefield was very human, and that there was more excuse for the bitterness of the opposition he was compelled to encounter than his admirers have generally supposed.

The discovery of a great soul is grander than the discovery of a continent, and the perusal of the story of *Bernardino Ochino*, of Siena (Robert Carter and Brothers), has been like the discovery of a new soul, and a truly grand one to us. It suggests the existence of vast unrevealed wealth of history that so prominent and striking a life should have so thoroughly passed from the common knowledge even of students.

Born in 1487, Ochino's early youth was passed in the then rich, gay, and influential Tuscan city of Siena. His boyhood was the time of the preaching of Savonarola, and whether he actually heard the great Florentine or not, he shared in the religious seriousness that widely affected the youth and manhood of Italy at that time. He early entered a convent, and his whole history was that of earnest search for truth and godliness. In his zeal he left the order which he first entered, after having attained the position of "General," for another, the Capuchins, the most austere of religious bodies, which he entered as a simple friar, but of which he finally rose to be chief. He was

known throughout Italy as a preacher. Multitudes flocked to hear him. Cities strove with each other to secure him. He was a man of influence among the dignitaries of the Church. Yet in all his success he seems to have preserved in a remarkable degree spiritual earnestness and simplicity of character. In the mean while a revolution was going forward in his inward life, silently and gradually, undoubtedly assisted by the words of the German reformer (though no immediate connection is traced in this work), but largely by force of his own spiritual growth. He was apparently one of the nobler minds that were independently affected by the wonderful movement that, beginning feebly in different localities, culminated in the transformation of thought and life throughout Christendom. It was long before he openly broke with the Roman Church. His preaching, which seems always to have been evangelical and practical, became deeper in spirit and bolder in tone, while a great struggle was going on within as truth after truth dawned upon him. At last he was summoned to Rome in such a way as to make it evident that his destruction was determined upon by his enemies, as one of the first victims of the newly established Inquisition. After some hesitation he fled to Geneva. He was then more than fifty years old. Until he was nearly eighty he labored incessantly in writing and preaching in Switzerland, in England, in Germany. But his troubles were not ended. In some of his published writings he expressed opinions which were obnoxious to the Protestant leaders in the city where he ministered, and more than once he was compelled to leave a post of honor and usefulness and seek a home elsewhere. When seventy-seven years of age he was driven from Zurich because of the teachings, or supposed teachings, in some of his books, and sought a refuge in Poland. By the intrigues of Roman Catholics he was forced to leave Poland, and he died on his way, alone, the plague having shortly before carried off three of his children—a most pathetic ending of a life marked by many singular beauties.

The book contains numerous quotations from Ochino's writings. It is, indeed, rather a history of thought than of a life; and its value will be chiefly for those who are interested in the development of ideas following the Reformation. It is evidently a work of painstaking scholarship, and presents a valuable and interesting picture of religious life and thought in the sixteenth century.

The Mythology of Greece and Rome (Harper and Brothers) is a small book of a little over three hundred pages, from the German of O. SEEMAN, and accompanied with sixty-four illustrations. It is a comprehensive yet compact work, and is well adapted to accomplish the purpose for which it was prepared. It is intended to give a clear and correct outline in a simple form of the ancient mythology, the more expansive works being considered too voluminous for use as class-books. It is also well calculated to be a valuable aid to the young student of art and literature who lacks a classical education, since a correct idea of mythology is indispensable in the pursuit of his study; for in all the branches of art and literature the ancient legends and myths crop out in many forms.

Ordinarily sundry essays which have found their place in reviews and magazines are more

likely to be entombed than revived by publication in a book form, but we should certainly hope for some better result in the case of the Rev. LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON'S *Church Papers* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). To the general reader the four essays on contemporary ecclesiastical history will have a special value, for there is no one in this country who has made a more thorough study of the great ecclesiastical movements in Europe during the past ten years, no one, perhaps, who has had better opportunities for studying them, and no one who has more natural aptitude to comprehend their real significance and tendency.

The Scripture Club of Valley Rest, by JOHN HABBERTON (G. P. Putnam's Sons). A number of the members of the congregation of the Second Church of Valley Rest combine for the study of the Bible. They have but one article in their constitution, and this provides for absolute freedom of opinion and expression. A very heterogeneous set of thinkers and talkers come together on this basis, and every opinion is expressed, from the most orthodox to the most unbelieving. Only a small fragment of its history is recorded in this book; only three or four of the verses in the Sermon on the Mount are discussed. Mr. Habberton succeeds remarkably well in concealing his own personality, and in representing, with uncommon vigor, views the most contradictory. The book is intellectually rather than spiritually stimulating. It will certainly incite the reader to an independent study of the Bible; it will give him some new and quite striking thoughts on the verses discussed; but it will probably leave him in a state of mental confusion, and will hardly induce him to move for the formation of a club similar in organization to the Scripture Club of Valley Rest.

Ruling Ideas in Early Ages, and their Relation to Old Testament Faith, by J. B. MOZLEY, D.D. (E. P. Dutton and Co.), is a book that ought to be, and we think will be, welcomed by many Bible students. Beyond all question modern skepticism, so far as it affects the moral value of the Bible, finds its chief difficulties in the Old Testament; not in its science nor its chronology, not in the accuracy of its historic details, but in its moral representations. The Christian father can not think that any evidence whatever would justify him in believing that God had commanded him to kill his own son, and he passes hurriedly, and with a protest not always silent nor timid, over the narrative of Abraham's attempted sacrifice of Isaac. The modern philanthropist believes that war is a relic of barbarism, inconsistent with the spirit of Christ's teachings, and to be resorted to, if at all, only under the most dire necessity. He labors to ameliorate the horrors of inevitable war by careful provisions for the protection of prisoners, and for their exchange and return to their homes. He does not think that any evidence whatever would justify him in believing that God commanded a modern army to exterminate the people of a territory—men, women, and little children; and he turns from the Book of Joshua to the Sermon on the Mount with a sigh of real relief, as one who comes out of a tempest into the clear shining after rain. It is with these and kindred difficulties that Dr. Mozley deals in these lectures, originally delivered to graduates of the University of Oxford, and those who do not ac-

cept his interpretation, or do not find in it a solvent to their doubts and difficulties, will recognize the candor and the breadth of his treatment. The key which he offers is indicated by the title of his work. The ruling ideas of the early ages were very different from those which now govern men. It is true that no modern father can think any evidence of Divine command sufficient to justify him in taking the life of his own son. But in Abraham's age the children were the property of their father; human life possessed no such sacredness as it now possesses; evidence might then be sufficient to convince a father that God required of him the life of his son. It is true that no evidence would convince a modern military commander that God required the extermination of helpless women and children; but in the age of Joshua there was no such sense of individuality as now, and evidence might convince then that God required the extermination of a nation by the sword. And the actual extermination is no more inconsistent with the Divine goodness than such as we have seen in our own day produced by famine, pestilence, or a gradual wasting away. Dr. Mozley writes rather as a student of religious problems than as an advocate of religious doctrines.

JAMES BAKER, M.A., attempts, in *Turkey* (Henry Holt and Co.), to do for that country what Mr. Wallace has so admirably done for Russia in his analogous but dissimilar book. Mr. Baker tells us that he has travelled more than a thousand miles through Turkey in Europe, besides many hundreds of miles along the coast, in boat and steamer, and has resided in the country, off and on, for three years. He has thus had certainly more than usual facilities for acquainting himself with the nature of the land and its people. His book, which is a volume of nearly five hundred pages, contains a great deal of useful, though not well-digested, information. His order is neither chronological nor philosophical. He seems to have been uncertain whether he was writing a book of history, a book of travels and adventure, or a book of political observation. He fails to make his narrative of adventure subservient to his larger object, and illustrative of the character of the people to whom he undertakes to introduce us. He has made some study in books of the political statistics and the past history of the Turkish Empire, but it has not been thorough, nor has he the art of sifting and correlating his information. The most interesting and the most valuable chapters in his book are those which describe his own adventure and his own observation. He draws somewhat wild conclusions from narrow generalizations: as the general kindness and consideration of the pashas, from his visit to a single one of them; or his verdict that the Turkish officials are anxious for the settlement of Englishmen among them, from the assurances of the few whom he has chanced to meet. On the whole, we must say of this work that it contains not a little valuable information respecting Turkey, though it still leaves to be written a work which shall be to the Turkish Empire what the work of D. Mackenzie Wallace is to the Empire of Russia.

One of the most entertaining and valuable magazines of its kind in the country is the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, which is published under the auspices of the society of

that name in Boston, and is now in its thirtieth year. It is an admirable repository of those family facts and details which are always interesting and useful, and an agreeable miscellany of all kinds of historical and antiquarian information. It has active assistance from historical and family students in all parts of the country, and is a most comely and instructive quarterly visitor, in whom entire confidence may be placed.

An English Commentary on the Rhesus, Medea, Hippolytus, Alceste, Heraclides, Supplices, and Troades of Euripides, by CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. (Harper and Brothers. 1877.) These notes on Euripides are marked by all the characteristics of the doctor's former commentaries. They give the student just what he wants; they do not refer him to this work for one piece of information, and to that work for another. Dr. Anthon knew too well that such references, whether to dictionaries of antiquities, or to grammars, or to geographies, are, in nine cases out of ten, never made, even when, as is not often the case, the books referred to are accessible to the student. In this volume one excellent and most useful feature is the careful and thorough analysis of

the plot of each play, so different to the meagre *ὑπόθεσις* of the ordinary texts. A brief summary of each part of the dialogue and of each chorus is given, so that the connection of the parts into a whole can be clearly seen. Nothing is so necessary to the understanding of any dramatic piece as a clear knowledge of the facts or fancies on which it is based, and the plot constructed thereon.

With the exception of the *Rhesus*, which we think undoubtedly spurious, the selection of plays is a good one, and imparts to the student a perfect idea of the pathos, the passion, and the moral tone of the "most tragic" of the Greek dramatists, and the most vilified of Greek moralists.

The volume concludes with an elaborate scheme of the scanning of each play. The notes proper exhibit all the excellences of Dr. Anthon's previous editions; the latest editors, down to Paley (one of the most original), have been laid under contribution; the numerous mythological allusions are briefly explained, and every thing done to render "Anthon's Euripides" a fit successor of the long line of scholarly productions with which that name is identified. "Still in his ashes live his wonted fires."

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—George W. Hill, of the *American Ephemeris*, has recently printed (privately) an exhaustive treatise on that part of the motion of the lunar perigee which is a function of the mean motions of the sun and moon. From this work we learn that its author is also engaged in other researches in the lunar theory, which are shortly to be published.

Deichmüller, of Bonn, has published an investigation of the circumstances of the transit of Venus in 1882; it has been compared with an unpublished discussion by Peter, of Leipsic.

The National Academy of Sciences has just published Vol. I. of its Biographical Memoirs, in which the *éloges* pronounced at various times before the Academy are collected. Among these are several which are of great value as contributions to the history of astronomy in America. In some of these are to be found materials, nowhere else available, for a comprehensive view of the early stages of the progress of this science in the United States. Below is given a list of the biographies of astronomers, with the authors: *éloge* of J. S. Hubbard, by Dr. B. A. Gould; *éloge* of James S. Gilliss, by Dr. B. A. Gould; *éloge* of Alexander D. Bache, by Professor J. Henry; *éloge* of William Chauvenet, by Professor J. H. C. Coffin; *éloge* of Joseph Winlock, by Professor J. Lovering.

The annual report of the Astronomer Royal to the Board of Visitors has just been received in America, and is, as always, a record of great interest to the astronomer. From it we learn that the new nine-year catalogue is well under way, and that Sir George Airy will publish his numerical lunar theory as an appendix to the Greenwich volume. Other matters of importance have been already referred to in this column.

Pogson, of Madras, has about 29,000 unpublished meridian observations of about 3000 southern

stars, from which a catalogue is to be compiled and published. He is also making a complete atlas of telescopic variable stars in 136 maps, containing the approximate positions of over 40,000 stars.

Schiaparelli has published, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 2133, a long series of observations of important double-stars.

Flammarion, of Paris, has in the press a work on binary stars, etc., in which all observations are given for each star, and a discussion of their orbits, etc., follows.

The *Astronomische Nachrichten* also contains an account by Galle of the discovery of Neptune.

Lord Rosse is preparing for publication all the observations of nebulae made at Birr Castle with his six and three feet mirrors during the last thirty years. Those drawings which have already been published in the *Philosophical Transactions* will not be republished. The whole will probably be divided into three or four parts, each comprising 6 h. or 8 h. of right ascension. The editing is done by Dr. Dreyer, Lord Rosse's assistant, and the work is to be published by the Royal Irish Academy. It is expected to be soon in the hands of astronomers.

Dr. Sundell, of Helsingfors, describes, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, a remarkable meteor observed on April 29. Its head had an apparent diameter of about half a degree, and the tail left behind remained visible for two hours near the northern horizon. The duration of visibility of the meteor was three to four seconds.

Professor Pritchett, of Glasgow, Missouri, contributes to the same journal a series of observed conjunctions of Saturn's satellites on thirty nights in 1876-77.

Grubb, of Dublin, has just completed two 8½-inch equatorials for Berlin and Dresden, in which he has incorporated his latest improvements with regard to illumination of field, wires, etc. One

reading microscope suffices to read both declination and right ascension circles.

The recent invention of Barraud and Lund, of London, for controlling a clock by automatic or other signals is described in an advertisement in the *Telegraphic Journal* for May, 1877. It has the capital advantage over the Bain system that the clock may run *either* fast or slow without affecting the control. It suffices to control a clock whose rate is ± 2 minutes daily. It appears to be a suitable device for the regulation of the clocks of manufactories, railways, churches, etc., where a control to the nearest minute is all that is required, and where economy is necessary. In this connection it may be noted that the Paris Observatory now controls the clocks of the Conservatoire St. Sulpice and the Luxembourg, and the system is to be extended to the clocks of the various cab stands, which will be a very practical and valuable step.

The next meeting of the German Astronomical Society will take place at Stockholm on August 30. The *Vierteljahrsschrift* of this society contains brief notices of the activity of various observatories.

In *Physics*, we note a beautiful acoustic experiment by Tylor, described in *Nature*, in which atmospheric vibrations are received on a soap film instead of a membrane. The end of a lamp chimney is dipped into the ordinary bubble solution, and a film is formed over the opening. On singing near the open end, the series of forms belonging to the various notes become plainly visible in the film, and on reflecting the calcium light to a screen by the film, the figures come out on the screen with great beauty. If the solution be thin, the film is almost devoid of color; but if thick, a gorgeous scenic effect is produced by the masses of prismatic color whirled hither and thither by the musical vibrations.

Crookes has given the name Otheoscope to a form of the radiometer in which, regarding the blackened surfaces of the vanes as the heater and the glass the cooler, and deducing from theoretical considerations that the latter rather than the former should be the moving body, a blackened fixed surface is so arranged that the stream of molecules driven from it shall impinge upon the transparent vanes and drive them round. In this instrument, unlike the radiometer, the glass envelope plays no part other than a preserver of the rarefaction. At the Royal Society's May soirée six otheoscopes of different forms and thirteen new radiometers were exhibited.

Garbe has discussed the radiometer from the stand-point of theory, assuming that, in this case, the sum of the moments of different points relatively to a given axis is constant. From this, three conclusions follow: 1st, the containing envelope being free to move and the vanes starting from rest, when equilibrium is attained, the rotations of the two will be in opposite directions with a velocity inversely as their moments of inertia; 2d, the vanes having a certain initial velocity, if the apparatus be left free, either (a) the globe will revolve in the opposite direction (in case the vanes revolve more rapidly), (b) it will remain stationary (in case the velocity of the vanes remains constant), or (c) it will revolve in the same direction (in case this velocity lessens); 3d, the apparatus being inverted, and its parts thus becoming fixed, the action and reaction are

equal, and no motion takes place under any conditions.

De Romilly has made some curious experiments on capillary action. He finds that if a bell-jar be covered at bottom with a cotton netting whose meshes are from one-eighth to one-twelfth inch in diameter, water drawn up into it will remain suspended, a well-pronounced meniscus being observable at each mesh. Moreover, although the strength of capillary attraction diminishes with the temperature, the water in the jar may be boiled by placing a Bunsen burner beneath the netting, without falling through it. Special apparatus is needed to maintain the level, which the author figures and describes in his original paper.

Gariel has modified the ordinary projection instrument known as the phenakistiscope, removing the disk which carries the figures, and doubling the number of lenses in order to give more light on the screen. Placing now a fixed object in the apparatus, as a round opening in a screen, for example, its image may be made to persist by sufficiently rapid rotation. Using two openings of different colors, their resultant may be shown. With a prism, the spectrum given when the apparatus is at rest becomes white when in motion. The apparatus shows the manometric flames very well.

Carey Lea has studied the sensitiveness to light of various salts of silver. Premising that these salts are sensitive, 1st, by being darkened, 2d, by receiving a latent image rendered visible by a deposit of metallic silver, or 3d, by receiving an image which is made visible by decomposition by alkalis in connection with reducing agents, he gives the results of his experiments to ascertain the sensitiveness of various salts in the third way above mentioned. Silver platinocyanide gave the strongest image, though none of the substances tried at all approached the haloid silver salts in sensitiveness. Moreover, he observed that no substance insensitive in the absence of tannin became sensitive by its presence.

Spottiswoode has experimented to determine the conditions of stratification in exhausted tubes, and finds that in a tube, one terminal of which is connected with the negative coating of a Leyden battery, while the other is held beyond striking distance from the positive coating, the discharge will show the separation of the positive from the negative part by a dark intervening space, and under suitable conditions of exhaustion will also show striæ. Decreasing the distance from the positive coating produced a stratified discharge. He concludes that by a suitable disposition of a Leyden battery the phenomena produced by it coincide with those produced by the induction coil.

Fitzgerald has communicated to the Royal Society the important fact that a ray of plane polarized light, when reflected from the polished pole of an electromagnet, is not simply rotated, as Kerr supposed, but emerges elliptically polarized. To account for this result, he supposes differences of density of iron in different directions due to the magnetization; whence two circular rays of unequal indices, which by their combination produce, of course, an elliptic ray.

Jablochkoff has described more in detail the construction of his electric candle. It consists of two carbons placed side by side, and insulated

from each other by kaolin, or pounded brick. To prevent the more rapid consumption of the positive carbon, it is made of proportionately greater cross section, the author having found that the relative rapidity of consumption depends on the strength of the current. With a Gramme machine he has obtained four simultaneous lights all in one circuit.

Gripon has published two interesting experiments in static electricity. In the first, two equal strips of copper are placed at the top of a metallic stem, the lower one fixed, the other moving on a pivot. If the apparatus be placed in the neighborhood of an electric machine, or even of a charged sphere, the two strips arrange themselves perpendicularly to one another. If the upper strip be replaced by a magnetic needle, a deflection more or less decided is also observed. In the second, a capsule completely full of oil of turpentine is placed beneath a permanently electrified sphere. The liquid is attracted, and a column of it rises to the ball, in which very complex movements may be observed, the whole recalling closely a water-spout.

In *Chemistry*, a paper has appeared by Bischof, giving the results of his examination of a considerable white efflorescence upon the outside of a tube which had been employed for eight months in conveying aqueduct water into a cistern, the tube being alternately exposed and immersed. The powder was lead carbonate and sulphate. On analyzing the tube itself, it was found to contain 1.7 per cent. of antimony. The author attributes the rapid corrosion to the presence of this metal, and considers the use of lead alloys for tubes for conveying drinking water to be reprehensible.

Corne has observed that if to an aqueous solution of an iodate there be added a few drops of water in which phosphorus has been kept, iodine is liberated. The reaction is due to the phosphorous acid present. To detect an iodide, this is first oxidized by boiling with a few drops of sodium hypochlorite. The addition of the phosphorus water sets free iodine at once, which is recognized by starch or carbon disulphide.

Hermann has observed an interesting and novel formation of salicylic acid by the prolonged action of sodium on succinic ether. Since succinic acid belongs to the fatty series, while salicylic acid belongs to the aromatic, the result is a conversion of one into the other, a rare thing in organic chemistry. Moreover, the constitution of the former enables that of the latter to be fixed with certainty.

Perkin has effected a simpler synthesis of coumarin (the odorous principle of the Tonka-bean, the melilot, etc.) by boiling salicyl hydride with acetic oxide and sodium acetate. With other aromatic aldehydes other syntheses were effected, some of them of great interest.

Heeren has examined various kinds of caoutchouc to ascertain their solvency in coal-tar benzene. He finds the most soluble to be that of Guayaquil, of which benzene dissolves 20 per cent.; while that of Para has only 17 per cent. of soluble matter; Africa, 12.7; Rangoon, 9.1; and Madagascar, 5.7. Obviously this gum must be, therefore, a mixture of several different chemical substances.

Kosman has discovered in the buds of trees and the young leaves of many plants a natural ferment, which is capable of transforming cane sugar into glucose, of converting starch into dex-

trin and glucose, and of resolving glucosides into glucose and some other body. The ferment was observed in the buds of elm, poplar, oak, and filbert, in the flowers of dogwood and the plum, and in the young leaves of chelidonium and digitalis.

Mineralogy.—Professor J. Lawrence Smith has recently published an article embodying the results of his extended examination of American columbic acid minerals. This important communication, besides analyses of columbite, samarskite, fergusonite, etc., contains also the description of two new species of this group, *Hatchettolite* and *Rogersite*. The former mineral is called after Professor Hatchett, of England, who called the element columbium in 1801. It is found with the samarskite of North Carolina, occurring in fine regular octahedrons. It has a yellowish-brown color, a resinous lustre, and its specific gravity of about 4.8, hence somewhat greater than that of pyrochlore, with which it is related. Dr. Smith published three analyses; Professor Allen more recently has contributed another still more complete analysis, and thus has made out completely its chemical composition. It is shown to be essentially a hydrated tantalo-columbate of uranium, calcium, and iron.

The second mineral described by Dr. Smith is named *Rogersite*, in honor of Professor William B. Rogers. It is found as a white crust with mammillary structure upon the North Carolina samarskite. Its specific gravity is 3.3. An approximate analysis has found it to be a columbate of yttria, largely hydrated.

Another mineral, *Dysanalyte*, related to pyrochlore, has been described by A. Knop in Carlsruhe, Baden. It occurs in small, iron-black, cubic crystals in the limestone of the Vogtsburg, Kaiserstuhlgebirge, and was formerly considered to be Perofskite. A careful analysis has shown, however, that it is really a columbo-titanate of calcium, cerium, sodium, iron, etc., and is hence more closely allied to pyrochlore. Another related mineral from the Kaiserstuhl was some time since named Koppite by the same chemist who now describes Dysanalyte.

Bunsenite is a pure telluride of gold, found in Transylvania, and named in honor of Professor Bunsen, of Heidelberg.

Franklandite is a new borate of sodium and calcium described by Professor J. Emerson Reynolds. It is found with ulexite at Tarapaca, Peru.

Microscopy.—In a paper read before the Royal Microscopical Society, April 4, 1877, by A. Rénard, on the "Mineralogical Composition and the Microscopical Structure of the Belgian Whetstones," the author states that they owe their excessive hardness to garnet, instead of finely divided quartz, as hitherto supposed; in fact, they contain scarcely any quartz. Thin sections seen by transmitted light show myriads of globular forms so excessively minute that their regular bounding lines, and frequently lozenge-shaped faces, are not attacked in the polishing process. Sometimes they are gathered together at one point; again, they form lines, or chaplets, or are isolated. These minute rhombo-dodecahedral forms, or globular crystals, are garnet of the variety called spessartine, which, in its pure form, is a little transparent crystal of a pale yellow color, so that the union of a great number of infinitely small crystals should produce, when regarded *ensemble*, a yellowish-white tint, which is the prevailing color of the whet-

stones. Chemical analysis also indicates this manganese garnet, and near the veins of whetstone MM. De Koninck and Davreux discovered beautiful little garnet crystals of spessartine. Another element of the whetstone is schorl, showing under the microscope as minute parallelograms, pale green, blue, or grayish, and dioscopic; also a prismatic mineral allied to chrysoberyl, and only discernible with high powers. It appears as prisms of a greenish-yellow color, scattered throughout the whetstone sporadically, sometimes ranged in lines, often interlacing and superposed, but maintaining a position the while too regular and constant in its repetition not to be subject to some crystallographic law, the simplest form being genticulated twins, with an angle of about 60° . The author concludes, from his examination and microscopical study of this rare rock of Salm and the neighborhood, that the whetstone bands are real layers in the Cambrian formation, deposited in the same way as the adjoining slates, and only metamorphosed in a general way, the mineralogical elements being present from the very beginning of the deposit.

In *Comptes Rendus*, March 12, 1877, M. Pietkiewicz criticises the communication which Goodsir made some time ago to the British Association, announcing that he had discovered in the jaw of the calf and sheep germs of three incisors, one canine, and one molar tooth, and that thus their dental formula would be related to that of the pachyderms, minus one molar: $I \frac{3}{3}$; $C \frac{1}{1}$; $M \frac{6}{6}$. Naturalists, and Darwin particularly, seized hold of this idea, and thus associating the discoveries of comparative anatomy and paleontology, this embryological discovery permitted the association of groups of animals which had before been separated. M. Pietkiewicz states that in endeavoring to verify this opinion of Goodsir, so creditable to science, he found nothing whatever to justify it. Goodsir's error was conceived through the false notion he had formed of the development of the follicles.

In Mr. Sorby's lecture on the "Structure and Origin of Meteorites," published in *Nature*, April 5, he states that the microscopical characters indicate a formation under very special conditions. Thus the small glassy spherules that are found in them indicate that the melted glassy spray was projected into an atmosphere heated so nearly to its melting-point that the particles could collect into spheres without being drawn out into long fibres, as happens when the spray is blown into a cool atmosphere, so as to form the natural *Pele's hair*, or the analogous artificial furnace-product. Other remarkable peculiarities are discussed, and explained by supposing them formed under conditions like those now proved to occur near the surface of the sun. If we admit that they are portions of solid matter projected into space during the intense disturbances known to occur on the surface of the sun, or are remnants of matter subjected to similar influences at a remote epoch, when the conditions now met with only near the sun extended much further out into planetary space, the microscope was never applied to a question of greater magnitude, and the important bearing of very minute on immensely great objects made more apparent.

In the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for June is a note, with illustrations, from a paper by W. Blythe, M.R.C.S., on the "Microscopical Active

Principle of the Cobra Poison," published in the *Analyst*. Magnified 250 diameters, it appears as long, slender, prismatic, and radiating crystals; and so terribly active is this substance, for which the name *cobric acid* has been proposed, that one-fifth of a grain injected into a man's veins would be fatal. So that we have here a rival to aconitia, weight for weight, in its power of destruction.

The new double staining, by the mixed boracic solutions of carmine and indigo carmine (sulphindogate of potassium), as suggested by Merkel, promises very interesting and useful results, though as yet very unequal, probably owing to the action of the oxalic acid, into a solution of which the preparation must be put after the staining, to fix the indigo blue, but which often destroys the carmine, or changes it to a yellow color. The blue boracic solution of indigo carmine by itself is highly recommended by Mr. Golding Bird; it stains rapidly, and is well fixed by the oxalic process, and is of a very agreeable color. An account of the action of these dyes may be found in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, January, 1877.

Anthropology.—In the fifth number of *Matériaux*, M. Chantre continues his descriptions of the Hungarian exhibit of material at the Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archaeology held last summer at Buda-Pesth. Doubtless the most valuable result of the meeting was the amount of interest awakened by the hitherto unknown treasures of antiquity in existence throughout that country.

A controversy has sprung up in the *Academy* between Mr. E. B. Tylor and Mr. Herbert Spencer relative to the authorship of the philosophy of animism.

In the *Academy* for June 2 and 9, Mr. James Spedding reviews Mr. Alexander Ellis's letter in the same journal for March 17 on spelling reform, to which Mr. Ellis replies in the number for June 16. The question of phonetic representation has become a serious one. It is proposed by those in charge of the government surveys to publish exhaustive monographs on the six hundred or more tribes of Indians now or formerly living in North America. The first step to such an enterprise would be a synonymy of the tribes. Those who have given some attention to the subject have been both amused and mortified at the chaotic condition of our Indian spelling.

In *Mind*, for July, Mr. Charles Darwin gives a "Biographical Sketch of an Infant," which is the record of a series of observations upon one of the author's own children, conducted in the same painstaking and exhaustive spirit which characterizes all the author's investigations.

Professor F. V. Hayden publishes as the seventh volume of his miscellaneous works *Ethnography and Philology of the Hidatsa Indians*, by Washington Matthews, Assistant Surgeon U.S.A. It is an octavo volume of 240 pages, containing a description of the tribes around Fort Berthold, a culture-historical sketch of the Hidatsa proper, a treatise on the comparative grammar and on the grammatical structure of the Hidatsa, and, finally, a Hidatsa-English and an English-Hidatsa dictionary.

Mr. J. Munsell, of Albany, has done an excellent thing in publishing Mr. Beach's *Indian Miscellany*, which is a series of fugitive articles on

highly important Indian topics by the most distinguished writers on American ethnology.

The National Museum has recently received from Professor Gabb and Mr. Frith two precious relics from a cave in Turk's Island in the shape of wooden stools. They answer exactly to the description given by Herrera and the other historians of Columbus of low wooden stools made of a single piece of wood to represent an animal, with the head and fore-feet projecting in front, and the tail rising behind to form a back to the stool. Cavities in the place of eyes are described by Herrera, into which pearls and pieces of gold were inserted. In every particular the Turk's Island stools resemble those described in the voyages of Columbus. Carved images of wood and beautiful celts, one of which is inserted in a well-preserved wooden handle, were also sent.

Zoology.—In an essay entitled "Antigeny, or Sexual Dimorphism in Butterflies," published by Mr. S. H. Scudder in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston, the author states that Darwin, in his work on sexual selection, discusses the difference of coloration which frequently distinguishes the sexes of butterflies, and concludes that "the male, as a general rule, is the most beautiful, and departs most from the usual type of coloring of the group to which the species belongs." Mr. Scudder remarks that of the first proposition there is no doubt, but that in the second two distinct elements appear to be confounded, the separation of which he attempts. He suggests the term *antigeny*, signifying opposition or diversity of the sexes, to avoid circumlocution, for there are so many forms of sexual dimorphism that a compound term for the general phenomenon becomes inconvenient. He cites a number of cases of partial antigeny, and concludes that in all these cases it is the female, and never the male, which first departs from the normal type of coloring of the group to which the species belongs. Occasionally the feminine peculiarity has been transmitted to the male, and by this means a new type of coloration established in the group; but Mr. Scudder recalls no case where the male alone departs from the general type of coloring peculiar to the group. This is precisely the opposite conclusion to that which Darwin reached.

Sexual dimorphism is not confined to coloration, but to structural features. The latter is always confined to the males, and in butterflies is mostly confined to the wings and the legs; occasionally it appears in the antennæ, while sometimes it affects the contour of the wings.

Darwin supposes that the various male characteristics have all arisen by natural selection, one of rival males being selected as a mate whose outward charms are greatest. Mr. Scudder brings forward as limiting this notion the fact that the males of many butterflies possess peculiar cells, which he calls *androconia*, and are of great beauty and delicacy, but are hidden among the others. In this respect the theory of sexual selection proposed by Darwin appears to fail just where it should aid us most.

In an account of experiments on the sense organs of insects, in the *American Naturalist*, Dr. A. S. Packard, Jun., says that of a number of insects of all orders which were deprived of their antennæ, the honey-bee (worker) was more affected than any of the others operated upon. The

removal of the antennæ in this insect seemed to show that the sense of hearing may reside in the antennæ, while that of smell has its seat in the palpi (and perhaps the tongue) alone. It would also seem as if the antennal nerves were so continuous with the brain (supracæsophageal ganglia) that they form, as it were, a part of it, their removal at a little distance from their origin producing such a shock to the ganglionic nervous system that the insect acts somewhat like a bird when deprived of the central hemispheres. In an ichneumon the sense of taste appears to be situated in the ends of the palpi. In the butterflies the sense of taste, as well as touch, is situated in the spiral tongue or maxillæ. Spiders on losing their maxillary palpi seemed to be affected much as insects on the loss of their antennæ.

The species of American *Galeodes*, a spider-like form, have been studied by Mr. J. D. Putnam. While eighteen species of this interesting genus have occurred in other parts of the world, two have been described by Say, and it is probable that three others are in existence. They are confined to Florida and the central and Pacific coast regions of North America.

The last number (Vol. III., No. 3) of the Bulletin of Hayden's United States Geological Survey of the Territories contains a paper, by Dr. E. Coues, on the insectivorous mammals of North America, with descriptions of several new forms. This is preliminary to a new work on American mammalia in course of preparation.

Botany.—In botany, we have to notice a number of papers recently published in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences—descriptions of new species of plants, with revisions of *Lychnis*, *Eriogonum*, and *Chorizanthe*, by Sereno Watson; observations on North American and other lichens, by Professor Edward Tuckerman; on some algæ new to the United States, by W. G. Farlow; description of a new alga from California, by Professor D. C. Eaton.

The Bulletin of the Torrey Club contains a description of some new hepaticæ, by C. F. Austin, and an article on the botanical geography of Syria.

In the *American Naturalist* is an interesting note on *Sarracenia variolaris*, by Dr. Mellichamps, of Bluffton, South Carolina, who adheres to his previous belief that the fluid secreted by that insectivorous plant lures but does not intoxicate the insects which visit it. In the same journal the so-called *Habenaria spectabilis* is referred back to the genus *Orchis*, in consequence of the discovery by Professor Gray that the glands are contained in a pouch.

The *Botanische Zeitung* contains a paper, by Brefeld, on the *Entomophthoræ* and their allies. The species more especially studied was *Entomophthora radicans*. In the same journal Dr. Bauke has a paper on the development of the *Ascomycetes*.

The *Annales des Sciences* contains articles, by Professor Sorokin, on the vegetable parasites of the *anguillulæ*, and anatomical researches on the cuttings of cacti. From Naples there have been received two papers, by Professor Cesati, on some ferns and related plants from Borneo and Polynesian islands.

Agricultural Science.—The question as to the source of the carbonic acid from which the carbon of plants is obtained, whether it is derived exclusively from the atmosphere or partially from

the soil, has been long discussed. Liebig was of the opinion that a portion was obtained from the soil through the roots, while Boussingault believed that the larger part, if not the whole, comes from the air through the leaves. Some experiments of Boehm, lately referred to in these columns, were claimed by the author to indicate that the plant can not take carbonic acid from the soil. The experimental data needful to the decision of the question have been lacking. One of the last numbers of the *Landwirthschaftliche Jahrbücher* contains accounts of some very ingenious and interesting experiments by Moll, from which the author derives—evidently with good ground—several conclusions, of which the resultant is that plants derive none of their carbon from the carbonic acid imbibed from the soil through the roots.

The report of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture for 1876 is devoted to the general subject of fertilizers and their use. Lectures by Professor Brewer on the forest trees of Connecticut, by Dr. Sturtevant and Professor Stockbridge on plant food and vegetable nutrition, and by Professor Atwater on potash in agriculture, with the discussions, and the report of the State Agricultural Experiment Station, make up the bulk of the volume.

The Experiment Station Report gives an inter-

esting illustration of the readiness with which new and evidently useful ideas are adopted in this country. The station has introduced into Connecticut a "fertilizer-control system," substantially on the German plan. This consists essentially in securing from dealers in commercial fertilizers an agreement binding them to place their wares sold in Connecticut under the supervision of the station. The report gives the names of nearly forty firms and individuals engaged in the importation, manufacture, and sale of commercial fertilizers who have thus subscribed to the agreement with the station. The list includes nearly all of the more substantial sellers of these articles whose wares are offered in Connecticut. Although but little over a year had passed from the organization of the station to the date of the report, the number of these firms and their ratio to the whole number who could join in the arrangement are considerably larger than are reported by any of the German stations, where the system has been in operation for a good many years. It is also worthy of note that the average cost of the valuable ingredients of the commercial fertilizers sold under the supervision of the station was less than half the cost of the same ingredients in the articles sold during the season before the station was established.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of July.—A serious Indian outbreak began in Idaho about the middle of June, when the savages of White Bird's and Joseph's bands murdered a score of settlers fifty miles east of Fort Lapwai. Captain Perry, who was sent against them, was severely repulsed. General O. O. Howard, making a forced march, came upon the Indians at the mouth of the Cottonwood, July 12, and, after an engagement in which eleven of his men were killed and twenty-four wounded, shelled them from their position, and put them to flight. On the 10th of July Joseph's band had massacred thirty Chinamen on the Clearwater River.

President Hayes has issued the following circular to office-holders:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, June 22, 1877.

"SIR,—I desire to call your attention to the following paragraph in a letter addressed by me to the Secretary of the Treasury on the conduct to be observed by officers of the general government in relation to the elections: 'No officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions, or election campaigns. Their right to vote and to express their views on public questions, either orally or through the press, is not denied, provided it does not interfere with the discharge of their official duties. No assessment for political purposes on officers or subordinates should be allowed.' This rule is applicable to every department of the civil service. It should be understood by every officer of the general government that he is expected to conform his conduct to its requirements.

"Very respectfully, R. B. HAYES."

The Iowa Republican Convention, at Des Moines, June 22, nominated John H. Gear for Governor. The resolutions adopted laid especial stress upon the duty of Congress and the President to enforce the constitutional amendments, the gradual resumption of specie payments, opposition to fur-

ther contraction of the currency, and the remonetization of silver. The Convention refused to indorse the President's Southern policy.

The members of the late Returning Board of Louisiana were arrested, July 5, charged with "uttering and publishing as true certain altered, false, forged, and counterfeited records."

The Georgia Constitutional Convention met July 11. The president, Mr. Charles J. Jenkins, in his address, said, "It is unnecessary to caution you against doing any thing that would infringe upon the rights of the negro race."

The reduction of the public debt during June amounted to \$3,219,000.

A strike by the firemen and brakemen of the freight trains of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was begun in Baltimore, July 16, against a reduction of wages, which was to take effect that day. The movement soon spread along the entire line as far as Wheeling, West Virginia, and later to Chicago, and to Newark, Ohio. No freight trains were allowed to move either way. On the 18th, the strike had become so formidable that the Governor of West Virginia was obliged to call on the national government for help. The President responded promptly, and after issuing a proclamation to the rioters, sent 250 regulars, under General French, to Martinsburg. Under the protection of the troops, two freight trains were sent out, one each way. The strike has also extended to the Pennsylvania and Erie railroads. At Pittsburg and thereabouts the freight men refused to go out with their trains, July 19, because the company had increased their work without adding to their pay. The Governor of Maryland called out the Fifth and Sixth regiments, and as the latter was marching through Baltimore it was attacked by the rioters. The regiment, in

return, fired into the crowd, killing eight and wounding many others. The Governor of Pennsylvania sent the Eighteenth Regiment to Pittsburgh to suppress the riot there. These troops, on their arrival at Pittsburgh, being resisted in an attempt to disperse the mob, fired several volleys into the crowd. Taking up their quarters in the round-house, they were besieged by the rioters, who had obtained arms and three cannon. Not succeeding in dislodging the troops, the rioters set fire to the building by pushing against it burning cars. The troops then retired in solid column, and being assailed by the mob, fired upon them. The rioters then pillaged the cars and dépôts of the Pennsylvania Railroad, afterward burning them, destroying property worth millions of dollars. A large number of persons were killed in the conflicts with the troops.

On the 22d of June the French Senate decreed dissolution, by a vote of 219 to 130. The decree was formally read in the chamber on the 25th.

In the British House of Lords, June 16, the government was again defeated on the Burials Bill, a resolution being passed authorizing those using church-yards for burial to dispense with the Church of England service if they object to that service. The government withdrew the bill.

The Russian forces in Armenia have been compelled, after severe losses, to retreat to Bayazid.—Near the close of June the Russian troops on the Danube began to cross that river at Galatz. Penetrating to the interior, they took possession of Matchin, after a brief engagement. On June 25

a second crossing was made at Hirsova. By July 6 over 120,000 Russians had crossed the Danube at Simniza. The advance guard of cavalry, infantry, and artillery crossed the Balkans July 14. At the latest advices Adrianople was threatened.

DISASTERS.

June 25.—Violent wind storm in Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, destroying much property and causing considerable loss of life.—Fire in Marblehead, Massachusetts, destroying several large shoe factories and about seventy dwellings.

July 7.—Pensaukee Station, Illinois, destroyed by tornado. Six lives lost.

July 11.—In a coal mine near Sharon, Pennsylvania, seven men were killed by the foul gas generated by the use of anthracite coal in the locomotive.

July 14.—Boiler explosion at the ore mines near Macungy, Pennsylvania. Three lives lost, and five persons fatally injured.

June 26.—Boiler explosion at the Ravensdale Iron-Works at Tunstall, England. Eight lives lost.

OBITUARY.

June 20.—In Brooklyn, New York, Charles F. Briggs, a well-known author and journalist, aged sixty-seven years.

June 25.—At Pecater's Point, Lake George, New York, Robert Dale Owen, a prominent spiritualist and social reformer, aged seventy-six years.

July 9.—Near Buchanan, Ohio, Professor Sanborn Tenney, of Williams College, aged fifty years.

Editor's Drawer.

FOR seven-and-twenty years hath the Drawer acted upon this saying of an old philosopher:

"Laughter is healthful to the body as gladness is to the mind; and there is not a more beautiful spectacle than a smiling face, when you know it is the true index of the soul within. We do not speak of that species of idiotic laughter which is sure to follow the exhibition of any low trick, or the utterance of a coarse jest; but that genial outburst that enlivens the social circle when men, like true philosophers, forget their past cares, and put off till the morrow all apprehensions regarding the future."

A HAPPY papa in Hartford has a three-and-a-half-year-old George, who lately ate macaroni for the first time, and liked it so well that he said to his father, "Please give me some more."

"Some more of what?"

"Some more Yankee Doodle," replied the young person.

In these days, when civil service reform is agitating the bosom of the politician, it may not be out of place to present, for the consideration of aspirants for place at Washington, the following dialogue that occurred some years ago between Judge C—— and a candidate for door-keeper of the House.

[Enter candidate, who supposes the judge to be a member.]

CANDIDATE. "If you please, Sir, I wish to be

elected door-keeper of the House, and if you will be so good as to vote for me I will try to—"

JUDGE. "Take a seat, Sir, and I will examine you."

CANDIDATE. "Yes, Sir, if you please."

JUDGE (*gravely*). "Have you ever been a door-keeper?"

CANDIDATE. "No, Sir; but I trust by your vote and—"

JUDGE. "Have you ever been instructed in the responsible and arduous duties of door-keeping?"

CANDIDATE. "No, Sir; but I would like to be."

JUDGE. "Have you ever attended lectures on door-keeping?"

CANDIDATE. "Why, no; I never heard of any."

JUDGE (*sternly*). "Have you ever read a book on the science of door-keeping?"

CANDIDATE. "I never did, Sir; but I would, if—"

JUDGE. "Have you ever conversed with one who has read such a book?"

CANDIDATE. "No, Sir; but I certainly will."

JUDGE (*solemnly*). "Do you not see, Sir, that you have not a single qualification for the office?"

[Exit candidate, resolved to go home and give it up.]

Miss S——, an American heiress and quite beautiful, has been exciting much admiration in London during the present season, and is about to marry, it is said, the son of a nobleman connected with the royal household. American heir-

esses are by no means shunned abroad; quite the contrary, for they are generally as well educated and in every way as presentable as their foreign sisters, and do not accept the first impecunious scion of nobility that has a coronet about him. Some years ago the daughter of an American minister in London was much sought after by patrician youngsters. She was one day discovered writing letters, and observed, "I am writing my *declensions*. This London is a good enough place for flirtations, but I mean to *conjugate* at home."

SAITH one of the wisest and most scholarly men of the time: "Some persons are color-blind, and can not discriminate between red, green, and blue; and many persons are humor-blind, and can not discern, or understand, or enjoy a touch of fun or a stroke of humor. We think such persons are to be pitied. To them the spring of much hearty and innocent enjoyment is dried up, and they are not the better, though much the duller, for the want of it."

An older sage, the father of moral science in China, wrote, centuries ago: "The flower of existence is the bright flashing of wit in the social circle; it cheereth the heart of man like the celestial beverage which groweth in the gardens of the blessed, and is transplanted to the plains of this everlasting empire. Be witty, O sons of men, if you can; and if you can not be witty, rejoice that you can be wise."

ONE of the noble red men recently captured and taken to Washington sententiously observed, on seeing a locomotive for the first time, "Heap wagon—no hoss."

It was remarked by a late judge of one of the courts of this city that he had "held chambers in a cab." Judge Drummond, of the United States Circuit Court, being about to leave Milwaukee for Chicago when counsel desired to bring on a motion for a receiver in a railroad case, opened a special term in a parlor car, and heard arguments while *en route* for the latter city. But something a little better than this took place in Sierra County, California. Judge Searls, of the District Court, was on his way from Nevada to Plumas County. At Downieville two lawyers had agreed to argue a motion when the judge should arrive; but as time was pressing, and both

counsel were also going to Plumas, it was decided to ride along and hear argument by the way. Up the mule trail from Downieville to Monte Cristo, down to Oak Ranch, and so on to Eureka, the argument went on. At Eureka the case was examined through a glass, and in due time a decision arrived at. The loser consoled himself that he had ascended the mountain without being conscious of the grade; and when the judge suggested that the mule might have felt it as usual, counsel naïvely replied: "Sir, I think, from the result, he too was absorbed in helping to make up the *opinion*."

THE week of prayer was observed in Milford, New Hampshire, the past season, and a revival followed, and the two leading religious societies, the Baptist and Congregational, had an abundant harvest. The two societies are so nearly equal in strength as to have a rivalistic as well as a revivalistic feeling. Among the converts this year was a thorough-bred Baptist woman. At one of the "experience meetings" the good sister arose to relate her own experience. "Before my conversion," said she, "I had no love for church members; I couldn't love Christians as I do now. I found the Saviour, and now I love the dear Baptist brothers, and—yes, after my conversion, I loved *even the Congregationalists!*" The effect on the members of the latter denomination who chanced to be present, at the special emphasis on the word *even*, can be better imagined than described.

"THE ORIGIN OF MAN."

BY DARWIN.

CHAPTER I.

'Twas a lovely summer morning, in the year 9001 before Christ. The woods of Senegambia were clothed in their fairest costume, the lovely birds were chirping and singing their morning lays; the sky was one vast sheet of blue—every thing, in short, was full of sweetness and light, except the lovely Lady Adeliza de Chimpanzee. She was in the dumps. Moodily she rubbed her shoulders against a huge palm-tree, and while performing this act heaved a vast sigh. Just at that moment her mamma dropped from the tree above her.

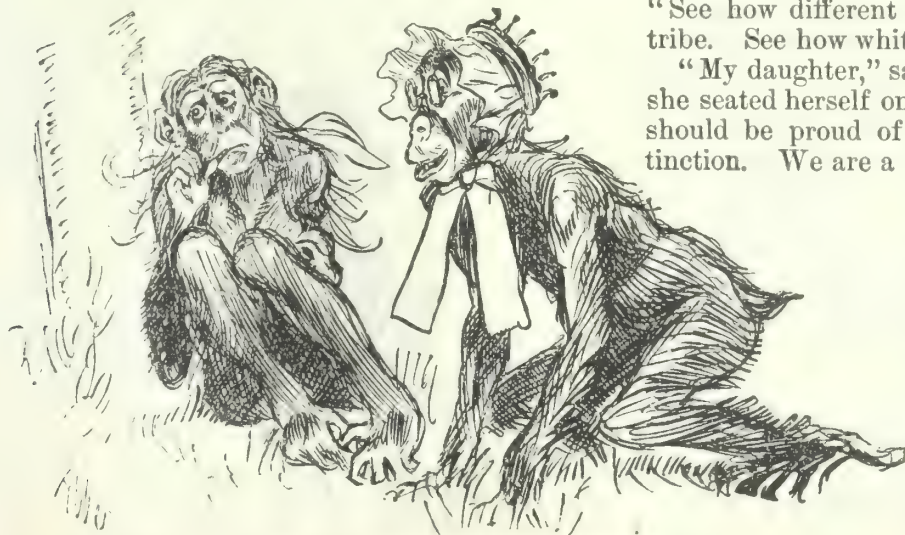
"My daughter," said the Duchess de Chimpanzee, "why that sigh?"

"Ah, mamma, look at me," said Lady Adeliza. "See how different I am from the rest of our tribe. See how white I am becoming."

"My daughter," said the duchess, languidly, as she seated herself on a convenient boulder, "you should be proud of the difference. It is a distinction. We are a higher race."

"I don't know, mamma. See what little caudal appendages we have. All the other folks can hang from the trees by their tails, but we are compelled to sit on the limbs."

"We are advancing, my dear. You are whiter than I am. You can talk in your youth; I could not until middle age. Your grandmother, as you



"MY DAUGHTER, WHY THAT SIGH?"



"SHE WAS THE LOVELIEST ORREATURE HE HAD EVER SEEN."

know, can only grunt it. You are moving to a higher sphere."

"Well, mamma, none of our folks will marry me," said Lady Adeliza, pouting.

"No, my child; it has been decreed that there should be a selection of the fittest in marriage. We have offered you to the Prince d'Orang-Outang, who is even whiter than you are, as his wife."

"Oh, mamma," gushed the Lady Adeliza, "that's splendid! Will he come soon?"

"Restrain yourself. People of high blood and short caudal appendages never get excited. He will be here in a short time."

Lady Adeliza went away to look for cocoa-nuts, and the duchess sat on a rock, and reflectively scratched her head.

CHAPTER II.

THE Duke de Chimpanzee was chief of a very large tribe. If he had been in the show business he would have made an everlasting fortune. He had but one daughter, the Lady Adeliza, and as she would inherit the live stock over which he ruled, youths of the neighboring tribes desired to marry her. Her parents, however, desired that she should be, if possible, the fountain of a new race, to which all their traditions told them they were working up. They determined that she should wed the Prince d'Orang-Outang. The duke proposed the matter to the prince.

"Aw!" said the prince, as he adjusted his eyeglass; "is it nice?"

"She is beautiful," replied the duke.

"Aw!" said the prince; "give it much stamps?"

"I shall give her all Ethiopia," replied the duke.

"I will—aw—step down, and—aw—look at it," murmured the prince, carelessly. "By surprise, you know."

This was agreed upon, and the duke departed.

The prince knew his worth. He was quite white, and was not troubled with the slightest particle of caudal appendage; but Ethiopia was a big prize, and he resolved to win it. One week after the duke had offered his daughter, the prince started for Senegambia with the intention of looking at the fair face of Adeliza.

CHAPTER III.

THE prince was wandering through the woods of Senegambia, gayly singing,

"I would be a butterfly,
Born in a bower,"

when his eyes fell upon a lovely chimpanzee sit-

ting in a shallow brook sucking a cocoa-nut. She was the loveliest creature he had ever seen. His heart was touched at once. He raised his eyeglass and stared at her till her eyes fell in modest confusion.

"Fair chimpanzee," said he, "wilt not—not—aw—tell me your—aw—name?"

"Adeliza," whispered she.

The Duchess de Chimpanzee, who had witnessed the meeting from behind a clump of bushes, chuckled, and slid off on her left ear.

"Adeliza," sighed the prince, "thou art—aw—beautiful. Wilt thou—aw—marry me?"

The Lady Adeliza threw the remains of her cocoa-nut at the head of a chimpanzee who was loafing in a neighboring tree, fell into the arms of the prince, and gently murmured, "I am thine."

They were married in great splendor. The Right Rev. Bishop Baboon, assisted by Rev. Simi-ader Ape, performed the ceremony. The bride-maids wore their natural clothes. The choir sang the lovely anthem, "Monkey married the Baboon's Sister." Lady Adeliza and her parents rubbed noses, and then the bride started on her tour on an elephant with one trunk.

CHAPTER IV.

THE seasons changed; summer lapsed into autumn, autumn into winter, winter into spring. Then there was a great rejoicing, for the Lady Adeliza gave the prince an heir. The child, however, was an anomaly in that region. It had no tail; it had flat feet; it had a white skin; it had no hair on its body. All the wise men examined it. It was not an orang-outang; it was not a chimpanzee; evidently it was a new species. Then a family conclave was called. "What shall we call it?" asked every body. The Duchess de Chimpanzee, who was languidly making mud pies, said,

"Let us call it—man."



THE new and very handsome edition of the novels of Charles Reade, in twelve volumes, just published by Harper and Brothers, reminds the Drawer of a neat little versicle made by a distinguished clergyman of the Catholic Church (the late Dr. Cummings), at the time *The Cloister and the Hearth*; or, *Maid, Wife, and Widow* was published. The writer had sent to the doctor the book, which was returned with the following:

Charles Reade's new novel—you have read it, maybe—Is all about a *Maid* that has a baby;
A *Wife*, but so romantic is her lot,
That nary husband has the lady got;
A *Widow*, with a husband, last not least,
For he, bedad, is both a monk and priest!

MR. LABOUCHERE, of the *London Truth*, a man who has been every where, knows every body, seen every thing, and owns three theatres, says: "The Austrians who passed the winter under deck in the *Tegetthoff*, when that ship was caught in a floe above Spitzbergen, hardly knew each other when the sun re-appeared, for they were all the color of white paper. This I read recently in the interesting account of the Austrian expedition to the north pole published by Captain Payer, the captain of the *Tegetthoff*. In America young ladies are accustomed to sit all day in darkened rooms in order to bleach themselves, and this habit accounts for the paleness of Americans. Years ago I passed a winter at Washington. The prettiest girl was a Miss Becky. One day I called upon her, and was shown into a room which seemed to me to be quite dark. 'Sit down,' said a voice, which I recognized as that of Becky, and I sat down upon an arm-chair against which I had stumbled. I felt myself propelled in the air, and a second voice cried out, '*Take care what you are doing. Why, you've sat down on pa. You get out, pa!*' observed Becky; and this was followed by a scuttling, which was produced by pa leaving the room. This was the only occasion I ever had of making the acquaintance of Becky's parent, although for many months I nursed a despairing affection for her."

WE are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Matlack, lately of New Orleans, for the following anecdotes of our colored brethren, which appeared in the *Methodist Church Extension Annual* for 1876:

In 1869 a series of missionary meetings was held in the colored Methodist Episcopal churches of New Orleans. At one of these it was arranged that an eccentric veteran named Scott Chinn should make the last speech and take the collection. The brother who preceded him greatly tried the old man's patience by the length of his address. "He'll spile de meetin'," said Brother

Chinn to the doctor who presided. "He's too long in de wind," "too much blowin'."

"Be patient, be patient," said the doctor.

"Oh, I's patient enough," said he; "but de people's gettin' tired, and den dey won't gib de money," said the old philosopher.

At length the long speech closed with an eloquent reference to the angel of the apocalypse flying through the heavens, having the everlasting Gospel to preach.

Scott Chinn was on his feet in a moment. "I's been afeerd some ob dese brudders would talk too long, and dat angel git clear out ob sight. Dat angel, brederen, is de missionary angel. He takes de eberlastin' Gospel wid him whereber he goes—to ebry nation, kindred, tongue, people!" "Mighty angel!" shouted some in the congregation. "Mighty! mighty!" repeated others as the excitement rose. Inspired with his conception and the enthusiasm of his congregation, his patriarchal form rose to its full height, and stretch-



PRIMARY EDUCATION.

ing out his hand toward the angel, which he seemed to see before him, he exclaimed, "O dou angel ob de mighty wing, tarry wid us a leetle while in dis missionary meetin'! We's de people your Lord sent you to find. Fold your wings and rest a while here. You's been flyin' so long, and you has many a long weary trabel before you. Blessed angel, ain't you pretty tired? Den rest, for dis is de Lord's day, and de Lord's house, and de Lord's people."

Turning to the congregation, now up to the white heat of excitement, he continued:

"Children, you may tank your stars, and de good Lord, dat dis angel come dis way to-day, and he's gwine to stay a while now. He's foldin' his wings and lookin' right at ye now. He wants to see what we's goin' to do to send dis eberlastin' Gospel round de world.

"I tell you what we'll do, children. De angel's wing broken a little, wid de big wind from de four corners ob de world. See! he needs some more fidders in de wing. He fly better, wid dis eber-

lastin' Gospel, through de midst ob de heben to de ends ob de earth. Up, now, and bring on de fedders for de angel's wing."

In an instant the people were on their feet, filing into the aisles and marching in time to the swell of song to the table in the altar, on which they placed their offerings of pennies and postage currency. Suddenly the preacher called out, "Stop dar—stop dat singin'!" The order was promptly obeyed, and all waited to see what was wrong. "What dis on de table?" he continued, pointing to the pennies and postage-stamps. "What you call dese? *Fedders for de angel's wing?* He can't fly round de world wid dese. *Dese am nuthin' but pin-fedders! Bring on your long quills for de angel's wing!*"

The song and the marching were resumed, and the offerings greatly enlarged, and the series of meetings among these poor colored people netted over \$1000.

VERY bright and jolly are the poems of Thomas Hood the younger, edited by his sister, and just published in London. Though handicapped at the outset by his father's name and fame, he was, nevertheless, a charming and facile writer and an untiring worker. How many toilers with the pen will appreciate this verse from "Copy; a Jester's In Memoriam!"

There's half a column yet to fill
Ere morn, come foul or fine.
My poor Pierian pump must spill
Its quantum—wash or wine.
It ought to be a brisk Champagne—
At least a bitter—hoppy;
For, let it shine, or let it rain,
A man must write his "copy."

Though written in jest, it has the grim earnestness of an epitaph. Perpetual "copy" and impecuniosity seem to have been the evil genius of his life, as may be inferred from this allusion in the poem "Ad Cor Meum:"

We've toiled together, you and I,
Through hot and cold, through wet and dry,
These years twice twenty,
And you seem weary of the work,
And I, although I'm not a shirk,
Have had just plenty.

Well, I must credit you with this—
You seldom say that aught's amiss
While I am pumping
The copy out apace; but then,
As soon as I lay by the pen,
You set up thumping.

* * * * *
But don't you think, 'twixt me and you,
'That we've done all we ought to do?
We've worn life's gleam off,
We've spent our youth, we're past our prime,
And somehow it seems almost time
To shut the steam off."

A PLEASANT, chatty book has just come to us from abroad, *Memoirs and Personal Sketches of "Barry Cornwall"* Procter. Here are two, hitherto unpublished, anecdotes of Samuel Rogers. After describing his house, Procter says: "His breakfast table was perfect in all respects, and the company—where literature mixed with fashion and rank, each having a fair proportion—was always agreeable. And in the midst of all his hospitable glory was the little old pleasant man, not yet infirm, with his many anecdotes, which he told well and delighted in, and subacid words, that gave flavor and pungency to the general talk. Mr. Wordsworth was breakfasting with him one

morning, he said, but he was much beyond the appointed time, and excused himself by saying that he and a friend had been to see Coleridge, who had detained them by one continuous flow of talk.

"How was it you called so early upon him?" inquired Rogers.

"Oh," replied Wordsworth, "we are going to dine with him this evening, and—"

"And," said Rogers, taking up the sentence, "you wanted to take the sting out of him beforehand."

"I met at Mr. Rogers's house Crabbe the poet, Chantrey, Thomas Campbell the poet, Sir Walter Scott, and Macaulay. I never heard Rogers volunteer an opinion about Campbell, except after his death, when he had been to see the poet's statue. 'It is the first time,' said he, 'that I have seen him stand straight for many years.'"

MAYOR BUTLER, of Portland, Maine, is welcome to the Drawer. He refused recently to approve a bill of eighty dollars for an aldermanic feed. In the bill was, "The City of Portland, Dr., 100 cigars." The veto merely stated that "The city of Portland does not smoke."

A BOSTON friend sends the three following:

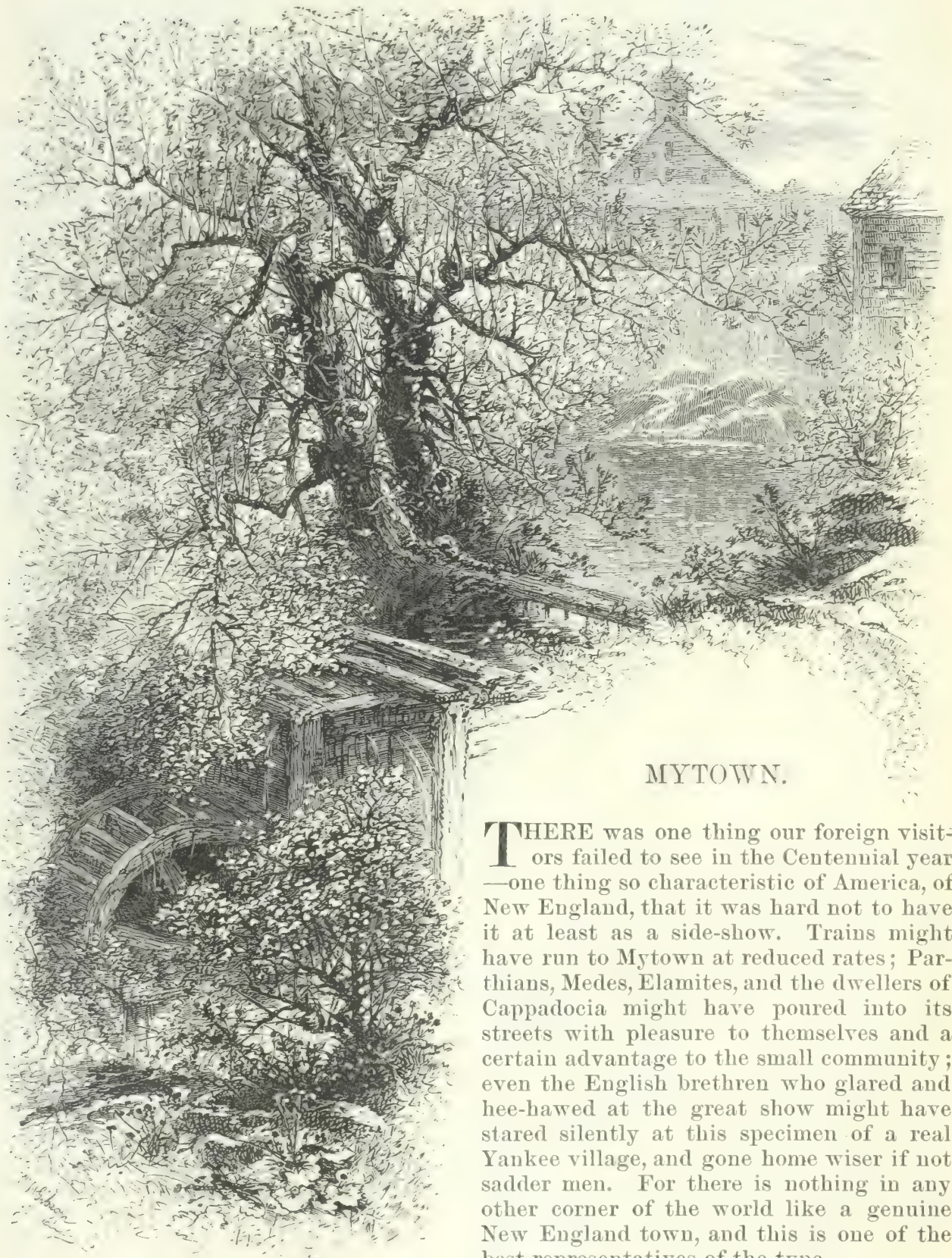
There once lived in B—— an eccentric character who had always been a poor laboring-man, and who was so unfortunate, among other matters, as to lose one wife after another. Upon the death of his third wife he seemed wholly inconsolable, and remarked to a friend condoling with him, "It's very expensive burying wives." When his black trousers were sent home by the tailor on the morning of the funeral, "Oh, dear, dear me!" he exclaimed, tearfully, after trying them on; "here's one trouble on the back of another—they're too short."

WHEN Freddie was six he went with his mother to spend a few days at grandma's in the country, where he enjoyed himself very much looking out of the window at some men drilling rocks over the way. Every now and then they would set off a blast, causing the stones to fly in every direction. It evidently made a deep impression on him. Some time after this, when it was to be supposed he had long forgotten all about it, his mother was sitting with him at their boarding-house breakfast table, vainly endeavoring to detach a morsel of one of the toughest pieces of beefsteak that it is her misfortune to get. Freddie suspended his own efforts, and watched her for a while with sympathetic interest and absorbed attention. Seeing, finally, that no headway was made, he exclaimed, suddenly, looking very arch and roguish, "Mamma, mamma, why don't you blast it?" (Sensation among the boarders.)

LITTLE M—— knelt down to say her prayers to her mother the other night, but she was very, very tired, and found it hard work. "Our Father" and "Now I lay me" were got through very languidly and with many sighs. Finally she came to her own little "made-up" prayer. "God bless papa, God bless mamma—and the whole troop!" she ejaculated, desperately; then jumping up, she climbed into bed, and fell fast asleep almost immediately.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXIX.—OCTOBER, 1877.—VOL. LV.



MYTOWN.

THERE was one thing our foreign visitors failed to see in the Centennial year—one thing so characteristic of America, of New England, that it was hard not to have it at least as a side-show. Trains might have run to Mytown at reduced rates; Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and the dwellers of Cappadocia might have poured into its streets with pleasure to themselves and a certain advantage to the small community; even the English brethren who glared and hee-hawed at the great show might have stared silently at this specimen of a real Yankee village, and gone home wiser if not sadder men. For there is nothing in any other corner of the world like a genuine New England town, and this is one of the best representatives of the type.

Long years ago, when a little settlement on the borders of Mycoping and Slabtown wanted a post-office and a name, a bright idea struck one of the fathers, and it was forthwith introduced into society as Mytown, combining the first and last syllables of the two townships it sprang from. Here the hardy and quaint old farmers put up a church at one end of the settlement and an iron foundry at the other, and went their ways in the rugged and religious fashion of old New England.

It is told that the redoubtable Ethan Allen, journeying on military service during the Revolution, dared to pursue his travels over the Great North Road, which ran through the village, on a Sunday morning, with a view to save time for his pressing business; but as he entered Mytown, a short, furry-pated, important little man trotted out from a log-cabin, through whose solitary window he had watched the colonel's approach, and seizing his horse by the bridle, ordered him to stop, and consider himself arrested as a Sabbath-breaker. But the colonel, in sudden rage at this pious impediment, turned his fierce eyes upon the doughty grand juror, and drawing his sword, waved it over the impertinent's head, shouting, "You — woodchuck! Scuttle back into your burrow, or I'll cut your head off." Whereupon the poor little man trotted back to his cabin in mortal terror, and the colonel went his way, no doubt with a silent chuckle at this rout of a grand juror.

And among the church records still exists a letter from another Revolutionary hero, withdrawing himself from church fellowship in good set phrase, because "I do not think it my duty to hold religious communication with any man or set of men who, when they present themselves before God, allow or indulge themselves in sleeping in His presence, in the place appointed for worshipping Him." But he sleeps now, be-

fore God and man both, safe in the lovely little grave-yard, and knows nothing of his degenerate successors.

Mytown is beautiful for situation. The long street that lies, by reason of the infolding hills and coiling rivers, like the bend of a horseshoe, both ends pointing northward, is accompanied all its way by two streams that are called Wild River and Quiet River, though, except for courtesy, they should be brooks.

High above the village, sleeping in the arms of grassy heights, and set about with waving woods, lies a clear and beautiful



ETHAN ALLEN AND THE GRAND JUROR.

lake, higher than the tops of the steeples, some three miles long, and supplying the village not only with water-power from its outlet, which dashes down a steep hill-side into Wild River, but with water for all purposes; and the whole town is furnished with a pure abundance for its length of three miles—fountains, hydrants, faucets, as complete as in any city. Of course Mytown is a manufacturing village. The water-power that was the cause of its settlement is the reason of its growth and prosperity. The course of Wild River is a long water terrace, at least one dam to every twenty rods, from its entrance into the village on the northwest nearly to the centre of the curve, at the southeast corner of which it glides soft-



THE DISGUSTED DEACON.

ly into Quiet River; and having come from the north and turned toward the east, turns back again toward its fountains, and runs, now under a different style and in different fashion, northward to meet the Tunxis West Branch.

But all this long street, which clings to the two streams in their curving flow, is not only lined with pleasant little houses, gay shops, clattering factories, and punctuated with churches here and there; it is also lit in its whole length by gas lamps, and made good for pedestrians by a broad concrete walk, rarely interspersed by a few feet of flagging; and the observing eye is amused to see orthodox posts and lanterns on one side of the pavement, and long wreaths of blackberry and trailing garlands of clematis on the other, while from these traces of high civilization, you can, in five minutes' walk, plunge into fragrant depths of forest, or climb to heights of rugged granite, from whose pinnacles or precipices you "view the landscape o'er," like Moses in the hymn-book, and see the dim hills of Massachusetts far to the north, or the infolding highlands of Western Connecticut in the faint haze of a southern aspect.

But the specialty of Mytown as a town is its varied manufactures. Here are wrought the symbols of old Father Time—scythes of sharpness, scythes enough to supply every phase of illustration till time shall be no more. Day after day the long boxes with

their straw-bound freight are carried to the haunts of that fiery flying dragon men call a locomotive, and whirled off to fields and prairies, where the purple grasses and nodding blossoms shall fall in piteous ranks before their flying blades. And, as if the symbolism of Death the Reaper had run rampant, here is another great building, whose red brick walls, tall cupola, and countless windows tell at once that it is a "factory;" but of what? Of furnishings and adornings for the reaped harvest—in bald phrase, of coffin trimmings and shrouds. Here are made all sorts of plated ornaments for the last bed we need, from the elaborate casket plate down to the silvered screws that shut out forever dear dead faces from dear living ones. Here, in ghastly mimicry of living follies, you find the latest modes of "robes," as the last sweet thing in shrouds is called. And if the mourners do not go about the streets, as they did in Solomon's time, the mourning does; for bright young girls carry the white boxes to and from their homes, where they turn an honest penny in this doleful fashion. In many a sunny room you may see fresh faces, red lips, laughing eyes, bent over this ghastly employment. A baby's shroud is light, pretty work to take into a neighbor's of an afternoon, and shining lengths of quilled satin coffin trimming is as available as worsted-work while waiting at a tea party for the well-spread table. Habit was never more a second na-

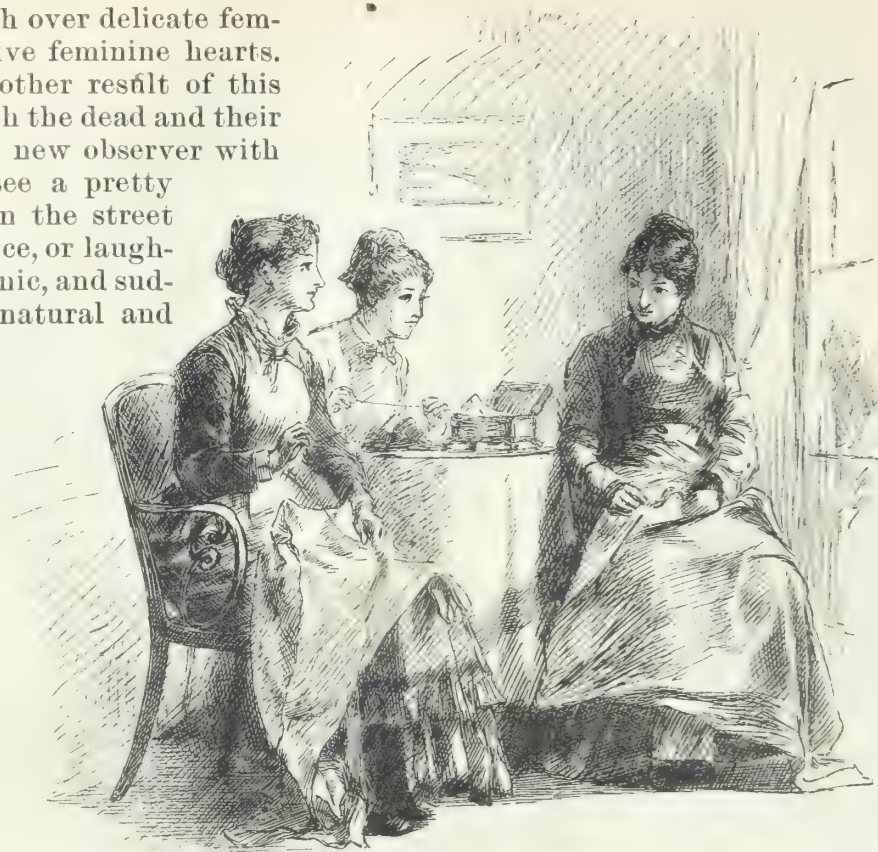
ture than in this triumph over delicate feminine nerves and sensitive feminine hearts. And there is still one other result of this habitual association with the dead and their deadness that strikes a new observer with a certain chill. You see a pretty girl in a pretty dress in the street on Sunday, at a gay dance, or laughing and singing at a picnic, and suddenly you overhear a natural and feminine comment beside you:

"Isn't that dress of Molly's pretty?"

"Yes indeed," answers the interlocutor. "She got it at the shop last week; it's the stuff we use for German coffin trimmings;" or perhaps, "That's the new cloth for robes; we've just begun to use it. Cashmere is prettier than alpaca; the folds are softer."

And the appalled hearer, not native to Mytown, feels like the knight in the old fairy story who beheld a red mouse run from his lady-love's beautiful lips, or the Scotch seer who beholds the shroud drawn up to the throat of one about to die; for here second-sight is not necessary to such a vision.

Close to this great emporium for the grave the coffin shop naturally stands. Piles on piles of long deal boxes are ranged before



LIFE AND DEATH.

the open door; shining coffins, radiant with plating and varnish, traverse the entrance with a certain ghastly frankness; and close at hand the hearse is housed, and the graveyards both are but a step. In this vicinity death is a perpetual neighbor; the skeleton is always at the feast, but neither crowned with flowers nor honored with libations; only ignored and passed by without more thought or terror than other men in other



A BIT OF MYTOWN.

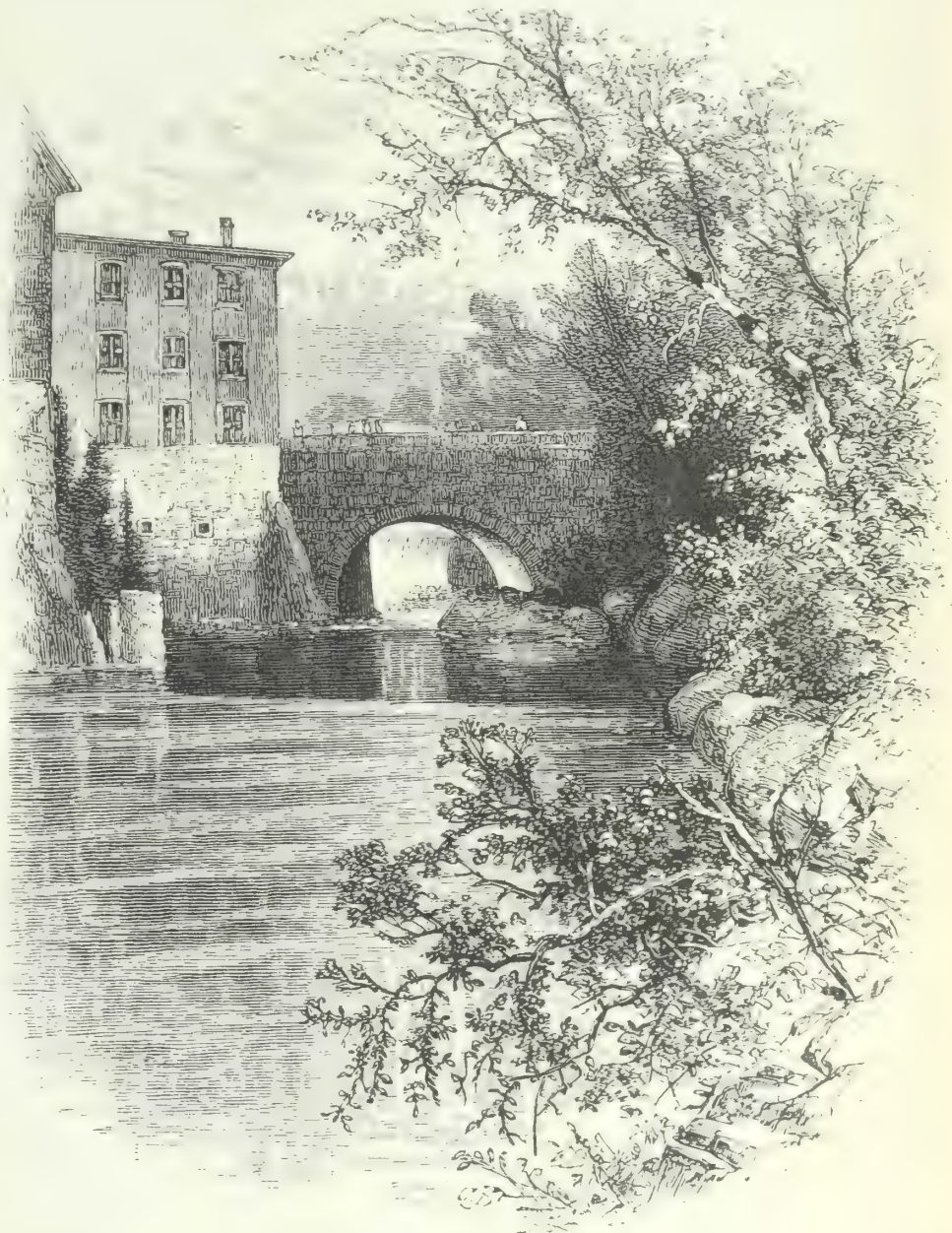
places give it, for we all got over shuddering long ago.

Then, as if the lovely little village was given over to symbolisms of Time and his work, here, perched on a solid rock, above what was once a beautiful natural fall of Quiet River, is a great manufactory of clocks, where the mighty mower is measured by fractional inches, given unlimited "tick," like an heir-presumptive, and provided with more pointers than all the sportsmen in the land. Here springs are manufactured that winter never delays, and tempt one to quote the hymn-book—"Here everlasting spring abides;" and "never-fading flowers" might be added, if the fearful and wonderful decorations of Yankee clocks can be supposed to mean flowers.

There are a dozen other small and intermittent industries besides these few. There is a pin shop, where the ordinary human being gazes, open-eyed, at the mysterious creation of this useful article. No wonder that the problem of life still unanswered is, What becomes of the pins? when you see with what ease and in what abundance they are fashioned. Great coils of wire walk in at one end of a certain conglomeration of bands and wheels, and drop persistently out of the other end, a drip of glittering pins. And in the next room, from two innocent-looking slits in the ceiling, endless streams of green paper stuck with shining rows of the domestic poniard fall into the hands of a few girls, who cut and fold and pack the perpetual pin-fall; for the sticking machine is one of the works of darkness. Spectators are not allowed to see its manipulations.

Then there are hardware factories, cutlery shops; "notions," hoes, axles, tin, spool

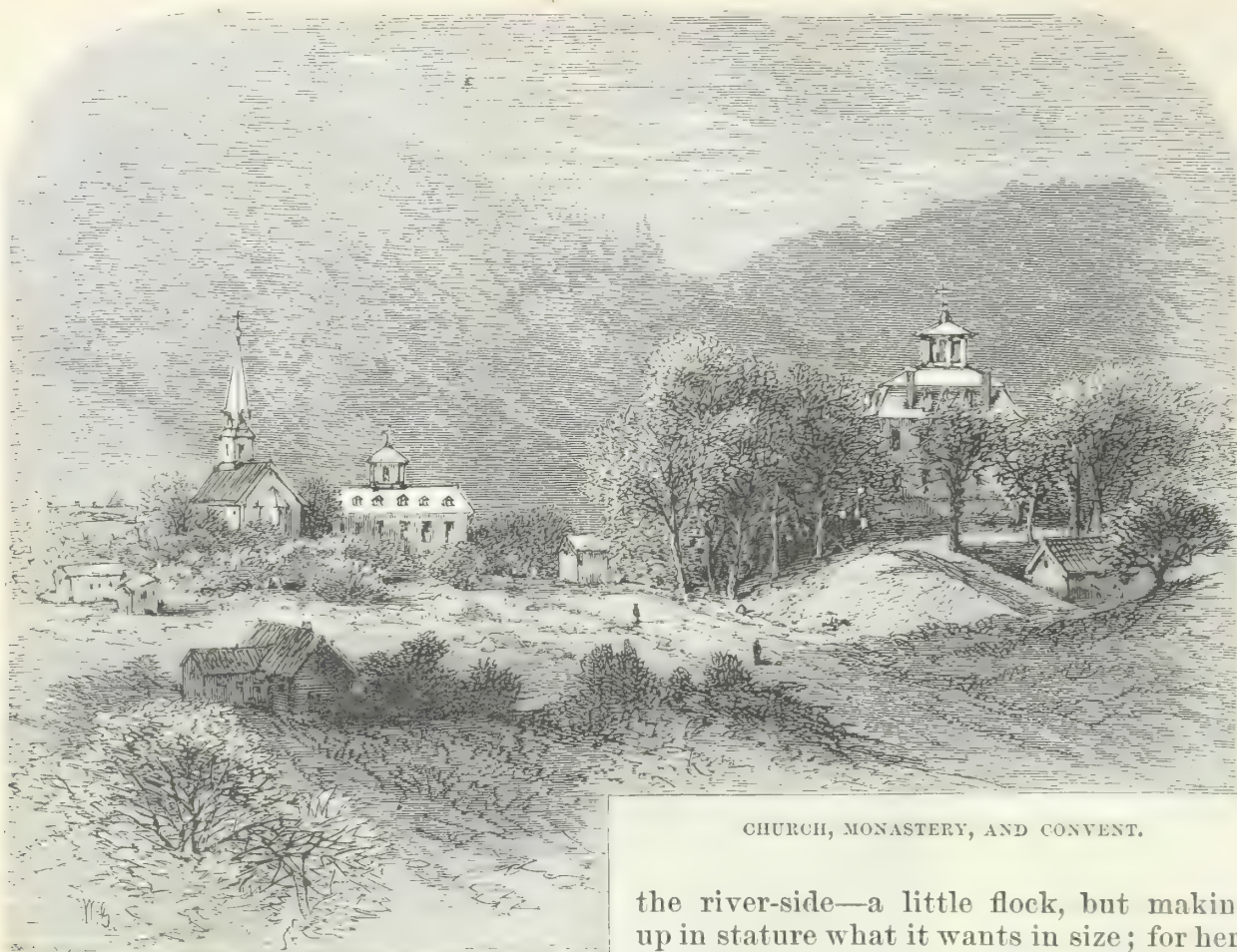
silk, are all made here; and at either end of the town great tanneries, with picturesque and fragrant heaps of hemlock bark stacked beside them, tell their own story of labor and revenue to the common-sense observer, and to the sentimentalist sing a mournful song of denuded forests, of hills laid bare in all their gaunt granite ribbing, on whose crests once waved the light, grace-



CLOCK-SHOP BRIDGE, QUIET RIVER.

ful, fadeless foliage of the evergreen monarchs, and of lonely roads where once the sweet odors and cool shade kept off summer sun and wintry winds—roads that are lonelier than ever in their shelterless windings.

But the charm of Mytown is not in its manufactories; these are only its *raison d'être*. And perhaps the spell it casts over its inhabitants is inexplicable in words; but it is a well-known fact that the emigrant or the exile from its bosom always pines to return. Indeed, there is a well-authenticated story told of a restless pair, who, after much deliberation, made up their minds that they could "better themselves"



CHURCH, MONASTERY, AND CONVENT.

pecuniarily elsewhere, and so, one fine day, having sold their house and packed their goods, stood at last on the platform of the railway station, waiting for the train. It whistled in the distance, and the wife looked at the husband; it whistled nearer, and he looked at her. "Let's go back," said the head of the house (whichever it was), succinctly. They picked up their bundles, took the checks from their trunks, and walked meekly back to the empty house, which they repurchased the next morning, and have never quitted since.

Perhaps the attraction of Mytown is its "infinite variety," which is certainly as great as Cleopatra's could have been. Here are all forms of opinion, all receiving the widest toleration, from the old-school Calvinist down to the open infidel. No man's belief or unbelief stands in his way as teacher, preacher, or office-holder. Either end of the village boasts a flourishing Congregational church, wherein the pastor preaches as he pleases, and the people do as they please; for is not this a free country, and is not Congregationalism the state Church? There is an equally prosperous Methodist congregation, with all proper Methodist peculiarities—the dissolving views of the ministry, the strong denominational sympathies, and so thorough an adherence to their own doctrines that even the clock on the steeple continually falls from grace, backslides, and is restored. At the east end of the straight part of Mytown street an Episcopal church of the modernest Gothic lifts its spire by

the river-side—a little flock, but making up in stature what it wants in size; for here the highest branches of the prelatial tree wave their many-colored leaves, and the rustic mind is bewildered with altar cloths, "celebrations," and candles, while the æsthetic Christian winks mildly at ritualism for the sake of the beautiful ancient liturgy and services that no freak of man can overshadow, no nonsense disturb or destroy. And on a knoll that lifts itself above all other sites for church or chapel, the oldest and most ornate of all human sects holds sway. A large Romish church just below the crest of the hill is flanked by a picturesque monastery of Franciscan friars, while on its very summit, embowered in trees, and lifting the emblem of all men's salvation high in air—a gilded cross, that shines on the breast of every storm-cloud with cheering promise, and catches the first rays of


 FRANCISCAN
 MONASTERY

INSCRIPTION ON DOOR-PLATE.

every dawning sun—stands a nunnery and school, also under the direction of the O.S.F. It is a quaint bit of foreign life in the middle of irreverent, careless, independent New England. The silvery bell that calls to

prayer through all the year, the old-world garments of the hooded nuns, the unquestioning obedience and the arbitrary power, show strongly forth on the background of a people whose truest record is that of ancient Israel, when "every man did that which was right in his own eyes," and raises a heterodox question in the mind of the most orthodox and Puritan-descended thinker whether the heaven that is in this lump of form and ceremony and show may not be, after all, the true heaven, rather than the free and vinous fermentation which spreads fast and far, but is the herald of decay.

Mytown is also the home and haunt of spiritualism; ghosts range the streets with impunity, execute gymnastics in private and public, talk their own form of unlimited and unintelligible gossip, pound and knock and behave after the usual idiotic and purposeless manner of returning spirits, with no man (or woman) to molest them or make them afraid. Poor souls! to judge by their

sense in other matters must astonish the spirits themselves.

There is also here a feeble congregation of the Second Advent faith, a sort of mystical hash of materialism and Millenarianism, with side issues about Graham flour and animal food; the latter faith being easy of adoption in a land like New England, where beefsteak and sole-leather are convertible terms, and all the chickens are ten years old, the wretched teeth and sal-low misery of our compatriots bearing undeniable and circumstantial evidence of two-year-old beef and soda at indiscretion. There is no social stagnation in this wide-awake little village, like that which broods over many a country town, and engenders crime or typhoid fever, according to the temperament it undermines. Mytown does nothing half-way: its rum shops are the most gilded and flaunting of their kind; death and hell are dispensed in an elegant and unmistakable manner, worthy of our

great metropolis. There are no neater, cleaner, gayer places of resort any where than its flourishing drinking saloons. Liberty of opinion flaps its banners here as elsewhere; you can be an infidel, or a drunkard, or a drunk-maker here with all impunity, and you have the same freedom to be a religious man, a confectioner, or an insurance agent. Here is freedom in its entirety—and its consequences.

There are three local papers flourishing (they say so themselves) in this one small village, and the immortal scenes of the borough of Eatanswill, translated into the vernacular, thrill this borough from week to week with an immense amount of "vox," resulting in the usual "*præterea nihil*," forcing upon the spectator that wise and pungent conclusion of the immortal Weller, "Human natur' is a rum thing, Samivel."

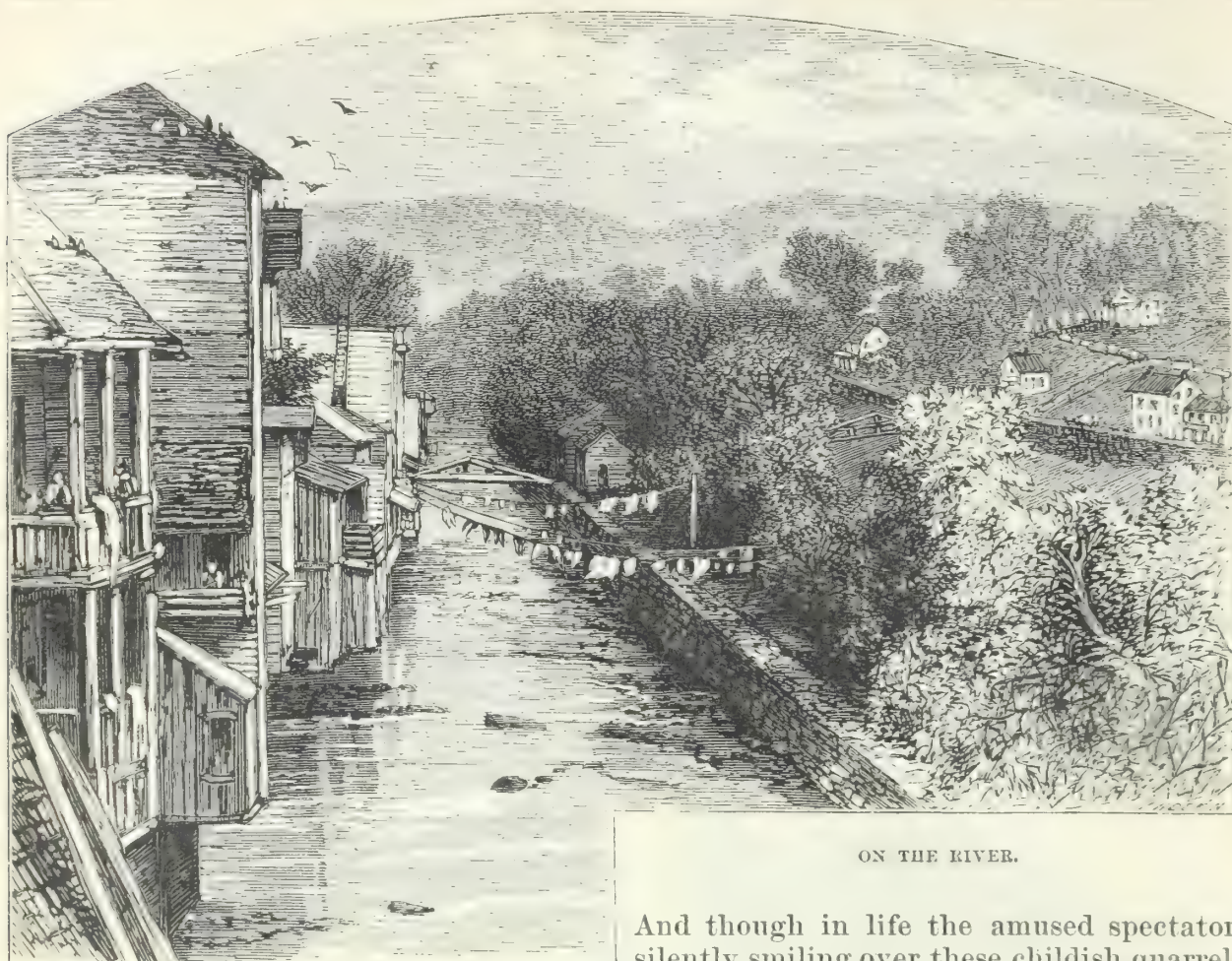
But besides the breeze of doctrinal differences, the zephyrs of editorial courtesies, and the trade-wind of travel—for there are trains coming to or going from the



VESPERS—HOODED NUNS.

own testimony the next world is not an intellectual improvement on this, and they don't like it well enough to stay there when they get there. But they have an unusual amount of "followers" in Mytown, and among them some whose intelligence and

village twelve or fourteen times a day in three different directions, and "all roads lead to New York," as once to Rome—there is still another exciting influence, a sort of social *mistral*, that blows upon the tempers and tongues of Mytown, and divides it against



ON THE RIVER.

itself. The village is too long for peace; the west leg of the horseshoe, possessing certain business privileges, plumes itself upon them, puts on metropolitan airs, and turns up its collective nose at the simpler and more rustic east leg, where, in fact, Mytown began, and from which quiet beginning the rest of the village was colonized. But if West Street looks down on East Street as the hole from which they were dug, so does East Street scorn the snappy pretentiousness of West Street with a certain dull dignity mightily impressive; and both unite in but one sentiment—contempt for the Flat, which is the bend of the horseshoe, and being redeemed from a pre-Adamite swamp, is rather flat of necessity, but yet has dared to arrogate to itself a good hotel, a railway station, a pretty and commodious opera-house, with all proper adjuncts of stage, scenery, boxes, and gas reflector. In consequence of all this, the despised Flat has its own share, and that a good one, of Mytown business, and both ends of its long street do often pocket their disgust in order to hear the sweet strains of Miss Kellogg, the inimitable harmonies evoked and swayed by Thomas, the warble of those blackbirds who come from the South, like other blackbirds, or the comic agonies of minstrel troupes or amateur theatricals. But the east village triumphs in the end; for safe sheltered amid its clustering homes, and behind the oldest church of the settlement, lies the lovely but not lonely grave-yard.

And though in life the amused spectator, silently smiling over these childish quarrels of neighbors and friends, understands fully the Scriptural saying, "As far as the east is from the west," yet when Death the Reconciler comes to silence spite and allay scorn forever, he makes his own comment by opening the gates of this sweet and silent refuge, where the lion and the lamb lie down together in the fold of the Shepherd. Here perpetual verdure and fragrant shade cool and hush the summer's glow; birds sing, children play, flowers bloom among the low graves; and here the universal shroud of winter lies pure and dazzling till spring's showers weep it all away. The sounds of life cheer but do not profane the



A SWEET AND SILENT REFUGE.

sleep of the dead; and even in East Street, side by side they lie at peace, and no man reviles his neighbor.

And besides this charm of variety and life in Mytown itself, its singularly beautiful surroundings are forever fresh and lovely. The drives about the town are varied and beautiful in an uncommon degree; there are valley roads where the trees meet above your head, or fall back to open a view of green meadows, gay with nodding lilies, pink hardhack, clematis weaving its bridal wreaths of delicate bloom through and over the fences, and a thousand other flowers mixed with the blowing grass, that bring to one's mind the pretty epithet of the old French poets, "*Près émailles*;" there are forest ways where the road climbs through shadow and perfume along a brook whose

with granite. Then there are lovely resorts about Mytown that its people love with a feeling of possession as well as admiration. The winding lake, from whose shores you can not see the town, it has nestled so far below that shining water, is the great resort and pleasure of the village. Boats are plenty, and in a summer afternoon the water and the shores are full of happy voyagers and merry picnic parties. A moonlight excursion to the lower bay is one of the most delightful incidents of a Mytown summer, and the banks are full of convenient and picturesque nooks, where parties of friends meet to take their supper, and thrill all the air and water with song; for Mytown is musical exceedingly, and certain of its native vocalists might have had name and fame at will, had they not chosen to

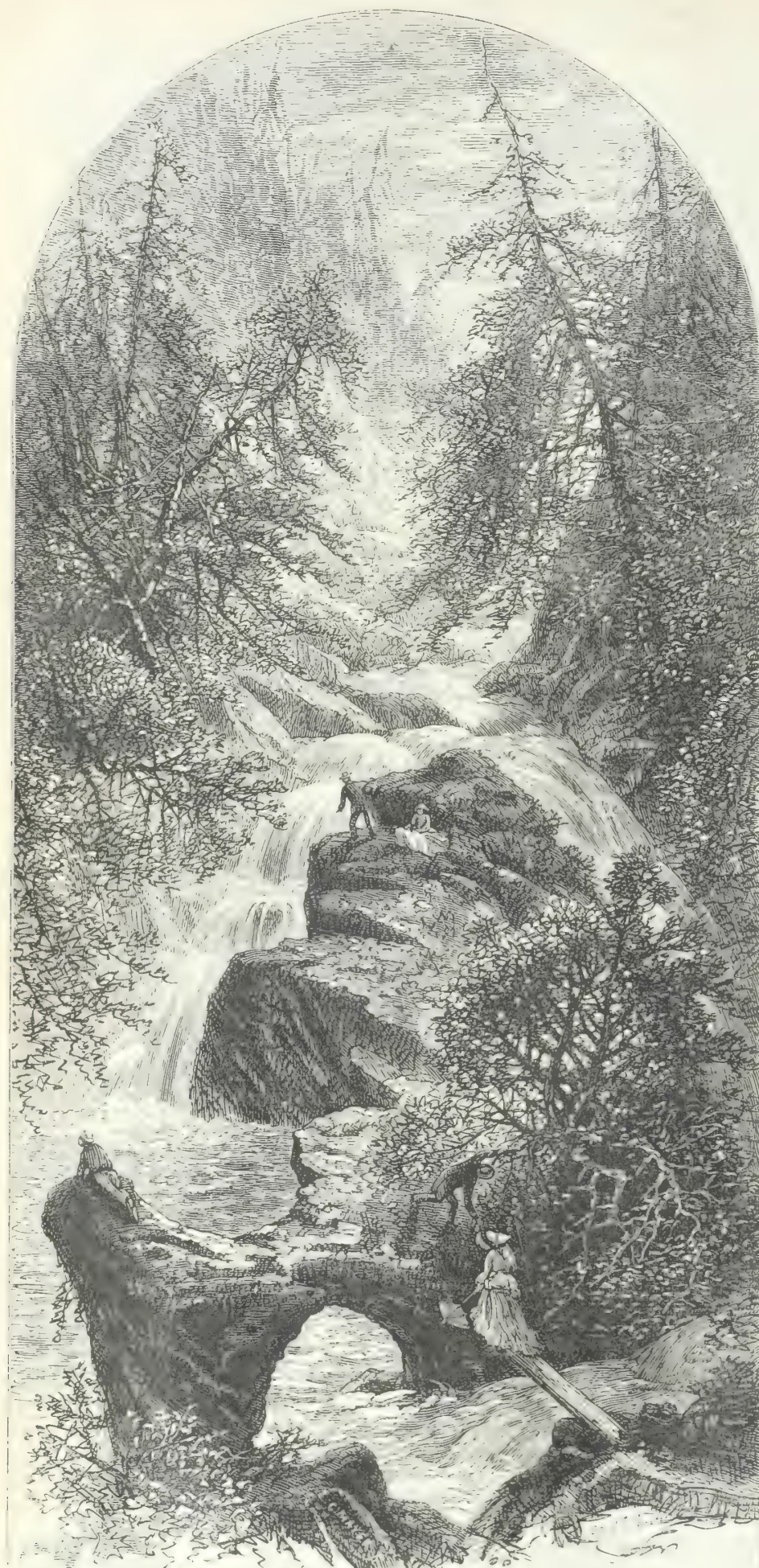


WILD RIVER.

clinging company goes hidden beside you all the way, made known only by a soft tinkle, a gleam of light, the voice of a ripple, or the luxuriant growth of ferns, and from which you emerge on to bare hill-tops, where the land lies below you, an arrested sea of mighty billows, green as the ocean waves are, or brown and barren and ribbed

keep for their private audiences gifts that ought to be free for all mankind's delight.

A mile or two beyond the town Quiet River forgets its name, changes its nature, and breaks into a series of the wildest and most picturesque falls; the worn rocks and natural arch show what power the quiet stream has had in past ages; and even now, when a



CASCADE ON QUIET RIVER.

freshet fills the gorge with turbid and foaming water that rushes and swirls through all its rocky channels with awful force and velocity, the sight is one never to be forgot-

ble. But the chief curiosity of Long Hill is the Big Rock—a huge boulder which lies as easily and as unfamiliarly on the smooth soil as if just dropped from some shivered planet

ten. This is a favorite resort for parties through the bright short summer; and when a drive is not convenient, there are beautiful walks in easy distance—to east, west, north, or south. One of these winds over a high hill, through woods and ravines, to the top of a precipice, from whose broken summit you see for miles down the Warratuck Valley to the south, and up to the bare Massachusetts hills toward the north—a vista, on one hand, of meadows gay with every tint of green, dotted with farm-houses, and threaded by a slow bright stream; on the other, of dim and tranquil distances of infolding hills, blue and mystic in their silence and repose. To the north of the village lies Long Hill—a sudden spur of rock clothed on its sharp eastern declivity with clinging woods that seem insecure in their footing, so abrupt is the descent which they veil; toward the west a gentle slope is less thickly wooded, the soft sward is gemmed with flowers, and from between the scattered tree trunks there is a view of Loon Lake, only a partial view, for the three bays curl about like the windings of some great silver serpent, and at no one point is the whole length visi-



THE SISTER LAKES.

through upper air. It is not bedded in the soil; it even seems to be poised on so small a base that numerous attempts have been made to roll it down the hill-side; but none have succeeded, happily for the nests of white cottages clustering below, that from this height seem, indeed, only toy houses, but are full of busy life. There are walks, too, along the lake shore to the west, and the never-failing attraction of fishing off the rocks, perhaps with doubtful success—but what true fisherman ever cared half as much for his game as for its pursuit?—while to the east rises Millen's Hill, a rock-crested height easy of access, from whose granite

top a vast sweep of country meets the eye, and almost all Mytown lies at your feet. But all these outside attractions are only a part of the charm of this pretty town. When trees are bare and ghostly; when the starved earth shows all her stony ribs, and shuts her heart against her children with pitiless fury; when terrible drifts of snow hide every charm of field or forest; when the lake is but a glittering steely shield, and the rivers babble no more, lovers still cling to the little borough with persistent affection: and no wonder, for the social life of Mytown never ceases to charm. Though, like every other village, it contains "all sorts and con-



BIG ROCK.

ditions of men," and the stranger who enters it with no disposition to conciliate, to admire, to be friendly, finds society hostile enough, and is left to the companionship of his own silly pride and idle contempt, to a kindly and truly appreciative person the home life of the village at once opens its arms, and he finds a cultivated, kind-hearted, contented, happy circle of acquaintance, and perhaps, as I well know from personal experience, dear and good friends.

The winters are gay with sociable meetings at different houses, with sleigh-rides, with amateur theatricals and concerts, with innumerable tea-drinkings and neighborly calls, with dances large and small, and with

range of mountains; or over the border of the State, to that exquisitely lovely and picturesque ravine where Bush-Bish Falls come tumbling through a cleft in the heart of the hills; and there are other haunts of odorous pine forests and cold bubbling streams on the line of the Waratuck Railway, where one can spend a long sweet day in the secret places of nature, and come back at night to the comforts and conveniences of city life in the village home he left in the morning. I have been to many a New England town in my life, but never has one held me with the spell of Mytown. It is lovely and pleasant to be in the country through the summer, but in winter æsthetics are in vain



PICNIC PARTY ON THE LAKE.

public entertainments; for the pretty opera-house is often filled to overflowing by the presence of some real celebrity as a lecturer or a musician, or the lesser glories of a minstrel troupe or a variety show.

In summer, out-door life begins. There is scarce a week that some small excursion is not afoot somewhere; different sets of friends, perhaps, but always a gay and happy party. There are rail rides to Satan's Kingdom (a beautiful rocky gorge six or seven miles down the Tunxis) to pick trailing arbutus—this is always the initial trip of the season; excursions by the West Shetucket Railroad to Taxville Gap, another gorge of the same river; or the Sister Lakes, two placid sheets of water, with wooded shores, lying just below the Riga

to satisfy the flesh. Picturesqueness practically dies below zero, and natural beauty goes southward with the swallows when winter is but a synonym for pain and illness. The comforts of a city—its lights, shops, sidewalks, water; its easy means of access and departure—these are the delights of life for seven dreary months of a New England year; and all these are in Mytown, as well as the keen pure air of the hills and health-giving breezes.

We Americans are accused often of conceit and vainglory; but, after all, in what other country the wide world over can there be found a better exponent of superiority, or a brighter and sweeter flower of the national century plant, than pretty, charming, wholesome, vivacious little Mytown?

HUNTING THE WALRUS.*



HEAD OF WALRUS.

THE walrus is an amphibious animal inhabiting the arctic regions, and presenting, like other amphibians, a striking illustration of the results of greediness. Not satisfied with living in one element, he tries to live in two, and the consequence is that he can neither live exclusively in the water, like the fishes, nor comfortably on dry land, like the land animals. It is true that the dictionary asserts that an amphibious animal can live in either of two elements. This is a shameless inaccuracy. The amphibian needs both land and water, and could not be happy with either were the other dear element away.

The walrus is a select and aristocratic beast, inasmuch as he is the sole representative of the genus *Trichecus*, and has no plebeian relatives in the shape of subgenera and species to wound his family pride. He is found throughout the whole arctic zone, as far as it has been explored, but he is chiefly hunted in the neighborhood of Nová Zembla and Spitzbergen, where the submarine banks, which he delights to rake for

the mollusks on which he feeds, lie comparatively near the surface of the water. He is not a graceful nor pleasing beast in appearance, since he somewhat resembles an enormous pig, with coarse whiskers, a pair of huge tusks depending from the upper jaw, flippers instead of legs, and no tail whatever. A full-grown walrus weighs from 2500 to 3000 pounds, and his skin, blubber, and tusks constitute his attractions in the eyes of the hunter.

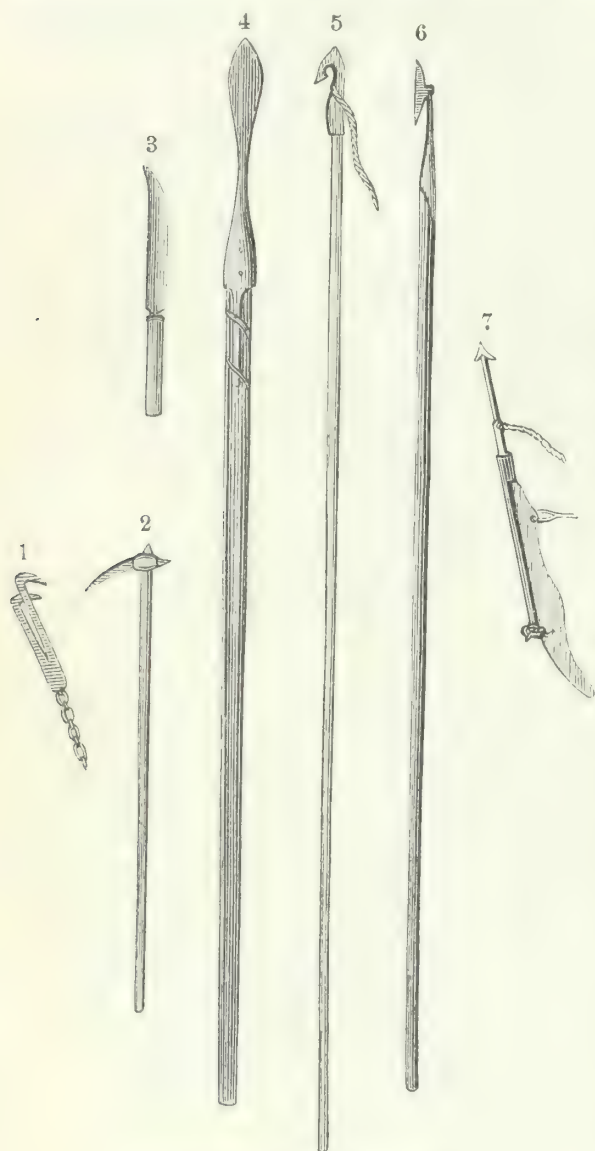
Mr. James Lamont, a British yachtsman, who has enjoyed a great deal of acute and satisfactory misery in hunting the walrus and other arctic animals, holds that the polar bear is the progenitor of the walrus. He supposes that, ages ago, enterprising bears became addicted to shell-fish hunting in shallow water. By constantly raking the mud with their teeth, and thus catching and swallowing shell-fish without wasting time by picking them up with their claws, they gradually developed a pair of upper canine teeth of enormous size. As their manner of life obliged the bears to spend most of their time in swimming, they wisely laid aside their legs and substituted flippers, at the same time abandoning the purely foppish habit of wearing an entirely useless tail. Thus, in Mr. Lamont's opinion, the walrus is merely an improved polar bear, fitted with the necessary apparatus for successfully hunting shell-fish. That the rest of the bears still cling to their ursine peculiarities is, of course, due to their stupid conservatism, and there is really no excuse to be made for them.

This ingenious genesis of the walrus is not, however, to be accepted as a demonstrated fact. Mr. Lamont himself proposes it only in the guise of a plausible hypothesis. Every man has an inalienable right to make all sorts of hypotheses, and those who do not agree with Mr. Lamont have no right to call him hard names, as he is inclined to think they will. Less excusable is the conduct of that eminent naturalist whose name will be forever associated with his discovery of those surprising beasts, the slithytove, the mome-rath, and the jabberwock. He has impliedly asserted that the walrus cherishes a fondness for carpenters, in whose company he is accustomed to walk along the beach, looking for oysters, and discussing the comparative merits of cabbages and kings. It is sufficient to say that not a single well-authenticated case of the kind has ever been reported, and it is in the highest degree improbable that the walrus would engage in an argument concerning a vegetable like the cabbage, of the very existence of which he is in profound ignorance.

Though the walrus occasionally makes

* *Yachting in the Arctic Seas; or, Notes of Five Voyages of Sport and Discovery in the Neighborhood of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya.* By JAMES LAMONT, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., author of *Seasons with the Sea-Horses*. Edited and illustrated by W. LIVESAY, M.D. London: Chatto and Windus.

long voyages on cakes of floating ice, and has even been known to reach by this means the coast of Scotland, such journeys are never voluntarily undertaken. As he can not dive to any great depth, and as he seeks his food on the bottom of the sea, he is compelled to remain where the water is shallow. There is reason to suppose that the walrus is more abundant in higher latitudes than he is in the lower parallels where the hunters now seek him. Nature, in her man-



WEAPONS FOR THE WALRUS.

1. Ice-Anchor.—2. Haak Pik.—3. Walrus Knife.—4. Lance.—5. Walrus Harpoon.—6. White-whale Harpoon.—7. Harpoon Gun.

ufactories at the north pole, is constantly turning out vast quantities of ice and walrus, which are carried by the arctic currents to regions where the vessels of the walrus-hunters can penetrate. It is certain that the walrus is gradually abandoning his most southerly haunts, and retreating northward before the attacks of his enemies. Formerly he frequented the Shetland Islands and the whole extent of the Norway coast, but at present he can not be hunted with much success below the seventieth parallel.

The walrus-hunters are chiefly Norwegians, and most of the vessels employed in the business sail from one or the other of

the small Norwegian ports of Tromsøe and Hammerfest. These vessels are small and crazy craft which have been worn out in less oily occupations. They are commonly sloop-rigged, and carry a square top-sail which can be laid aback when it is desired to heave the vessel to. They are manned by crews numbering from ten to fifteen men, all of whom have a share in the proceeds of the voyage, as was formerly the custom among our Nantucket whalers. Every walrus sloop carries a crow's-nest lashed to the after-side of the topmast a few feet below the truck. The crow's-nest is simply an empty cask, intended to shelter the man who is on the look-out for walrus. It is approached by a ladder made of wooden rungs lashed at either extremity to the topmast back-stays, and is entered through a trap-door in the bottom. As this ladder does not reach below the head of the lower mast, it sometimes happens that a look-out who has descried a herd of walrus, and is joyfully hastening to the deck, with a mind preoccupied by hopes of blubber, forgets the sudden termination of the ladder, and so steps off into space. As the look-out always has a telescope with him, and as he always contrives, in case of a fall, to strike the deck with the telescope underneath him, the practice of making the descent in one step is much deprecated by captains. Sailors, of course, are cheap, but a good telescope is costly, and its loss is often a serious inconvenience.

Each vessel carries two walrus boats, twenty feet long by four feet beam, and sharp at each end, like an ordinary whale-boat. Five men constitute a boat's crew; of these, four row with a pair of sculls each, the one who acts as stroke standing up in the stern, facing the others, and steering by pushing instead of pulling his sculls. The fifth man is the harpooner, and also the commander of the boat. His station is in the bow, and close beside him are the harpoons, lines, and lances, a telescope, and a hatchet with which to cut loose from a harpooned walrus in case of necessity. If he prefers to shoot the walrus before harpooning him, a rifle also forms part of the magazine of arms. The boats are strongly built, and painted white in order to assimilate them in color to the ice, and to thus enable them to approach the walrus without prematurely attracting his attention. It is claimed that boats rowed with sculls instead of oars find less difficulty in making their way through floating ice, and can, moreover, be turned in any direction with great rapidity.

The weapons used in walrus-hunting bear only a general resemblance to those employed in the whale-fishery. The harpoon heads, which are exceedingly sharp, are shaped like the half of an arrow-head split in two longitudinally, and have thus only one barb.

The harpoon shafts are made of white pine, twelve or thirteen feet long and an inch and a half in thickness. The walrus line, made of two-inch hemp rope, is fastened to the harpoon head, and is twelve or fifteen fathoms long. Six harpoon heads, four shafts, and four or five lines are carried in every boat, and the shaft is fitted into the socket of the harpoon only when the time for using it has arrived.

As white whales are frequently met by boats in pursuit of walruses, a whale line fifty fathoms long, and a harpoon of a heavier weight and better adapted to meet the views of the whale than is the walrus harpoon, are kept in readiness in case a white whale should seem to require them. Harpoon guns, which have proved very successful in the whale-fishery, are seldom used by walrus-hunters. Occasionally, however, a walrus boat carries one mounted on a swivel in the bow. The harpoon gun is like an ordinary fowling-piece, with a clumsy stock, and a bore large enough to receive the shaft of a harpoon. Probably its cost is the real reason why the Norwegians are slow to adopt it.

The lances, of which each boat carries four or five, with white pine shafts nine feet long, are used for killing the walrus after he has been harpooned. The haak pik—the word being evidently the result of a feeble Norwegian effort to spell pick-axe—is a combined boat-hook and ice-breaker, and is, moreover, used as a weapon with which to kill seals. The ice-anchor, besides serving to moor the boat to an iceberg, is employed as a fulcrum by which, with the help of two double blocks and twenty-four fathoms of rope, a boat's crew can haul a dead walrus on to the ice in order to strip off his skin and blubber—an operation which is performed by the aid of long and exceedingly sharp knives.

In addition to this array of hunting tools, the walrus boat carries a small mast and sail, a compass, twenty or thirty pounds of bread, a canister of coffee, a small kettle, a bailing ladle, a hammer, a bag of nails, a piece of sheet-lead for mending holes in the boat, and a box of matches. It not infrequently happens that a boat sent on a hunting excursion is unable to regain the sloop, and hence the boats' crews must always be prepared to shift for themselves until they are picked up by some other vessel.

On one occasion a walrus sloop was moored to a stranded iceberg near the Spitzbergen coast, and left in charge of two of the crew, the captain and the rest of his men landing to hunt bears. During their absence the two ship-keepers found the captain's stock of brandy, and soon drank themselves into the condition of the typical boiled owl. Meanwhile a dense fog came on, the tide rose, and the iceberg and the

sloop rapidly drifted away. When the fog lifted, and the hunting party undertook to return to their sloop, they could find no trace of her. They rowed back to the land, and waited for several days. The sloop did not return, and preferring the chance of drowning at sea to the certainty of dying of cold and hunger on land, they boldly started in their open boat to make a voyage of 480 miles to Norway.

There were eight of them, including the captain. Four rowed while the others lay in the bottom of the boat, thus serving as ballast, and giving the oarsmen plenty of room. In eight days they reached the coast of Finmark. When it is remembered that during the most of this time they were surrounded by drift ice, and chilled by the arctic cold, it can be understood that the voyage was far more difficult and hazardous than one of much greater extent over a calm summer sea, like that on which Captain Bligh was set afloat, would have been.

As for the sloop, she drifted about for many days, until she fell in with another vessel, the captain of which, believing her to be abandoned, sent a crew on board her, who found the two worthies asleep by the side of their brandy cask. The brandy was tossed overboard, and the sloop navigated to Hammerfest, where her captain joyfully received her, and subsequently held a brief and satisfactory interview—not wholly unconnected with a serviceable handspike—with the purloiners of his brandy.

As has been said, after the walrus is killed he is dragged on the ice and stripped of his valuables. The skin, with the blubber adhering to it, and the tusks, are brought to the sloop, where the blubber is separated from the skin, and stowed away in tanks without being "tried out." The skins are packed in salt, and the tusks are carefully laid away. It must not be supposed that the flayed carcass of the walrus is left on the ice to shock the sensitive feelings of his relatives and friends. The hunters carefully throw it back into the sea, where it instantly sinks. Were this precaution not taken, every walrus who caught a glimpse of the mutilated carcass would immediately suspect foul play, and would promptly seek a safer locality.

A full-grown walrus yields about 520 pounds of blubber, 300 pounds of skin, and eight pounds of ivory. The blubber is worth forty dollars in gold, the skin fifteen dollars, and the ivory ten dollars, making a total of sixty-five dollars. Of course the price is subject to fluctuations, but the average value of a full-grown walrus does not vary much from the foregoing estimate. The blubber is, of course, converted into oil. The skin is made into sole-leather and harness, and, among the Scandinavians and Russians, into running rigging for small sea-going

craft. The ivory is of a denser and finer quality than elephant ivory, and is manufactured into an infinite variety of small articles. A walrus sloop which makes a successful voyage may bring home a cargo worth \$2000, of which the owners of the vessel receive two-thirds, and the remainder is divided among the crew, the captain receiving three shares, the two harpooners two shares each, and each of the sailors a single share.

The walrus is not an easy beast to kill. The hunters usually try to steal on him in their boats while he is sleeping on an iceberg in what he considers a warm and sunny spot. So lightly does he sleep that it is probably easier to catch six or possibly eight weasels asleep than it is to approach one sleeping walrus without waking him, and it is necessary to be in close proximity to the beast in order to harpoon him. There are also difficulties in the way of shooting a walrus. If he is not killed outright at the first shot, he will infallibly roll into the water, sink to the bottom, and die where he can be of no possible use to any one. Now the walrus is compounded principally of blubber and bone, his head being especially bone-clad. If a bullet is planted about six inches behind the eye and about one-fourth of the apparent depth of the head from the top, it penetrates the brain and produces instant death. It is, of course, no easy matter to hit so small a mark from a moving boat, and hence the rifle is of little use in walrus-hunting, except in the hands of an expert marksman.

The walrus is fond of society, and herds of thirty, fifty, or even more, are often found sleeping sweetly on an ice-field side by side. One of the number, however, is always detailed as a sentinel, and he discharges his duty with the utmost fidelity. If he sees a suspicious object he instantly awakens his comrades by prodding them with his tusks. The herd then immediately take to the water, and can only be reached by hard rowing.

When a walrus is harpooned, his first impulse is to dive. The harpoon line runs swiftly out, and the walrus, finding that he can not sink the boat by his dead-weight, rises to the surface to breathe; and then starts at a furious rate to rush away from his tormentors. The boat flies through the water, which boils about her bows, and rushes after her in long radiating swells. Occasionally a fierce old bull drags the boat so rapidly that her bows are plunged under the water. Sometimes the walrus darts under a field of ice and tries to drag the boat under after him, or to dash it to pieces against the ice. In such circumstances there is nothing to be done but to cut the line and let him go, while the crew thank Heaven that they are rid of a knavish beast.

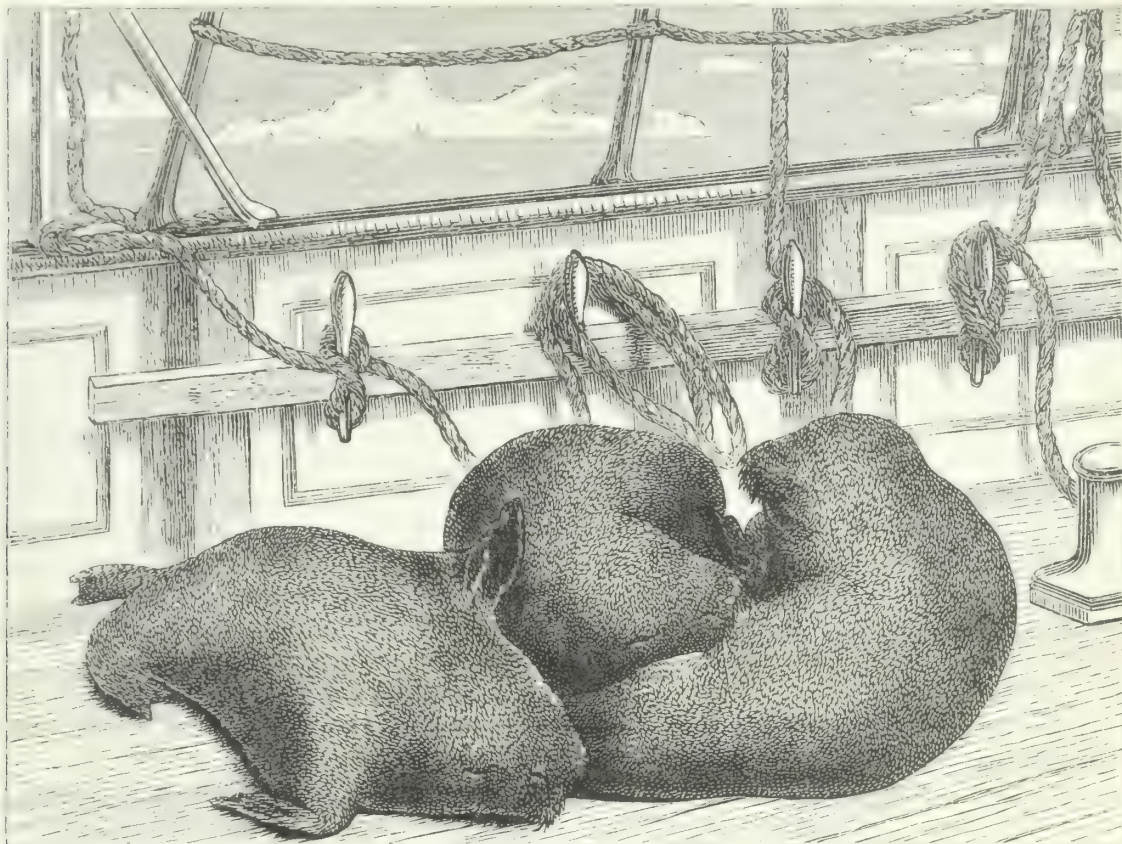
If this necessity does not arrive, the harpooner hauls in the line as soon as the walrus slackens his pace, and when his victim is within reach he stabs him with the fatal lance, until he yields up his special variety of ghost.

Chasing a herd of swimming walruses is hardly less exciting than the chase of the sperm-whale. The harpooner stands erect with harpoon in hand, and shouts to the steersman which direction to take. The men bend to their oars as though they were rowing a race on Saratoga Lake instead of rowing for prosaic blubber. Presently the boat is among the herd. On every side the frightened brutes are blowing, bellowing, and churning the water into foam. The harpooner poises his weapon, but delays to strike until he has selected the fattest one of the herd. Every few moments the walruses dive, as by a common impulse; but they can remain but a short time under the water, and when they come to the surface again the boat is still among them. Now the boat nears a veteran bull, whose vast bulk and long tusks claim the attention of the harpooner. The keen iron sings through the air, and its cruel barb is fast among the tough muscles of the doomed animal. He is not permitted to tow the boat for many minutes. Every oarsman pulls with all the muscular strength, nerve power, and weight at his command, and at the earliest possible minute the captured walrus is lanced, and the harpooner is hurling his harpoon at another. Sometimes three or four walruses are harpooned almost simultaneously, and their struggles make it temporarily doubtful which party is hunting and which is hunted.

The instinct of maternal affection is very strongly developed in the cow walrus, and the hunters take a heartless advantage of the fact. If there is a calf among a herd of hunted walruses, the mother either carries it under her flipper, or, at all events, keeps close to it, and the rest of the herd chivalrously accommodate their pace to hers. The experienced harpooner, therefore, tries to harpoon the calf in preference to even the finest walrus in the herd, knowing that its cries will keep the mother by its side, and will call her companions to her aid. A cow has been known to watch the harpooner, and to deliberately interpose her body so as to receive the harpoon intended for her calf, without making the least outcry or giving any sign of pain. Hunters have, however, at times found their cruel expedient for bringing a flying herd around them rather more successful than they desired it to be. The walruses, indignant at such trifling with the holiest emotions of walrus nature, have charged the boat and torn it into pieces. Even in such circumstances, when the crew are struggling in the water, the

animals seldom attack them, but prefer to improve the opportunity for renewing their flight. It is true that a Norwegian skipper was once seized by a cow walrus and dragged three times down to the bottom; but he explained the occurrence by the flattering theory that the beast mistook him for her calf, and that her action was there-

is defended by an unusually tough hide lined with layers of elastic blubber; while, on the other hand, the walrus inflicts painful and frequently fatal wounds on the bear with his sharp curved tusks. If the walrus happens to have plenty of leisure on his hands, he will sometimes strike his tusks deep into the bear and drag him down to the bottom.



YOUNG WALRUSES ASLEEP.

fore dictated by affection instead of revenge.

Mr. Lamont, in one of his walrus-hunting cruises, captured three young walruses, which were kept in a pen on the deck of his yacht, and were brought up by hand with the aid of an improvised nursing bottle. They were easily tamed, and soon evinced the familiar fearlessness and winning grace of the domestic pig. Like the latter animal, they were incessantly hungry, and continually filled with admiration of their own vocal powers. These interesting little strangers lived to reach the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, where they lived in luxury until one day during the siege, when the happy thought of eating up the menagerie occurred to the hungry Parisians.

Although the walrus seldom attacks men, even when they are swimming among the fragments of a crushed boat, he is by no means cowardly. He will readily fight any animal whom he does not suspect of having a harpoon concealed about him. Not only do the bulls fight savagely among themselves, but a walrus will often engage and defeat the polar bear. The latter finds it comparatively useless to hug an animal who

Then, while the bear is drowning, the walrus takes him apart with great dexterity, and leaves the pieces for the benefit of casual sharks.

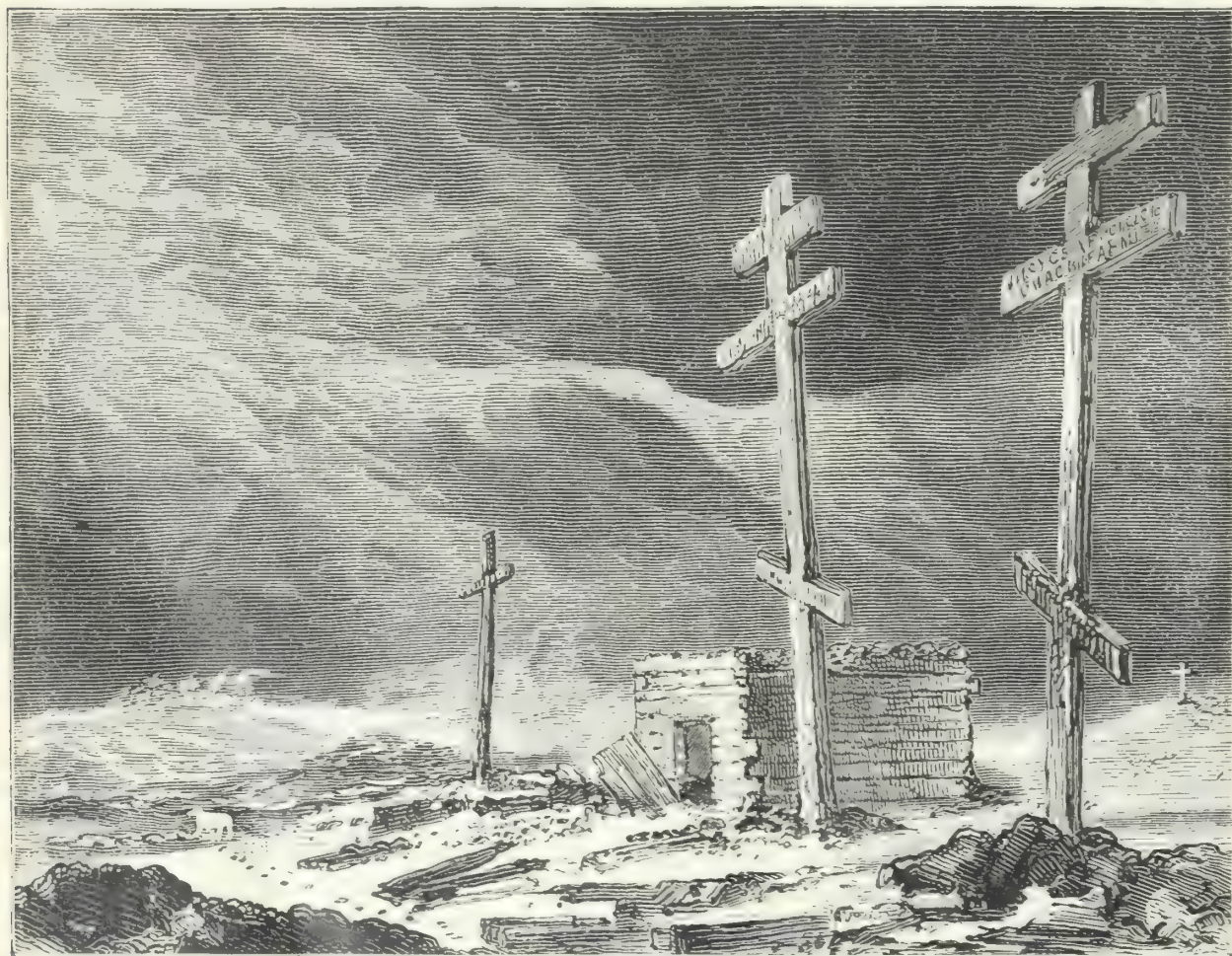
Enough has been said to show that walrus-hunting involves a good deal of hard work. It also involves an intolerable amount of unsavory odor. The perfume which ceaselessly ascends from a vessel's hold filled with rancid blubber can not be described, and can be imagined only by a New Yorker living in the immediate vicinity of a bone-boiling establishment. The Norwegians, however, do not seem to mind it. Heroism in the presence of hideous smells is one of the characteristics of the Scandinavians. Perhaps the power of the Northern nose is dulled, just as its exterior color is deepened, by the cold. This is a matter which deserves to be investigated by ethnologists and meteorologists.

The chief dangers connected with walrus-hunting are due not to the walrus, but to the terrible arctic climate. The walrus sloops are often wrecked on the rocks that belt the coast of Spitzbergen, or are walled up in some fiord or cove into which they may have ventured by the sudden packing of the ice. In the former case the crew may take to

their boats, and either steer for Norway or try to fall in with some other vessel of the walrus fleet. When, however, the arctic pack sweeps down and imprisons an incautious sloop, her people are compelled to winter in the frightful cold of Spitzbergen, where the thermometer (Fahrenheit) frequently sinks to -45° , and even lower. For a long time it was supposed that life could not be supported in such extreme and long-continued cold. This, however, was a mistake, as has been abundantly shown by the various scientific expeditions that have wintered in even colder latitudes than that of Spitzbergen. Nevertheless, the wrecked walrus-hunter, with his imperfect means for protecting himself against the cold and for supplying himself with food, seldom manages to live through a Spitzbergen winter. Many years ago a Russian company established a station on the coast of Spitzbergen, and for several seasons men were left at this station during the winter to hunt seals, walruses, bears, and reindeer. One summer the vessel which sailed from Archangel to relieve them was lost at sea. In the following August a party of Norwegians happened to visit the Russian establishment, and on reaching the huts found that all the men were dead. Fourteen had been buried by their comrades in graves the shallowness of which showed how little strength the survivors possessed. Two lay dead just outside the threshold of the largest hut, and the remaining two were

found inside—one lying on the floor and the other on the bed. The latter was the superintendent, who had been able to read and write, and a journal lying beside him told the story of the sufferings of his comrades and himself. The ice, surrounding the coast, had prevented them from getting seals or wild fowl. Their stores had gradually been exhausted, and they had been attacked by scurvy. The last survivor had only had sufficient strength left to roll his dead comrade out of the bed, and to note in his journal his inability to bury him. The graves are now marked by rude crosses fifteen feet high, and the huts are left in the same condition in which they were found by the horror-stricken Norwegians.

It may be asked what sort of men are these who, in their wretched, unseaworthy vessels, pursue an occupation so full of danger and suffering. They are brave, hardy, patient, cheerful, dirty, and drunken. They rarely have the opportunity to exhibit this latter characteristic on shipboard; but when they reach home they make amends by keeping constantly drunk until their money is gone, when they hasten to ship for another voyage. There is certainly no class of sailors who suffer so much and are so miserably paid. It is strange that, in the present scarcity of good seamen in the British mercantile marine, an effort is not made to induce the poor walrus-hunters to man the steamers and clipper ships of British merchants.



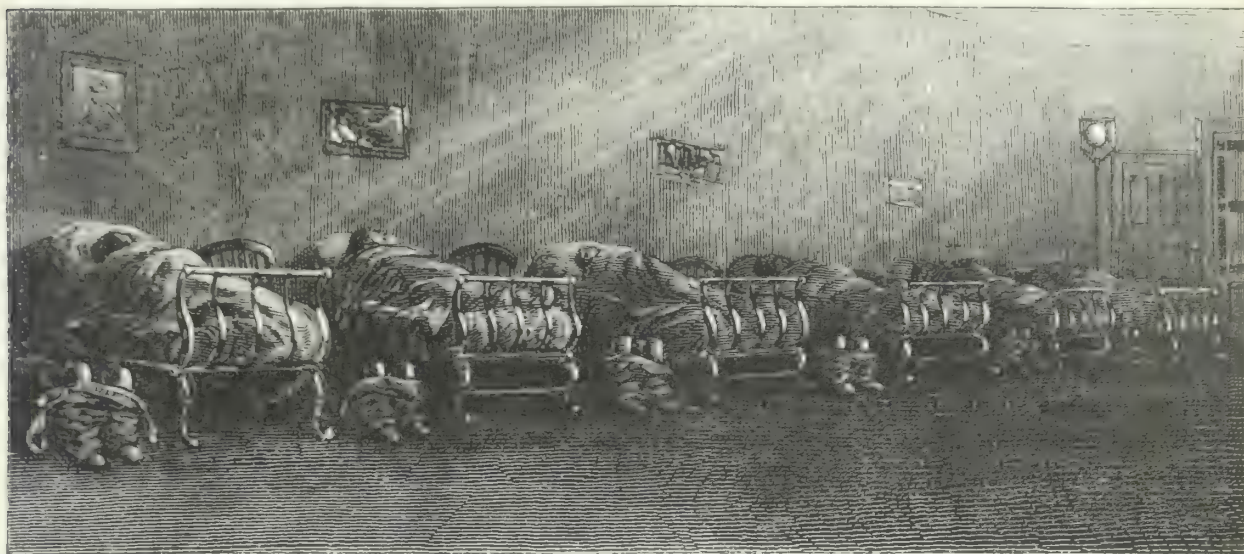
A SPITZBERGEN CEMETERY.

THE LIFE OF A NEW YORK FIREMAN.

IT is past midnight, and I lie awake on a small crib, similar to ten other cribs which are ranged equidistant along a narrow dormitory; a gas lamp in the street throws more light into the room than the burner projecting from the wall, which is

which opens to the street through double doors almost as wide as the building.

The gas is at full blaze down here; a watchman in livery is nodding in a corner chair, with a sleek cat folded in a snug semicircle at his feet, and in the middle of the room



BUNK-ROOM—NIGHT.

lowered so that the flame on its tip is like a fire-fly in suspense. Utter darkness would not be more uncertain than this gray dusk. The cribs are occupied—a restless upheaval of the bedclothing or a low murmur of uneasiness shows *that*; and at the left side of each bed is placed a pair of high boots, into which a pair of trousers have been carefully tucked. All the arrangements of the room show care; every thing is in apple-pie order, and it is quite evident that the boots and trousers have not been placed with such exactness by any hurried chance. I can hear an occasional footstep come and go on the pavement below the half-opened window; the street is so quiet that I fancy I can trace that belated pedestrian by sound for miles. The measured pat-pat of his boots is audible long before it passes, long before it is lost in the great silence of the night.

A reference to experience assures me that the blurs of red on the walls are severe attacks of scarlet-fever chromo-lithography, depicting conflagrations; and I am conscious that the brassy strokes of a loud clock come from a lower apartment than that in which I am drowsing.

In a state of semi-somnambulism I leave my crib and pace the room for a few minutes, afterward seeking the clock whose voice falls upon the night with such brazen emphasis. Next to the dormitory there is a smaller room, furnished with chairs and a centre table, the latter holding packs of cards, dominos, newspapers, and magazines. A stairway leads thence to the ground-floor,

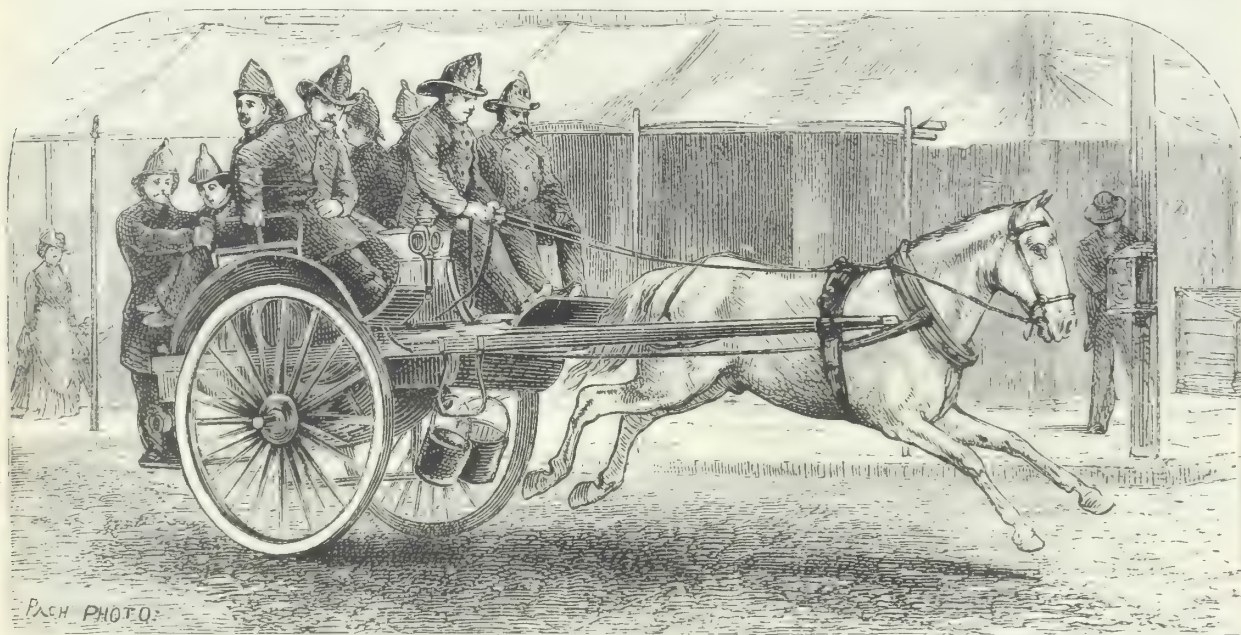
stands a large fire-engine of modern pattern, multiplying the surrounding objects upon its shiny metal surfaces. The wheels are painted vermilion, and the paint is without flaw. Every part susceptible of polish is polished; and if the engine had been intended for ornament—say, as a pendant to a giant's watch chain—instead of use, it could not have been rubbed to a greater degree of luminosity. Possibly a love story might be traced to its source in the superlative neatness of the mechanism, which is a great deal more to its engineer than the insensate combination of metals it appears to less loving eyes. The furnace is filled with fuel, and a brand soaked in petroleum is ready for lighting; but the steam is already up to a pressure of about five pounds, as the tremulous little gauge shows, the necessary heat passing into the boiler through a pipe from a stationary furnace in the cellar of the building. The hose-carriage, or tender, occupies a place behind the engine, and farther in the rear there are three stalls in possession of three fine, large, glossy horses, whose pet names are inscribed in gilt letters over the manger, and whose sleek condition betokens unusual care.

If the country reader has been mystified so far, it is not my intention to keep him in the dark any longer. The city reader has probably perceived that the scene is located in one of the stations of the Metropolitan Fire Department.

I return to the dormitory, which is quiet and dusky as when I left it, and I have re-

lapsed into a doze, when a loud-sounding bell breaks the silence with several imperative strokes following each other in quick and startling succession—the cause an electric current, the effect like the crack of doom in a limited area. The sleepers spring out of their beds simultaneously, without losing the tenth of a second in hesitation or surprise; ten pairs of legs are simultaneously thrust into the trousers by the bedside, and two hitches pull on both trousers and boots. The trousers close upon the hips, so that no time is lost with suspenders or belts, and the miraculous toilet is complete, while I stand confused by the distressing sudden-

ulous finger of the steam-gauge indicates a high and higher pressure; the furnace blazes with increasing vehemence, and the smoke-stack emits dense wreaths of mingled smoke and sparks, which are blown back upon us, and inclose us in their suffocating blackness. The experience is thrilling beyond measure to a novice, and the absorbed expression of the men who have been used to the thing for years shows that it also has some effect upon them. The engine stops abruptly in front of a building out of which some smoke is drifting; the hose is uncoiled from the tender, a hydrant is tapped, and in less than five minutes after the first stroke



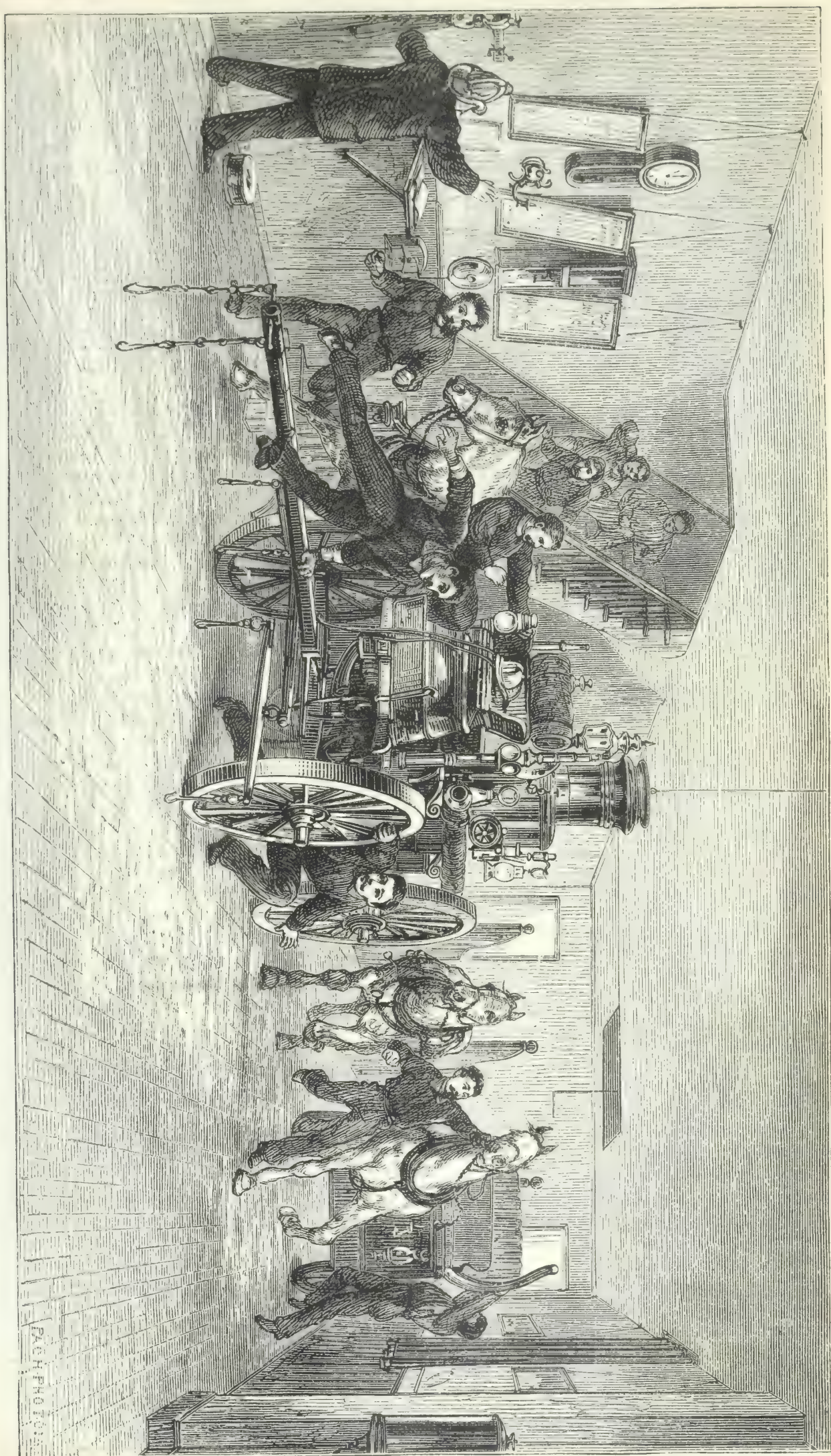
THE HOSE TENDER.

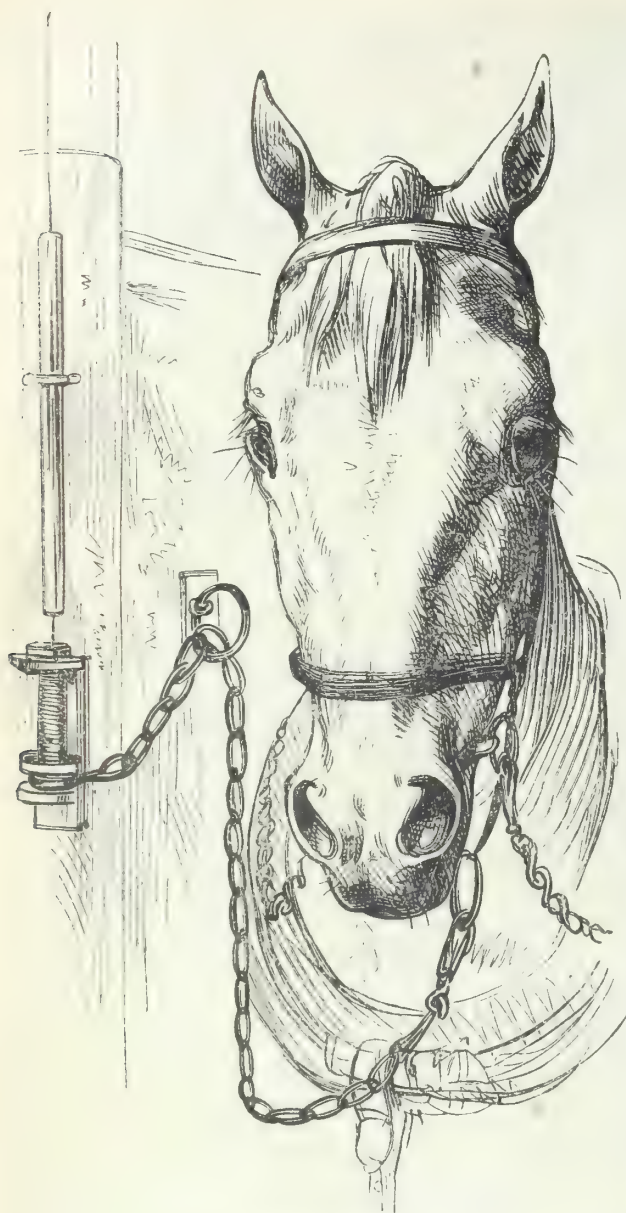
ness of things. The noise in the lower room is as though the foundation of the building were being blasted by dynamite. The bell is still striking, repeating the signal five times over, and the last fireman is half-way down stairs before I recover myself and hastily follow him. Below stairs the horses are hitched to the engine, the driver is on the box, the furnace is lighted, the men have taken their precarious positions on the tender, the doors leading to the street are wide open, and one minute has not yet expired since the first stroke of the bell! The engineer taps me on the shoulder, and orders me into a place on the narrow platform behind the engine. "Hold on for your life!" The advice is scarcely in my ear when the horses plunge forward, and the machine rolls off the smooth floor of the station on to the cobble-stones of the street, which seem to fly out of their beds in the rebound of the wheels. The excitement bewilders; the stores and houses along the route are indistinct; for a moment our feet are shaken from under us as we sharply turn a corner; then a greater ease in motion tells us that we have left the cobble-stone or Belgian pavement for asphalt or macadam; the trem-

of the alarm at the station a stream of water is thrown upon the fire by the engine, which gasps for breath, apparently, at the haste. Within those five minutes twelve or thirteen men have been aroused from a sound sleep and have dressed themselves, three horses have been taken out of a stable and attached to vehicles, and the vehicles and men have travelled five blocks. But if one should speak to the men about it, they would deprecate admiration. During the first visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to New York, an alarm of fire was sounded at the Clarendon Hotel, in Fourth Avenue, and a stream of water was turned upon the building by an engine within two minutes and thirty-five seconds, the engine having been manned and brought four blocks in the mean time. It is not unusual for the engine to be out of the house and on its way to a fire within forty seconds of the moment when the bell first strikes.

We will not remain with the men at the fire, which may do little damage, and occupy them for an hour, or reduce millions of dollars' worth of property, and occupy them for a whole night.

As soon as they return to the station, no





ELECTRIC SNAP.

matter how tired they may be, the engine is restored to its original condition of brilliancy, the horses are groomed, the harness is washed with Castile-soap, the hose is re-adjusted on the tender, and an hour afterward, or less, the company is fully prepared to answer another alarm. Each man places his hat and coat in his seat on the tender, and puts them on after he has started for the fire; he also has a particular place and a particular duty assigned to him in hitching up the horses, which is done by electric snaps, and in getting the engine out of the house, the entire performance often consuming no more than ten seconds.

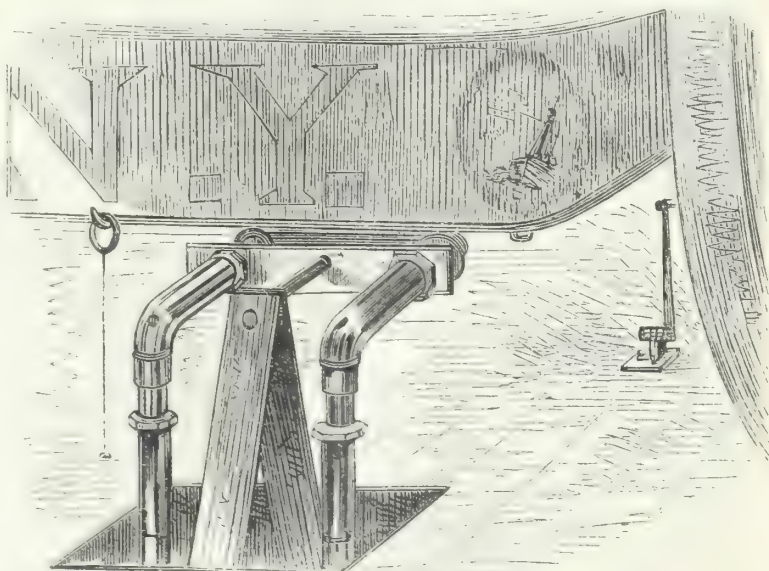
The horses are almost as well trained and zealous as the men. The moment the alarm sounds, they spring out of their stalls and put themselves into the shafts without a word of direction. Up to that moment they have been haltered; but the

stroke of the bell releases them by an automatic arrangement of weights, pulleys, and shafts.

So, too, the pipes connecting the boiler of the engine with a boiler in the cellar of the building, and thus maintaining several pounds of steam in the former, though its furnace is not lighted, are automatic. As the engine leaves the station for a fire, the pipes close themselves, and do not require a moment's attention from the engineer, who simply has to leap, with his assistant, on to the platform, and to hold on for dear life. The driver secures himself on his box by straps, without which he could not keep his seat, and in the daytime one man runs ahead to clear a passage for the engine in the crowded streets.

The men and officers are on duty night and day, except one hour in every twenty-four allowed for meals. They invariably sleep in the station, and those who are married must sacrifice all the pleasures of domestic life during their service. "Seems to me," said a member of Engine Company No. 30, to the writer, "that I sha'n't know my own children as they grow up, I see so little of them." Each man is allowed a twenty-four-hour holiday once a fortnight, however, and the horses are exercised near the station-house one hour a day.

It is because the horses see so little of out-door life that they display so much activity when an alarm is sounded, and put all their strength into their gait. I asked Foreman Ward, of Engine No. 30, why it was necessary to halter them at all when they were so intelligent in the performance of their duties. "Bless you, Sir," he answered, "they'd play tricks on us if we didn't tie 'em up. There's a fellow," he added, pointing to a powerful gray in superb condition, "that has been steadily at work in the department for over eleven years; knows his business like a man, that horse does; but he's up to many a little



AUTOMATIC DETACHMENT.



SITTING-ROOM.

game, and would raise brimstone if he'd the chance." Meanwhile the gray was gazing and sniffing at us inquisitively; and when I attempted to rub his nose, he snapped at me as if in corroboration of the latter part of the foreman's testimony.

The average number of fires attended varies somewhat with each company. Company No. 30 attends on an average one every other day, and while it is not called out once in a week sometimes, at other times it is summoned to as many as three different fires within one day. Alarm or no alarm, the men are always ready and in habitual suspense. The constant watching and waiting take the edge off their capacity for surprise. They are as mechanically responsive to the stroke of the gong as the weight which releases the halters of the horses. No matter in which quarter of the city a fire is, the alarm is sent to every station-house, and at the first stroke of the bell, every company is required to prepare for action. The completion of the signal may show that only four out of the forty-two companies in the city are required, but the other thirty-eight are also ready to dash out of the station while the gong is still humming and vibrating the last note of the signal.

The sitting-rooms of the stations are comfortably furnished, decorated with portraits of the past and present worthies of the department, and supplied with books, dominos, cards, chess, and other games. The discussion of politics and the use of profanity are strictly forbidden. "Gentlemen," said a prominent official, addressing some new appointees, "you have been chosen from among eight hundred applicants, and I expect you all to be sober, industrious, and honest, and I also expect that you will obey all orders with alacrity and willing-

ness. Avoid all dissensions with your fellow-laborers, and do all your work without any grumbling. Politics and religion are subjects which I positively forbid being discussed—ignore them absolutely. Vote for whom you please, go to any church you choose, but you must not engage in electioneering. Should you become involved in a misunderstanding with a fellow-member of the department, come to me, and I will arbitrate your difference at once. Be sober; for if you are drunk, your brains are out, and you are no longer fit for duty. Drunkenness will certainly not be tolerated. In your whole deportment show yourselves to be gentlemen. I consider you such, and there is no reason why you should not act as gentlemen at all times. Profanity is uncalled for. It is a vile habit, and one which I have always got along without. I never practice it, and hope that you will follow my example. Be polite. And now report at your posts."

The streets are patrolled from 6 o'clock P.M. to 6 A.M.; and every morning a report is sent by the foreman of each company to the chief of the department, giving the number of men absent, sick, or off duty for any other cause. In cases of fire, this report is supplemented by one of fuller details.

Besides the street patrol, watchmen are stationed in bell towers during the day and night, keeping a constant look-out over the roofs for any sign of fire. It was formerly the custom to ring the bells when a fire was

discovered, as a warning to the neighborhood, but they are now used only in striking the curfew at nine o'clock. The eight towers still occupied have almost outlasted their usefulness, the street patrol and the police having much better opportunities for the discovery of a fire, but they are interesting on account of their picturesqueness.

A few minutes before nine o'clock on a sultry evening last May, the writer toiled up the spiral stairway of the tower at the corner of Spring and Varick streets, and rapped at the trap-door of the little octagonal house, built at a height of one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, on a set of iron pillars—a little house that sways and creaks in the wind like a bulrush. A voice answered, and the door was raised to admit me into an apartment without lights, and into the presence of the watchman, who, from his long and lonely vigils, had become melancholy in voice and manners. A chair, a table, and a spittoon comprised the furniture. A circular window afforded an outlook in every direction. A somewhat harsh clock rasped out the seconds, and the watchman made

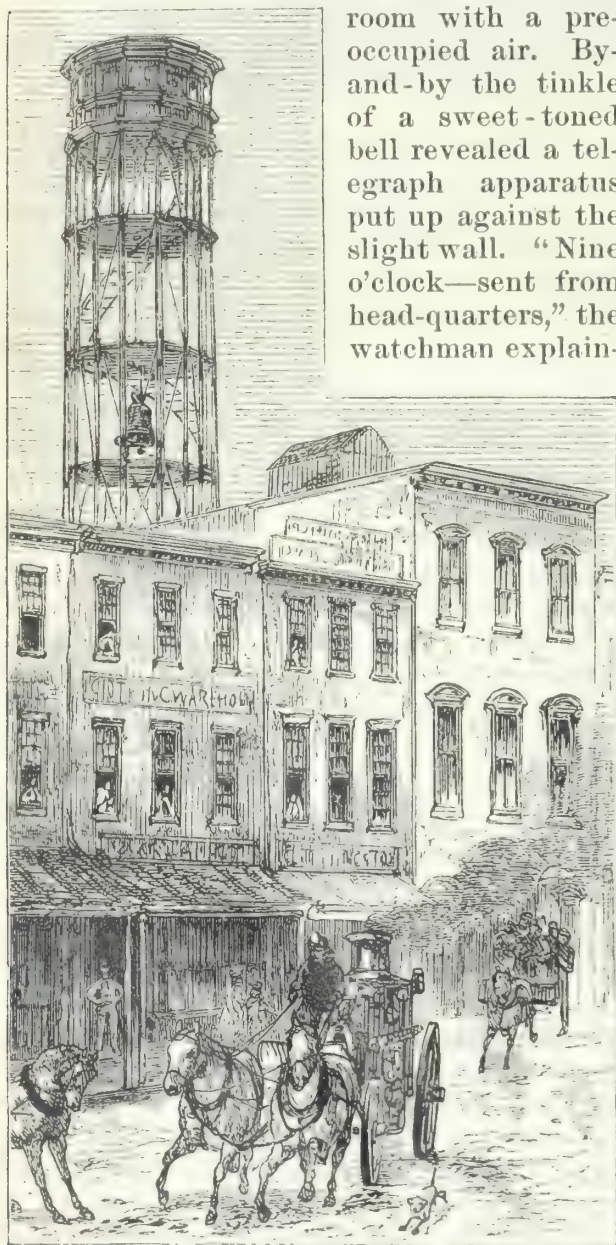
the circuit of the room with a pre-occupied air. By-and-by the tinkle of a sweet-toned bell revealed a telegraph apparatus put up against the slight wall. "Nine o'clock—sent from head-quarters," the watchman explain-

ed; and forthwith he raised and depressed a lever, like that of a marine engine, and in response the great bell below the floor tolled out nine strokes with long moaning intervals. All the sorrows of the city below us seemed to take voice in the dying reverberations of that bell, and when the last audible hum had expired, the watchman seemed relieved, and was more disposed to talk, though he continued his perambulation of the room, occasionally bending forward and staring intently in some direction where a stronger flare than usual indicated the possibility of a fire.

The night was moist and hazy. The blackness of the overcast sky was modified by the thin gray mist, and by the long rows of street lamps in the principal avenues, which resembled luminous beads strung together with scarcely any space between. Where the buildings intervened and hid the lamps themselves, the streets could be tracked by the golden reflections which banded the surrounding gray and black, and in the same way a broader space of yellow marked the public squares, which, with their lamps and trees, were invisible. A rush of light from behind a towering black shadow in the northeast—that was the reflection of Union Square from behind the Domestic building, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway; that triangle of lights which seemed to burn in the sky far above all other buildings southward was the operating-room of the Western Union Telegraph; and the two spheres, one seeming to float above the other, were the illuminated clocks of the City Hall and the *Tribune* building. Down below us a broken wilderness of roofs reached out, and the lights in the houses were gradually disappearing. "They'll all be gone soon," said the watchman; "then it will get to be lonelier up here." Looking westward, I could discern a space blacker than the rest, which shook gently and glinted. This was the Hudson River, and the fringe of lamps on its farther edge outlined the water-front of Jersey City.

The binocular glass with which the watchman was provided elucidated many spires and towers which were either invisible to the naked eye, or dimly revealed by a projecting stroke darker than the darkness surrounding. But without the aid of this, the watchman was able to locate nearly every light and puff of smoke that could be seen, and he spoke of a comrade of his who once discovered an incipient fire in West Sixteenth Street, over a mile distant from the tower.

An electric bell tinkled. It was a telegraph signal from another tower to keep a sharper look-out, the signal being transmitted over a special circuit wire connecting all the towers, which enables the occupant of one to call the attention of the others to



THE OLD BELL TOWER.

any suspicious flame or smoke. The signal might have come from Harlem, or it might have come from the nearest tower. The watchmen have no means of telling by which of their co-workers the bell is rung, and the smoke or flame which excites the attention of the sender may be entirely out

After a little chat, during which the tower-man kept a steadfast look-out, the trap-door was opened for me, and when I had passed out, it closed upon me, leaving me to find my way down the spiral stairway and under the big bell. I had not reached the ground, when a commotion in the en-



ALARM FROM A BELL TOWER.

of reach of the receiver of the message ; but it has the effect of warning off any drowsiness that may tempt the latter in his watch. No lights whatever are allowed in the tower, and reading or recreation of any kind is impossible, except smoking, with which the watcher may solace himself, and repeat over the dark city the words of Herr Teufelsdröckh: "Upward of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us in horizontal positions, their heads all in night-caps, and full of foolish dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame ; and the mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them ; crammed in like salted fish in their barrel, or weltering, shall I say ? like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others. Such work goes on under that smoke counterpane ! But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all ; I am alone with the stars."

gine-house attached to the tower apprised me that an alarm of fire had been received, and before I could reach the scene of action the horses had been hitched to the engine and tender, and preparations had been made to start. The gong was still striking, but the completion of the signal showed that the fire was in a remote district, and the first alarm did not call for the attendance of the company.

Besides the engine companies, there are separate organizations known as hook-and-ladder companies, and in densely populated districts two of these attend a first alarm in conjunction with four engine companies. The ladders are carried on long trucks, and are used in saving life and in conveying the hose up to the higher stories of burning buildings. The hooks are used in tearing down partitions into which the flames may have insinuated themselves.

A hook-and-ladder company galloping to a fire and turning the sharp corner of a city street is a sight even more thrilling than that of the engine rolling forward in the cloud of its own smoke. The truck is long



HOOK-AND-LADDER COMPANY.

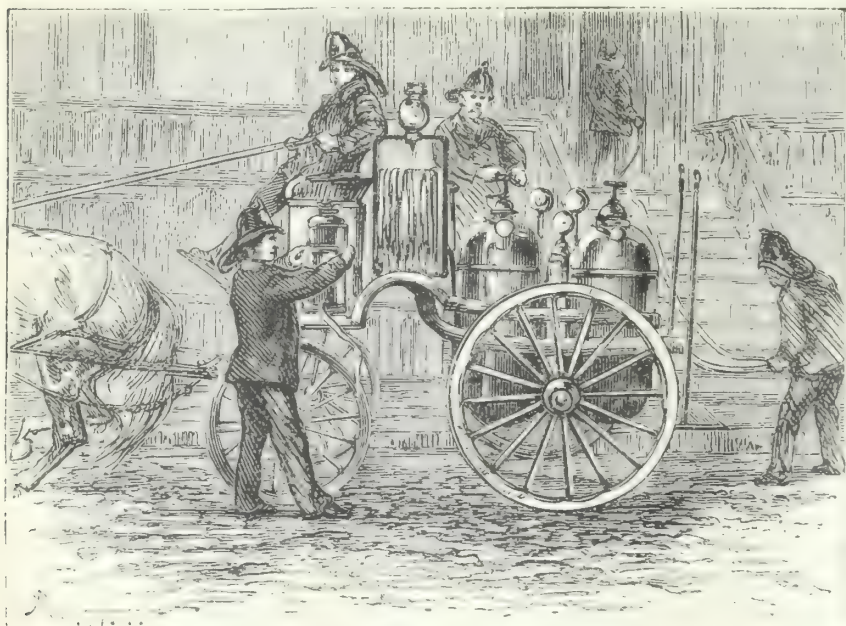
and narrow, and has the appearance of being easy to upset. The driver in front and the brakeman astern have a perilous time of it; so do the vehicles which happen to be in the way; but dextrous management, as clever as the handling of a yacht in a race, usually averts the accident, which, as usually, appears to be imminent.

The so-called chemical engines of the Babcock pattern were introduced into the department some time ago, and nine of them are now in use—four four-wheeled double-tank machines being in charge of separate companies, and four two-wheeled single-tank machines and one four-wheeled double-tank machine in charge of hook-and-ladder or engine companies, which are also

supplied with the regular apparatus. The use of self-propelling fire-engines, of which there are five in the department, has resulted in an average saving of eight horses and the cost of their maintenance; and the commissioners believe that these machines promote both economy and efficiency, and in the last annual report recommend their general adoption.

The water-front and the shipping are protected by a steamer named the *William F. Havemeyer*, stationed at the foot of Pike Street, East River, and manned by twelve men. Her pumps are the same as those attached to the street engines, except that they are more powerful, throwing twelve streams of water at once.

Speaking of her, we are reminded of the water supply, the sufficiency or insufficiency of which radically affects the department. On this subject the last report (January to December, 1876) contains the following paragraph: "With very few exceptions the hydrants in all localities are connected with the smallest pipes in the streets upon which they are located, and it thus frequently happens that at large fires, where a number of powerful steamers draw upon the same pipe, or upon pipes of the same diameter contiguous to or



THE CHEMICAL ENGINE.

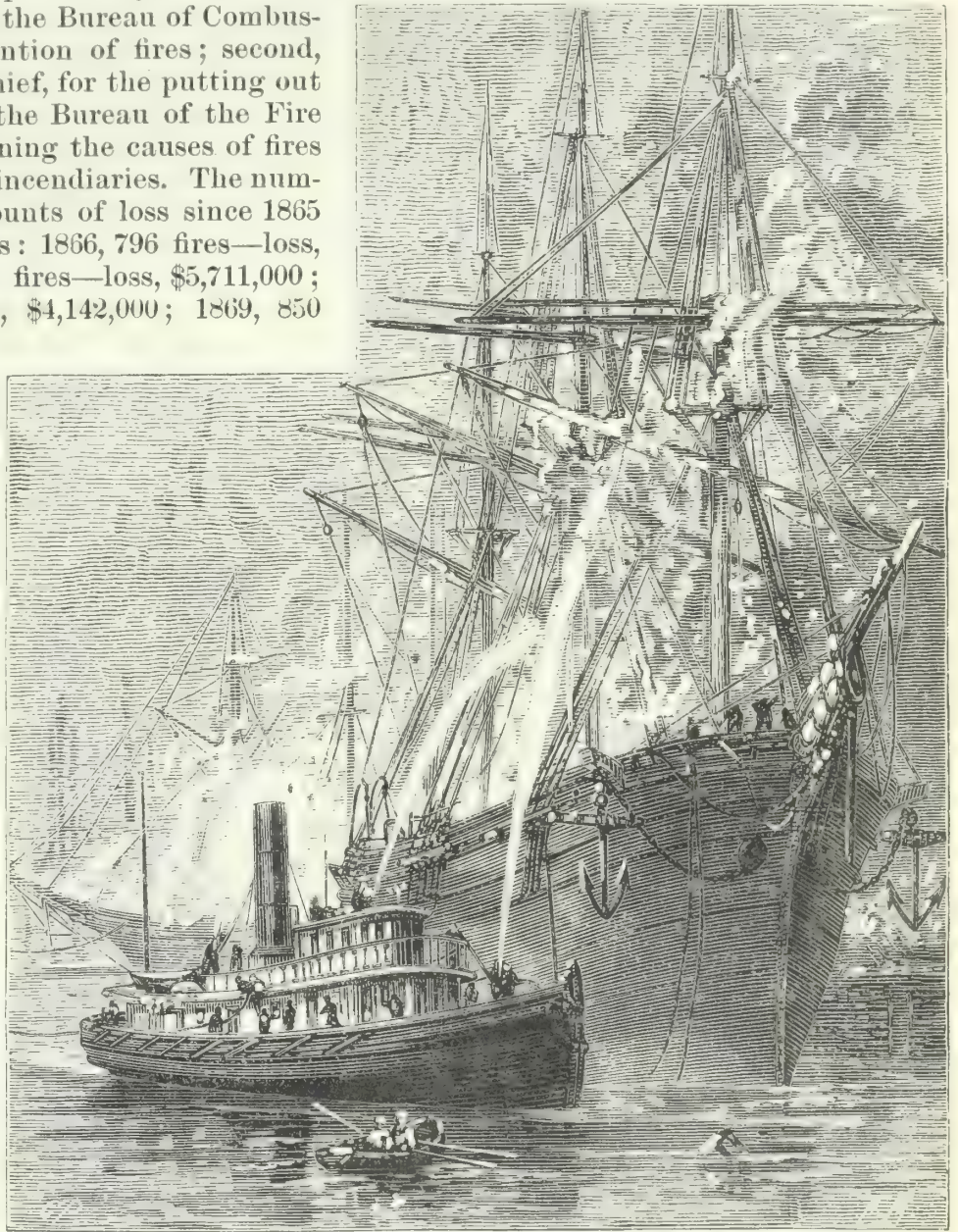
dependent for their supply upon the other, the quantity of water proves inadequate for all, and sometimes, at a critical juncture, deprives the department of the services of apparatus indispensable to an efficient performance of the duties devolving upon it." When either of the rivers bordering the city are within reach of the hose, they are drawn upon, their inexhaustible quantity making them preferable to the hydrants, and their saline quality in no wise injuring the machinery.

The department is practically divided into three bureaus: first, the Bureau of Combustibles, for the prevention of fires; second, the Bureau of the Chief, for the putting out of fires; and third, the Bureau of the Fire Marshal, for ascertaining the causes of fires and the detection of incendiaries. The number of fires and amounts of loss since 1865 have been as follows: 1866, 796 fires—loss, \$6,428,000; 1867, 873 fires—loss, \$5,711,000; 1868, 740 fires—loss, \$4,142,000; 1869, 850 fires—loss, \$2,626,000; 1870, 964 fires—loss, \$2,120,212; 1871, 1258 fires—loss, \$2,127,256; 1872, 1649 fires—loss, \$2,891,818; 1873, 1470 fires—loss, \$4,022,640; 1874, 1355 fires—loss, \$1,430,306; 1875, 1418 fires—loss, \$2,472,536; and 1876, 1382 fires—loss, \$3,851,213.

By far the commonest cause during 1876 was carelessness with matches, pipes, candles, cigars, and lamps, to which 371 fires are ascribed; the second cause in frequency was foul chimneys, of which there were 144 cases; fire-works and transparencies caused 105 fires; spontaneous combustion of oily rubbish, 25 fires; explosions of kerosene lamps, 93 fires; and improper construction or arrangement of flues, 20 fires. One fire was caused by pieces of broken glass falling on matches, one by meat in an oven burning, and eight by rats or mice gnawing matches. Eight convictions were obtained under charges of incendiarism. The number of fires due to carelessness ought to impress every householder, and induce him to take a few simple precautions.

The department is maintained by appro-

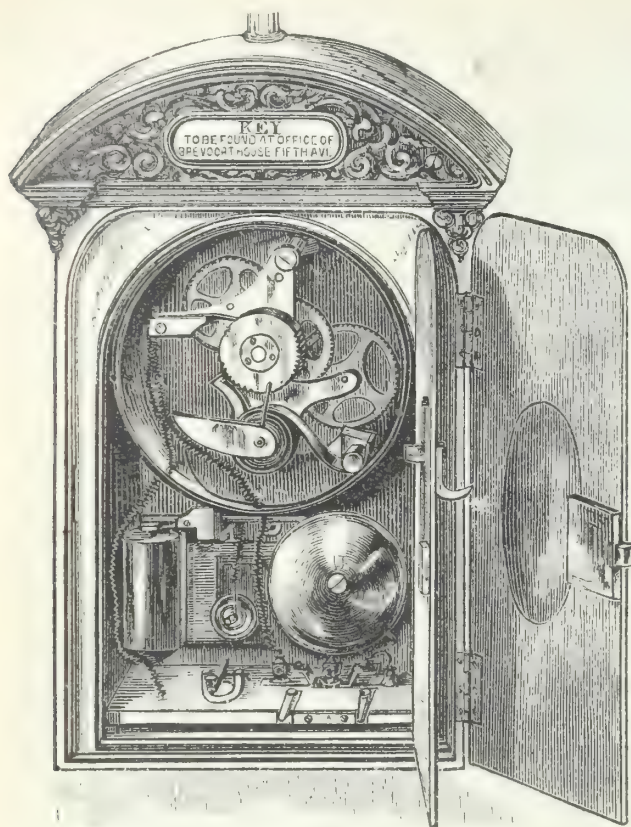
priations made by the Municipal Board of Estimate and Apportionment, the amount granted for 1877 being \$1,226,670. Its administration belongs to three commissioners appointed by the Mayor, and confirmed by the Board of Aldermen, for a term of six years each. The president receives an annual salary of \$5500, and the other two \$3500 each. The chief of the department is paid \$4700 per annum; the assistant chief, \$3000; ten chiefs of battalions, \$2500 each; foremen of companies,



THE "WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER."

\$1500 each; assistant foremen, \$1300; engineers, \$1300; assistant engineers, \$1250; firemen, \$1200; privates, \$800; and hosemen, \$300. The two latter are not required to be in constant attendance, and are allowed to engage in other employments, though they are obliged to work at all fires to which their companies may be summoned. The total number of employes in the department is about 750.

The perfection of the department depends as much upon the effectiveness of the telegraph service, by which the men



THE ALARM BOX.

and engines are called to a fire, as upon the quickness and energy with which they respond.

The head-quarters of the department are at 155 and 157 Mercer Street, in a small brown-stone building, not particularly noticeable except for the great number of telegraph wires which are drawn together on the roof. Sixty-five wires start from the building north and south, making a circuit of over seven hundred miles within the limits of the city, and connecting with the station-houses, the alarm boxes, and the look-out towers.

There are forty-one box circuits, eight gong circuits, three talking circuits, one police circuit, two tower circuits, and two dial circuits, the special uses of which will be described hereafter. The operating-room is a small apartment on the second floor, the battery-room is on the ground-floor, and the executive offices are distributed through the building.

The forty-one box circuits connect 545 alarm boxes, which are secured to the

brown and gray poles of the department; and as an alarm box is the initial point of the whole business, we will take a look at one of them now.

It is made of iron, about eighteen inches high, ten inches wide, and six inches deep. A key-hole is the only visible means of entrance to it, and a conspicuous sign on the pole announces that, in case of a fire, the key may be obtained at a stated house in the immediate neighborhood.

When the outer door or lid of the box is unlocked and opened, a small hook for the finger is found projecting from an iron plate which hides and protects the interior machinery from all except members of the department, who are provided with extra keys. A long narrow slit in the iron plate allows the hook to be pulled down several inches, by which means a clock spring is wound up and the circuit opened, and when the hook is released, the spring sets a small wheel in motion, notched with as many notches as there are figures in the number of the box.

We will suppose, for instance, that the number is 357. The wheel is notched three times in one place, five times in another place, and seven times in another, an interval occurring between each set of notches, during which interval the circuit is closed. The number is repeated five times in quick succession by the one depression of the hook, and it is heard five times in the operating-room at head-quarters.

The box also contains a Morse key, an-

swering all the purposes of a Morse instrument, and enabling any one having access to it, connected with the department, to ask and answer questions, or to transmit second and third alarms. Ten strokes and the number of the box repeated on the Morse key constitute a second alarm, and twelve strokes and the number of the box, a third alarm. Should the fire be discovered by a member of the department, and not be deemed of sufficient importance to justify a general alarm, he would not pull the hook at all,

but would summon, by fourteen strokes, an engine only; by sixteen strokes, a hook-and-ladder company; by eighteen strokes, a chemical engine; or by twenty strokes, in

RULES

TO BE OBSERVED IN USING THE

KEY TO THE FIRE ALARM BOX.

UPON THE DISCOVERY OF A FIRE.

Take the Key, go to the nearest alarm box and open the door. Pull the Hook down as far as it will go and let it slide back. Remove the Key and close the door. If the station number upon the box is not immediately sounded upon the gong inside, go to the next nearest box which is located at _____

and repeat the operation.

CAUTION TO KEY HOLDERS.

Do not open the box except in case of fire.

Do not send an alarm for a fire that seems to be distant.

Do not send an alarm unless you are certain that there is a fire.



Do not pull the Hook down more than once in sending an alarm.

Do not fail after sending an alarm to make sure that the door of the box is securely closed, and that the Key is returned and hung upon this Card.

The Officer Commanding _____ Company, No. _____ will see that this Card and Key is hung in a conspicuous and accessible place, and he is instructed to inspect the same at least once each month. Should the Key become useless from any cause, or be lost, or should any alarm be taken place in the occupancy of the premises the officer of the Company above designated should be notified without delay.



THE RAM.

case of accident, an ambulance. The Morse key further enables the chief officer of a company who is away from his station on business to inquire at head-quarters through any of 545 alarm boxes whether any fire has occurred on his circuit during his absence, an affirmative compelling him to return at once to his station, and a negative allowing him to go on with his outside business.

The cost of the boxes, which are manufactured under several different patents, and which are the same as those used in all cities of the United States, is \$250 each.

When the circuit is opened, the alarm is not transmitted directly to the engine-houses, as it is transmitted in most other cities. It first reaches the operating-room at head-quarters, and is thence repeated over one of the gong circuits to the engine-houses in the district indicated by the number of strokes, the gong circuits being so called on account of their connection with the bells which, in the nighttime, break upon

the slumbers of the firemen with the startling effects that we have seen.

The operating-room is a small, unadorned apartment in the rear of the Mercer Street building, with the cluster of wires entering its window. Two operators are on duty night and day, their superintendent being Mr. J. H. Emerick, to whom, and to Mr. Carl Jussen, the secretary of the department, the writer is indebted for information.

On the southern side in the room there is an enunciator, on the face of which the number of the circuit opened is shown the moment the hook in the alarm box is pulled. The number is also struck on a bell, and registered in ink on paper, all by electricity, and before the signal is complete the operator passes to a table on the opposite side of the room, where there is a repeater, and transmits the first figures of the number to the eighty-seven stations.

It is all done in a quiet, unofficial sort of way, without the least confusion, and before the person who has sent the alarm is a dozen strides away from the box, it has been received and recorded at head-quarters, and has thence passed up and down and across the city, from the Battery to Morrisania.

Other instruments in the room prove that each station has received it, that the circuits are in good order, that the engines are prepared to attend, and, when the fire is ex-



AT WORK.

tinguished, that the engines have returned to their stations. The police circuit is used for communication with the police, the two tower circuits connect the towers, and the two dial circuits are used in the conversational business of the department. In fact, the furniture of the little operating-room represents all the latest improvements in telegraphy, and at an expenditure of over \$20,000 for instruments.

One of the most admirable and noticeable qualities of the firemen is their zeal, which outlasts the greatest perils, and too often only leaves them in death. Warnings of danger are iterated and reiterated before they can be induced to abandon a position in which they have an advantage over the flames; and it sometimes happens that their retreat is not soon enough to avoid the tottering wall or roof, which buries them in its overwhelming wreck. In the upper stories of high buildings, while the flames are leaping from the casements and filling the corridors with solid fire; in suffocating cellars, into which the liquid metals are pouring; under façades, bending over them and

nacity that I wonder if a large part of the compensation for the material loss may not be found in the stimulus to brave endeavor which their example must impart to the crowd of spectators.

The records of the department show heroism in no small measure, and a writer of adventures might find materials for many thrilling narratives in the same pages. On one occasion, several years ago, during a fire in Trinity Building, on Broadway, a heavy beam fell from the roof on eight firemen in such a way that it prostrated them without crushing them. The wood was aflame from end to end, and did not leave them space to rise in. They lay close to the floor, which was smoking and covered with sparks, and the beam continued to burn over them within a few feet of their heads, threatening to roast them to death. One of the pipes had been buried with them, and when they discovered it, they turned it against the flames. Steaming to death now threatened them, as the water vaporized in the heat, and filled their crib with scalding white clouds. But the circumstance saved them, by enabling

them to abate the fire below until their comrades outside had lifted the beam from over them.

The desire to save life is the fireman's strongest incentive, and when he is called to a building occupied by human beings, his efforts stop at nothing; but almost as much zeal is shown when property alone has to be saved. Another building on Broadway was burning some time ago, and it was agreed between three hose-men who were stationed on the roof and one of the officers stationed below, that as soon as the fall of the roof appeared imminent to him, he should call to them, and they should leap to the next building, over an intervening al-



THE LEAP FOR LIFE.

threatening to collapse every moment; in blinding wreaths of sparks and smoke—they stand and do battle with such heroic perti-

ley five or six feet wide. In the mean time they did not distress themselves, but worked steadily with their streams, which were

poured down the scuttles. The hiss and lapping of the flames, the fierce pulsations of the engines, the trumpeted orders of the chiefs, and the crash of falling iron and timber were so loud and confusing that a voice might have easily been lost in them; this fact notwithstanding, the men held to their insecure ground until a gentle settling indicated that the roof was about to collapse, and they heard the officer below cry, "Leap!" From one parapet they sprang to the other, and they had barely done it when a dense volume of smoke and sparks shot into the air, and a pit of flame remained where they had stood a moment before.

Such episodes of peril as this are common in a fireman's life, and the escapes are not always so fortunate. In 1871 a piano factory on Tenth Avenue caught fire. The building was six stories high and very much dilapidated. Without any premonition, one of the walls fell out and buried some twenty-eight men under it, several of whom were killed and many more badly hurt.

The dangers are as various as they are great. Sometimes a misdirected stream of water strikes a fireman standing on one of the ladders, and causes him to fall; in winter the rounds of the ladder are coated with ice, and the benumbed man loses his hold; but a more frequent cause of mishap is an open scuttle, down which the fireman, in his haste and excitement, accidentally plunges, and cripples or kills himself.

In 1869 the late James Gordon Bennett,

recognizing the services of the firemen at the burning of his house, sent a check for \$1500 to the commissioners, to be used in the



THE RESCUE.

purchase of a medal for the most meritorious member of the department each year. Five hundred dollars were spent in the purchase of a die, and the interest of the remainder is annually applied to the purchase of a gold medal. A roll of honor is kept at department head-quarters, recording all noteworthy actions of the men, and the one who has especially distinguished himself for bravery

is chosen as recipient of the medal, at the annual parade.

Ten medals have already been awarded, the first to M. D. Tompkins, foreman of an engine company, who, at the risk of his own life, saved a woman from the second story of a building, and the second to B. A. Giequel, who rescued two women and two children. Charles L. Kelly received one for the heroism he displayed at a fire on the northeast corner of Division and Forsyth streets. The flames were burning fiercely on the first floor, but Kelly climbed up the shutters to the second floor, and thence carefully lowered three persons to the ground. He also saved the lives of others, who were paralyzed by terror, in directing them to a stairway, and in leading them down. Ambrose L. Austin was at a fire and saw a woman striving to climb the basement steps; the flames steadily repulsed her, but Austin dashed through them and carried her out. Thomas Henry, another medalist, rescued



THE BENNETT MEDAL.

eight persons from the second story of a burning building. Thomas Hutchinson was told that some persons were in a burning tenement-house on Baxter Street. He made his way up the exterior to the second story, rear, and found a boy hanging from the third-story platform of the fire-escape. He

told the boy to drop, and that he would catch him. The boy obeyed, and was snatched by Hutchinson as he fell through the air. William H. Nash was awarded a medal for saving the lives of two children at No. 223 Division Street, and William Mitchell was awarded another for rescuing a man from a pit of flame at No. 78 Pearl Street. James Horn rescued six persons from No. 351 Rivington Street, and

Henry Schuck, at great personal risk, fought his way through a furnace to save an infant. There is not one among these instances of bravery that, if given in greater detail, would not read like romance, but the romance is reality of a very good sort.

GIRL AND WOMAN.

"He will come, will come," she said;
And her breath was like the south,
And the sun lay on her head,
And the morning round her mouth;
And she smiled across the sea
In her girlhood's surety.

"He will come in ship of state,
Like a conqueror to his own,
With a bearing kingly, great,
That shall lean to me alone—
Laying all his glory down
For my kingdom, sword, and crown.

"And the sword I shall restore
For the high deeds yet to be,
Since no life of knightly yore,
Vowed to rarest ministry,
With his prowess shall begin
Who has wifely arms to win.

"But the crown I'll fling afar,
Smiling soft to hear him say,
'Love, there shineth star nor bar
Like your smiling on my way;
Leaves of bay would fall and fade
Where your lightest touch has staid.'

"Other maidens may be fair:
He will whisper, close and low,
That my love's beyond compare
With the beauty they bestow;
While, because he stoops to me,
I shall grow most fair to see."

So I left her on the shore
When the Dawn was growing Day;
And the white ships, drifting o'er,
Leaned and listened to her lay;
And the waves, to others dumb,
Laughed and whispered, "He will come."

So I found her on the shore
When the harbor lights were dim,
And the expectant curves of yore
Something sweeter seemed to limn;
Still she waited Love's surprise
With the youngness in her eyes.

Still she murmured, "He will come:
Days and sails are drifting by;
Other ships go laden home,
Bright with golden argosy;
And the ship for which I wait
Droppeth anchor soon or late.

"I shall know him, though he stands
With the slain years fronting him;
Though he reach untender hands
Of a warrior worn and grim;
Though the smile I go to meet
Shine through tempest and defeat.

"For the billows will have brought
All their burden to his strength,
And the winds have fed his thought,
Till his kingdom stretch at length
From the power and peace of seas
To all loves and mysteries.

"And because October holds
More of spring-time than the spring,
And because all harvest folds
Both the bud and blossoming,
He shall find my patience sweet
And my un vowed faith complete."

So I left her on the shore.
Does he come? I only know
That the moon for evermore
Draws the tides, and, swift or slow,
Bound, or barred, or flowing free,
Every river finds its sea.

THE CAMPAIGN OF BURGOYNE.

I.

THE disastrous result of the campaign of General Burgoyne is to be ascribed more to his own blunders and incompetency than to any special military skill on the part of his conqueror. In December, 1776, Burgoyne concerted with the British ministry a plan for the campaign of 1777. A

large force was to proceed toward Albany from Canada, by way of the lakes, while another large body advanced up the Hudson, in order to cut off communication between the northern and southern colonies, in the expectation that each section, being left to itself, would be subdued with little difficulty. At the same time Colonel St. Leger was to make a diversion on the Mohawk River. In pursuance of this plan, in the early summer of 1777 he sailed down Lake Champlain, forced the evacuation of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, defeated the Americans badly at Hubbardton, and took possession of Skenesborough (Whitehall).^{*} Up to this time all had gone well. From that point, however, his fortunes began to wane. His true course would have been to return to Ticonderoga, and thence up Lake George to the fort of that name, whence there was a direct road to Fort Edward; instead of

which he determined to push on to Fort Ann and Fort Edward, over roads that were blocked up by the enemy—a course which gave Schuyler ample time to gather the yeomanry together and effectually oppose his progress. Nor was this all. On his arrival at Fort Ann, instead of advancing at once upon Fort Edward, and thence to Albany before Schuyler had time to concentrate his forces in his front, he sent a detachment of Brunswickers, under Colonel Baum, to Bennington, to surprise and cap-

ture some stores which he had heard were at that place. General Riedesel, who commanded the German allies, was totally opposed to this diversion, but being overruled, he proposed that Baum should march in the rear of the enemy, by way of Castleton, toward the Connecticut River. Had this



JOHN BURGOYNE.

plan been adopted, the probability is that the Americans would not have had time to prevent Baum from falling unawares upon their rear. Burgoyne, however, against the advice of Riedesel and Phillips, insisted obstinately on his plan, which was that Baum should cross the Battenkil opposite Saratoga, move down the Connecticut River in a direct line to Bennington, destroy the magazine at that place, and mount the Brunswick dragoons, who were destined to form part of the expedition. In this latter order a fatal blunder was committed, by employing troops the most awkward and heavy in an enterprise where every thing depended on the greatest celerity of movement, while the *rangers*, who were lightly equipped, were left behind.

Let us look for a moment at a fully equipped Brunswick dragoon as he appeared at this time. He wore high and heavy jack-boots, with large, long spurs, stout and stiff leather breeches, gauntlets reaching

^{*} The royal army was divided into three brigades, under Major-General Phillips, of the Royal Artillery, and Brigadier-Generals Fraser and Hamilton. The German troops, consisting of one regiment of Hessian Rifles, a corps of dismounted dragoons, and a mixed force of Brunswickers, of which 100 were artillerymen, were distributed among the three brigades, with one corps of reserve under Colonel Breyman, and were commanded by Major-General Riedesel.

The total force in rank and file was: British, 4135; Germans, 3116; Canadian militia, 148; Indians, 503; total, 7902. Of this force Burgoyne was obliged to leave behind 1000 men to garrison Ticonderoga.

high up upon his arms, and a hat with a huge tuft of ornamental feathers. On his side he trailed a tremendous broadsword, a short but clumsy carbine was slung over his shoulder, and down his back, like a Chinese mandarin's, dangled a long queue. Such were the troops sent out by the British general on a service requiring the lightest of light skirmishers. The latter, however, did not err from ignorance. From the beginning of the campaign the English officers had ridiculed these unwieldy troopers, who strolled about the camp with their heavy sabres dragging on the ground, saying (which was a fact) that the hat and sword of one of them were as heavy as the whole of an English private's equipment. But, as if this was not sufficient, these *light* dragoons were still further cumbered by being obliged to carry flour and drive a herd of cattle before them for their maintenance on the way.

The result may be easily foreseen. By a rapid movement of the Americans under Stark, Baum was cut off from his English allies, who fled and left him to fight alone, with his awkwardly equipped squad, an enemy far superior in numbers. After maintaining his ground for more than two hours, his ammunition gave out, and being wounded in the abdomen by a bullet, he was forced to surrender, having lost in killed 360 men out of 400. Yet, even with all these disadvantages, it is doubtful upon whose banners victory would have perched, had not Burgoyne, though having ample time, failed to support Baum by keeping Breyman's division too far behind.

With the failure of this expedition against Bennington, the first lightning flashed from Burgoyne's hitherto serene sky. The soldiers as well as their officers had set out on this campaign with cheerful hearts, for, the campaign successfully brought to a close, all must end in the triumph of the royal arms. "Britons never go back," Burgoyne exultantly had said, as the flotilla passed down Lake Champlain. Now, however, the Indians deserted by scores, and an almost general consternation and languor took the place of the former confidence and buoyancy.

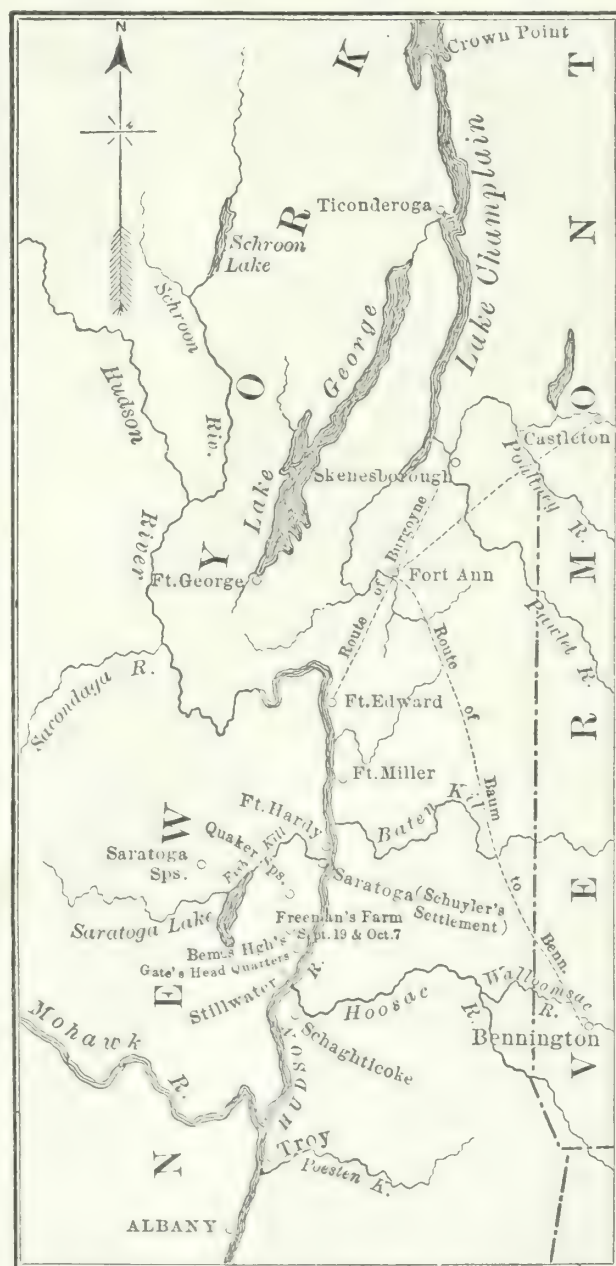
II.

On the 13th of September the royal army crossed the Hudson by a bridge of boats, with the design of forming a junction with Sir Henry Clinton at Albany. It encamped on the heights and plains of Saratoga, near the mouth of Fish Creek (the present site of Schuylerville), within a few miles of the northern division of the Continentals under Gates, Burgoyne selecting General Schuyler's house as his head-quarters.

After the evacuation of Fort Edward, Schuyler had fallen down the river, first to Stillwater, and then to Van Schaick's Isl-

and, at the mouth of the Mohawk. On the 19th of August, however, he was superseded by Gates, who, on the 8th of September, advanced with 6000 men to Bemus Heights, three miles north of Stillwater. These heights were at once fortified, under the direction of Kosciusko, by a line of intrenchments running from west to east, half a mile in length, and terminating on the east end on the west side of the intervalle. The right wing occupied a hill nearest the river, and was protected in front by a wide marshy ravine, and behind by an abatis. The left wing, commanded by Arnold (who, after the defeat of St. Leger at Fort Stanwix, had joined Gates), extended on to a height three-quarters of a mile further north, its left flank being also protected on the hill-side by felled trees. Gates's headquarters were in the centre, a little south of what was then and is now known as the "Neilson Farm."

On the 15th, Burgoyne gave the order to advance in search of the enemy, *supposed* to be somewhere in the forest; for, strange as



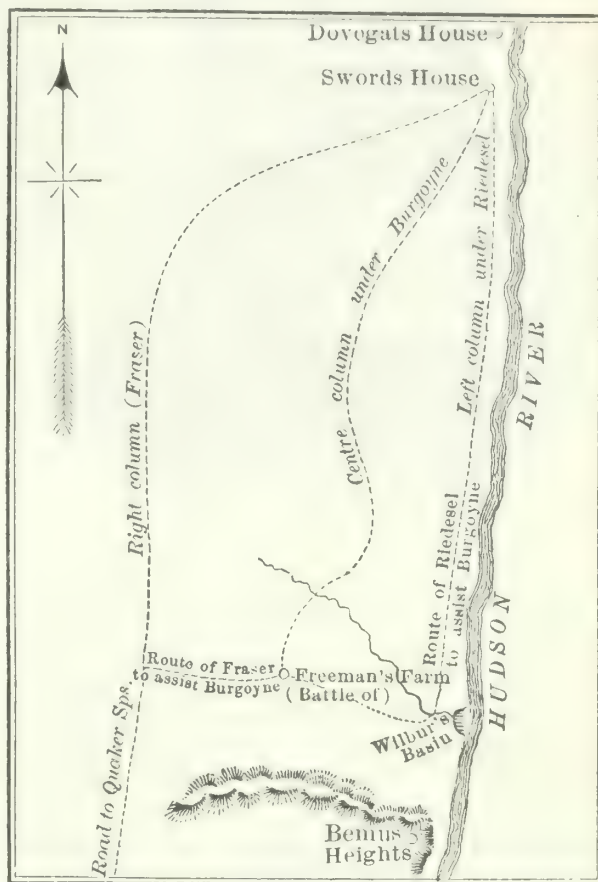
GENERAL MAP ILLUSTRATING THE BURGoyNE CAMPAIGN.

it appears, that general had no knowledge of the position of the Americans, nor had he taken any pains to inform himself upon this vital point. The army, in gala dress, with its left wing resting on the Hudson, set off on its march, with drums beating, colors flying, and their arms glistening in the sunshine of that lovely autumn day. "It was a superb spectacle," says an eyewitness, "reminding one of a grand parade in the midst of peace." That night they pitched their camp at "Dovogats House" (Coveville). On the following morning the enemy's drums were heard calling the men to arms, but, although in such close proximity, the invading army knew not whence the sounds came, nor in what strength he was posted. Indeed, it does not seem that up to this time Burgoyne had sent off patrols or scouting parties to discover the situation of the enemy. Now, however, he mounted his horse to attend to it himself, taking with him a strong body-guard, consisting of the four regiments of Specht and Hesse-Hanau, with six heavy pieces of ordnance, and 200 workmen to construct bridges and roads. This was the party with which he proposed "to scout, and, if occasion served"—these were his words—"to attack the rebels on the spot." This remarkable scouting party moved with such celerity as to accomplish two and a half miles the first day, when, in the evening, the entire army, which had followed on, encamped at "Swords's House," within five miles of the American lines.

The night of the 18th passed quietly, the patrols that had finally been sent out having returned without discovering any trace of the enemy. Indeed, it is a noteworthy fact that throughout the entire campaign Burgoyne was never able to obtain accurate knowledge either of the position of the Americans or of their movements, whereas all his own plans were publicly known long before they were officially given out in orders. "I observe," writes Baroness Riedesel, at this time, "that the wives of the officers are beforehand informed of all the military plans. Thus the Americans anticipate all our movements, and expect us wherever we arrive; and this, of course, injures our affairs."

On the morning of the 19th a further advance was ordered—an advance which prudence dictated should be made with the greatest caution. The army was now in the immediate vicinity of an alert and thoroughly aroused enemy, of whose strength it knew as little as of the country. Notwithstanding this, the army not only was divided into three columns, marching half a mile apart, but at eleven o'clock a cannon, fired as a signal for the start, informed the Americans of the position and forward movement of the British.

The left column, which followed the river road, consisted of four German regiments and the Forty-seventh British, the latter covering the bateaux. These troops, together with all the heavy artillery and baggage, were under the command of General Riedesel. The right column, made up of the



MAP OF BURGoyNE'S MARCH.

English grenadiers and light infantry, the Twenty-fourth Brunswick Grenadiers, and the light battalion, with eight 6-pounders, under Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman, was led by General Fraser, and followed the present road from Quaker Springs to Stillwater on the Heights. The centre column, also on the Heights, and midway between the left and right wings, consisted of the Ninth, Twentieth, Twenty-first, and Sixty-second regiments, with six 6-pounders, and was led by Burgoyne in person. The front and flanks of the centre and right columns were protected by Canadians, Provincials, and Indians. The march was exceedingly tedious, as frequently new bridges had to be built and trees cut down and removed.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, Colonel Morgan, who, with his sharpshooters, had been detached to watch the movements of the British and harass them, owing to the dense woods, unexpectedly fell in with the centre column and sharply attacked it. Whereupon Fraser, on the right, wheeled his troops, and coming up, forced Morgan to give way. A regiment being ordered to the assistance of the latter, whose riflemen had been sadly scattered by the vigor of the attack, the battle was renewed with spirit.



FRIEDRICH ADOLPH VON RIEDESEL.

By four o'clock the action had become general, Arnold, with nine Continental regiments and Morgan's corps, having completely engaged the whole force of Burgoyne and Fraser. The contest, accidentally begun in the first instance, now assumed the most obstinate and determined character, the soldiers being often engaged hand to hand. The ground, being mostly covered with woods, embarrassed the British in the use of their field artillery, while it gave a corresponding advantage to Morgan's sharpshooters. The artillery fell into the hands of the Americans at every alternate discharge, but the latter could neither turn it upon the enemy nor bring it off. The wood prevented the last, and the want of a match the first, as the linstock was invariably carried away, and the rapidity of the transitions did not allow the Americans time to provide one.

Meanwhile General Riedesel, who had kept abreast of the other two columns, hearing the firing, on his own responsibility, and guided only by the sound of the cannon, hastened, at five o'clock, with two regiments through the woods to the relief of his commander-in-chief. When he arrived on the scene, the Americans were posted on a corner of the woods, having on their right flank a deep, muddy ravine, the bank of which had been rendered inaccessible by stones and underbrush. In front of this corner of the forest, and entirely surrounded by dense woods, was a vacant space, on which the English were drawn up in line. The struggle was for the possession of this clearing, known then, as it is to this day, as "Freeman's Farm." It had already been in possession of both parties, and now served

as a support for the left flank of the English right wing, the right flank being covered by the corps of Fraser and Breyman. The Continentals had for the sixth time hurled fresh troops against the three British regiments, the Twentieth, Twenty-first, and Sixty-second. The guns on this wing were already silenced, there being no more ammunition, and the artillery-men having been either killed or wounded. These three regiments had lost half their men, and now formed a small band surrounded by heaps of the dead and dying. The timely arrival of the German general alone saved the army of Burgoyne from total rout. Charging on the double-quick with fixed bayonets, he repelled the Americans; and Fraser and Breyman were preparing to follow up the advantage, when they were recalled by Burgoyne and reluctantly forced to retreat. General Schuyler, referring to this in his diary, says: "Had it not been for this order of the British general, the Americans would have been, if not defeated, at least held in such check as to have made it a drawn battle, and an opportunity afforded the British to collect much provision, of which he [*sic*] stood sorely in need." The British officers also shared the same opinion. Fraser and Riedesel severely criticised the order, telling its author in plain terms that "he did not know how to avail himself of his advantages." Nor was this feeling confined to the officers. The privates gave vent to their dissatisfaction against their general in loud expressions of scorn as he rode down the line. This reaction was the more striking because they had placed the utmost confidence in his capacity at the beginning of the expedition. They were, also, still more confirmed in their dislike by the general belief that he was addicted to drinking.

Night put an end to the conflict. The Americans withdrew within their lines, and the British and German forces bivouacked on the battle-field, the Brunswickers composing in part the right wing. Both parties claimed the victory; yet as the intention of the Americans was not to advance, but to maintain their position, and that of the English not to maintain theirs, but to gain ground, it is easy to see which had the advantage of the day. The loss of the former was between 300 and 400, including Colonels Adams and Coburn, and of the latter from 600 to 1000, Captain Jones, of the artillery, an officer of great merit, being among the killed.

III.

General Burgoyne resolved after this engagement to advance no further for the present, but to await the arrival at Albany of Sir Henry Clinton, who had promised to attempt the ascent of the Hudson for his relief. Accordingly, on the following day (the 20th), he made the site of the late bat-

the his extreme right, and extended his intrenchments across the high ground to the river. For the defense of the right wing, a redoubt (known as the "Great Redoubt") was thrown up in the late battle-field, near the corner of the woods that had been occupied by the Americans during the action, on the eastern edge of the ravine. The defense of this position was intrusted to the corps of Fraser. The reserve corps of Breyman was posted on an eminence on the western side of the ravine, for the protection of the right flank of Fraser's division. The right wing of the English brigade (Hamilton's) was placed in close proximity to the left wing of Fraser, thus extending the line on the left to the river-bank (Wilbur's Basin), where were placed the hospitals and supply trains. The entire front was protected by a deep muddy ditch running 900 paces in front of the outposts of the left wing. This ditch ran in a curve around the right wing of the English brigade, thereby separating Fraser's corps from the main body. General Burgoyne made his head-quarters between the English and German troops, on the heights at the left wing. This was the new camp at "Freeman's Farm."

IV.

During the period of inaction which now intervened, a part of the army, says the private journal of one of the officers, was so near its antagonist that "we could hear his morning and evening guns, his drums, and other noises in his camp very distinctly; but we knew not, in the least, where he stood, nor how he was posted, much less how strong he was." "Undoubtedly," naively adds the journal, "a rare case in such a situation."

Meanwhile the work of fortifying the camp was continued. A *place d'armes* was laid out in front of the regiments, and fortified with heavy batteries. During the night of the 21st, considerable shouting was heard in the American camp. This, accompanied by the firing of cannon, led the British to believe that some holiday was being celebrated. Again, in the night of the 23d, more noise was heard in the same direction. "This time, however," says the journal of another officer, "it may have proceeded from working parties, as the most common noise was the rattling of chains." On the 28th, a captured cornet, who had been allowed by Gates to return to the British camp for five days, gave an explanation of the shouting heard on the night of the 21st. This was that General Lincoln had attempted to surprise Ticonderoga, and, though unsuccessful, had captured four companies of the Fifty-third, together with a ship and one bateau. Thus Burgoyne was indebted to an enemy in his front for information respecting his own posts in his rear.

But the action of the 19th had essentially diminished his strength, and his situation began to grow critical. His dispatches were intercepted, and his communications with Canada cut off by the seizure of the posts at the head of Lake George. The pickets were more and more molested; the army was weakened by the sick and wounded, and the enemy swarmed on its rear and flanks, threatening the strongest positions. In fact, the army was as good as cut off from its outposts, while, in consequence of its close proximity to the American camp, the soldiers had but little rest. The nights, also, were rendered hideous by the howls of large packs of wolves that were attracted by the partially buried bodies of those slain in the action of the 19th. On the 1st of October a few English soldiers who were digging potatoes in a field a short distance in the rear of head-quarters, and within the camp, were surprised by the enemy, who suddenly issued from the woods and carried off the men in the very faces of their comrades.

There were now only sufficient rations for sixteen days, and foraging parties, necessarily composed of a large number of men, were sent out daily. At length Burgoyne was obliged to cut down the ordinary rations to a pound of bread and a pound of meat; and as he had heard nothing from Clinton, he became seriously alarmed. Accordingly, on the evening of the 5th of October, he called a council of war. Riedesel and Fraser advised an immediate falling back to their old position behind the Battenkil, Phillips declined giving an opinion, and Burgoyne reserved his decision until he had made a reconnaissance in force "to gather forage and ascertain definitely the position of the enemy, and whether it would be advisable to attack him." Should the latter be the case, he would, on the day following the reconnaissance, advance on the Americans with his entire army; but if not, he would march back to the Battenkil.

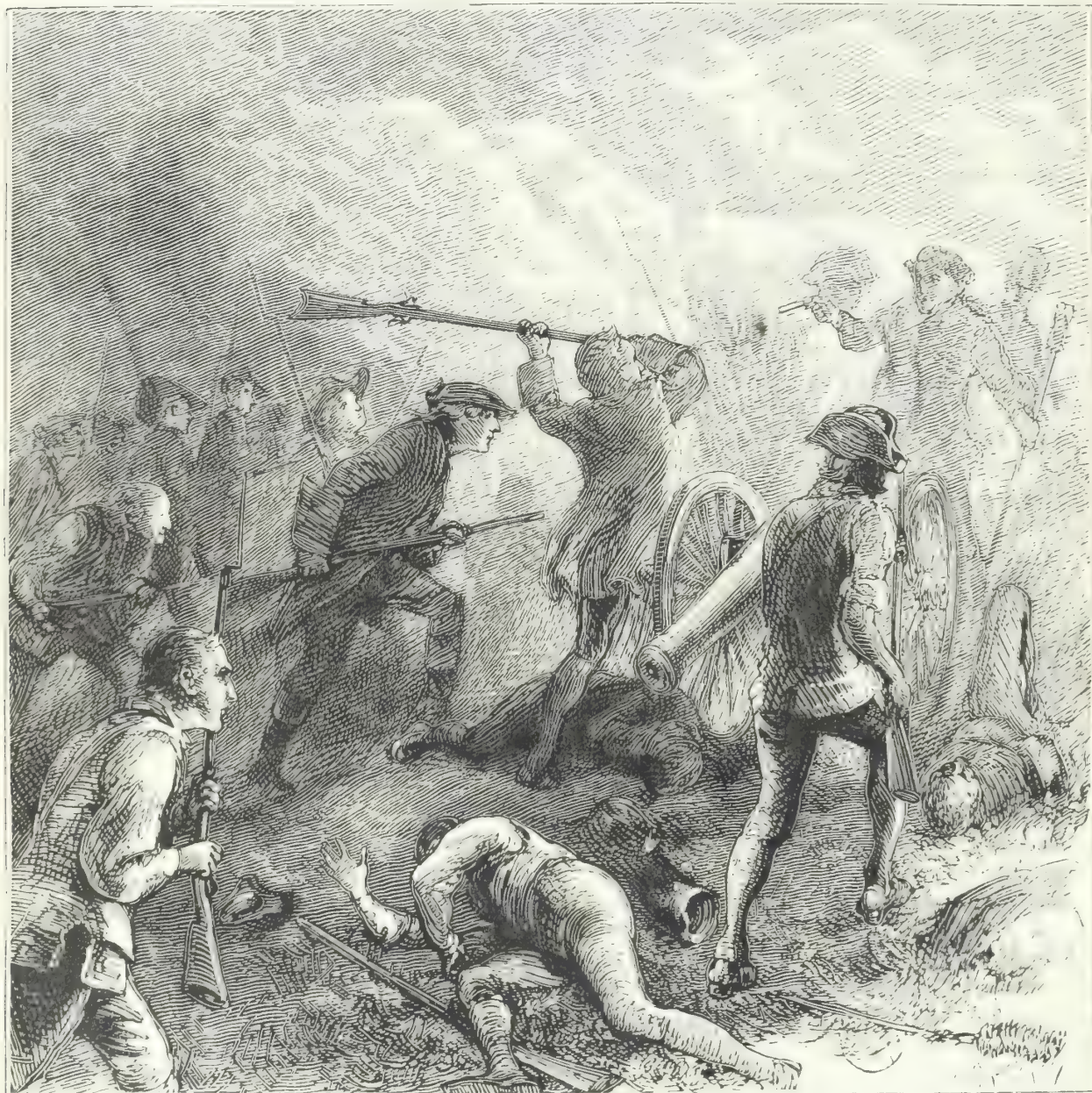
V.

At ten o'clock on the morning of October 7, liquor and rations having been previously issued to the army, Burgoyne, with 1500 men, eight cannon, and two howitzers, started on his reconnaissance, accompanied by Generals Riedesel, Phillips, and Fraser. The Canadians and Indians were sent ahead to make a diversion in the rear of the Continentals, but they were speedily discovered, and, after a brisk skirmish of half an hour, driven back. The British advanced in three columns toward the left wing of the American position, entered a wheat field about 200 rods southwest of the site of the action of the 19th, deployed into line, and began cutting up wheat for forage. The grenadiers, under Major Ackland, and

the artillery, under Major Williams, were stationed upon a gentle eminence. The light infantry, skirted by a low ridge of land, and under the Earl of Balcarras, was placed on the extreme right. The centre was composed of British and German troops under Phillips and Riedesel. In advance of the right wing General Fraser had command of a detachment of 500 picked men.

attacked; their right is skirted by a height. I would indulge them." "Well, then," rejoined Gates, "order on Morgan to begin the game." At his own suggestion, however, Morgan was allowed to gain the ridge on the enemy's right by a circuitous course, while Poor's and Learned's brigades should attack his left.

The movement was admirably executed.



"ONE FIELD-PIECE THAT HAD BEEN TAKEN AND RETAKEN FIVE TIMES."

The movement having been seasonably discovered, the centre advanced guard of the Americans beat to arms. Colonel Wilkinson, Gates's adjutant-general, being at headquarters at the moment, was dispatched to ascertain the cause of the alarm. He proceeded to within sixty rods of the enemy, and, returning, informed General Gates that they were foraging, attempting also to reconnoitre the American left, and likewise, in his opinion, offering battle. "What is the nature of the ground, and what your opinion?" asked Gates. "Their front is open," Wilkinson replied, "and their flanks rest on woods, under cover of which they may be

At half past two o'clock in the afternoon, the New York and New Hampshire troops marched steadily up the slope of the knoll on which the British grenadiers and the artillery under Ackland and Williams were stationed. Poor had given them orders not to fire until after the first discharge of the enemy, and for a moment there was an awful stillness, each party seeming to bid defiance to the other. At length the artillerymen and grenadiers began the action by a shower of grape and musket-balls, which had no other effect than to break the branches of the trees over the heads of the Americans, who, having thus received the signal,

rushed forward, firing, and opening to the right and left. Then again forming on the flanks of the grenadiers, they mowed them down at every shot, until the top of the hill was gained. Here a bloody and hand-to-hand struggle ensued, which lasted about thirty minutes, when, Ackland being badly hurt, the grenadiers gave way, leaving the ground thickly strewn with their dead and wounded. In this dreadful conflict one field-piece that had been taken and retaken five times, finally fell into the hands of the Americans.

Soon after Poor began the attack on the grenadiers, a flanking party of British was discerned advancing through the woods, upon which Colonel Cilley was ordered to intercept them. As he approached near to a brush fence the enemy rose from behind and fired, but so hurriedly that only a few balls took effect. The officer in command then ordered his men to "fix bayonets, and charge the damned rebels." Colonel Cilley, who heard this order, replied, "It takes two to play that game. Charge, and we'll try it!" His regiment charged at the word, and firing a volley in the faces of the British, caused them to flee, leaving many of their number dead upon the field.

As soon as the action began on the British left, Morgan, true to his purpose, poured down like a torrent from the ridge that skirted the flanking party of Fraser, and attacked them so vigorously as to force them back to their lines; then, by a rapid movement to the left, he fell upon the flank of the British right with such impetuosity that it wavered and seemed on the point of giving way. At this critical moment, Major Dearborn arrived on the field with two regiments of New England troops, and delivered so galling a fire upon the British that they broke and fled in wild confusion. They were, however, quickly rallied by Balcarras behind a fence in rear of their first position, and led again into action. The Continentals next threw their entire force upon the centre, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Specht with 300 men. Specht, whose left flank had been exposed by the retreating of the grenadiers, ordered the two regiments of Rhetz and Hesse-Hanau to form a curve, and, supported by the artillery, thus covered his flank, which was in imminent danger. He maintained himself long and bravely in this precarious situation, and would have stood his ground still longer had he not been separated from Balcarras in consequence of the latter, through a misunderstanding of Burgoyne's orders, taking up another position with his light infantry. Thus Specht's right flank was as much exposed as his left. The brunt of the action now fell on the Germans, who alone had to sustain the impetuous onset of the Americans.

Brigadier-General Fraser, who up to this

time had been stationed on the right, noticed the critical situation of the centre, and hurried to its succor with the Twenty-fourth Regiment. Conspicuously mounted on an iron-gray horse, he was all activity and vigilance, riding from one part of the division to another, and animating the troops by his example. Perceiving that the fate of the day rested upon that officer, Morgan, who with his riflemen, was immediately opposed to Fraser's corps, took a few of his sharpshooters aside, among whom was the celebrated marksman "Tim" Murphy—men on whose precision of aim he could rely—and said to them, "That gallant officer yonder is General Fraser. I admire and respect him, but it is necessary for our good that he should die. Take your station in that cluster of bushes and do your duty." Within a few moments a rifle-ball cut the crupper of Fraser's horse, and another passed through his horse's mane. Calling his attention to this, Fraser's aid said, "It is evident that you are marked out for particular aim; would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Fraser replied, "My duty forbids me to fly from danger." The next moment he fell mortally wounded by a ball from the rifle of Murphy, and was carried off the field by two grenadiers.

Upon the fall of Fraser, dismay seized the British, while a corresponding elation took possession of the Americans, who, being reinforced at this juncture by General Tenbroeck with 3000 New York militia, pressed forward with still greater vehemence. Up to this time Burgoyne had been in the thickest of the fight, and now, finding himself in danger of being surrounded, he abandoned his artillery, and ordered a retreat to the "Great Redoubt." This retreat took place



JOHN DYKE ACKLAND.

exactly fifty-two minutes after the first shot was fired, the enemy leaving all the cannon on the field, except the two howitzers, with a loss of more than 400 men, and among them the flower of his officers, viz., Fraser,



HORATIO GATES.

Ackland, Williams, Sir Francis Clarke, and many others.

The retreating British troops had scarcely entered their lines, when Arnold, notwithstanding he had been refused a command by Gates, placed himself at the head of the Continentals, and, under a terrific fire of grape and musket-balls, assaulted their works from right to left. Mounted on a dark brown horse, he moved incessantly at a full gallop over the field, giving orders in every direction; sometimes in direct opposition to those of the commander, at others leading a platoon in person, and exposing himself to the hottest fire of the enemy. "He behaved," says Samuel Woodruff, a sergeant in the battle, in a letter to the late Colonel Stone, "more like a madman than a cool and discreet officer." But if it were "madness," judging from its effect there was "method in it." With a part of Patterson's and Glover's brigades, he attacked, with the ferocity of a tiger, the "Great Redoubt," and encountering the light infantry of Balcarras, drove it at the point of the bayonet from a strong abatis into the redoubt itself. Then spurring boldly on, exposed to the cross-fire of the two armies, he darted to the extreme right of the British camp.

This right-flank defense of the enemy was occupied by the Brunswick troops under Breyman, and consisted of a breastwork of rails piled horizontally between perpendicular pickets, and extended 200 yards across an open field to some high ground on the

right, where it was covered by a battery of two guns. The interval from the left of this defense to the "Great Redoubt" was intrusted to the care of the Canadian Provincials. In front of the rail breastwork the ground declined in a gentle slope for 120 yards, when it sunk abruptly. The Americans had formed a line under this declivity, and, covered breast-high, were warmly engaged with the Germans, when, about sunset, Learned came up with his brigade in open column, with Colonel Jackson's regiment, then in command of Lieutenant-Governor Brooks, in front. On his approach he inquired where he could "*put in* with most advantage." A slack fire was just then observed in that part of the enemy's line between the Germans and light infantry, where were stationed the Canadian Provincials, and Learned was accordingly requested to incline to the right, and attack that point.

This slack fire was owing to the fact that the larger part of the Canadian companies belonging to the skirmishing expedition of the morning were absent from their places, part of them being in the "Great Redoubt," and the others not having returned to their position. Had they been in their places, it would have been impossible, Riedesel thinks, for the left flank of Breyman to have been surrounded. Be this as it may, on the approach of Learned the Canadians fled, leaving the German flank uncovered, and at the same moment Arnold, arriving from his attack on the "Great Redoubt," took the lead of Learned's brigade, and passing through the opening left by the Canadians, attacked the Brunswickers on their left flank and rear with such success that the chivalric Breyman was killed, and they themselves forced to retreat, leaving the key of the British position in the hands of the Americans. Lieutenant-Colonel Specht, in the "Great Redoubt," hearing of this disaster, hastily rallied four officers and fifty men, and started in the growing dusk to retake the intrenchment. Unacquainted with the road, he met a pretended royalist in the woods, who promised to lead him to Breyman's corps; but his guide treacherously delivered him into the hands of the Americans, by whom he and the four officers were captured.

The advantage thus gained was retained by the Americans, and darkness put an end to an action equally brilliant and important to the Continental arms. Great numbers of the enemy were killed, and 200 prisoners taken. Burgoyne himself narrowly escaped, one ball having passed through his hat, and another having torn his waistcoat. The American loss was inconsiderable.

VI.

In their final retreat the Brunswickers turned and delivered a parting volley, which killed Arnold's horse, and wounded the general in the same leg that had been injured by a musket-ball at the storming of Quebec two years previously. It was at this moment, while he was striving to extricate himself from his saddle, that Major Armstrong rode up and delivered to him an order from Gates to return to camp, fearing he "might do some rash thing." "He indeed," says Mr. Lossing, "did a rash thing in the eyes of military discipline: he led troops to victory without an order from his commander." "It is a curious fact," says Sparks, "that an officer who really had not command in the army was the leader of one of the most spirited and important battles of the Revolution. His madness, or rashness, or whatever it may be called, resulted most fortunately for himself. The wound he received at the moment of rushing into the very arms of danger and death added fresh lustre to his military glory, and was a new claim to public favor and applause." In the heat of the action he struck an officer on the head with his sword and wounded him—an indignity which might justly

the field, was satisfied that this was not the case. Others ascribed it to opium. This, however, is conjecture, unsustained by proofs of any kind, and consequently improbable. His vagaries may, perhaps, be sufficiently explained by the extraordinary circumstances of wounded pride, anger, and desperation in which he was placed. But his actions were certainly rash when compared with "the stately method of the commander-in-chief, who directed by orders from his camp what his presence should have sanctioned in the field."

Indeed, the conduct of Gates does not compare favorably either with that of his own generals or of his opponent. While Arnold and Burgoyne were in the hottest of the fight, boldly facing danger, and almost meeting face to face, Gates, according to the statement of his adjutant-general, was discussing the merits of the Revolution with Sir Francis Clarke, Burgoyne's aid-de-camp—who, wounded and a prisoner, was lying upon the commander's bed—seemingly more intent upon winning the verbal than the actual battle. A few days afterward Sir Francis died.

Gates has been suspected of a lack of personal courage. He certainly looked forward



THE BRUNSWICKERS' LAST VOLLEY IN THE ACTION ON THE 7TH OF OCTOBER, 1777.

have been retaliated on the spot, and in the most fatal manner. The officer did, indeed, raise his gun to shoot him, but he forbore, and the next day, when he demanded redress, Arnold declared his entire ignorance of the act, and expressed his regret. Wilkinson ascribed his rashness to intoxication, but Major Armstrong, who, with Samuel Woodruff, assisted in removing him from

to a possible retreat, and while he can not be censured for guarding against every emergency, he was not animated by the spirit which led Cortez to burn his ships behind him. At the beginning of the battle, Quartermaster-General Lewis was directed to take eight men with him to the field, to convey to Gates information from time to time concerning the progress of the action.

At the same time the baggage trains were loaded up, ready to move at a moment's warning. The first information that arrived represented the British troops to exceed the Americans, and the trains were ordered to move on; but by the time they were under motion, more favorable news was received, and the order was countermanded. Thus they continued alternately to move on and halt, until the joyful news, "The British have retreated!" rang through the camp, and reaching the attentive ears of the teamsters, they all, with one accord, swung their hats and gave three long and loud cheers. The glad tidings spread so swiftly that, by the time the victorious troops had returned to their quarters, the American camp was thronged with inhabitants from the surrounding country, and presented a scene of the greatest exultation.

From the foregoing account it will be seen that the term, "Battle of Bemus Heights," used to designate the action of October 7, is erroneous and calculated to mislead. The maps show that the second engagement began on ground 200 rods southwest of the site of the first (known as the "Battle of Freeman's Farm"), and ended on the same ground on which that action was fought. The only interest, in fact, that attaches to Bemus Heights—fully one mile and a quarter south of the battle-ground—is that they were the head-quarters of Gates during and

ly untenable, and defiled on to the meadows by the river, where were his supply trains; but was obliged to delay his retreat until the evening, because his hospital could not be sooner removed. He wished also to avail himself of the darkness. The Americans immediately moved forward, and took possession of the abandoned camp. Burgoyne having concentrated his force upon some heights, which were strong by nature, and covered by a ravine running parallel with the intrenchments of his late camp, a random fire of artillery and small-arms was kept up through the day, particularly on the part of the German chasseurs and the Provincials. These, stationed in coverts of the ravine, kept up an annoying fire upon every one crossing their line of vision, and it was by a shot from one of these lurking parties that General Lincoln received a severe wound in the leg while riding near the line. It was evident from the movements of the British that they were preparing to retreat; but the American troops, having, in the delirium of joy consequent upon their victory, neglected to draw and eat their rations—being withal not a little fatigued with the two days' exertions, fell back to their camp, which had been left standing in the morning. Retreat was, indeed, the only alternative left to the British commander, since it was now quite certain that he could not cut his way through the American army, and his supplies were reduced to a short allowance for five days.

Meanwhile, in addition to the chagrin of defeat, a deep gloom pervaded the British camp. The gallant and beloved Fraser—the life and soul of the army—lay dying in the little house on the river-bank occupied by Baroness Riedesel. That lady has described this scene with such unaffected pathos that we give it in her own words, simply premising that on the previous day she had expected Burgoyne, Phillips, and Fraser to dine with her after their return from the reconnaissance. She says:

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests who were to have dined with us, they brought in to me upon a litter poor General Fraser, mortally wounded. Our dining table, which was already spread, was taken away, and in its place they fixed up a bed for the general. I sat in a corner of the room, trembling and quaking. The noises grew continually louder. The thought that they might bring in my husband in the same manner was to me dreadful, and tormented me incessantly. The general said to the surgeon, 'Do not conceal any thing from me. Must I die?' The ball had gone through his bowels precisely as in the case of Major Harnage. Unfortunately, however, the general had eaten a hearty breakfast, by reason of which the intestines were distended, and the ball had gone through them. I heard



GENERAL FRASER.

a short time previous to the battle. This action is called variously the "Battle of Bemus Heights" and "Saratoga."

VII.

On the morning of the 8th, before day-break, Burgoyne left his position, now utter-



BURIAL OF GENERAL FRASER.

him often, amidst his groans, exclaim, 'O fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! My poor wife!' Prayers were read to him. He then sent a message to General Burgoyne, begging that he would have him buried the following day at six o'clock in the evening, on the top of a hill which was a sort of a redoubt. I knew no longer which way to turn. The whole entry was filled with the sick, who were suffering with the camp sickness—a kind of dysentery. I spent the night in this manner: at one time comforting Lady Ackland, whose husband was wounded and a prisoner, and at another looking after my children, whom I had put to bed. As for myself, I could not go to sleep, as I had General Fraser and all the other gentlemen in my room, and was constantly afraid that my children would wake up and cry, and thus disturb the poor dying man, who often sent to beg my pardon for making me so much trouble. About three o'clock in the morning they told me that he could not last much longer. I had desired to be apprised of the approach of this moment. I accordingly wrapped up the children in the

coverings, and went with them into the entry. Early in the morning, at eight o'clock, he died.*

"After they had washed the corpse, they wrapped it in a sheet and laid it on a bedstead. We then again came into the room, and had this sad sight before us the whole day. At every instant, also, wounded offi-

* General Fraser belonged to the House of Lovatt, whose family name was Fraser. The Earl of Lovatt was one of the noblemen who were compromised by the rebellion of the last Stuart pretender, and whose fortunes were ruined at the battle of Culloden in 1745. General Fraser, a scion of the house, of a sanguine temperament, ardent and ambitious, entered the army, and became so distinguished for his military ability as to be advanced to the rank of brigadier-general, and was selected for a command in Burgoyne's expedition. He had received intimations that, if the enterprise were successful, the government would revoke the act of attainder, and restore to him the family title and estates. With a knowledge of these facts, it is easy to understand the meaning of the wounded general's exclamations as he lay waiting for death in the little "Taylor Farm-house"—the first alluding to the sad extinction of his own cherished hopes of well-earned position and renown, the second betraying his anxiety for his commander, whose impending disgrace he clearly foresaw.



BARONESS RIEDESEL.

cers of my acquaintance arrived, and the cannonade again began. A retreat was spoken of, but there was not the least movement made toward it. About four o'clock in the afternoon I saw the new house which had been built for me, in flames; the enemy, therefore, were not far from us. We learned that General Burgoyne intended to fulfill the last wish of General Fraser, and to have him buried at six o'clock in the place designated by him. This occasioned an unnecessary delay, to which a part of the misfortunes of the army was owing.

"Precisely at six o'clock the corpse was brought out, and we saw the entire body of generals with their retinues assisting at the obsequies. The English chaplain, Mr. Brudenell, performed the funeral services. The cannon-balls flew continually around and over the party. The American general, Gates, afterward said that if he had known that it was a burial, he would not have allowed any firing in that direction. Many cannon-balls also flew not far from me, but I had my eyes fixed upon the hill, where I distinctly saw my husband in the midst of the enemy's fire, and therefore I could not think of my own danger." "Certainly," says General Riedesel, in his journal, "it was a real military funeral—one that was unique of its kind."

General Burgoyne has himself described this funeral with his usual eloquence and felicity of expression: "The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon

every countenance—these objects will remain to the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing duskiess added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited. To the canvas, and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction; and long may they survive, long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten!"

VIII.

As soon as the funeral services were finished and the grave closed, an order was issued that the army should retreat as soon as darkness had set in; and the commander who, in the beginning of the campaign, had vauntingly uttered in general orders that memorable sentiment, "Britons never go back," was now compelled to steal away in the night, leaving his hospital, containing upward of 400 sick and wounded, to the mercy of a victorious and hitherto despised enemy. Gates in this, as in all other instances, extended to his adversary the greatest humanity.

The army began its retrograde movement at nine o'clock on the evening of the 8th, in the midst of a pouring rain, Riedesel leading the van, and Phillips bringing up the rear with the advanced corps.

In this retreat the same lack of judgment on the part of Burgoyne is apparent. Had that general, as Riedesel and Phillips advised, fallen immediately back across the Hudson, and taken up his former position behind the Battenkil, not only would his communications with Lake George and Canada have been restored, but he could at his leisure have awaited the movements of Clinton. Burgoyne, however, having arrived at Dovogt two hours before daybreak on the morning of the 9th, gave the order to halt, greatly to the surprise of his whole army. "Every one," says the journal of Riedesel, "was, notwithstanding, even then of the opinion that the army would make but a short stand, merely for its better concentration, as all saw that haste was of the utmost necessity, if they would get out of a dangerous trap." At this time the heights of Saratoga, commanding the ford across Fish Creek, were not yet occupied by the Americans in force, and up to seven o'clock in the morning the retreating army might easily have reached that place and thrown a bridge across the Hudson. General Fellows, who, by the orders of Gates, occupied the heights at Saratoga opposite the ford, was in an extremely critical situation. On the night of the 8th, Lieutenant-Colonel Southerland, who had been sent forward to

reconnoitre, crossed Fish Creek, and, guided by General Fellows's fires, found his camp so entirely unguarded that he marched round it without being hailed. He then returned, and, reporting to Burgoyne, entreated permission to attack Fellows with his regiment, but was refused. "Had not Burgoyne halted at Dovogat," says Wilkinson, "he must have reached Saratoga before day, in which case Fellows would have been cut up and captured or dispersed, and Burgoyne's retreat to Fort George would have been unobstructed. As it was, however, Burgoyne's army reached Saratoga just as the rear of our militia was ascending the opposite bank of the Hudson, where they took post and prevented its passage." Burgoyne, however, although within half an hour's march of Saratoga, gave the surprising order that "the army should bivouac in two lines and await the day."

Mr. Bancroft ascribes this delay to the fact that Burgoyne "was still clogged with his artillery and baggage, and that the night was dark, and the road weakened by rain." But according to the universal testimony of all the manuscript journals extant, the road, which up to this time was sufficiently strong for the passage of the baggage and artillery trains, became, during the halt, so bad by the continued rain that when the army again moved, at four o'clock in the afternoon, it was obliged to leave behind the tents and camp equipage, which fell most opportunely into the hands of the Americans. Aside, however, from this, it is a matter of record that the men, through their officers, pleaded with Burgoyne to be allowed to proceed notwithstanding the storm and darkness, while the officers themselves pronounced the delay "madness." But whatever were the motives of the English general, this delay lost him his army, and, perhaps, the British crown her American colonies.

During the halt at Dovogat's there occurred one of those incidents which relieve with fairer lights and softer tints the gloomy picture of war. Lady Harriet Ackland had, like the Baroness Riedesel, accompanied her

husband to America, and gladly shared with him the vicissitudes of campaign life. Major Ackland was a rough, blunt man, but a gallant soldier and devoted husband, and she loved him dearly. Ever since he had been wounded and taken prisoner his wife had been greatly distressed, and it had required all the comforting attentions of the baroness to re-assure her. As soon as the army halted, by the advice of the latter she determined to visit the American camp and implore the permission of its commander to join her husband, and by her presence alleviate his sufferings. Accordingly, on the 9th, she requested permission of Burgoyne to depart. "Though I was ready to believe," says that general, "that patience and fortitude in a supreme degree were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely want of food, drenched



DOVOGAT'S HOUSE.

in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to an enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."

In the midst of a driving autumnal storm, Lady Ackland set out at dusk, in an open boat, for the American camp, accompanied

by Mr. Brudenell the chaplain, her waiting-maid, and her husband's valet. At ten o'clock they reached the American-advanced guard, under the command of Major Henry Dearborn. Lady Ackland herself hailed the sentinel, and as soon as the bateau struck the shore, the party were immediately conveyed into the log-cabin of the major, who had been ordered to detain the flag until the morning, the night being exceedingly dark, and the quality of the lady unknown. Major Dearborn gallantly gave up his room to his guest, a fire was kindled, and a cup of tea provided, and as soon as Lady Ackland made herself known, her mind was relieved from its anxiety by the assurance of her hus-



LADY ACKLAND.

band's safety. "I visited," says Adjutant-General Wilkinson, "the guard before sunrise. Lady Ackland's boat had put off, and was floating down the stream to our camp, where General Gates, whose gallantry will not be denied, stood ready to receive her with all the tenderness and respect to which her rank and condition gave her a claim. Indeed, the feminine figure, the benign aspect, and polished manners of this charming woman were alone sufficient to attract the sympathy of the most obdurate; but if another motive could have been wanting to inspire respect, it was furnished by the peculiar circumstances of Lady Harriet, then in that most delicate situation which can not fail to interest the solitudes of every being possessing the form and feelings of a man."*

* The kindness which had been shown to his wife Major Ackland reciprocated, while on parole in New York, by doing all in his power to mitigate the sufferings of the American prisoners. His end was particularly sad. On his return to England he was killed

IX.

On the evening of the 9th the main portion of the drenched and weary army forded Fish Creek, waist deep, and bivouacked in a wretched position in the open air on the opposite bank. Burgoyne remained on the south side of the creek, with Hamilton's brigade as a guard, and passed the night in the mansion of General Schuyler. The officers slept on the ground, with no other covering than oil-cloth. Nor did their wives fare better. "I was wet," says the Baroness Riedesel, "through and through by the frequent rains, and was obliged to remain in this condition the entire night, as I had no place whatever where I could change my linen. I therefore seated myself before a good fire and undressed my children, after which we laid down together upon some straw. I asked General Phillips, who came up to where we were, why we did not continue our retreat while there was yet time, as my husband had pledged himself to cover it and bring the army through: 'Poor woman,' answered he, 'I am amazed at you. Completely wet through, have you still the courage to wish to go further in this weather? Would that you were our commanding general! He halts because he is tired, and intends to spend the night here, and give us a supper.'" Burgoyne, however, would not think of a further advance that night; and while his army were suffering from cold and hunger, and every one was looking forward to the immediate future with apprehension, "the illuminated mansion of General Schuyler," says the *Brunswick Journal*, "rang with singing, laughter, and the jingling of glasses. There Burgoyne was sitting with some merry companions at a dainty supper, while the Champagne was flowing. Near him sat the beautiful wife of an English commissary, his mistress.* Great as the calamity was, the frivolous general still kept up his orgies. Some were even of opinion that he had merely made that inexcusable stand for the sake of passing a merry night. Riedesel thought it his duty to remind his general of the danger of the halt, but the latter returned all sorts of evasive answers." This statement is cor-

in a duel to which he had been challenged for having warmly defended American courage against the aspersions of a brother officer. Lady Ackland became insane, and remained so two years, when, having recovered, she married the chaplain, Mr. Brudenell.

* Were this statement made by the Baroness Riedesel alone, and not by the *Brunswick Journal*, it would be necessary to receive it with caution, since her prejudices often carried her unintentionally into extremes. Mr. Fonblanque, however, in his admirable *Life and Correspondence of General Burgoyne*, admits this by implication, but seeks to leave the impression that the Champagne and the "flirtation," as he calls it, were indulged in to relieve the mental agony consequent upon his defeat. Mr. Fonblanque's book is characterized by great fairness and liberality of tone—a circumstance which must commend it to the American reader.

robored by the Baroness Riedesel, who also adds: "The following day General Burgoyne repaid the hospitable shelter of the Schuyler mansion by burning it, with its valuable barns and mills, to the ground, under pretense that he might be better able to cover his retreat, but others say out of mean revenge on the American general."

But the golden moment had fled. On the following morning, the 10th, it was discovered that the Americans, under Fellows, were in possession of the Battenkil, on the opposite side of the Hudson; and Burgoyne, considering it too hazardous to attempt the passage of the river, ordered the army to occupy the same quarters on the heights of Saratoga which they had used on first crossing the river on the 13th of September. At the same time he sent ahead a working party to open a road to Fort Edward, his intention being to continue his retreat along the west bank of the Hudson to the front of that fort, force a passage across, and take possession of the post. Colonel Cochran, however, had already garrisoned it with 200 men, and the detachment hastily fell back upon the camp.

X.

Meanwhile General Gates, who had begun the pursuit at noon of the 10th with his main army, reached the high ground south of Fish Creek at four the same afternoon. The departure of Burgoyne's working party for Fort Edward led him to believe that the entire British army were in full retreat, having left only a small guard to protect their baggage. Acting upon this impression, he ordered Nixon and Glover, with their brigades, to cross the creek early the next morning under cover of the fog, which at this time of year usually prevails till after sunrise, and attack the British camp. The English general had notice of this plan, and placing a battery in position, he posted his troops in ambush behind the thickets along the banks of the creek, and, concealed also by the fog, awaited the attack, confident of victory. At early daylight Morgan, who had again been selected to begin the action, crossed the creek with his men on a raft of floating logs, and falling in with a British picket, was fired upon, losing a lieutenant and two privates. This led him to believe that the main body of the enemy had not moved; in which case, with the creek in his rear, enveloped by a dense fog, and unacquainted with the ground, he felt his position to be most critical.

Meanwhile the whole army advanced as far as the south bank of the creek, and halted. Nixon, however, who was in advance, had already crossed the stream near its confluence with the Hudson, and captured a picket of sixty men and a number of bateaux, and Glover was preparing to follow him, when a deserter from the enemy

confirmed the suspicions of Morgan. This was corroborated, a few moments afterward, by the capture of a reconnoitring party of thirty-five men by the advanced guard, under Captain Goodale, of Putnam's regiment, who, discovering them through the fog just as he neared the opposite bank, charged, and took them without firing a gun. Gates was at this time at his head-quarters, a mile and a half in the rear; and before intelligence could be sent to him, the fog cleared up, and exposed the entire British army under arms. A heavy fire of artillery and musketry was immediately opened upon Nixon's brigade, and they retreated in considerable disorder across the creek.

General Learned had in the mean time reached Morgan's corps with his own and Patterson's brigades, and was advancing rapidly to the attack in obedience to a standing order issued the day before, that, "in case of an attack against any point, whether in front, flank, or rear, the troops are to fall upon the enemy at all quarters." He had arrived within 200 yards of Burgoyne's battery, and in a few moments more would have been engaged at great disadvantage, when Wilkinson reached him with the news that the right wing, under Nixon, had given way, and that it would be prudent to retreat. The brave old general hesitated to comply. "Our brethren," said he, "are engaged on the right, and the standing order is to *attack*." In this dilemma Wilkinson exclaimed to one of Gates's aids, standing near, "Tell the general that his own fame and the interests of the cause are at hazard—that his presence is necessary with the troops." Then, turning to Learned, he continued, "Our troops on the right have retired, and the fire you hear is from the enemy. Although I have no orders for your retreat, I pledge my life for the general's approbation." By this time several field officers had joined the group, and a consultation being held, the proposition to retreat was approved. Scarcely had they faced about, when the enemy, who, expecting their advance, had been watching their movements with shouldered arms, fired, and killed an officer and several men before they made good their retreat.

The ground occupied by the two armies after this engagement resembled a vast amphitheatre, the British occupying the arena, and the Americans the elevated surroundings. Burgoyne's camp, upon the meadows and the heights of Saratoga north of Fish Creek, was fortified, and extended half a mile parallel with the river, most of its heavy artillery being on an elevated plateau northeast of the village of Schuylerville. On the American side Morgan and his sharpshooters were posted on still higher ground west of the British, extending along their entire rear. On the east or op-

posite bank of the Hudson, Fellows, with 3000 men, was strongly intrenched behind heavy batteries, while Gates, with the main body of Continentals, lay on the high ground south of Fish Creek and parallel with it. On the north, Fort Edward was held by Stark with 2000 men, and between that post and Fort George, in the vicinity of Glenn's Falls, the Americans had a fortified camp; while from the surrounding country large bodies of yeomanry flocked in and voluntarily posted themselves up and down the river. The "trap" which Riedesel had foreseen was already sprung!

The Americans, impatient of delay, urged Gates to attack the British camp; but that general, now assured that the surrender of Burgoyne was only a question of time, and unwilling needlessly to sacrifice his men, refused to accede to their wishes, and quietly awaited the course of events.

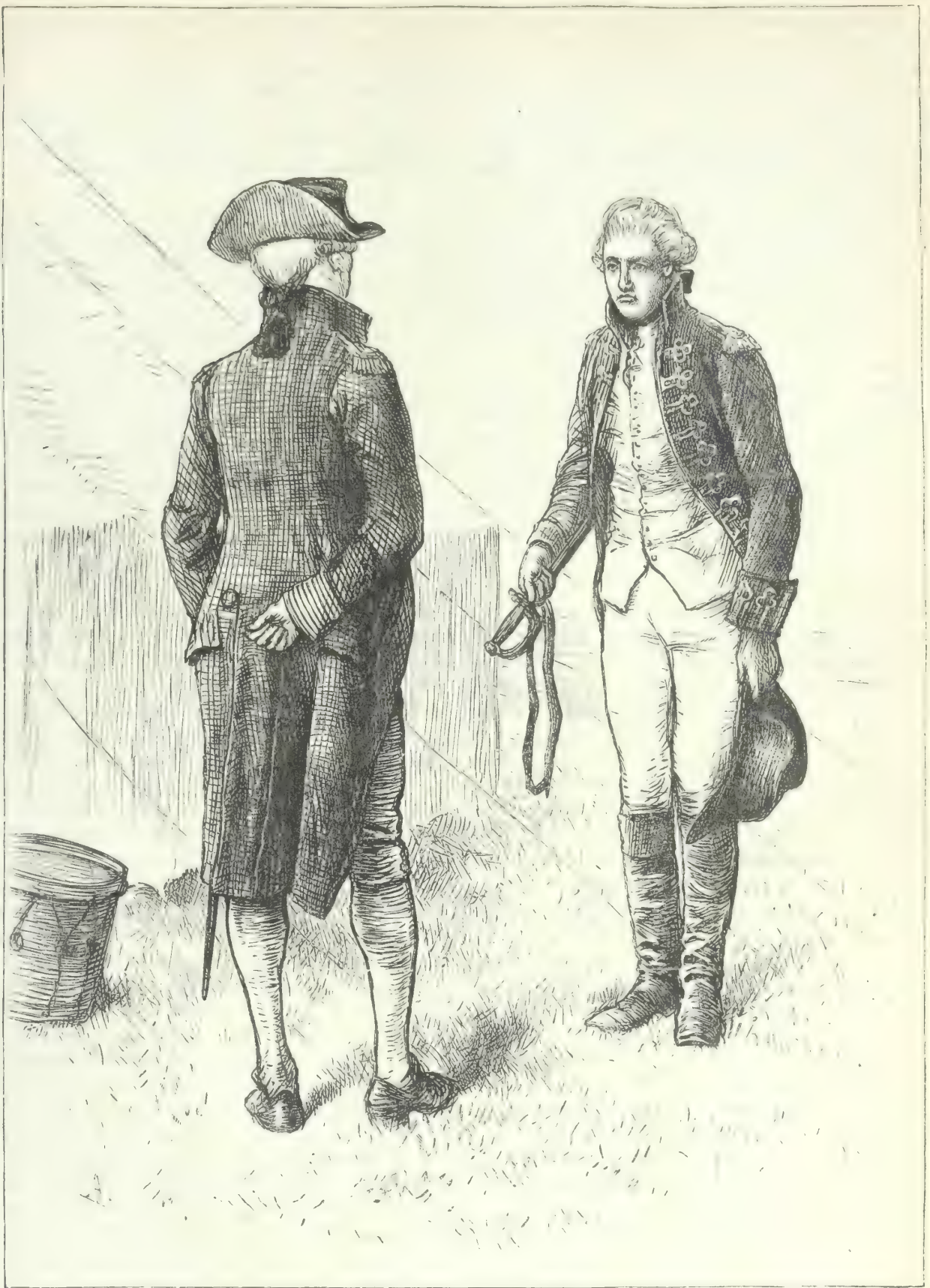
XI.

The beleaguered army was now constantly under fire both on its flanks and rear and in front. The outposts were continually engaged with those of the Americans, and many of the patrols, detached to keep up communication between the centre and right wing, were taken prisoners. The captured bateaux were of great use to the Americans, who were now enabled to transport troops across the river at pleasure, and re-enforce the posts on the road to Fort Edward. Every hour the position of the British grew more desperate, and the prospect of escape less. There was no place of safety for the baggage, and the ground was covered with dead horses that had either been killed by the enemy's bullets or by exhaustion, as there had been no forage for four days. Even for the wounded there was no spot that could afford a safe shelter while the surgeon was binding up their wounds. The whole camp became a scene of constant fighting. The soldier dared not lay aside his arms night or day, except to exchange his gun for the spade when new intrenchments were to be thrown up. He was also debarred of water, although close to Fish Creek and the river, it being at the hazard of life in the daytime to procure any, from the number of sharp-shooters Morgan had posted in trees, and at night he was sure to be taken prisoner if he attempted it. The sick and wounded would drag themselves along into a quiet corner of the woods, and lie down and die upon the damp ground. Nor were they safe even here, since every little while a ball would come crashing down among the trees. The few houses that were at the foot of the heights were nearest to the fire from Fellows's batteries, notwithstanding which the wounded officers and men crawled thither, seeking protection in the cellars.

In one of these cellars the Baroness Riedesel ministered to the sufferers like an angel of help and comfort. She made them broth, dressed their wounds, purified the atmosphere by sprinkling vinegar on hot coals, and was ever ready to perform any friendly service, even those from which the sensitive nature of a woman will recoil. Once, while thus engaged, a furious cannonade was opened upon the house, under the impression that it was the head-quarters of the English commander. "Alas!" says Baroness Riedesel, "it harbored none but wounded soldiers or women!" Eleven cannon-balls went through the house, and those in the cellar could plainly hear them crashing through the walls overhead. One poor fellow, whose leg they were about to amputate in the room above, had his other leg taken off by one of these cannon-balls in the very midst of the operation. The greatest suffering was experienced by the wounded from thirst, which was not relieved until a soldier's wife volunteered to bring water from the river. This she continued to do with safety, the Americans gallantly withholding their fire whenever she appeared.

Meanwhile order grew more and more lax, and the greatest misery prevailed throughout the entire army. The commissaries neglected to distribute provisions among the troops, and although there were cattle still left, no animal had been killed. More than thirty officers came to the baroness for food, forced to this step from sheer starvation, one of them, a Canadian, being so weak as to be unable to stand. She divided among them all the provisions at hand, and having exhausted her store without satisfying them, in an agony of despair she called to Adjutant-General Petersham, one of Burgoyne's aids, who chanced to be passing at the time, and said to him, passionately, "Come and see for yourself these officers who have been wounded in the common cause, and are now in want of every thing that is due them! It is your duty to make a representation of this to the general." Soon afterward Burgoyne himself came to the Baroness Riedesel and thanked her for reminding him of his duty. In reply she apologized for meddling with things she well knew were out of a woman's province; still, it was impossible, she said, for her to keep silence when she saw so many brave men in want of food, and had nothing more to give them.

On the afternoon of the 12th Burgoyne held a consultation with Riedesel, Phillips, and the two brigadiers, Hamilton and Gall. Riedesel suggested that the baggage should be left, and a retreat begun on the west side of the Hudson; and as Fort Edward had been re-enforced by a strong detachment of the Americans, he further proposed to cross the river four miles above that fort, and continue the march to Ticonderoga through the



SURRENDER OF BURGoyNE.

woods, leaving Lake George on the right—a plan which was then feasible, as the road on the west bank of the river had not yet been occupied by the enemy. This proposition was approved, and an order was issued that the retreat should be begun by ten o'clock that night. But when every thing was in readiness for the march, Burgoyne suddenly changed his mind, and postponed the movement until the next day, when an unexpected manœuvre of the Americans made it impossible. During the night the

latter, crossing the river on rafts near the Battenkil, erected a heavy battery on an eminence opposite the mouth of that stream, and on the left flank of the army, thus making the investment complete.

Burgoyne was now entirely surrounded; the desertions of his Indian and Canadian allies,* and the losses in killed and wounded,

* In justice to Burgoyne it should be stated that the chief cause of the desertion of his Indian allies was the fact that they were checked by him in their scalping and plundering of the unarmed. Indeed, the con-

had reduced his army one-half; there was not food sufficient for five days; and not a word had been received from Clinton. Accordingly, on the 13th, he again called a general council of all his officers, including the captains of companies. The council were not long in deciding unanimously that a treaty should be at once opened with General Gates for an honorable surrender, their deliberations being doubtless hastened by several rifle-balls perforating the tent in which they were assembled, and an 18-pound cannon-ball sweeping across the table at which Burgoyne and his generals were seated.

The following morning, the 14th, Burgoyne proposed a cessation of hostilities until terms of capitulation could be arranged. Gates demanded an unconditional surrender, which was refused; but he finally agreed, on the 15th, to more moderate terms, influenced by the possibility of Clinton's arrival at Albany. During the night of the 16th a Provincial officer arrived unexpectedly in the British camp, and stated that he had heard, through a third party, that Clinton had captured the forts on the Hudson Highlands, and arrived at Esopus eight days previously, and further, that by this time he was very likely at Albany. Burgoyne was so encouraged by this news, that, as the articles of capitulation were not yet signed, he resolved to repudiate the informal arrangement with Gates. The latter, however, was in no mood for temporizing, and being informed of the new phase of affairs, he drew up his troops in order of battle at early dawn of the next day, the 17th, and informed him in plain terms that he must either sign the treaty or prepare for immediate battle. Riedesel and Phillips added their persuasions, representing to him that the news just received was mere hearsay, but even if it were true, to recede now would be in the highest degree dishonorable. Burgoyne thereupon yielded a reluctant consent, and the articles of capitulation were signed at nine o'clock the same morning.

They provided that the British were to march out with the honors of war, and to be furnished a free passage to England under promise of not again serving against the Americans. These terms were not carried out by Congress, which acted in the matter very dishonorably, and most of the captured army, with the exception of Burgoyne, Riedesel, Phillips, and Hamilton, were retained as prisoners while the war lasted. The Americans obtained by this victory, at a very critical period, an excellent train of

brass artillery, consisting of forty-two guns of various calibre, 4647 muskets, 400 sets of harness, and a large supply of ammunition. The prisoners numbered 5804, and the entire American force at the time of the surrender, including regulars (Continentalists) and militia, was 17,091 effective men.

XII.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 17th the royal army left their fortified camp, and formed in line on the meadow just north of Fish Creek, at its junction with the Hudson. Here they left their cannon and small-arms. With a longing eye the artillery-man looked for the last time upon his faithful gun, parting with it as from his bride, and that forever. With tears trickling down his bronzed cheeks, the bearded grenadier stacked his musket to resume it no more. Others, in their rage, knocked off the butts of their arms, and the drummers stamped their drums to pieces.

Immediately after the surrender, the British took up their march for Boston, whence they expected to embark, and bivouacked the first night at their old encampment at the foot of the hill where Fraser was buried. As they debouched from the meadow, having deposited their arms, they passed between the Continentals, who were drawn up in parallel lines. But on no face did they see exultation. "As we passed the American army," writes Lieutenant Anbury, one of the captured officers, and bitterly prejudiced against his conquerors, "I did not observe the least disrespect, or even a taunting look, but all was mute astonishment and pity; and it gave us no little comfort to notice this civil deportment to a captured enemy, unsullied with the exulting air of victors."

The English general having expressed a desire to be formally introduced to Gates, Wilkinson arranged an interview a few moments after the capitulation. In anticipation of this meeting, Burgoyne had bestowed the greatest care upon his whole toilet. He had attired himself in full court dress, and wore costly regimentals and a richly decorated hat with streaming plumes. Gates, on the contrary, was dressed merely in a plain blue overcoat, which had upon it scarcely any thing indicative of his rank. Upon the two generals first catching a glimpse of each other, they stepped forward simultaneously, and advanced until they were only a few steps apart, when they halted. The English general took off his hat, and making a polite bow, said, "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." The American general, in reply, simply returned his greeting, and said, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your excellency." As soon as the introduc-

duct of the English general was, in this respect, most humane; and yet, with strange inconsistency, he was among the first strenuously to urge upon Lord North the employment of the Indians against the colonists. See Fonblanque's work, p. 178.

tion was over, the other captive generals repaired to the tent of Gates, where they were received with the utmost courtesy, and with the consideration due to brave but unfortunate men.

After Riedesel had been presented to Gates, he sent for his wife and children. It is to this circumstance that we owe the portraiture of a lovely trait in General Schuyler's character. "In the passage through the American camp," the baroness writes, "I observed, with great satisfaction, that no one cast at us scornful glances; on the contrary, they all greeted me, even showing compassion on their countenances at seeing a mother with her little children in such a situation. I confess I feared to come into the enemy's camp, as the thing was so entirely new to me. When I approached the tents, a noble-looking man came toward me, took the children out of the wagon, embraced and kissed them, and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight. He then led me to the tent of General Gates, with whom I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who were upon an extremely friendly footing with him. Presently the man, who had received me so kindly, came up and said to me, 'It may be embarrassing to you to dine with all these gentlemen; come now with your children into my tent, where I will give you, it is true, a frugal meal, but one that will be accompanied by the best of wishes.' 'You are certainly,' answered I, 'a husband and a father, since you show me so much kindness.' I then learned that he was the American General Schuyler."

The English and German generals dined with the American commander in his tent on boards laid across barrels. The dinner, which was served up in four dishes, consisted only of ordinary viands, the Americans at this period being accustomed to plain and frugal meals. The drink on this occasion was cider, and rum mixed with water. Burgoyne appeared in excellent humor. He talked a great deal, and spoke very flatteringly of the Americans, remarking, among other things, that he admired the number, dress, and discipline of their army, and, above all, the decorum and regularity that were observed. "Your fund of men," he said to Gates, "is inexhaustible; like the Hydra's head, when cut off, seven more spring up in its stead." He also proposed a toast to General Washington—an attention that Gates returned by drinking the health of the King of England. The conversation on both sides was unrestrained, affable, and free. Indeed, the conduct of Gates throughout after the terms of the surrender had been adjusted, was marked with equal delicacy and magnanimity, as Burgoyne himself admitted in a letter to the Earl of Derby. In that letter the captive general particu-

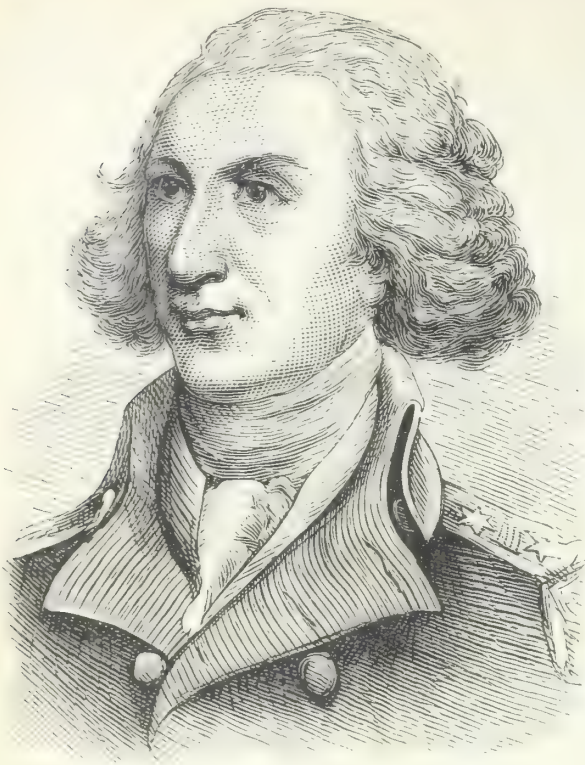
larly mentioned one circumstance, which, he said, exceeded all he had ever seen or read of on a like occasion. It was that when the British soldiers had marched out of their camp to the place where they were to pile their arms, *not a man of the American troops was to be seen*, General Gates having ordered his whole army out of sight, that not one of them should be a spectator of the humiliation of the British troops. This was a refinement of delicacy and of military generosity and politeness, reflecting the highest credit upon the conqueror.

As the company rose from table, the royal army filed past on their march to the seaboard. Thereupon, by preconcerted arrangement, the two generals stepped out, and Burgoyne, drawing his sword, presented it, in the presence of the two armies, to General Gates. The latter received it with a courteous bow, and immediately returned it to the vanquished general.

XIII.

General Burgoyne added to a prepossessing exterior the polished manners and keen sagacity of a courtier. He was also witty and brave. But personal courage alone does not constitute a commander; for of a commander other qualities are expected, especially experience and presence of mind. Burgoyne lacked both. In all his undertakings he was hasty and self-willed. Desiring to do every thing alone, he hardly ever consulted with others; and yet he never knew how to keep a plan secret. While in a subordinate position, continually carping at his military superiors and complaining of the inferiority of his position, yet when given a separate command he was guilty of the same faults which he had reprehended in others. Being a great Sybarite, he often neglected the duties of a general, as well toward his king as his subordinates; and while he was enjoying choice food and wines, his army suffered the keenest want. Soon after the surrender he returned to England, and justly threw the failure of the "expedition" upon the administration.* He

* There can be no doubt that had Burgoyne been properly supported by Howe, he would, despite his mistakes, have reached Albany, since in that case Gates would not have been at Stillwater with an army to oppose him. Mr. Fonblanque makes public, for the first time, a fact throwing entire new light on the apparent failure of Howe, and clears up all that has hitherto seemed mysterious and contradictory. Orders fully as imperative as those to Burgoyne were to have been sent to Howe, but, owing to the carelessness of Germaine, they were "pigeon-holed," and never forwarded. Hence Howe acted on the discretionary orders sent him previously, and concluded to go to Philadelphia instead of to Albany, merely telling Clinton, if other reinforcements came meanwhile from England, he might make a diversion in favor of Burgoyne. *Primarily*, then, the failure of Burgoyne's expedition was due to the negligence of the war minister. Even, however, with the failure of Howe's support, Burgoyne, but for his errors, might have joined Clinton. Neither does



GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER.

was received very coolly at first by the court and people, the king refusing to see him; but, upon a change of the ministry, he regained somewhat of his popularity.

In regard to General Gates, the same incapacity which afterward characterized his unfortunate Southern campaign was manifested from the time of his assuming the leadership of the Northern army until the surrender. It was, perhaps, no fault of his that he had been placed in command at the North just at the auspicious moment when the discomfiture of Burgoyne was no longer problematical. But it is no less true that the laurels won by him ought to have been worn by Schuyler. Wilkinson, who was a member of Gates's own military family, has placed this question in its true aspect. He maintains that not only had the army of Burgoyne been essentially disabled by the defeat of the Germans at Bennington, before the arrival of Gates, but that the repulse of St. Leger at Fort Stanwix had deranged his plans, while safety had been restored to the Western frontier, and the panic thereby caused had subsided. He likewise maintains that after the reverses at the North, nowise attributable to him, and before the arrival of Gates, the zeal, patriotism, and salutary arrangements of General Schuyler had vanquished the prejudices excited against him; that by the defeat of Baum and St. Leger, Schuyler had been enabled to concentrate and oppose his whole Continental force against the main body of the

this failure of Howe palliate the blunders by which he lost his army during the retreat. It should also be stated that Burgoyne, in arranging with the king for the campaign, insisted most strongly that his success depended on Howe's co-operation.

enemy; and that by him, also before the arrival of Gates, the friends of the Revolution had been re-animated and excited to manly resistance, while the adherents of the royal cause were intimidated, and had shrunk into silence and inactivity. From these premises, which are indisputable, it is no more than a fair deduction to say that "the same force which enabled Gates to subdue the British army would have produced a similar effect under the orders of General Schuyler, since the operations of the campaign did not involve a single instance of professional skill, and the triumph of the American arms was accomplished by the physical force and valor of the troops, under the protection and direction of the God of battles."

XIV.

The battle of Saratoga has justly been designated "one of the decisive battles of history." It secured for the American colonies the French alliance, and lifted the cloud of moral and financial gloom that had settled upon the hearts of the people, dampening the hopes of the leaders of the Revolution, and wringing despairing words even from the hopeful Washington. From that auspicious day, belief in the ultimate triumph of American liberty never abandoned the nation till it was realized and sealed, four years later, almost to a day, in the final surrender at Yorktown.

Actuated by these patriotic sentiments, in 1859 Hamilton Fish, Horatio Seymour, Benson J. Lossing, John A. Corey, and other gentlemen, organized the "Saratoga Monument Association," under a perpetual charter from the State of New York, whose object was the erection of a fitting memorial on the site of Burgoyne's surrender. Toward this, considerable progress had been made, when the outbreak of the late civil war, and the decease of several of the original trustees, checked farther proceedings.

In the winter of 1874, however, the Legislature of New York granted an amended charter, and also the sum of \$50,000 toward the building of the monument, the cornerstone of which will be laid on the 17th of October. It is proposed to make the structure (designed by Mr. J. C. Markham, of New York) of granite, and of the obelisk form, 80 feet square at the base, 10 feet at the summit, and 230 feet in height, accessible to its top. Within the monument, the first story is one room designed for historical tablets, relics, and memorials. On the four corners of the platform are to be mounted four of the large and ornamental bronze guns taken from the English at the time of the surrender. Of the large niches in the four gables, three are to be filled with appropriate groups of sculpture in bronze, representing the three generals, Schuyler, Gates, and Morgan, with their accessories,

the fourth being vacant, with the word "Arnold" inscribed underneath.

The association have obtained by purchase five acres of land from the Prospect Cemetery Association of Schuylerville, as a site for the monument. It is a high bluff, 200 feet above the alluvial meadow border-

ing the river, and directly overlooks the spot where the British laid down their arms. The monument will cover the exact spot where the marquee of Gates was situated, and which witnessed the formal surrender of Burgoyne's sword and the formal unfurling for the first time of the Stars and Stripes.



"KNOW ANY THING ABOUT MELONS?"

ON A MELON SCHOONER.

"**K**NOW any thing about melons?"

I very certainly was not "a raiser of huge melons and of pines." Now what did I know about melons?

"Only how to eat them," was my reply.

"Well, that is better than knowing how to steal them, and mine are going that way mighty fast. See here, young fellow; want a job?"

Here was an unexpected proposal. Without the least idea of committing myself, I inquired, "What for?"

"To help me sell this load of melons. It would be a matter of three or four days.

Reuben, the mate, has gone to see his kin in the town. Wash—that's the red-headed boy forward there—ain't of much use; so, being short-handed, it is more than I can do to keep the run of things. My wife she pointed you out to me last night as a likely hand. Oh! I say, she is very much obliged to you for picking up that mantilly, or flying jib, or bib, or whatever the women call it. So if you are through with your job on that craft there"—and here the captain pointed to a lumber schooner in the stream—"you might as well take hold here. It will be eight shillings, and your keep, of course. Can you count? How much is eighteen melons at seventeen cents each? Take your time."

I gave the answer while the skipper was figuring it out with a bit of chalk on a shingle. Had I been the Babbage calculating machine, his astonishment could not have been greater.

"Seventeen times eighteen! Well, I never could bring out sevens and eights as fast as that. Here, wait a moment. Kitty! Kitty!" he cried. Just then the side view of a sun-bonnet of coal-scuttle form was apparent from the cabin hatch. "Kitty," said the captain, "this man says eighteen times seventeen is three dollars and something. Yes, six cents."

"Correct, father," said a girl's voice, after a few seconds' time, and the bonnet disappeared.

"There is a smart head on a woman for figures. Bet she can beat you. Well, what do you say?"

Evidently there was some mistake. How I was associated with the lumber schooner I could not understand. The day before, I had hired a boat and had rowed out into mid-stream, and perhaps the skipper might have seen me near the lumber craft. That same evening I had been lounging on the wharf, watching a sudden wind squall driving up from the sea. Now on this melon schooner I had noticed a piece of woman's gear tied to a rope, probably left to air, in order to get the creases out of it. This little bit of feminine apparel, this woman's weed, had taken unto itself eccentric movements, and was bobbing, courtesying, and fluttering in the breeze, like an accomplished ballet dancer. At last, after a maddening pirouette, ending with a dislocating jerk, it had broken loose, and had made a cheese of itself in the water of the dock. Then a stout, matronly looking person had rushed on deck, and had apostrophized the floating garment in agonizing terms. There happened to be a skiff near, and jumping into it, I easily rescued the skirt from a watery grave. The stout woman, to whom I returned it, whatever it was called, was prodigal in her thanks, and had said, "Well, I declare, young man, that was right down good of you, and I am obliged to you. It belonged to my daughter. Take a melon?" and a huge melon was tucked into my arms as if it had been a baby.

"My wife," continued the skipper, "is in town, trading. I couldn't arrange things positively about you without consulting her. But if you ain't adverse, you can buckle to right now."

"What's to do, exactly?" I rather incautiously inquired.

"Tend the craft. Clean her decks of mornings, help pass melons, and hand me the money for them if you sell any. What's your name?"

My name! The captain had a dreadfully direct manner of putting things. I trust

the Poet Laureate will forgive me when, after a moment's hesitation, I told my confiding skipper that I was called Enoch Arden.

"Arden! Arden!" said the captain, eying me closely. "Lord bless me! you don't say so!"

I suppose I looked confused. Was there a scape-goat by the name of Arden that honest skipper knew? Was there a hue and cry after any Arden?

"Arden!" repeated the captain, "and Enoch! Well, that is strange. You need not be ashamed, though, of the name. I have known lots of 'em. Related to any of the people 'round Bootle Bay or Narticotts Ledge? They were sea-faring men, 'most every mother's son of 'em. My wife has some of the Arden blood in her veins. When Kitty—that's our daughter—puts on high and lofty airs, we say that comes from the Arden stock. Strong points in the Ardens, but no end of weak ones. Enoch, I hope it isn't so in your case, but most every Arden I ever came across had a fearful liking for run, and came to grief that way. We runs the *Kitty B.* as a temperance craft."

"Well," I thought to myself, "if that is all the trouble there is about the Ardens, I may consider myself safe." I was disturbed for a moment about the kinship, and the questions I might be asked in regard to the entire Arden family—a knowledge, on my part, which I felt could only be fully satisfied by a correspondence with Mr. Alfred Tennyson.

Should I enroll myself as a melon hand on the *Kitty B.*? It would be three or four days before the yacht which had landed me in a little New England sea-port would return from her cruise. Left to myself, with nothing to write about, time hung heavily on my hands. I never had made eight shillings a day, by honest manual toil, in my life. As yachting correspondent for my newspaper, I had been kindly received by the captain of a pretty craft. I had spent two delightful weeks on board cruising on the Sound, doing work as one of a Corinthian crew. My face was as brown as a berry, even my hands were graced with the most commendable callosities. My pea-jacket had the true *couleur locale*, with a sprinkling of tar on it. The skipper looked so hearty and honest, the little craft so neat and clean, that I accepted the invitation "to step on board." My visit was taken as a full consent on my part to assume the position of helper. A stumpy broom was placed in my hands, a bucket was shown me, and before I could decline, I was put to my duties. With a smile I went to work, half amused at my calling, and swashed the deck, coiled up the rope ends, and in half an hour had every thing neat and ship-shape.

"Got any togs, Enoch? Better take the dingy and fetch them from the schooner."

"Ain't there, Sir," I replied. My valise was at the hotel.

"Ain't drank them up, have you, Enoch?"

"Drank them up?" I asked. "How, Sir?"

"Never knew an Arden that had an extra pair of breeches to his name, when he could swop 'em off for liquor."

a rack tight lashed to the side of the vessel, and on this were plants. One pretty vine, weary of incarceration, had shot out tendrils, as if longing to go through the sky-light. On a hanging shelf were quite a number of books. My intrusion seemed to startle a young woman. She had a tea-pot with a



MAKING TRACKS.

"I do not belong to that schooner, Sir," I replied.

"You don't? Well, we must have been mistaken. My wife said she saw you come from her. It don't make any matter, though. Now you have got things right nice; that will do. Go see what o'clock it is. Time my wife was back. You will find a watch hanging to a nail on the right-hand side of the cabin stairs."

What a neat and tidy little snuggerly that cabin was! Though it was dormitory and eating-room, and there was a stove and a table and a chest or so, order seemed to reign supreme. It was all as fresh and bright as paint could make it. A calico curtain rove on rings cut off a portion of the limited space. In one corner of the cabin there was

broken spout in her hand, and was watering her plants.

"There now, young man," exclaimed the young person, rather sharply, "see what you have made me do—all this water on the floor! It is almost seven, tell father. You are the new man? You said your name was—"

"Arden, miss." I commenced to mistrust the Ardens again.

"Arden—Arden what?"

"Enoch, miss," I replied.

"Enoch! Well, it does not signify. I suppose mother settled your coming last night. Breakfast will be ready—when you cook it. We do not allow wet boots down here. See the tracks you have made?"

I did look, and found I had indeed made

tracks, and I felt very culpable. Such a reception, on the eve of what I had taken to be a romance, was certainly not agreeable. Evidently Miss Kitty B. (for the craft must have been named after the young lady) was not friendly. She rather seemed inclined to bite the head off of the unfortunate new-comer. She even deprived me of the sight of her pretty person, for she disappeared behind the curtain. I was not quite certain whether I would accept the time of day she had given me, so I examined the face of a big silver watch. One of the vines—a Southern passion-flower, with its tendrils—had sent a tiny coil quite round the rusty nail on which the time-keeper hung.

"Somebody, in taking down this watch, will be sure to break your pretty plant. Would you mind, providing I have the time, if I made a trellis for you?"

"A trellis! What is a trellis?" said the young lady, coming from behind the curtain.

"Something for your vine to grow on. I can whittle you out one in no time," I said.

"I do not wish one, though I am obliged to you. I shall send the plant on shore to-day. Sea air will kill it." Evidently I had mollified Miss Kitty somewhat.

"Well, Enoch, you are a precious long time finding out the time of day," cried the skipper from the deck.

"Young man," chimed in a voice behind me, which I recognized as belonging to the captain's wife, "if you will let me pass, I will find out. Kitty, this is the young man that fished your skirt out of the water." Here Miss Kitty, for the first time, deigned to look at me, and blushed crimson; but the next moment I was ignored. "Now, young man," said the captain's wife, "my basket is on deck. You will find a blue-fish in it; scale and wash it. Cut some slices of bacon: the boy has the fire made in the caboose forward; fry me out some bacon. Don't go yet. Captain says your name is Enoch Arden. Enoch, I hope you will behave yourself. Ladies on board. Watch out for table manners. Women on a ship are not a restraint. We do not sing out at meal-time, 'Hash!' or 'Chuck in!' but we say, 'Breakfast,' 'Dinner,' and 'Supper,' like Christians. We are a little particular about each other's knives, and don't help to butter and sugar with the same spoon. We do not like things promiscuous. Now that is your first lesson. You are not wanting in politeness; I saw that yesterday. Now, Enoch, on deck, and clean your fish."

To the little cook-house I went, opened the fish with my pocket-knife, scaled it, sliced the bacon, and the fat was bubbling when the captain's wife made her appearance.

"All right, Enoch?" she inquired. "Now peel those potatoes. What! You haven't got any thing better than a pearl-handled penknife? Take mine. The captain is al-

ways losing his jackknife, so I carry it. Enoch, my name is Mary Bascom. If you call me Mary, we will quarrel. We are square, honest folks, and own the schooner. There is no humbug or sham about us. We all do our duty by the lights we have; and though we are but a melon schooner, and lay up in Maine during the winter, trading in fruit of summer, we respect ourselves, and God Almighty takes care of us. Don't you peel quite so heavy, Enoch. Don't drink, Enoch. Every Arden I ever knew went to ruin that way. If you ever are the least bit in liquor, off you will go. Smoking is not allowed in the cabin. No pipes below. The last meerschaum the captain had—Kitty gave it him—I pitched overboard off Nantucket, though Kitty cried her eyes out over it. I and the captain make the rules, and all hands obey them. Throw a good big pinch of salt into the potatoes. If you should ever be sick or ailing whilst on this craft, I will take care of you. Got a mother, Enoch? What is her calling? Where does she live? I don't ask about your father. Turn that fish."

Here was an avalanche of questions. I trust I may be pardoned when I replied, "New York. Boarding-house keeper." I felt it was quite a relief when Mrs. Bascom entirely ignored the paternal Arden.

"A killing business for a woman, with no husband to help her. If your father was an Arden, he must have left your mother long ago. They always did it." Here I shook my head gravely. "Well," continued the captain's wife, "I did not want to hurt your feelings. Do you ever write to your mother? Sakes! your fish will burn! Do it once a month. If you want ideas or moral precepts, as a son should write, come to me. Sea-faring men have fingers like marline-spikes, and mostly no more brains than a capstan. Enoch, I do like your looks. You seem to take hold. Don't touch that coffee. Captain Bascom's coffee never was made by any human being but me. Don't be proud and lofty, Enoch. I had a son once, Enoch. He despised our calling. He left us. It was an Arden, a wild comrade of his, who led him into vice. My boy went to California. Died there miserably. The Arden blood came out in him. I never, though, can forget him. I might as well tell you, plump and plain, no fooling around Kitty. Civility I do not object to, but coming it heavy is not allowed. Now, Enoch, I guess you have the ship's regulations. Dish that fish. And now we are acquainted."

"Wife," cried out just then the captain, "it is no end of talk there, and no breakfast. I will mutiny."

"Enoch," said the captain's wife, "hear him! Bless his old soul! a better man never lived. We never had but one grief, and that was over our poor boy, who went

astray. Here, you, Wash, carry this breakfast down below. Enoch, forward is the hatch; you can fix up there. Always tidy up a bit before meals."

Certainly the captain's wife was a straightforward and motherly New England woman, and wanted to take the best care of me. To the fore hatch I went, where, with a bucket of water, a bit of brown soap, and my pocket-comb, I soon adjusted my toilet, and then, ravenously hungry, hurried to breakfast in the cabin.

"First our duty, then eating," said Mrs. Bascom, as she said grace, with honest feeling and true emphasis. "It's a long grace," said Mrs. Bascom, apologetically, "but it has not been much clipped since old Puritan

as a tomb; but I thought she watched me furtively. We all had coffee in bowls, save Miss Kitty. These bowls were made for heroes. Miraculous was the way in which the captain emptied these huge measures.

Suddenly Miss Kitty vouchsafed a question: "What did you say you would make for my vine?"

"A trellis, a kind of lattice-work gardeners use to grow plants on. In conservatories—"

"Conserva—a what? I do not understand."

"Oh! a conservatory is a place people have to grow plants in in winter," I replied.

"Been a gardener?" asked Miss Kitty.

"No, miss."



EATING HIS MELON OFF-HAND.—[SEE PAGE 698.]

times. It's kind of handed down to me, and I say it just as it was said over two hundred years ago."

Then an introduction from Captain Bascom took place. "Mr. Enoch Arden, Miss Kitty Bascom, or Miss Kitty, for short." We bowed. Miss Kitty commenced this imposing ceremonial with the stern brow of a Minerva, and then gradually rippled over at the close like a Jocunda. I was very hungry. The conversation was limited. I was a trifle constrained, feeling that my presence had interfered with the familiar intercourse of the table. The breakfast, mostly of my own preparing, I found excellent. Conversation between the captain and his wife was directed principally toward melons and their commercial value. Ignorant as to melons, I did not interfere. Miss Kitty was as silent

"Sea-faring man most of your life?" again inquisitorially asked Miss Kitty.

"Ahem! I go to sea mostly every summer," I replied.

So I did, in a certain sense, when my paper wanted yachting news. That was not entirely an untruth on my part.

"What do you do in winter?"

"Lay up," I replied; but after I said it, I knew it was not a happy answer.

"Lay up? Laying up means that in winter a man must have something else to do," and my interlocutor looked at me doubtingly, as if I might be a pirate.

"Lives with his mother, and helps her to keep boarders, Kitty. Don't ask Enoch so many questions," providentially interposed the young person's mother. Here there was a pause. Once committed to the name of

Arden, I shuddered at the unfortunate congeries of stories I should have to invent. Miss Kitty's black and brilliant eyes looked me through and through.

"Have you a ditty box?" suddenly asked Miss Kitty, placing before me another bowl of coffee. I saw it was a trick on her part to take me off my guard. Fortunately I knew what a ditty box was: that receptacle in which sailors keep their odd buttons, bits of thread, and needles—the only feminine things poor Jack possesses.

"Of course I have. If I want a needful of thread, you would not mind giving it me; would you, miss? It is on shore at my boarding-house."

The meal was finished, and the captain and his wife went on deck. I lingered behind for a moment, determined, in the most reckless way, to brave Miss Kitty. I drew my pipe out.

"No smoking down here, Sir."

"I am not going to smoke," I replied, as I filled my pipe and drew a match safe from my pocket. Miss Kitty moved toward me as if to take the coffee-pot, touched my arm, and my match safe fell on the floor. She picked it up, and gave it to me without a word.

"Go down and get your breakfast, Wash," cried the captain, on deck. "And, Enoch, you are wanted."

"Hands do not loiter here after their meals," said Miss Kitty, quite sharply; and with this she vanished behind her curtain. This vanishing on her part, like the cat in "Little Alice," was exasperating. With Miss Kitty it was the last word and a disappearance.

On deck I went. Mrs. Bascom must have certainly advertised the business, for the melon trade now set in. First dropped on board a very small black boy, who bought his melon, and eat it off-hand on the deck. Then the colored people, to whom melons have the strongest magnetic attractions, followed, and made extensive purchases. Next the grocers and fruiterers heard of our melon schooner, which was the first of the season, and bought handsomely; and, as luck would have it, a grand Sunday-school excursion to take place in the day, went into melons in the most wholesale way. My back ached with the task of handling the heavy fruit. My employer was certainly not an adept at figures. I regret to state that the inhabitants of that New England sea-port town were rather ingenious than clever arithmeticians. They made decided differences between what they ought to pay and what we should receive. The odds were mostly in their favor, I am constrained to say. The captain made, it is true, no end of blunders. I felt it my duty to interfere. Sometimes a huckster would dispute my figures, but a sound grounding in Crocker

always found me right. At last the captain said to me, "Enoch, you do the selling; I will do the handling." I was regularly installed as a melon supercargo. About mid-day there was a breathing-time.

"Enoch, I should like to know how many melons we have sold," inquired the captain.

"That will not give much trouble, Sir, as I have been keeping a kind of tally, and have ticked it off on this bit of lath," I replied.

"Who would have thought it? Well, how many have we sold?"

"Something like 500 melons. It ought not to vary half a dozen one way or the other. We have been selling at fifteen and twenty cents—the bulk at twenty cents, I think. That's on an average of better than seventeen and a half cents, say. Count your cash, and I will count mine."

"I haven't sold a hundred dollars' worth, have I?"

"Close to it. Count your money."

The captain floundered dreadfully over the count, and then handed the money over to me.

"You have sixty-four dollars and five cents," I said.

"But that ain't a hundred."

"But I have some thirty-three dollars and some cents. Here it is. That makes ninety-eight dollars. Now feel in your pockets. There! I knew it. There is seventy-five cents more, and another quarter—that's a dollar. That is close to a hundred dollars."

"It's doing first rate, Enoch," said Captain Bascom. "With all their faults, I never knew an Arden that wasn't honest—at least those that came from our place. It's very square on your part. See here, Enoch, I raise you two shillings more a day just as long as we are selling. Now let us shut up hatches and knock off; it must be near dinner-time."

"That would not do, Sir. If you will trust me, I can sell for you while you are below. Make hay while the sun shines. It is not unlikely that some other fellow with a load of melons will come in and spoil your market."

"Enoch, I will put the whole thing in your hands. For an Arden, you are the steadiest of them I ever met."

Just then Miss Kitty's voice was heard, and she cried "Dinner!" and the captain left me and went below.

No sooner had the skipper gone below than trade took an enormous development. "What would I take for 600 melons, to be loaded up right off, in half an hour—melons to be taken as they ran—in time for the Springfield and Boston train?" I settled on fifteen cents, I to find a helper. Now 600 melons to be put out in thirty minutes is like rowing forty strokes to the minute. It can be done; but I almost killed myself

and the negro man I hired on the wharf in accomplishing the task. Melons fairly shot out of that schooner. The express wagons were loaded on time, and the money was in my hand.

The captain must have thought his interests were in safe-keeping, for he was three-quarters of an hour absent. "Thought there was a fight on deck, from the noise you made, Enoch. What is up?"

When I handed my employer a good large roll of notes, his delight was immense. "You were made to be a melon trader," said Captain Bascom. "Now, Enoch, go below. The old lady and I will manage things for a spell. She will keep me straight on the count. We don't expect to do as well as you have done. Those Ardens always were lucky fellows up to a certain notch; then they slipped down the tree. Get your dinner; and there is a tip-top duff."

Go below I did. The cabin was cool and pleasant. The table had a clean white cloth spread on it. There was a good piece of corned beef, flanked with cabbage and potatoes, and in one corner loomed up a light-house of duff, standing in a sea of white sauce. Miss Kitty condescended to wait on me.

"Sorry, Miss Kitty, I had not time to tidy up. The melons got piled up on the forward hatch, and I was really too tired to move them," I said, apologetically. There was no answer. I returned to the trellis. "This evening I will make that trellis for you.—Some more cabbage, please."

I regret to say the dish of cabbage was almost hurled at me. Why did Miss Kitty hate me? I was very hungry, and disregarding slights, set to with a will.

"If you are fond of flowers, there is a horticulturist in town," I said, with my mouth full.

"A horty-what?"

"Well, a flower man."

"Why don't you talk English?" asked Miss Kitty.

Like the spearsman in "Enid," who

"let his cheek

Bulge with the unswallowed piece, and turning, stared,"

I too turned and stared, and half choked with an unswallowed morsel. If she had sympathized the least in my unfortunate condition, she would have patted me on the back; but she left me to my fate. Recovering, I said, "I do try and talk English. The man who has the hot-house has geraniums and pinks. It would be elegant in winter to have some bulbs growing in glass in the cabin."

"We do not live in the schooner in winter."

"Ah! don't you? I was only going to tell you that in Holland sailors grow beautiful tulips in their dingy cabins."

"Holland! Ever been there?"

"Yes. I should like to give you some choice plants. There must be some plants, amphibious ones—"

"Phibby—what?"

"Some plants which would grow at sea."

"I should not accept of them. I would not wish my poor plants here to have the conceit taken out of them."

Miss Kitty was certainly petulant, if not rude. I determined now to hold my peace.

"Any tea?" she asked.

"No tea," I replied.

"What, no tea! Where were you brought up? Are you not giving yourself airs?"

"How, miss? Does my declining tea force you to imagine that I am not amenable to the rules of polite society? How airs, Miss Kitty?"

"Oh, in a great many ways. What has a sea-faring man who calls himself Arden to do with a match box with a P on it, when it should be an A? We do not allow masquerading on this schooner," and Miss Kitty's eyes flashed fire.

"Aha! is that it?" I said to myself. "Miss Kitty has used those handsome eyes of hers to some purpose when she picked up that wretched match box of mine. Now is the time," I thought, with some misgivings, "for a desperate plunge into a whole maelstrom of lies."

"Why, bless you, Miss Kitty," I floundered out.

"I can exist without your benediction," interposed the young lady.

"Well, Miss Kitty," I continued, and here I deemed it advisable to drop into quite a faulty construction of English, very foolishly thinking it might belong to the nautical character of one of the low-down Ardens—"them things might have been given to me by a friend, which his name was Robinson. I was a hand on board of one of them yachts, as her name was *Peerless*, and them high-and-lofty kind of fellows wants every man as wears any thing to have it branded with a P. P means *Peerless*, the name of the craft." The perspiration stood out on my forehead.

"Is that it? Well, I am not bound to believe it. I am obliged to you for having saved my skirt, but I am not used to waiting on people. Have some duff?" and the dish was moved, with some slight show of courtesy, toward me.

"Duff! Certainly. May I have another plate?"

"Trouble enough to clean up all these things. You can't eat your pudding on a cabbage plate? You might want a finger-bowl."

That last cut told. "There was once on a time," I replied, musingly, "a real, real princess, who had a nightmare because she slept on a dried pea."

"You are no sailor-man!" Miss Kitty cried, in an angry tone. "Look you here! we are plain people, and not used to false manners or shams."

What more the irate young lady might have said to my confusion, was interrupted by a voice from the deck, saying: "We are awful snarled, Enoch. What's six hams, weighing eighty-nine and a half pounds, at sixteen cents, and he a-wanting to take ham or jerked beef out of melons? How must I trade with him? Mrs. Bascom is obliged to give it up; she can't do it."

"Offer him eighty-four melons, and if he won't stand that, throw in another melon," I said, after a moment's calculation.

"I do not suppose you guessed that," said Miss Kitty.

"How guessed it? It would have been wrong to have guessed it, and made your father lose by it," I answered.

"People's ideas of right and wrong, I am afraid, are quite confused at times. Have you ever taught school?"

"Never."

"Of course you can read and write?"

"I do not know about the latter, miss. I have been trying to write for a wearisome long time, but people do not seem to think much of my writing."

Here Miss Kitty looked puzzled.

"Why are you not mate, then, of some vessel, instead of a lounge on the wharf, and hiring by the day as helper on a melon schooner?"

Here were enigmas for me. Why was I a melon man? My pretty examiner looked me squarely in the face, shading her handsome eyes with her round plump hand. The question was embarrassing. Miss Kitty saw my trouble, and continued, "Do you think me silly enough to believe all this stuff about the *Peerless*? There is no resemblance in you to any Arden I ever knew. You are not good-looking enough."

This last sentence capped the climax.

"I give you my word and honor as a gentleman"—I was losing my temper now—"that—"

"Stop, Sir," interrupted Miss Kitty. "Why, you are a sea-faring man. Gentlemen do not hire at a dollar a day."

"I was, though, miss, on the yacht that landed me here some few days ago."

"Maybe steward, cook, or barber," said Miss Kitty, disdainfully, "and you ape the manners of your masters. Then you did not belong to the lumber craft?"

"No; and I told your father so. Now what on earth is the matter with you, miss? Can't an honest fellow come aboard this craft, not a-forcing of hisself, but axed—axed to come—without your trying to get the windward of him, and picking a quarrel with him, and abusing of him?"

"I never did it, Sir. I can not stoop to

quarrel with you. Here is my father and mother lauding you up to the skies, until I am sick of hearing of you, and you not aboard half a day yet. Mother has some idea that it is her duty to reclaim drunkards, and the Ardens in particular, and you are one of her experiments. Mostly all of her efforts have been very unfortunate, as I dare say it will be in your case. You can understand, or you ought to, that such scape-graces as mother, with no doubt the best of motives, lights upon, have not been quite acceptable to me, 'axing your pardon, Sir.' Why don't you tattoo your hands to keep up the character?"

It was impertinent on my part to say, "So I will, miss. I will have a lover's knot, a mermaid, sailors' rights, the Declaration of Independence, a church by moonlight, my true-love, and the fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerriere*—a whole marine gallery, if you please, and the illustrious Martin Hildebrandt, the only flesh delineator of Oak Street, New York, shall put it on. I will no longer, to please you, be 'a fellow of no mark nor likelihood.'"

Miss Kitty opened her eyes at this tirade.

"Nonsense, Sir. Any more duff?"

"No, thankee. It is time for me to be on deck."

"I should think so. Do you want a match?"

"No, I am obliged to you." That unfortunate box of mine, I had made up my mind should go overboard.

"You might break off some of these matches, if they are too long, and put them in your box."

"My old pewter box is full."

"It is not pewter; it is silver. Pewter is never gilt inside. I repeat to you, I do not believe a word you say. By-the-way, my mother and father are to take me to a place of amusement to-night. They may propose that you shall accompany us."

"I should like to go, above all things."

"I do not want your company," was the curt reply.

The conversation was certainly taking an acrimonious tone, when the skipper's wife came below. "On deck with you, Enoch. The captain is all at sixes and sevens, and wants straightening out. Well, Kitty, you look kind of ruffled. Hoped you would be friends. Enoch, she is out of temper because you have not praised her duff."

"It was splendid," I said, though I remembered that in our quarrel I had not tasted it. Miss Kitty now sought refuge behind her curtain.

"Enoch, the captain is well pleased with you. You are the straightest Arden I most ever saw. But give up ardent spirits, and it will be the making of you."

"I never was drunk in my life, ma'am."

"Then you are for temperance. Will you sign the pledge?"

"I will think over it. The vices of my family have, it is true, been a warning to me."

"A warning! I should think so. William Arden told me once he would take warning, just as you have done, and that was twenty-five years ago, and he died crazy mad of liquor two years afterward. There was always a mixture of good and bad in those Ardens. We have only seen the good in you so far; the bad may come out later."

It was apparent to me that, if I was not in Miss Kitty's good graces, I had propitiated Mrs. Bascom. Somehow or other, Miss Kitty's handsome face and impetuous ways had made an impression on me. I commenced to think that I was making a dunce of myself under the guise of an Arden, and that I might come to grief in the comedy.

On deck, matters, if not exactly in confusion, certainly required unraveling. "See here, Enoch, in this melon business you be brains, and I will be hands. I am more lusty than you, and can pass them up faster. Oh! I forgot to tell you; under the last tier of melons there are ten barrels of apples—prime pie apples! If you can get a decent price for them, sell them. It is my wife and Kitty's venture. These women have been planning what they are going to do with the money. It's dresses and finery, and books for Kitty, and I don't doubt but that some poor folks around our neighborhood will be all the better for some of the money those apples fetch. Let us put them on deck. Jump below, reeve a tackle, and we will have them on deck."

Melons had glutted the market for the nonce. Would there be a demand for apples? Had I been Rothschild, with the Prince of Hesse's capital, I could not have been more anxious about the trust. An offer of four dollars a barrel I refused with scorn, and repelled a bid of four dollars and seventy-five cents. "Captain," I said to my skipper, "keep this man who wants the apples, hanging round for a minute, while I go on the dock."

"You ain't after a drink, are you?" inquired the captain, anxiously. "Those Ardens never could work long without it."

"Nonsense, captain. Don't you know that this is a temperance town, and liquor-selling is not allowed?"

"So it is called, only there ain't a window where bottles of some kind are not put on show. Seems to me people's hankering after bottles must be kept up. Stationers show off bottles full of ink, and eating-houses bottles full of salad oil and best malt vinegar; but I haven't a doubt but that other things, which ruin men's souls, are for sale. You know—you know," and the captain shook his head deprecatingly.

Not heeding his admonition, I ran to the nearest provision store, at the end of the wharf, and found there was not a pie apple or any other kind of apple in the town. On my return I ventured to place six dollars a barrel as my lowest price, and sold them all out at once. The captain was delighted. "It's just forty dollars they are ahead on that. Enoch, I do believe you don't drink—at least not every day, though you might by spells. Do try and keep steady. Take the pledge, stick to it like a man, and it may be the making of you yet," and with this the skipper went below. Very positively Captain Bascom and his wife had made up their minds, then, that I was an inebriate, being an Arden; but whether Miss Kitty thought so was another question.

When sundown came, having fairly earned my ten shillings—four-fifths of the whole cargo having been sold—I was tired to death. I was throwing my final bucket of water on the deck, chasing away the last melon seed, and making things look clean and tidy, when the captain came forward, and seating himself on the hatchway, beckoned to me.

"Enoch"—here he drew out his pipe and lit it, and said, thoughtfully—"Enoch, you have done a square day's work. The *Kitty B.* never looked neater than she does to-night. I don't believe you have had a drink to-day. See here, my man, can you sail a craft like this? My wife has an idea. It is kind of risky. If I do not know you to be a sailor, I have proof that you are honest, for there never was an Arden that wasn't. See here; though we are mortal afraid of those Ardens, still we hang to them somehow. The best friend I ever had was an Arden. Once I was a poor, God-forsaken boy, and one of the wildest of all those Ardens—an angel when he was sober, and a fearful man when he was drunk—took hold of me, and cared for me, and saved me from misery. That is why I hanker after Ardens; and both of us—my wife and I—when we come across one of them, try to save him from himself. This feeling, on my wife's part, has kind of extended. Folks at home laugh at us, and call the *Kitty B.* a sailing reformatory, from the fact that we both of us preach temperance whenever we get a chance, especially with our own people."

What was the captain driving at, I thought to myself. "Captain," I said, "to-day's business is 'most closed out. There is a matter of some forty dollars more coming to you from sales this afternoon, and the money for the ladies' apples."

"Oh, bother their money! just hand me my own. I didn't do their trading, nor said a word about it. You can surprise them. Now listen, Enoch. Mrs. Bascom has a notion of her own. Can you navigate this craft?"

"Yes, I suppose I could." Hadn't I more

than once taken a yacht clean through from Sandy Hook to Mount Desert?

"Good. This venture has paid so well that we want to try it over—not here, but at a port further north. My wife's idea is that I ought to take the railroad to-night, make a land trip for the capes of Virginia, and for you to sail the *Kitty B.* and to meet me there. I am to buy the melons, and get the cargo ready. We can manage it all within ten days, and be back with the first cantelopes and peaches. It is bound to pay. Now, Enoch, it will be for you high wages—twenty-five dollars a month, and a share in the lay."

The proposition staggered me.

"Rube and Wash are good hands. Rube will be back to-morrow, and you can get along without me. Only one thing—you must swear not to put a drop of liquor on board, and sign the pledge before you start."

"Captain," I replied, "I thank you for the confidence you place in me. Please do not bother about my drinking. It is not signing the pledge which bothers me. There would be no trouble about my finding the Capes, but I can't take hold of a serious matter like this all of a sudden. Give me time to sleep over it. You can't get off anyhow before to-morrow noon. I will give you an answer in the morning."

It was all I could do to put a stopper on my tongue, and to avoid accepting the offer at once. A sail in the craft of a week or so, as her captain, would have been delightful, a thousand times more pleasant than on the yacht. Then, I must confess, I had visions of pleasant times with Miss Kitty as we glided over the summer seas, and I even entertained the hope that Miss Kitty and the captain would for the nonce become better friends. There might be, I thought, just a little bit of romance in it, if nothing more.

"Well," said Captain Bascom, "it is a matter worth your thinking over. I kind of like you, Enoch. My wife has told you about our boy. If he had been alive, he would have been about your age. Dissipation killed him. That is why I get so skeered when I see a likely young fellow, who has parts, not signing the pledge, more especially when he has the Arden blood in him. Well, let us go below. Work is done for the day. The women are in for a show, or a fandango of some kind to-night."

In the cabin the evening meal was laid out. Miss Kitty was daintily attired, and looked prettier than ever. I was greeted, if not with effusion, at least with respect. Revolving the trip to the Capes in my mind, I was silent. Presently the supper was finished.

"It is a minstrel show to-night," said Mrs. Bascom, "and don't look so sleepy, Captain Bascom."

"If you had worked as hard as Enoch

and I have done, you would feel tired out too. Enoch, I do wish you would take these women-folks to the show for me."

Miss Kitty looked at me.

"Who is to keep ship, then, captain?" I asked.

"Why, that boy Wash can stay on deck a while," said Mrs. Bascom. "The captain is tired, and I know he would consider it as a favor if you would take us," added Mrs. Bascom. Miss Kitty frowned.

"But I have not any good clothes to go in," I said.

"Why don't you go to your boarding-house and get your traps?" suggested the skipper. "There is plenty of time."

"So I might," I said, hesitatingly, forgetting Miss Kitty's request that I should hold myself aloof from any theatrical performances, at least in her immediate company.

"I do not believe that you have any boarding-house, nor any clothes," said Miss Kitty, in a hissing whisper, to me.

"If I had none, miss," I answered, "my poverty should not be thrown up at me, though I might go on shore and lay out some sixty odd dollars in a claw-hammer coat. Here is a quantity of money which don't belong to me. It is yours, Miss Kitty, and your mother's. Price of apples;" and I placed the roll of bills on the table. Miss Kitty eyed the money for a moment, and then pushed it over to her mother, with somewhat an air of contempt. Then in a low voice, not the less intense because it was in a whisper, she said to me: "You are not the least considerate. Can't you understand that a young woman is placed in a most unfavorable position when she is beholden to a stranger, even if he is a deck hand on a melon schooner?"

"Whatever is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Bascom, noticing my confusion. "It is a pity that, after such a good day's business, any of us should feel uncomfortable. We won't go to the show, after all. Finish your supper, Enoch. Kitty, you go on deck. I have some private business with Enoch." Miss Kitty obediently rose, took a book from the rack, and left us. I commenced to feel uneasy; a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Bascom I had no desire to risk.

"Don't mind Kitty's ways, Enoch. A girl with the Arden blood will get curious sometimes. I have been abusing that stock all my life; still there are some good points in them. Somehow or other, Kitty is suspicious about you. But business is business. I know the captain has been talking to you about my plan, as to taking the schooner round to the Capes. When Kitty heard of that, and how you were going to be put in charge, she insisted that she should be put on shore, and wanted us to send her home. Kitty has been reading a lot of

poetry and romances, and kind of mistrusts you, Enoch. I wish you had been longer with us, Enoch. Anyhow, if we do make the trip South, Kitty had better go home, for maybe the girl is right. Now it is business I want to talk. To-morrow at four o'clock the tide sets over the bar, and we will go to sea, and I go with you. I sha'n't be happy without the captain and Kitty. Kitty is a good girl at heart, and a loving one; maybe a little fiery, like the Ardens. Now, Enoch, it is against my rules to do any thing in a blind kind of reckless way. Now the captain says you lay claim to be one of the Ardens of Bootle Bay. I know every mother's son of them, though many of those that were children may have grown to be young men and women now. Did you never hear of old Great-grandmother Miranda Arden—she was a Coffin originally—whose stock was from Nantucket? During Revolutionary times she married an Arden, a privateersman, and she used to wear a necklace of amber, and she drove about Boston in a coach and four; and all because of a cargo of rum old man Arden had captured off Barbadoes, the first seeds of ruin in the family sprung up, for the money didn't last. Most of her children went to the bad. There was Zebulon, Eleazer, and Enoch."

What a miserable entanglement of lies I was getting into! Ought I not to tell the honest old lady the whole truth about myself? All ideas of sailing the craft were abandoned by me. If I had been at fault, was it not time that I should make a clean breast of it? I was silent. Captain Bascom was apparently sound asleep. Suddenly he awoke. "Enoch," he said, "hear her? She is grinding her sides out against the dock, rubbing her paint off. Run up and rig a fender, slack the hawsers, and give her plenty of swing."

"Ay, ay, Sir," I cried out, and hurried quickly out. As I bounded up the cabin stairs I made up my mind to do a cowardly thing, and that was to seek safety in flight—desert the ship. I ran forward, rigged up a fender, unloosed the hawsers, and was about springing on shore, when I saw Miss Kitty. It was dusk now, and she could not be reading.

"I must bid you good-evening, Miss Bascom," I said; "and pray bid good-by for me to your father and mother. I am going."

"Are you discharged?"

"No, miss. I am going away of my own accord; something like a thief in the night."

"Well, Sir," replied the young lady, "if you are going, it certainly is for the best. In fact, you are condoning—"

"Condoning!" I exclaimed, somewhat astonished at the use of the word.

"Condoning! why not? Is it not English? Does it not match with conserva-

tory? A young woman on a melon schooner may sometimes spend her winter at school; if not as a pupil, at least as a teacher. Your servant, Sir," here she courtesied, "I can hand you cabbage and duff, and can cook them, but can not play a character with you in private theatricals. Your going away, then, condones somewhat for quite an unwarrantable intrusion. You had no business to come on board of my father's vessel under a borrowed name. For I vow that Arden is not your name."

"My name is—" I said.

She interrupted me. "Your real name is perfectly indifferent to me. I do not want to know it. Selling melons is an honest business; pretending to be what one is not, is unbecoming of a gentleman. If you could assume a manner, so could I; only I am sorry to say, under the aggravation of your presence, my temper may have gotten the better of me. If I have made you uncomfortable, 'I ax your parding.' If you had deigned to look at the few books on my little stand, you might have found a Goldsmith and a certain comedy of his, *She Stoops to Conquer*. I do not stoop to conquer. There was even a Tennyson there. I might even presume to quote a verse or two for your special benefit, for all last winter the children in my class recited 'Enoch Arden.'"

"Will you pardon me, Miss Bascom?" I pleaded.

"I will, providing you carry out your determination."

"Won't you shake hands with me?"

"I owe you some small return for having saved my dress. Will you take another melon?" Miss Kitty said, scornfully. "Mr. Arden, since that is what you call yourself, do you remember a certain line in that poem of your namesake's which reads as follows:

'Clothes they gave him and free passage?'

The latter portion of the verse is peculiarly applicable. Pray take it to yourself;" and here Miss Kitty's foot drummed on the deck.

Here was a dismissal which, notwithstanding its poetical character, I must confess was peculiarly humiliating.

"Miss Kitty," I said, "you harbor revenge like a Malay. On my word, when I was pressed into the melon service I had not the faintest idea that there was on this little vessel a personage at all resembling yourself. Until I made my appearance in the cabin this morning, I had never seen you. You might have been forty, as ugly as sin. If I have offended you, it was most unwittingly done."

The young lady hesitated for a moment, then she said: "Appearances were very much against you. You may be, though, now telling the truth. I will give you my hand. Perhaps I have been a trifle rude."

"Miss Kitty, pray don't quote any thing more at me, for you might say,

'Your falsehood and yourself are hateful to us.'

You don't remember the line? Well, I am glad of it."

"Well, here is my hand," she said, and she gave me just the end of her finger.

"You have been very severe with me, Miss Bascom, and have made me quite ashamed of myself. You do owe me something for having saved your skirt. Will you give me the book you hold?"

She hesitated a moment, when she said, "Yes, take the volume. 'Enoch Arden' is in it. I do not think you ever read it carefully. It may, by diligent study, become as a lesson for you—"

"And a reproach?" The girl was silent, as I took the book from off the taffrail where she had placed it. Just then a voice from below cried "Enoch! Enoch!" and never looking behind me, I sprang on the dock, hurried to my hotel, and so ended my day's work on the schooner.

Now all this came to pass last summer. But to-day I have the fondest hope that not only my wages (ten shillings) will be paid

me, but that the captain's daughter has forgiven me. Maine is not an *ultima thule*, and as it happened this winter, about Christmas time, that our managing editor wanted a special man to go to Maine on some newspaper business, I was lucky enough to be sent there. I arranged matters so as to visit a quiet little haven in the State, where a fruit schooner lay docked up for the winter. Now when summer comes, I shall be waiting for the first Southern melons. I know exactly the town the *Kitty B.* is to sail for, the time she will arrive, and even the dock she will be tied up to. I am quite prepared to assume the functions of a melon supercargo. Mrs. Bascom has written to me. She says: "I do not hold to your bothering over melons. But sign the pledge you must. That is my last word about it. Though you may not be an Arden, you have all their willful traits." A dear little woman writes me, too; yes, writes me once a week. In her first letter she said: "If I had only remembered that my name and address were written on the fly-leaf of the Tennyson, I would have torn it out; but you carried off my book so quickly, I never had the chance. All the hyacinths you sent me are in bloom."

A GROUP OF CLASSICAL SCHOOLS.

II.

IN 1823 Joseph Green Cogswell, afterward the well-known librarian of the Astor Library, and George Bancroft, the future historian, opened a school at Round Hill, in Northampton, Massachusetts, which had a brilliant reputation for a few years, and is still spoken of with enthusiasm by men who, half a century ago, played under the chestnut-trees there, and looked up with respect and affection to the scholarly masters who governed them. The original idea of the school occurred to the two scholars after an acquaintance with the training which students in Germany received, especially with that combination of study and exercise which was then attracting much attention, and had its exemplification in Fellenberg's school, near Berne, in Switzerland. They resolved to establish a school in America which should give a more thorough training in scholarship than was generally recognized, and should also illustrate the old maxim of *Mens sana in corpore sano*. Their first exploration was in Worcester County; but failing there, they settled upon Round Hill, in Northampton, as offering the best facilities for the experiment. The situation itself was charming; the estate contained some buildings which could in a very short period of time be made available; the neighborhood was occupied by a thrifty population; it was centrally placed; and, finally, in Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke they

had a miniature mountain chain for testing the boys' climbing powers.

Mr. Cogswell and Mr. Bancroft were at the time professors at Harvard College, and they associated with themselves the best teachers, native and foreign, that they could secure—Beck, Hillard, Hentz, Pierce, among them. In their prospectus they laid stress upon the necessity of the entire control of the scholars falling upon the masters, who should be responsible for their manners, habits, and morals no less than for their scholarship. They wished for boys to begin with not younger than nine nor older than twelve; and in the school course they made special provision for teaching the modern languages. The school, indeed, was not distinctly a preparatory school for college. In the then condition of college education, a boy who had completed the Round Hill course was considerably in advance of a Freshman at Harvard, and, in some respects, was educated as no student graduating at Harvard was educated. The plan supposed a university to follow when there was no university. It was professedly modeled after the French *collège* and the German gymnasium.

The school was a social success from the beginning. The reputation and social position of the leaders and the aim of the school at once attracted to it sons of the richest and most cultivated families in America, the South being even more fully represent-

ed than the North. As one reads the names of pupils, he recognizes the fact that the majority of them still represent the best families in society. There was an *élan* given to the school which carried it forward at the beginning.

The feature which, perhaps, endeared the school most to its members was the out-door education which formed an important part of the plan. Mr. Cogswell was a man of boyish activity and *naïveté*, of high breeding and enthusiasm.

The spirit of the school sprang mainly from him; and while he gave some time to teaching, he gave most of his attention to the executive work, and to the carrying out of those plans which he had most at heart when forming the school. He led the boys on long tramps and excursions. He would pack the whole school off

in a wagon and on foot, and make a journey to Hartford and back, to Long Island Sound for a fishing excursion, and across the State to Nahant. He was indefatigable in resources, and made himself a leader of the boys in all their sports. Mr. T. G. Appleton has printed in *A Sheaf of Papers* a pleasing article on "Some Souvenirs of Round Hill School." He tells of the garden where the boys were allowed and encouraged to carry on miniature farms, and adds:

"A greater pleasure than the garden was the unexpected bliss, through the generosity of Mr. Cogswell, of being co-proprietors of a boy village, not to be found on any map, which bore the happy name of Crony Village. Its site was beyond the gymnasium, on a sloping hill running downward to a brook. Mr. Cogswell furnished us with bricks and mortar, beams and boards, and, generally dividing into families of two, soon the little colony was constructed; and the evening smoke ascended from many hearths, round which we were seated, reading, or playing friendly games, or devouring, with a relish which no after meals could know, Carolina potatoes drawn from the ashes, each an ingot of pure gold, with added gold of butter; game, such as squirrels, the spoil of our bows, or rabbits caught in our traps; and pies and doughnuts, brought in mysterious raids from distant taverns and farm-houses.

"A misadventure of the sort which Cupid

will sometimes find to discomfit his children, brought Crony Village to an untimely end. So serious had a boy's flirtation with the rosy-cheeked vendor of pies and doughnuts in a neighboring farm-house become, that his expulsion was considered necessary; and between two lines of grieving friends the unlucky youth, with an invisible but flaming sword above his head,

'From Eden took his solitary way.'

"It was then, without surprise, though



WILLISTON SEMINARY, EAST HAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

with profound anguish, that the boys heard from Mr. Cogswell's lips, after a short speech, the agonizing words, '*Delenda est Carthago*;'—Crony Village shall be no more. A committee of destroyers, chosen from the boys, was appointed by Mr. Cogswell to do the work. With heavy hearts, before school was dismissed, under the magnificent chestnuts, which seemed to wave in sympathy, they proceeded on their fatal errand. Of course they began with their own houses. When they had seen their own hearths made desolate, they could find strength to prostrate every fraternal roof; but so deep was the reverence and respect for Mr. Cogswell that even this great calamity was accepted as a thing not only inevitable, but just; and they soon bore to see, without flinching, the carious hollows along the hill, where so much geniality and romance had found a home."

The gymnasium, which had only lately been introduced into America, was here made prominent, and all boyish sports of archery, pitching the bar, swimming, and horseback riding were cultivated. A farm furnished the table, and a herd of cows was kept, that the boys might have fresh pure milk. All the accounts of the school, certainly at this distance, make it the paradise of school-boys. It was successful, too, in numbers, having a hundred and fifty boys at one time. But it had a short life. The expenses were heavy, and there were no funds

to fall back upon. The original founders put what little money they had into the enterprise, and depended upon the receipts from fees for the maintenance of the school. It was generously conceived and enthusiastically carried forward; but gradually the enterprise became embarrassed. Mr. Cogswell assumed the entire charge for a time, and at one period formed a stock company for carrying on the school; but ten years of gradually failing fortune brought the brilliant scheme to an end. It is not necessary to analyze the causes of failure closely. The lack of a thorough financial foundation was undoubtedly one; its isolation in the educational system of the country was another; and as the success of the school was mainly in the personal power of Mr. Cogswell, its final failure was partly due to the restlessness which was forever overtaking him, so that his long life, with its solid achievements, was kaleidoscopic in the rapid shifting of his plans. The school, nevertheless, showed what genius could do when provided with a large number of boys to make happy and studious at once; it showed, also, how slow is the growth of a great and enduring school.

It was when the Round Hill School was dying out that Mr. Samuel Williston, in the same neighborhood, was slowly planning a school, less brilliant in its surroundings, but likely to extend its influence over an indefinite number of generations. The valley of the Connecticut had already been thought a fit place for a college, and Amherst was struggling with the difficulties that attend the forming of a new college in a comparatively old community. Mr. Williston gave it aid when his money almost saved it from extinction; but his favorite scheme was, no doubt, the establishment of Williston Seminary, at East Hampton, four or five miles from Round Hill, in the same lovely district.

The seminary was incorporated in 1841, and in the same year the school opened with ninety pupils of both sexes. Dormitories partly accommodated the boarders, but the neighborhood itself supplied many of the students, for the seminary was for some time practically a high school for East Hampton and the surrounding country. Mr. Williston was a manufacturer, whose enterprises laid the foundation for the prosperity of the town, which was his native place. His father was the clergyman of the town, and his own purpose was to enter the ministry; but after a course at Phillips Academy, the failure of his eyes compelled him to abandon a professional life. His success was always held subordinate to higher aims, and the seminary grew out of his devotion of a large sum of money in 1832 to benevolent purposes. During his lifetime his benefactions amounted to a million of dollars,

and in his will he made provision for the distribution of three-fourths of a million more. The endowment of the seminary was all his own. When it was opened, the value of the property was set at \$27,000; in 1844 it stood at \$50,000; in 1864, at \$140,000; and in 1873, at \$270,000. He died in 1874, and by his will he provided that, on the settlement of his estate, the seminary should receive \$200,000, at a later period \$100,000, and eventually the further sum of \$300,000. The growth of these accumulations will place Williston Seminary far in advance of all secondary schools in the country as regards material possessions. Its great wealth and practically unbounded facilities render its future of interest to all concerned in higher education, and it is fair to ask what promise its past and present hold that the school will be true to the best scholarship.

The leading characteristic of the school is in the attempt which it makes to carry out the idea of the New England high school in education. It has all along been, as we have said, the high school of the district, and a large proportion of its classical students have gone to Amherst. This local character has disappeared, so that among the two hundred and thirteen names on the current register, ten only are from East Hampton, and the students are drawn not so much from the immediate vicinity as from other sections. Again, it was at the outset, like other high schools, open both to boys and girls, but is now exclusively for boys. Yet as regards the aim of the high school, Williston retains the idea more completely than do the other academies with which it ranks. The founder was explicit in his wishes that a high English education should be given side by side with the classical, and the school is aiming to do what the more distinctly classical academies have not attempted, or have failed in accomplishing. With its ample resources it may succeed in building up coordinate schools under one organization, but the increasing requisitions made by colleges on the upper schools, and the instinctive superiority claimed by classical schools, will be likely to sunder the two departments rather than merge them into an organic whole. It will be the more interesting to watch the development of Williston Seminary from the fact that the tendency of secondary schools in New England has been and continues in an opposite direction, for the gradual extension of the classical academies has accompanied a diminution of classical scholars in the town high schools, except in the great cities, and the economical questions raised respecting education are likely to lead to a further separation of the policy of these two classes of schools.

Williston has recently been reorganized under conditions exceedingly favorable to its success. It has called to its most important posts scholars whose reputation had already been made, in a measure, and who were ready to seize the opportunity given to them. Dr. James Morris Whiton, the new master, had shown his organizing ability in the work which he did for the Hopkins Grammar School of New Haven, and the younger men associated with him have every incentive to throw themselves into the work of the school. It is, perhaps, of all the schools most favorably situated as regards location and centrality. The regular expenses of the school are low, and will diminish rather than increase as the funds given come into the command of the trustees.

The disposition of the new management may be seen in certain regulations and arrangements looking toward a more domiciliary government. There are three halls or dormitories in connection with the school. Each teacher is appointed *ordinarius* of a certain class. He is expected to devote a certain part of his time to cultivating relations of friendship and confidence with the boys thus intrusted to him; he has certain hours when he is accessible to his boys, and visits them individually several times each term. Then the rooms are cared for by matrons, and in every reasonable way the family spirit is carried forward into the school, and the tendency to barbarism where a great herd of boys is collected, checked by silent and unobtrusive means. The Sunday services are conducted by the principal, and a special service, designed to meet the demands of the boys, in which their own part is considerable. Williston, under its new organization, has had before its eyes the success and defects of the other great schools with which it is compared. With even greater freedom and independence than Exeter as regards its funds, with something of the new spirit of Adams, with the advantage of a positive religious character like that of Andover, it seeks also to profit by the peculiar experience of one other great school to which we now turn our attention.

All of the schools which we have thus far considered have been, in a measure, modifications of the New England high school or academy, except the extinct Round Hill school; all have drawn their strength in part from the locality in which they are placed, and have been partially identified with the town. No one, unless Round Hill is excepted, can be said to have the idea of a family boarding-school, that rather despised object, for its foundation, while the personal oversight and control of the masters vary in the different schools. We have seen that this was least in one of the oldest of the great schools—at Exeter. It is worth while to examine somewhat closely

the organization and design of another New Hampshire school, which stands in certain respects at the other pole—St. Paul's School at Concord.

Concord is the capital of the State, and has its own bustling life; but a walk of two miles takes one quite away from the town to a little valley where a settlement of red-roofed and stone buildings and scattered farm-houses marks the position of one of the most individual schools on our list. The country road divides at the entrance of the valley, and wooded hills, rising sometimes gently, sometimes with rougher ascent, make a barrier to the north, while a little stream winding southward gives openings toward distant slopes. A pretty country, rural, but indefinitely suggestive of a civilization not very remote, lies all about, and the meadows that stretch beyond give a pastoral beauty to the landscape; here, in irregular grouping, are the buildings occupied by the school, which have grown in number from one building, when the school was opened in 1856, to eight at the present day, besides the farm-houses and outbuildings which have been rendered necessary by the plan of the institution. The place was originally the property of Dr. G. C. Shattuck, of Boston, who had here his country-seat, and was the gift of the owner to the school as a foundation. The estate comprised about sixty acres, and Dr. Shattuck gave, in addition, large sums of money. He is rightly called the founder of the school, and his portrait hangs in the school-room. He gives the school the benefit of his experience, and has an unfailing interest in it; but his name does not appear even in the corporation, and we will honor his reticence by a like reserve.

The house which originally stood upon the place had at one time been an inn. It was partly remodeled, and for a time made to do duty in all the departments of the school, which began with six boys. Little by little it was enlarged as the school grew; but it could not grow fast enough, and other buildings were built. It now goes by the plain name of the School, and contains, besides dormitories and dining halls for the centre of the school—that is, neither the youngest nor the oldest boys—a picturesque common-room, with open rafters and a capacious fire-place, where the evening devotions of the boys are held, and in which all general gatherings take place. The School is a great family of boys under the immediate care of one of the masters, who lives in the house.

The youngest boys occupy what is called the Lower School, a house built for the purpose, and arranged to accommodate one of the masters and his family. This building is at one end of the straggling little village; at an equal distance in another direction is one

of the newest buildings, a comely stone structure, where the oldest boys live under the care of the vice-rector, having their table in another house, occupied by the servants immediately connected with this part of the school. Thus the three grades of boys are roughly divided into three separate communities for most purposes.

The common meeting-place of the school

with the busy world and with the world of trouble, a little grist-mill accommodates the neighbors, and on the hill beyond the school stands an orphan home, a charity of the diocese, in which the boys take a simple interest, making Thanksgiving visitations and the like.

The number of souls in this community varies from time to time, but has steadily increased since the rector, Dr. Henry A. Coit, began with his six boys in 1856, until the present, when the latest statement of the school shows one hundred and ninety-eight boys, under fourteen masters besides the rector; and the eye finds farmers, servants, and all the necessary helps to this busy village. A good road has lately been built from Concord, within whose precincts



ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

is in two buildings that stand side by side in the centre of the group, the school-house and the chapel. The school-house is a substantial building of brick and stone, containing the great school-room, where all the boys, save a few of the oldest, meet for their daily study, separate recitation-rooms for the several classes, a room for society meetings, a pleasant library sustained by the boys, and quarters for one, at least, of the masters, besides a play-room and gymnasium for stormy weather. The chapel is used for the daily morning prayer and for the Sunday services, where a little congregation is gathered, besides the boys and masters, from the immediate neighborhood. Opposite these buildings is the rectory, occupied by the rector of the school and his family; and near by has lately been built an infirmary—a building so pleasant in its appearance that sickness there could hardly be counted an unmitigated evil.

We have described these buildings in detail, because the first impression made upon the visitor is one that lasts, that here is a little village, a community, having its independent life, and presenting thus within its own limits a round of pursuits and employments centring about the two points—the school-house and the chapel. Looking more closely, one finds a farm with its attendants and general superintendent, a dairy with twenty cows, a messenger to go twice daily to the town and railway station, a doctor to come every day from the town, whether there is sickness or health in the little village. Not wholly to be without connection

the school lies, and gas has been introduced from the town.

The purpose of the school determines the daily life. The boys meet for a short service in the chapel in the morning, study (except the oldest boys) in the common school-room, have their recitations in the well-lighted, orderly recitation-rooms, dine in their several houses, and spend a good portion of each day in open-air exercise. The brook, dammed for the mill, makes a pretty pond near the school, where the boys can paddle in the summer and skate in winter. But the best water is a pond a little less than two miles away, where two boat clubs carry on a lively competition. Boating enters largely into the boys' life, and as one evidence it may be mentioned that at a late college regatta four of the stroke oars were from St. Paul's. All athletic sports are encouraged. Cricket is the favorite ball game, and the school rejoices in a remarkably fine piece of turf. Running, leaping, foot-ball, hare-and-hounds, all are pursued with vigor, and on a bright spring or summer day the picture of the green covered with boys engaged in their sports is an exceedingly animated one. Matches with other schools are played, and in the library trophies of balls, cups, and oars are shown with just pride. A shady nook by the stream which flows through the place offers a good swimming and diving hole, and the hills that lie about attract to walks and nutting excursions in the autumn. The seclusion of the place is its charm, and the variety of out-door life serves to render a boy's recollection of his

school-days one of an indefinite mingling of work and play.

The in-door life which the long winter compels, especially the dark months after the Christmas holidays, is such as grows out of a boy's interests. The main society goes by the name of the Missionary Society of St. Paul's School, and while its object is chiefly in directing attention to benevolent work in other places, it is the mother of invention to an extraordinary degree. Pocket-money is discouraged, and the missionary society has to resort to the most ingenious contrivances for filling its treasury. It has, at times, a store, "with forty different varieties," according to a notice in the school paper. If snow falls on the ice, the society sweeps a good skating ground, and charges an admission fee. It undertakes the sale of stereoscopic views of the school; it does some business in sleds; it publishes the paper *Horæ Scholasticæ*, which reflects the life of the school; and, in short, displays a singular fertility of resources, so that it

houses meet in their places for family worship in the evening; but on Sunday full service is held in the chapel, divided so that a long unbroken attention is not required, but rendered rich and attractive through the large use of song, the boys and younger masters having a choir which enjoys an exceptional reputation in the country for excellence. Some have maintained that it is the best boys' choir outside of Trinity, New York, and it certainly serves to make the service one of great beauty and gladness. Dr. Coit, when possible, preaches, or his place is taken by one of the masters; and in Lent other services are held during the week for such as may choose to use them. Probably no part of the school life presents to a thoughtful master so serious a problem as the right introduction of religious teaching. Every one of the schools which we have visited, in proportion to its character as a boarding-school, has evidently found this matter a difficult one. To make religion a real part of the boy's life, yet to



UPPER SCHOOL, ST. PAUL'S, AND MILLER'S HOUSE.

may be regarded as the mercury of the school. Then there is a library association, which carries on the well-selected and well-cared-for collection of books, amounting to about two thousand in number, brought together by gift and small assessments. A Shakspeare club and a chess club are mainly for the winter, and theatricals produce an occasional evening of fun and excitement.

A brief daily morning service is said in the chapel, and the boys of the several

guard well his boyish distrust of formalism, is no mean undertaking. Yet, after all, it is most effectually and simply accomplished according as those in charge have the very spirit which they wish to inculcate, and it is also true that in every case some sort of ritual is required. At St. Paul's the obvious advantage exists that the school being avowedly a Church school, the boys who go there are mainly from families connected with the Episcopal Church, and it is not nec-

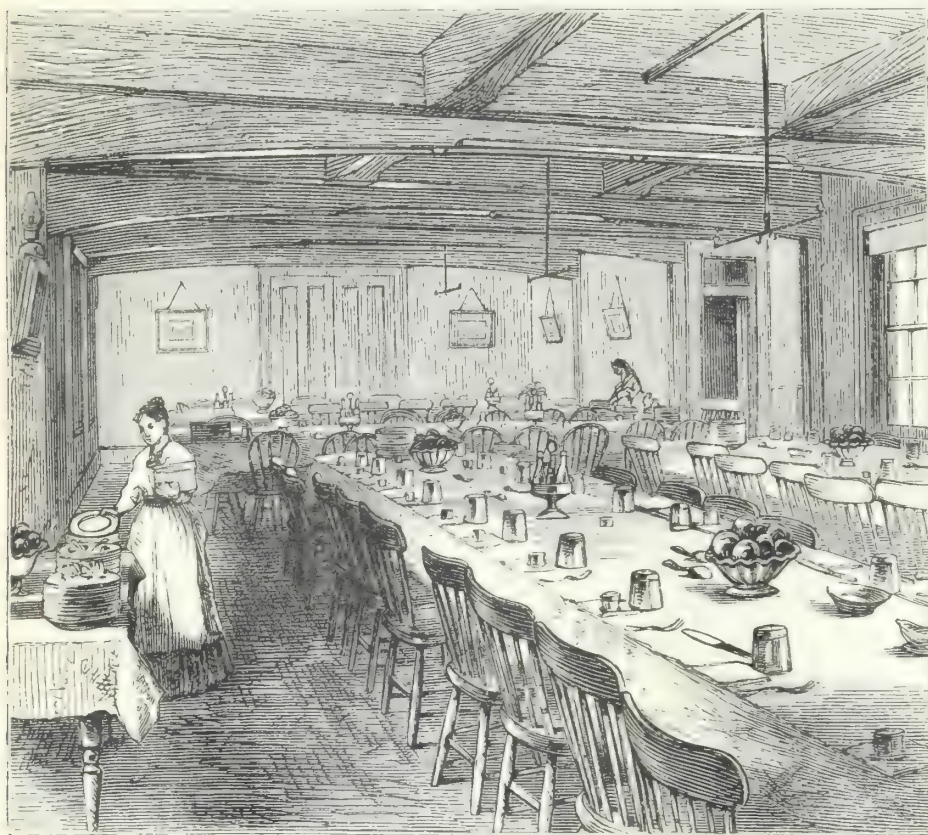
essary to frame a ritual for the specific purpose of the school, but the historic ritual of the Church is without question accepted, and the teachers find themselves working under the protection of a system having infinite suggestion. Instead of studying how to adjust the religious occupation of the school in conformity with some ideal excellence, each testing his theory, masters and pupils are placed within an existing organization which is flexible yet constant, and offers no merely transient support, but forms the visible sanctuary of the boy and his parents and elders alike.

When it is said that, apart from Dr. Shattuck's original gift and some separate gifts, the present material possession of the school is the earning and saving of the school itself, it is plain not only that the school has been successful, but that those most interested in it have not sought to draw from it for private ends. Nothing but hard work and a spirit of devotion to the school could have yielded the results which one sees. Moreover, it is plain, even to a casual observer, that a relation subsists between the masters and boys of a nature which tends greatly to produce results in character. The seclusion of the place renders it peculiarly necessary and desirable that there should be no division of interests and pursuits; hence we see that the societies and associa-

tify the school interests and their own in a strong degree. "We are to have the mill removed one of these days," said one of the boys to the writer, when speaking of future improvements. In some schools he would have said "they," as if it were no concern of his. Something is due, no doubt, to the presence of the highest form, which consists of boys who will be ready to enter Sophomore at college on the expiration of their course. Boys are encouraged to remain beyond the time actually necessary for entrance to college, and this small knot of boys carry forward the school traditions, and act, not as formal monitors indeed, but as regulators of the unwritten law of the school.

The isolation of the school, compelling a self-dependent life, the avowedly religious foundation, the combination of priest and teacher in many of the masters, the representation in the school very largely of a cultivated class, the recognition of a larger church life in which this is a minor cycle—all these, and such other points as we have illustrated, mingle in the resultant character of the boys. We have said less of the scholarship of St. Paul's than when speaking of some other schools, because the main impression produced upon a visitor is that the school tends to educate Christian gentlemen, in whose character scholarship shall

be a constituent element, but does not set before itself the single and prominent end of fitting boys to pass a college examination. Perhaps the aim of the school is most explicitly presented in these words from the deed of gift: "The founder is desirous of endowing a school of the highest class for boys, in which they may obtain an education which shall fit them either for college or business; including thorough intellectual training in the various branches of learning; gymnastic and manly exercises adapted to preserve health and strengthen the physical con-



DINING-ROOM, ST. PAUL'S.

tions admit the masters in some cases to membership, and that the old and young really live together, and do not merely tolerate each other. A spirit of loyalty to the school is very evident, and the boys iden-

dition; such æsthetic culture and accomplishments as shall tend to refine the manners and elevate the taste, together with careful moral and religious instruction."

St. Paul's has frequently been compared

with the great English public schools, but we suspect the comparison is a superficial one. The English schools, as feeders to great universities, receive their cue largely from the vital connection existing between the university and school. The university holds out prizes to the school, and there is a rush for these among the foremost boys, who are pushed on by the masters. At St. Paul's the system of prizes is simple, and does not go beyond the school walls. To use a sporting illustration, the boys run against time and not against each other. The marking system is a plain one, and the boys do not so much compete with each other as with an absolute standard. The fairest ground of comparison between this school and the English public school is in the hearty boy-life which prevails at both; but at St. Paul's the gentler elements prevail, the relation of the boys toward one another and toward the masters is more courteous, and the brutal traditions of the English school are wanting.

Yet in many insignificant particulars it is plain that the school looks toward England for its model. The terms used are sometimes English rather than American; the "shell," "forms," "upper remove," are transatlantic terms. "Dulce Domum" is one of the school songs, cricket is the preferred game, English books are common, and special pride is taken in the fact that some of the boys have gone from the school to Oxford, and have taken honors there, the school paper announcing with great satisfaction and with an amusing air of familiarity with Oxford terms, that one of their number had "carried off what is probably the most important honor ever awarded to a St. Paul's boy—a First in Great," and that he had won it from Baliol College, "which has the highest reputation for scholarship in the university." The fact that several of the boys have gone to England to complete their education, more significantly than any thing else hints at the ideal of the school, and shows that, while by no means so isolated as Round Hill was, it is not wholly satisfied with the collegiate life offered to it in this country as the next step. Nevertheless, the first scholars at St. Paul's have made their mark at Harvard and elsewhere, though there is doubtless something of a change from the warm at-

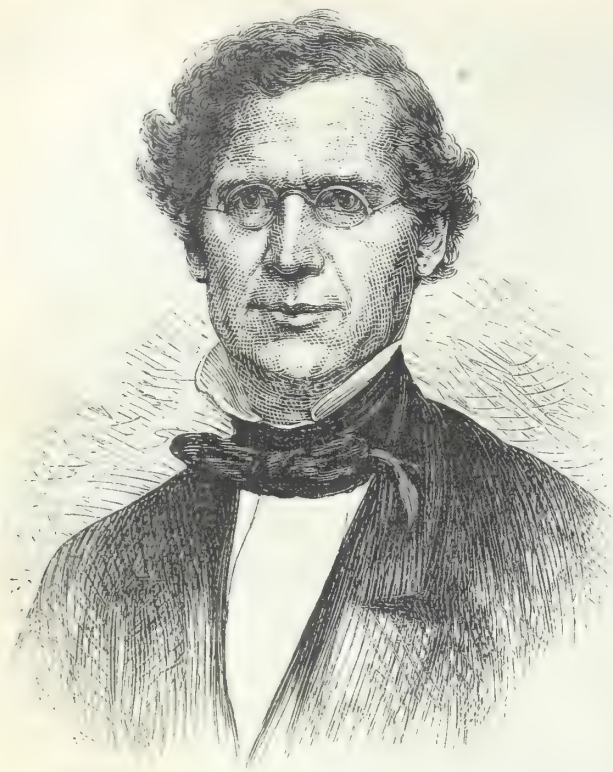


COMMON-ROOM AT THE SCHOOL, ST. PAUL'S.

mosphere encircling the school to that prevalent, say, at Harvard, where a boy, bred as the best are bred at St. Paul's, finds himself rather against the popular current.

The part which St. Paul's School will play in the higher education of the country will be determined possibly by the practical solution of problems not now constantly discussed, but liable sooner or later to be revived, as to the ecclesiastical, political, or secular government and conduct of colleges and universities. Experiments may be said to be carrying on at Trinity College, Hartford, at the University of Michigan or of California, and at Harvard or Cornell, which will not be determined in one generation. Should Trinity expand, under favoring conditions, in scholarship and university life, such a school as St. Paul's might become simply a feeder to it, and be affected in part by it; at present such a connection would probably represent dissatisfaction with other colleges rather than satisfaction with this, and the great claims of scholarship will undoubtedly serve to determine the course of St. Paul's boys, in spite of objections drawn from religious sources.

One school is left on our list, not in all respects to be classed with the others, yet for its influence as a classical school, and because of its historic interest, worth more space than we can give it. The Phillips Academy at Andover is getting ready to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its establishment. The Boston Public Latin School lately celebrated the hundredth anniversary, not of its establishment, but of



FRANCIS GARDNER.

the formal re-opening of the Boston schools after the evacuation of Boston by the British. In a few years it may celebrate the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of its establishment, for it dates from the year 1635, antedating thus the university with which it has been so intimately connected. Like other great schools, its fame is the fame of its masters. Ezekiel Cheever, who died, at the age of ninety-three, in 1708, was for nearly forty years the master of the school, and his *Accidence* was long after a standard school-book. The school-house stood in School Street, just below what is now King's Chapel, and under his administration the school became not only the principal classical school of Massachusetts Bay, but, according to Dr. Prince, of all the British colonies. John Lovell was the master when the siege of Boston occurred, having held the post for forty years; but he was a loyalist, and went off with the British to Halifax, though his son, associated with him in the school, was imprisoned as a patriot. Later masters were Benjamin Apthorp Gould, Frederic Percival Leverett, whose Latin dictionary was long a book of reference in Boston and vicinity, Charles Knapp Dillaway, Epes Sargent Dixwell, and finally, most eminent of all, Francis Gardner, who was connected with the school as usher, submaster, and master, with a slight intermission, from 1831 to his death in 1875.

The first academy in Massachusetts, heading the long list of academies and high schools, was, we think, Dummer Academy, in Byfield, established in 1672, with the famous Master Moody for its principal. For one hundred and thirty-seven years, therefore, the Boston Latin School was quite the

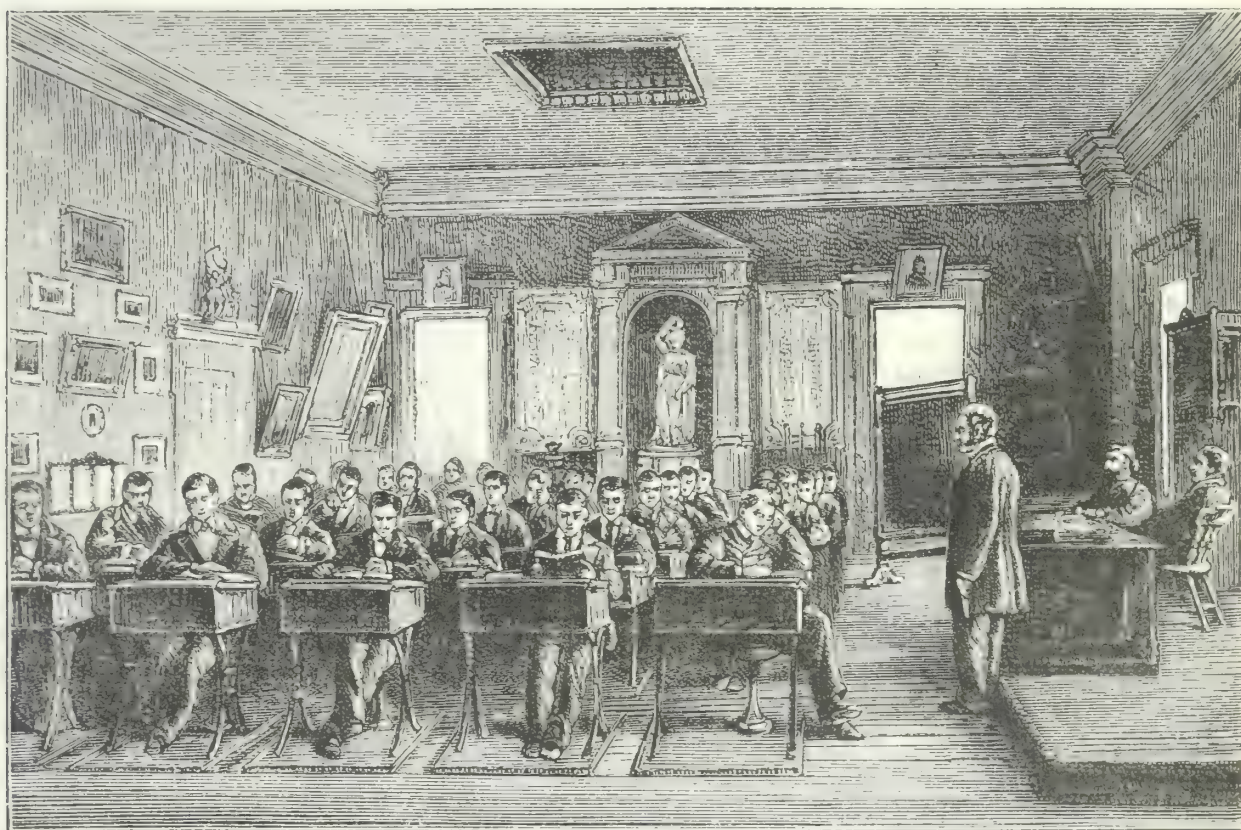
only school that made its chief business the preparation of boys for college. Solitary students here and there, under the direction of clergymen, prepared themselves; but for this period the graduates of Harvard College must have been largely graduates of the Boston school. After the Revolution the school fell off somewhat from its early reputation, but began a new career under the lead of Master Gould. It was to him mainly that the general policy and tradition of the school were due. He became master in 1814, and from that time forward the school represented the high-water mark of secondary education in New England. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, an old Latin School boy, reciting his reminiscences at the public meeting mentioned above, gives his impression of the master, who came when he was in the school. "As soon as the committee [that had introduced Mr. Gould] took their hats and turned the door, the boys began to buzz their opinions of the new master in low tones. Mr. Gould turned around to them and lifted his finger to command silence, which was instantly obeyed, and from that moment he ruled. He was an excellent master, and loved a good scholar, and waked his ambition.....Mr. Gould valued good speaking, and Saturday morning was devoted to it. He did not forget his scholars when they entered college, but came to see them there, and especially if he found that they were losing ground in any department of study." Mr. Gould concentrated the force of the school upon the three constituents of a collegiate preparation—Latin, Greek, and mathematics, with regular exercises in declamation. Upon this foundation the school was newly built, and such glimpses as one gets of that period confirm one in the opinion that the direction taken by the school under Mr. Gardner's *régime* was that already instituted under Mr. Gould's. Mr. Gardner's conception of the school was within the same limitations, and within those bounds he communicated a vigor, energy, and moral force which were peculiarly the expression of his own rugged nature.

A stranger entering the great hall at the top of the Latin School building, where the first class always had their desks, would get the impression from the tall, muscular, and bony figure that glowered upon him with penetrating eyes through a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, that the master was a most stern, forbidding man; and his impression would probably be deepened if he were to catch the master hearing a class recite, his head partly bent and turned to one side, and the questions coming forth in a gruff voice, curt, and, very likely, snappish. Certainly Mr. Gardner was not a lovely man at first sight. It happened to one lad to enter the school in the last year, and so to know it

personally only as a first-class boy under Mr. Gardner's charge, for he had sole care of these boys. His initiation was a little dismaying. The tall master stood before him, eying him as if he were some specimen for his cabinet. "Well, boy, have you grit?" came the words—short, summary, and to the point. The boy's stumbling answer was of little account. He had been shot on presenting himself, and was not likely to forget the winged words that had pinned him to the school. A year's experience gave him an opportunity to see this master in other aspects, and to look behind the gruff manner which made one of the tenderest of men to seem churlish.

There are two words which sum in brief Mr. Gardner's character and influence—duty,

ship to boyish fear and admiration, can the outlines of his nature be discerned. Mr. Wendell Phillips, who was his classmate at school and at college, characterizes him thus in his youth: "He seemed a rough young giant, the tallest and strongest boy in the class, with all the magnanimity of strength; but the roughness was on the surface only. He was never coarse, never ungentle, but in feeling, thought, and word was always delicately refined; in the rudest play never a word spoken that our sisters might not have heard. An unkind word would at any time bring tears to his eyes; any amount of pain he would bear, like an Indian, unmoved; but the slightest disgrace, any sneer, made his eyes moisten. I never knew him afraid of any body or any thing but disgrace. He



HALL OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL.

honor. It was his stern, unflinching obedience to duty which bade him turn aside from pleasant ways in his life into solitary paths of renunciation, and partly thus to become incrustated with manners that were ungentle; it was his loyalty to duty that made him spare himself in no regard if he could increase his own efficiency and perfect the school; and it was a high sense of honor which he inculcated in the boys—honor which was at the bottom of his noble life, and sometimes burst forth into fiery indignation or deep scorn at what was base, mean, or unworthy in the boys before him. It was a strange character which gradually disclosed itself to boys, and never was wholly understood by them; only as one brings together the testimony of his contemporaries and of those who added mature friend-

was from mere boyhood and all life long eminently a just man, only claiming fair play, and more than willing to allow it to others. I never knew the time, even in his boyhood, when he did not detect or despise a sham; that seemed born in him. Perhaps it grew out of what seemed a necessity of his nature—*thoroughness*."

One of his associates,* who had formerly been a boy under him, gives another picture of him which is needed to show the ruling principles of his life. The death of his father, just when Mr. Gardner, in the flush of youth, was giving himself to the study of law, compelled him to abandon his plans,

* Dr. W. R. Dimmock, now master of the Adams Academy, to whose memorial address on Dr. Gardner we are indebted for several of the facts in this paper.

take up the life of a teacher, and thus give immediate support to his mother and sisters, whom his father, on his dying bed, had committed to him. "Devoting himself as he did to them, consciously abandoning all selfish aims, and feeling that he was to live for them alone, it was not long before he grew into a higher consecration still to service. Life seemed to him rightly spent only as it was spent for use. The ordinary enjoyments of men, the social pleasures, absorption in the delights of literature—all these he put away forever from him. He was never seen at places of public amusement; never, during the larger part of his life, at the table even of a friend. All invitations were declined; not even the annual dinner at Commencement found him present. But if a boy had a question to ask, if a former pupil or even a stranger sought instruction, all that he knew and all his skill were given, without thought of time, and with absolute refusal to take reward. A number of years ago Mr. Seavey, the headmaster of the Girls' High School, came to Dr. Gardner, and said that there were some of the teachers of his school who wished to study Latin thoroughly, and asked him to direct them to some competent teacher. Dr. Gardner pondered a moment, and then told him that, on one condition, he would teach them himself, and would devote to their service two afternoons in each week. The condition was that they should not offer any pay nor give him any present. He should be very glad to serve them, and the city through them. They accepted his offer, and for two winters he gave to their service two afternoons a week, and found it a pleasure to teach such intelligent and earnest pupils. So ready was he ever to labor for others, so wedded was he to work."

It was impossible that such a man should not be a power both with his assistants and with his pupils. In his relations with the former, a favorite doctrine was framed in such words as these: "I shall demand of you results, but you may take your own methods of producing them. I shall not complain of your methods if the right results come. If you adopt your own course and methods, you may fail; if you try to copy mine, you certainly will. In teaching, no one can copy another; he must be himself." That he had methods of his own, no one can doubt who has been under his care. His very oddities seemed to enforce the lessons he taught. Who was likely to forget a diagram which the master drew on his own coat sleeve? Who that has studied Cæsar under him will forget the model of Cæsar's bridge with which he illustrated that *pons asinorum*? Did he wish to enforce some nice point in pronunciation—and nicety was a characteristic of the scholarship he demanded—he would perhaps sing,

delightfully regardless of musical effect, a line from "Robin Adair,"

"What's this dull town, Tommy?"

or tell some quaint anecdote or story. His memory was a magpie's nest of queer bits, but every one was put to some capital use. Nothing came amiss; in illustration of some point, he gave some advice as to the use of the razor in shaving; and his modes of punishment were as various as the offenses. One class had behaved, as he thought, in a silly, childish fashion. He sent out for some muslin and confectionery, and drawing out the "housewife," which he kept in a drawer of his desk, made up little bags of candy, which he presented to each boy. One urchin in the first class, who had been tormented by his neighbor in recitation—a teasing fellow—finally lost his temper as his hair was twitched rather harder than before, and slapped his persecutor's face. It was at that moment only that Mr. Gardner looked up. "There! there!" said he. "Let's have a public exhibition. We must all see this performance. Boys, go up on the platform;" and up they went to the great stage at the end of the room. "Now, W——, you pull H——'s hair," and the first offender enjoyed a second twitch. "And, H——, you slap W——'s face," which was done, when the boys were allowed to come back, crimson with mortification.

Such stories might easily give the impression that the master was an undignified, merely eccentric man; they are but hap-hazard illustrations of his odd, individual ways. Through his teaching and discipline ran a broad current of patient, unwearying attention and study to make the most of every boy, and many a lad, given over as a hopeless dunce by undermasters, has been saved by Dr. Gardner for a manly, studious life. He surrounded the boys with every obtainable aid in their work. The school library, belonging to the Latin School Association, was enriched by his efforts, and the great school-room was made beautiful and useful by the apparatus which he gathered there. "By his personal exertions," says Dr. Dimmock, "the Latin School acquired probably the largest collection of pictorial and other illustrations of Roman and Grecian topography and antiquities possessed by any institution in the country; comprising paintings, rare and old engravings, models in cork, casts from the antique, the best foreign mural maps and plans, casts of medals, antique coins, specimens of marbles from ancient ruins, and hundreds of photographs of Italian and Athenian views and of statuary. But these were not merely placed upon the walls, they were used by him in the instruction of his classes, and no recitation was more interesting to visitors from Europe, as well as from

this country, than those in which the boys, after giving an outline description of Rome or Athens, would proceed to different parts of the room pointing out the different localities upon the maps and pictures, or giving from the models details of the buildings. Their knowledge came directly from him—from no text-book, save a brief manuscript of his writing; and one of his pupils told me that he found this outline, learned

is one of the most fitting which the memory of the war produced. An old Latin School boy, Richard Greenough, designed it, and the voice which he gave to the marble, translated into homely vernacular by the artist himself, is: "I'm sorry you died, boys; I'm glad you did it. I'm sure you'd do it again." So far as we know, it is the only public-school memorial of the kind, and there is a fitness in this association of the public school with the liberties of the country.

The Latin School of Boston, in its work and general policy, is to be classed with the academies which we have been considering; in its government, it is entirely distinct. It has no endowment, and its doors are open only to Boston boys or those who have guardians there, so that it is a constituent part of the public-school system. Difficulties attach to it which do not belong to more independent country academies. Under the strong rule of Dr. Gardner, as under that of his immediate predecessors, we think, it was allowed to reflect largely the views of the master, and being the pride of the city, it was, in a measure, exempt from severe criticism or from political control. Its standard was so high and the results achieved so excellent, that these justified it. The best boys of the city went to it, and private schools preparatory to college were obliged to maintain a high standard to compete with it at all. Curiously, three of the masters left the school at different times to set up schools of their own, and at one time the same course, we think, was suggested to Dr. Gardner, and it is not impossible that the same reason had force with each; for while the master had, in the main, control of the school policy, it was unavoidable that his position should subject him to petty annoyances from which a teacher not in the service of the city would be freer. At any rate, toward the close of Dr. Gardner's mastership, a growing spirit of criticism and dissatisfaction found expression in a movement to change the old order: one proposition was to unite the Latin School with its neighbor, the English High, and erect the two into a so-called college; but this was a theoretic plan, opposed to well-established traditions, and was not approved. The course of instruction was, however, amended, the term of years extended, and studies in modern languages, modern science, and English literature introduced. This is not the place to criticise the changes made, but to believers in a simple and thorough preparation for college, they do not commend themselves, and the school, by adopting the changes, has engaged in experiments which make us willing to rest its great reputation upon the work done under the men who have made it famous.

After all, the examination of this group



MEMORIAL MONUMENT IN THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL.

in his school-days, of more value to him in Athens than all the guide-books that he had. And yet Dr. Gardner was never in Athens or Rome."

In the same large hall, which was the principal scene of Dr. Gardner's labors, and was enriched by the books, pictures, casts, and models which he mainly had gathered, is a monument to the memory of those graduates of the school who fell in the late civil war. A figure of Victory, or America, or Boston, as the spectator may choose, holds out the wreath which is to crown the immortals, while the names of the boys are inscribed on tablets below. The monument

of schools impresses one fact squarely upon the mind—that the teacher is the school. The apparatus required by these schools is not considerable: a few books and maps, convenient class-rooms—these make up the daily needs; the horizon is enlarged, indeed, by casts and models and photographs, if rightly and intelligently used; but even the best collection—that at the Boston Latin School—is insignificant in money value beside the apparatus requisite for instruction in a fully equipped college. It is the man that is wanted, and when he comes, the school comes to be famous, and the fame will hang about it when he is dead and gone. In college, a student begins to investigate; he wants a library, he wants the treasures of archæology brought before him in some form, he wants the association of scholars, he is beginning to study by himself. In school, he needs to be taught how to study, and his text-book, grammar, and lexicon are his simple tools, while the master stands over him to show him how to use them.

The academies of New England rest their name for good work upon the preparation which they have given boys for the power to use college rightly. Just so far, too, as college life means also the maturing into settled purpose of a boy's forming nature, those schools must be accounted most successful which set before themselves the aim, and achieve it, of presenting their boys for examination, not only before the college professor, but before all those silent tests which college life imposes upon the fresh young hearts that enter it. All the schools which we have named confess this, though of course the conditions of a city school in a public-school system differ essentially from those of an academy.

The relation of these schools to college calls up a good many questions which it is out of our province to resolve, and scarcely within our limits to state. It is noticeable that the tendency in New England is to delegate to the great academies the work of preparing boys for college. The high schools do less and less, while they still keep up the name and appearance of doing the work. From this remark must be excepted such special schools as the Boston Latin School, the Roxbury Latin School, and the Cambridge High School, the second one of which is, however, partly an endowed school; and it is a question whether a true economy in the State would not be for the towns to send to the academies such boys as wished for a college education and showed a capacity for it, instead of maintaining appliances for educating in this way one or two boys imperfectly and at the local expense. Again, the concentration of boys in the academies brings certain great schools more and more closely into connection with

the colleges, and the question has been raised whether the connection shall not be made so close that the college shall receive a boy from certain academies without examination, throwing upon the schools the onus of proving that they have qualified their graduates for admission to college. This is in vogue in Michigan, where a State system includes the university; it has just been adopted also in part by Dartmouth, Amherst, and Williams, and among its advocates is fortified by a reference to the German schools.

However these separate questions may be determined, there can be no doubt that the group of classical schools which we have described has not only a historic foundation and an honorable name, but that there are elements of vitality and growth in it which make changes very possible. Of nearly all it may be said that, with whatever pride they look back upon what has been achieved, there is in them an eagerness, an expectation, a resolution, which are not merely the result of bright competition, but of individual ambition to attain ideals constantly pushed a little further forward.

FABRICS.

I. VELVET.

HERE fittingly is the one most regal dress,
For in the manner its full round folds divide
We see superb calm and imperial pride
With soft alluring luxury acquiesce.
Now we behold it utterly lustreless,
Now mellow glimmerings in its depths abide,
Where masses of rich varying shadow hide,
Close-wedded to its sumptuous heaviness.
Always it shows me some traditional scene
Of thrones, ambassadors, and the pomp of rule,
Great marriages, princely promises held cheap,
The pampered favorite, the neglected queen,
The reckless insolence of the gaudy fool,
The fawning courtier, and the assassin's leap.

II. SATIN.

No moon-lit pool is lovelier than the glow
Of this bright sensitive texture, nor the sheen
On sunny wings that wandering sea-birds preen;
And sweet, of all fair draperies that I know,
To mark the smooth tranquillity of its flow,
Where shades of tremulous dimness intervene,
Shine out with mutable splendors, mild, serene,
In some voluminous garment white as snow.
For then I feel impetuous fancy drawn
Forth at some faint and half-mysterious call,
Even like a bird that breaks from clasping bars;
And lighted vaguely by the Italian dawn,
I see rash Romeo scale the garden wall,
While Juliet dreams below the dying stars.

III. BROCADE.

When, in the festal glory of grand events,
This pale-flowered silk some stately form insheathes,
Wrought intricately with pearly sprays and wreaths,
Arabesques and scrolls and leaf-like ornaments,
What memories of old majesties intense
To the present its elaborate woof bequeathes,
Whose very rustle and sweep augustly breathes
Of leisure and wealth and grave magnificence!
For when I watch it, amber, yellow, or rose,
As though some delicate wand were waved in air
By some invisible wondersmith, I gaze
On courtly gentlemen with embroidered hose
And radiant ladies with high powdered hair,
Stepping through minuets in colonial days!

FROM BRUSA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

AFTER the general wreck which succeeded the invasion of Gengis-Khan, and the dismemberment of the Seljuk and Karismian dynasties in Asia Minor, there remained a Turkish horde on the banks of the Sakaria about the year 1240 A.D. It was under the patriarchal government of Orthogrul, and numbered 400 tents. To tend flocks and ravage the neighboring districts was the occupation of this alternately pastoral and predatory tribe. Othman the Bone-breaker, the son and successor of Orthogrul, added conquest to plunder, and became the founder of the Turkish Empire, called after him the Ottoman Empire. It was the custom of the tribe in the spring to

most of his train as they were returning to the castle with timbrel and song, and bore away the bride, who became instead the mother of one of the most powerful dynasties the world has seen. Thus early began the mingling of races which has ever since formed one of the most remarkable features of the Turkish race.

After various successes, and a warfare continued during his lifetime, Othman was able in old age to crown his life by the capture of Brusa, which was besieged and taken by his son Orchan. By the dying request of Othman, his remains were taken to Brusa and buried there under the dome of a Greek church, now transformed into a Turkish



BRUSA.—[FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH.]

deposit their treasures in the castle of Biledjik as gage of amity with the Greek emperors when they went forth to the pasture lands, and, to avoid treachery, these treasures were borne into the castle in jars carried on the heads of women. At last, offended by the increasing insolence of the Greek commandant, and doubtless feeling within him the stirring of a rising ambition, Othman took advantage of the absence of the Greek, who had gone to bring home his bride, to seize the stronghold. Instead of women, armed warriors in female garb carried the treasures into Biledjik, and then suddenly throwing off their disguise, overpowered the garrison. Othman then lay in wait for the Greek chieftain, killed him and

mosque. Brusa thus became the first capital of the Ottoman Empire. It is situated about twenty miles from the Sea of Marmora, at the foot of Mount Olympus, which rises behind it in magnificent ranges to the height of 10,000 feet. In the eyes of the Turk, Brusa is a fit rival of Damascus, and its situation is undoubtedly superb; its slopes vivid green with vineyards, and the surrounding plains luxurious with groves of olive and chestnut, and beech and mulberry, while within the city magnificent groups of mulberry, cypress, and plane trees, overhanging the dwellings, or casting a grateful shade in the spacious courts of the mosques, add greatly to the Oriental beauty of the place. The perpetual snows on the



THE JANIZARY.

mountains also feed innumerable streams, which dash musically through the precipitous streets, and find their way to the sea, visible in the extreme distance to the northward. The chalybeate springs, bursting from the rock at a high temperature, make it also a desirable residence for invalids.

Brusa, once the capital of Bithynia, and the place where Hannibal took poison 2000 years before, was now destined to a new importance as the capital of a growing empire. Sultan Orchan at once founded there mosques, hospitals, and colleges, and

a mint, where the Seljukian coinage was changed to the stamp of a new dynasty. The remains of the mint, called the Zarp-hané, are still standing within the citadel on the brow of a noble eminence overlooking the plain. The office of Grand Vizier was also now created, and first bestowed upon Alaedin, the brother of Orchan. Now, for the first time since the decline of the famed legions of Rome, was established a standing army. Certainly there was no such thing in Europe, nor for centuries later. Finding the still pastorally inclined Turks unruly and difficult of control in the gradual but steady warfare upon the neighboring territory of the Byzantine emperors, and constantly capturing numerous youth from the enemy, Orchan conceived the idea of circumcising and retaining them as direct possessions of the throne, giving them a distinct uniform of their own, and training them to war. The new corps was called *Yeni-tsheri*, or new soldiery, corrupted into *janizaries*. The world affords no similar example of self-absorption into the national characteristics of another race, to that of *janizaries*. The *janizaries* became the mainstay of the new dynasty. Their *esprit du corps* was marvelous, especially when we consider that while there were always some Turks among them, the majority were often Christian slaves, who thus won triumphs over the land that gave them birth. But all other considerations gave way to the fact that they were now Mohammedans, and soldiers of the redoubtable prætorian guard of the house of Othman. In battle they were the reserve force. When the rest of the army failed to win, the *janizaries* were summoned to the assault. They always made three charges; if baffled in the third, they fell back in dismay, and the battle was lost. But they generally bore down all before them, from the Euphrates to the Danube.



THE CENTRE OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.



GÖK DAGH AND PART OF NICOMEDIA.

When this sacred band was organized and marshaled to carry forward the Crescent and plant it over many a Christian fane, Hadgee Begtasch, a Turkish santan of wide repute, was invited to give them a name and a benison. Calling one of them to him, the venerable dervish raised his arm to bless him, and through him the whole organization. The loose sleeve of the holy man fell on the shoulder of the young soldier. It was taken as an augury of good, and henceforth part of the uniform of the janizaries for ages consisted of a piece of cloth cut in the form of this sleeve, and attached to the turban.

By the assistance of the new and efficient corps of janizaries, Orchan now advanced against Nice, distinguished as the spot where the celebrated Council of Nice was held in the fourth century. It is situated on the borders of a lovely lake, skirted by beautiful mountain ranges, on the edge of a vast plain covered with olive groves. It was surrounded by the Romans with a wall, strung like a necklace with one hundred and ten towers, and pierced with four arched marble gateways, all standing to this day by the lakeside, draped with ivy, and affording a resting-place for storks; but the city within has gone to decay, and only a few peasants' huts, and the massive ruins of the ancient theatre, and the church where the council was held, now remain. Never shall I forget the solemn grandeur of the night I spent there—the moon at the full, lighting up the lake, and the towers once bristling with spears, and stormed alternately by Crusader, Ottomanite, and Mogul. Afar off was heard the baying of the deep-mouthed shepherd dogs guarding the flocks; nearer sang the music

of the waters of the lake, with the low croon of the night wind, and the weird hoot of the owl that alone garrisoned the forsaken battlements of Nice.

Having captured Nice, Orchan gradually pushed on through the tremendous defiles of the Gök Dagh by the river Sakaria, famous as the passes through which Xerxes, marching to the Hellespont, had passed with his immense host, succeeded by Alexander, Bayazid, and many of the heroes of past ages. Safely through this difficult passage, the army of Orchan laid siege to Nicomedia (Ismid), one of the most beautifully situated cities of the East, overlooking the crags of the Gök Dagh and the superb gulf of Nicomedia. The walls are of the most picturesque character; but even the memory of Diocletian and the stalwart Romans who once held that stronghold, could not ward off the inevitable march of Destiny in the form of the janizary, and Nicomedia shared the fate of Nice about the year 1330. From this time the growth of the new empire was rapid, steady, and solid. Crossing into Europe at Gallipoli, Amurath I. broke the Selavonian league at Cossova, and reduced the larger part of what is now called Turkey in Europe. Bayazid, surnamed the Thunder-bolt, won at Nicopolis what is probably the greatest victory ever gained by the Crescent over the Cross in the open field. An army of one hundred thousand men, the flower and chivalry of France, Germany, Italy, and Hungary, were slaughtered or scattered; sixty thousand corpses strewed the plain, and ten thousand captives, by actual count, were massacred after the battle before the tent of the Sultan. Bayazid then returned in triumph to repose at his ease in the volup-

tuous delights of Brusa, the splendor of whose court was such that the equipage for the chase alone numbered seven thousand huntsmen and seven thousand falconers. Here the great-grandson of the simple

power when it overthrew Bayazid on the plains of Angora, is evidence sufficient to show that the Ottoman Empire had in it elements of vitality far superior to that generally shown by the numerous dynasties

and empires of the East. The son of Bayazid, Mohammed I., resumed the sceptre, and captured Smyrna, and with it the neighboring portions of Asia Minor, after a long siege sustained by the heroic Knights of St. John. Thus fell the queen city of the Levant, famed for its earthquakes, its bazars, its figs, its carpets, its otto of roses, and its melons and grapes, the finest in the world, and still showing to us the cave where Homer is said to have composed the Iliad, and the grand old citadel crumbling on the brow of the Acropolis, commanding one of the loveliest landscapes of the world, and the amphitheatre where Polycarp suffered martyrdom ages ago. He who has once seen Smyrna, and enjoyed its hospitalities and attractions, is never content till he has seen it again. It is a city of 150,000 inhabitants, at the bottom of a beautiful bay skirted by ragged mountains. It is almost a European city, so large is the number of foreigners and Christians, and is called by the Moslems infidel Smyrna. Its confections are noted throughout the Levant; and as for its figs, who has



A TURKISH PORTER.

shepherd chieftain Othman enjoyed every luxury, according to the testimony of Ducas, the Byzantine historian. "No pleasure was wanting; his palaces and gardens contained every thing that God has created for the satisfaction of the senses. He was awaked by the songs of the birds in the forests of Bithynia, and the warbling of the eternal streams which flow from the gorges of Olympus. Rare animals, exotic plants, and precious metals enriched his bowers of pleasure. Innumerable slaves of both sexes, chosen from the fairest of their kind, offered him only what was agreeable to his eyes, and singers and dancing women, brought from every quarter of the globe, sang and danced before him, each in the fashion of her country." For once at least in its long history, Brusa was indeed a worthy rival of Bagdad in the storied days of Haroun-al-Raschid.

That the vast invasion of Timourlane, which swept over Asia like an inundation, did not permanently destroy the Turkish

not eaten them? There is a short railway running to Aïdin by way of Ephesus, which brings some of the figs to Smyrna in August, but the larger quantity are still brought across the famous Caravan Bridge by solemn trains of camels, led by a driver mounted on a diminutive donkey, and marching to the doleful tom-tom of a rude bell attached to the saddle of the leading camel. The figs, green or purple, when ripe and pear-shaped, and containing a scarlet pulp within illumined by a centre of golden seeds, are brought in baskets and emptied on mats in the courts where the foreign merchants have their magazines and offices. Peasant women then squeeze the figs into the shape they have when dried. They are then dipped in brine, and, after a few days of drying, are packed in drums. Few things are more delicious than a Smyrna fig when just picked in the early morning while yet glistening with dew.

The so-called Smyrna carpets are chiefly brought thither for exportation from Ushak,

where they are woven or wrought by hand, the women who do the work being left largely to their own artistic instincts in working out the pattern. Regularity or precision of design is not sought after, as in our carpets, so much as a certain breadth of effect and harmony of flat tints. A good Ushak carpet should last thirty-five to forty years in constant use, and the colors should only disappear with the texture into which they are woven. But the introduction of aniline dyes, and the partially successful attempts to manufacture them by other processes, in England, have, it is to be feared, made the Turkey carpet, like Japanese bronzes and potteries, a thing of the past.

The famous Smyrna porters all come from Ushak; when a lad of the lower classes is born there, it is said by the friends, "May he become a good Smyrna porter!" Immense strength is induced in the young aspirant by a systematic training, and when he is of age he leaves for Smyrna. The pack alone which these men carry weighs heavily, and the loads they sustain exceed any thing of the sort performed by the porters in any other



SMYRNA CAMEL-DRIVERS.

city. Five, six, seven hundred pounds are not uncommon loads for them to carry, and I have known of one who bore over nine hundred pounds once. Smyrna has for the last thirty years been notorious for its brigands, who have sometimes been so bold that they have carried even consuls into the mountains, and levied a heavy ransom on them; and by being in league with confederates among the residents, have, by fears of secret assassination, forced contributions from the strong-boxes of some of the leading Christians of Smyrna.

Amurath II., son of Mohammed I., was a prince who combined the philosophic temperament with that of the voluptuary, and at the same time was great in action—a triple combination by no means uncommon in men of the first order, in whom there seems to be an equipoise of the physical and mental powers. Having consolidated the empire, he removed the capital from Brusa to Adrianople, north of Constantinople, and then abdicated the throne to his young son Mohammed II., and retired to a delicious retreat at Magnesia, near Smyrna. But twice he was obliged to resume the sceptre in order to crush several formidable insurrections. At the terrible battle of Varna he finally subdued the European provinces with a blow from which they dared not rise until this century. One step more was necessary to give symmetry and security to the growing empire of the Cres-

TOMB OF AMURATH I., AT BRUSA.
[FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH.]



DEFILES OF THE SAKARIA, THROUGH WHICH BAYAZID, DARIUS, ETC., MARCHED THEIR ARMIES.
[FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH.]

cent, and carry it to the height of its glory; this was the conquest of Constantinople, now undertaken by Mohammed II. with an army of 250,000 men, only 150 years after the capture of Brusa by Othman. The city sustained a siege of two months, abandoned to its fate by Christendom. Mohammed was at last about to give up the enterprise, which seemed impossible unless the city could also be attacked from the inner port or Golden Horn; but this was guarded by an impenetrable barrier extended across the entrance. In this emergency the genius of Mohammed suggested a novel method of overcoming the difficulty. A plank road was laid across the broken and elevated tongue of land now included in the semi-Christian quarters of Galata, Pera, and Hasskeuy, between the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn; it was ten miles long, and covered with the fat of sheep and oxen. Over this road eighty galleys were drawn on rollers in one night, and launched in the inner port. To one who is familiar with the ground the feat appears almost incredible. When the

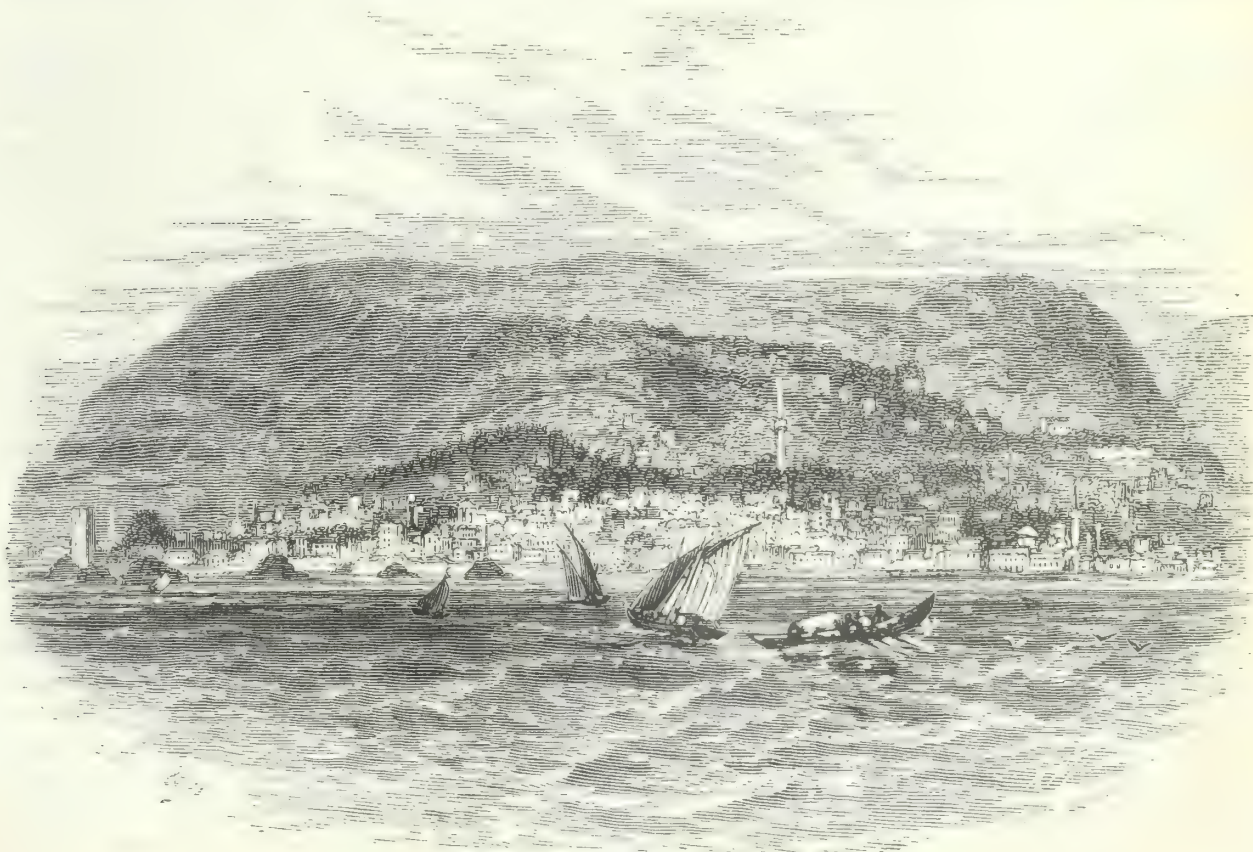
inhabitants saw these ships floating in the Golden Horn at daybreak, the consternation was universal, for they saw that their doom was verily at hand. The walls were now stormed by a combined assault by sea and land, and the Emperor Constantine Paleologus, the last of the Romans, was slain, sword in hand, a hero to the last, and worthy of the long line that ended when Mohammed II. entered the sacred precincts of St. Sophia, on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1453. When the city fell, a monk, it is said, was frying fish at the convent of Baluklee, which is still standing in the suburbs; a lad, half out of his wits with terror, rushed in, bawling that the city had fallen. "I don't believe it," calmly replied the pious monk. "Believe it or not, as you please, but that does not alter the fact," reiterated the boy. "If what you say is true," answered the monk, "let these fish leap out of the frying-pan into this pool of water." No sooner was this said than the fish, already browned on one side, leaped into the water, and they are seen there to this day,

darker on one side than on the other. The place is naturally a resort of pious Christians, and once a year a great religious festival is held at the monastery. Those who doubt this story can go to Baluklee and verify it for themselves.

Being finally established in Constantinople, the dynasty of Othman continued to display great wisdom, large political ability for the times, and for near two centuries maintained its military power—a menace to the Persian or Mohammedan sectary on the one hand, and a terror to the Christian on the other. Trebizond, founded by the Greeks many centuries before Christ, and the capital of a Christian kingdom in the fifteenth century, was the first object which attracted the attention of Mohammed II. after the capture of Byzantium. He captured it with little difficulty. The readers of Xenophon will remember that from the heights behind that city the famous Ten Thousand first saw the Euxine, after their arduous retreat, and joyously cried, "The sea! the sea!" There, too, they were poisoned by the narcotic properties of the wild honey they found in that locality, produced from certain flowers of subtle properties, and the whole army succumbed for several hours to the drowsiness which overpowered them. This species of honey is still made there, and a Turkish gentleman of my acquaintance was once thrown into a profound sleep after eating copiously of it, and did not awake for some twenty-four hours. The city is effectively situated on the shores of the Black Sea, flanked by a steep height called Mal Tépé, and numbers about 50,000

souls, but is, of course, in the dilapidated condition of all Turkish towns. The port is only an open roadstead, and the offing is often skirted by a row of columnar waterspouts which seem to support the clouds. It used to be a common sight to see ships coming in there laden with the most beautiful maidens of Circassia, bound to Constantinople to become the odalisques of the harem, and perhaps sultanas and the mothers of sultans.

Under Suleiman (or Solomon) the Magnificent the Ottoman Empire culminated. The contemporary of Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII., he was the superior of them all in grandeur of genius and character, and surpassed them all in power. He codified the laws of Turkey, conquered Hungary, carried the Crescent to the walls of Vienna, and came near laying Christendom at his feet. He was a man of splendid traits, naturally of strong affections and kindly heart; but the intrigues of the seraglio, the traditions of his dynasty, and the force of circumstances, or, in Oriental phrase, his fate, forced him to sacrifice his bosom-friend, the Grand Vizier Ibrahim, one of the greatest men who has occupied that position, and still more tragically to order the execution of his own son, the heir-apparent, in order to preserve the peace of the empire. He is an instance of a sultan loving one woman a lifetime. Roxellana was a slave, but she was loved by Suleiman until her death with a devotion rare in Eastern domestic life, and by his order they were buried in adjoining mausoleums in a quiet little garden attached to the magnificent



TREBIZOND.



PART OF THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE, MARMORA SIDE, NEAR THE SERAGLIO POINT.—[FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH.]

mosque built by him and bearing his name. This mosque is justly considered the masterpiece of Turkish architecture—a combination of Saracenic and Byzantine types; Sinan was the architect, and he is entitled to a high rank in his profession.

A glance at a map of Constantinople will show the reader the general features of the city. The old city, formerly Byzantium, but now called Stamboul by the Turks, is the part which existed in 1453, when they captured the place. It is nearly triangular, with the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn on two sides, and the famous Seraglio Point at the angle where the two waters meet and are joined by the Bosphorus—a narrow, winding strait sixteen miles long, which carries the waters of the Black Sea into the Sea of Marmora and the Mediterranean. The entire city is surrounded by the lofty double wall built by the Greco-Romans, with a deep fosse on the land side, which is now employed in the peaceful cultivation of onions, tomatoes, and melons. The walls are still in tolerable preservation, and exceedingly picturesque, although no longer of use for defensive purposes against the missiles of modern warfare. They are festooned with ivy and beautified by many massive crenelated and venerable towers, while it is quite common to see houses surmounting them and turning the battlements into windows, casements and lattices being inserted in the embrasures. At the southwestern angle of the walls is

the fortress called the Yedèe Koulilèr, or Seven Towers. This has been often used as a dungeon for prisoners of state, into which the foreign ambassadors were formerly thrown upon the breaking out of hostilities, under the guard of a strong garrison, which is always maintained there. Access to this castle has always been difficult, often impossible, and, as in the case of the mosques and royal palaces, only by special imperial firman or permit. But during the Crimean war the soldiers of the allies, ignorant of the language, and roaming over the city in squads, sometimes invaded these forbidden spots without a license, and, under the circumstances, the irregularity was winked at. But the Seven Towers, being in a remote and unvisited portion of the Turkish quarter, was exempt from these lawless invasions. The writer, however, at that time a youth, thought it a fit opportunity to attack the Seven Towers, and taking three other American lads with him, threaded the long, narrow, winding streets of Stamboul, and reached the draw-bridge leading over the moat into the barbican of this Musulman stronghold, never before passed by foreigners without a royal permit. But the sentry on guard immediately lowered his bayonet, and in a stern, authoritative tone bade us be off. Pretending not to understand a word, we shook our heads and spoke in English in the most unconcerned manner, as if we had no idea of his meaning, at the same time actually pushing back his mus-

ket and trying to go by. The altercation brought the commandant of the garrison out of the guard-room. He politely but most decisively commanded us not to "stand upon the order of our going." Still assuming not to understand him, and shaking our heads again as if in perplexity, we at last succeeded in convincing him that we were total strangers, utterly ignorant of both the language and customs of the land, and finally he said to an orderly, "Let the little devils come in; they are English, and don't know Turkish. You can show them about, but don't let them go into the powder-magazine." So there we were at last within the stern precincts of the Seven Towers, rambling at will over its ramparts, and even permitted to take a sketch of the interior within the walls, and look into the dungeons of despair in which so many illustrious victims of fate have suffered and died. This experiment, so far as I know, has not been attempted by others either before or since.

The Seraglio Point was, until within a few years, the site of one of the most fa-

dim distance, its marble fountains ever spouting silver rain, its gardens ever in bloom, and the gilded domes and minarets rising skyward around it like the fairy fabrics of the land of dreams, it was the central spot of the finest combination of natural and artificial scenery the world has yet seen. But the Seraglio was burned a few years ago, with all its mysterious and romantic associations. The point remains; the gardens remain; but the palace is gone, whither the empire of which it was the centre is going when Kismet pronounces its doom.

From the Seraglio grounds, which include also the Grand Porte or government offices, we proceed naturally to St. Sophia, the most celebrated, and, in an architectural point of view, the most perfect ecclesiastical edifice in existence, rivaling in ecclesiology the position held by the Parthenon in pagan architecture. This perfection does not come from size, for there are many buildings larger than either of these, but from the symmetrical harmony of the plan, all the details being subordinated to, or so employed as to contribute to, the general effect. This ca-



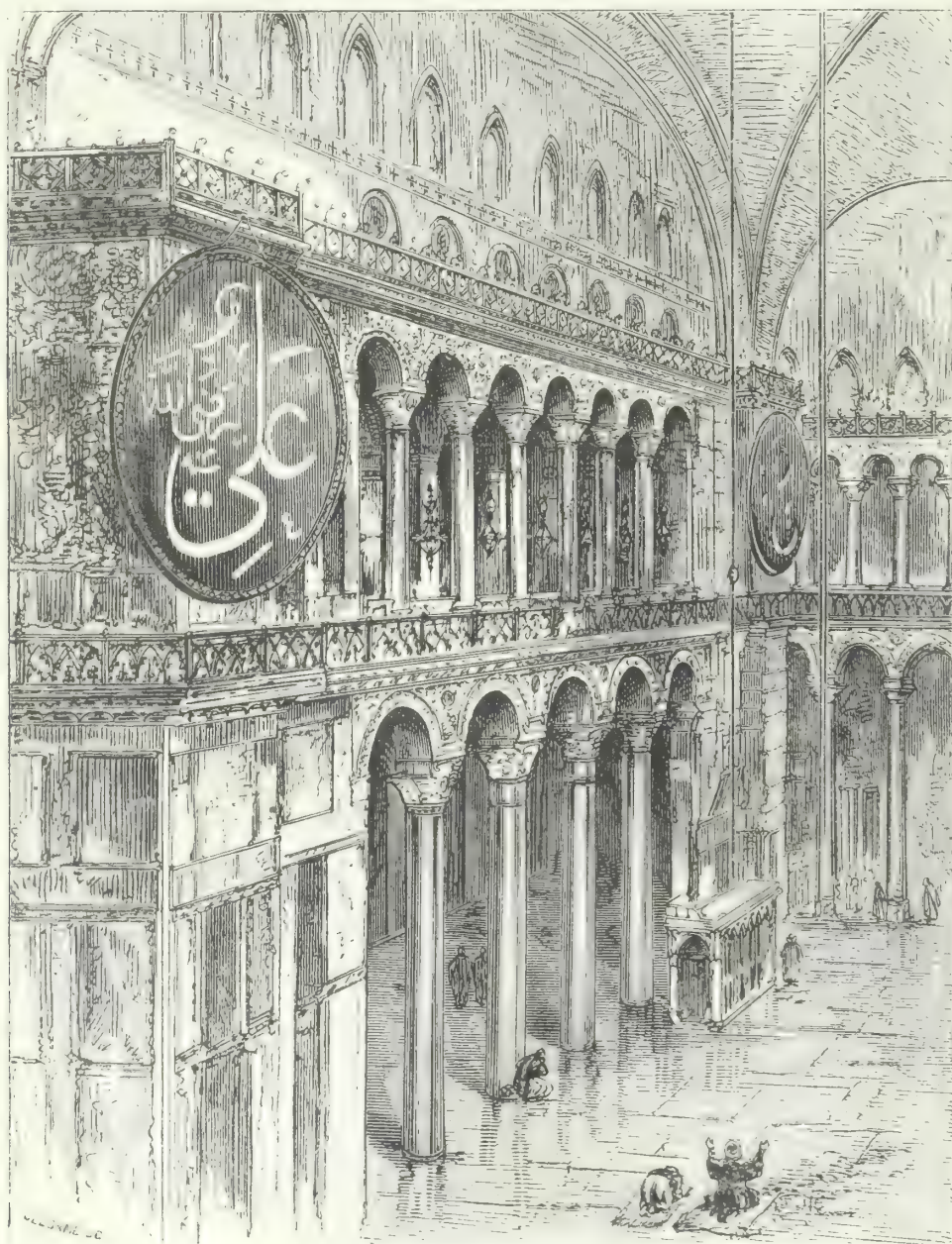
A CONSTANTINOPLE CARRIAGE.

mous, romantic, and beautiful abodes of royalty the world has seen. Commanding from its airy and stately gold-fretted halls views of the Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn, with the snow-clad ranges of Mount Olympus and the site of Brusa, the first capital of Turkey, visible in the

thedral was built by order of Justinian in the fifth century, and, as indicated by its name, is dedicated to the Holy Wisdom. It is in the form of a Greek cross, the junction of the transept and nave being surmounted by a dome supported by four semi-domes. This dome is a marvel of architecture by

reason of the flatness of its curve, considering that it has a span of 130 feet, and soars to a height of 180 feet from the floor. The gallery, running around the interior, and intended for the women, is reached by an inclined way winding within the walls, up which the empresses were drawn in a chariot. The greater part of the interior is decorated with mosaics in a style imitated but not surpassed by the Church of St. Mark at Venice, which is built after the manner of St. Sophia. These mosaics are composed of small cubes of porphyry, verd-antique, lapis lazuli, and other precious marbles; the gilded parts, as in the great cherubs in the spandrels, are made of small bits of glass

four elegant minarets placed at the angles by the Turks are not in harmony with the original plan; but nothing can exceed the sublime and beautiful effect of the interior, the perfect harmony of the design forming one of the miracles of architectural art. A legend is still current among the Greeks, and fully believed by many of the devout, that when the Turks captured the city, a priest was saying mass at the altar of St. Sophia, and when the invaders burst into the sacred edifice and interrupted his devotions, the angel of the Lord snatched this devoted servant from their fury, and, with the eucharist, concealed him in a crypt within the walls of the building. There he re-



INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA.

overlaid with gold; after thirteen centuries they still preserve their lustre. The pillars are from the famous Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and other celebrated buildings of antiquity. Owing to the buttresses put up after its construction to support this noble edifice, often shaken by earthquakes, the exterior is not especially impressive, while the

mains to this day; but when the hosts of the Cross once more enter Constantinople in triumph, and tear the hated Crescent from the dome of St. Sophia, this thrice venerable priest will step forth from his long hiding-place and reconsecrate the cathedral of Justinian to the worship of the Holy Trinity.

Not far from St. Sophia is the mosque of



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

Sultan Achmet, one of the finest of Turkish mosques, surrounded by extensive and picturesque cloisters, and facing the vast square called the Hippodrome, or, as named by the Turks, the At Meidan. Here are seen the obelisk brought from Egypt by Constantine, and the pillar, formed of three bronze serpents twisted together, brought from Delphi. Their three heads, now broken off, made, according to tradition, the tripod of the Pythoness at the shrine of Apollo. This place was the scene of the famous chariot races in the palmy days of the Lower Empire, which rose to such a pitch of importance in the reign of Justinian. The charioteers wore ribbons of green or blue, and gradually the intense excitement aroused in the success of their favorite colors divided the people into two formidable factions, called the Greens and the Blues, which developed into political importance. The frenzy at last culminated in a tremendous riot or civil war, which lasted several days, during which a large part of Constantinople was consumed in the flames, and Justinian himself was nearly dethroned and murdered. In later ages, also, the Hippodrome has often been the scene of many turbulent events. The janizaries had their barracks around the square,

and when they mutinied for more pay, or to demand the head of an unpopular Grand Vizier, or the dethronement of a Sultan, these clamorous legionaries, knowing their power, would march out into the Hippodrome by regiments, and plant the enormous kettles in which their pilaff (the national dish of rice) was cooked, bottom up, in front of the ranks. To capsize these casseroles was an unmistakable sign of revolt. But the janizaries overturned their copper kettles once too often.

Mahmoud, the grandfather of the present Sultan, was the strongest in character of all who have sat on the Turkish throne since Suleiman the Magnificent. Among other reforms, he decided to recast the military organizations of the empire after European models, adopting, also, a uniform resembling that of the French. But this innovation met with great opposition from all the conservatives, and aroused the especial indignation of the janizaries. Mahmoud, however, persisted in his reforms in the face of numerous threats and plots. But at last it became evident that either he or the janizaries must be crushed. Their insubordination, arbitrary insolence, and high-handed outrages were not only an anachronism in this age, but seemed to exceed any thing in

the previous history of these redoubtable troops. The houses of the wealthiest citizens were liable at any time to be invaded and sacked by them; their very wives were not safe; and it has not been unknown for a janizary, passing by a Christian dwelling, to make a pass with his cimeter at a woman or child he might espy sitting in the doorway, and hew off their heads, just to try the temper of his blade. But Mahmoud was not the man either to yield to

and demanded the head of the Grand Vizier. On the following morning Mahmoud commanded them to give up their arms and return to their barracks. This they refused to do, and immediately sought to force their way out to pillage the city and storm the Seraglio; but they were met on every hand by terrific volleys of grape and musketry. All day the dreadful slaughter continued, and when the sun went down the janizaries had ceased to exist. A few escaped



MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN ACHMET.

or to be ruled by the janizaries. Obtaining a written opinion from the Shek-ul-Islam, or high-priest of the realm (who in a theocracy like that of Turkey occupies, as expounder of the Koran, the position of Chief Justice), to the effect that the welfare of Islam required the destruction of the janizaries, Mahmoud gave his orders with promptness and secrecy. Quietly the new troops were collected in the vicinity, marched into the city at night, and posted so as to command all the approaches to the Hippodrome, which were also enfiladed by batteries of cannon. The janizaries, suspecting something, but not aware of the thoroughness of the preparations made to check them, had already debouched into the Hippodrome, turned up their kettles,

through neighboring houses, or by being elsewhere at the time, but over thirty thousand men were slain on that terrible day.

It is not far from the At Meidan to the famous bazars. These bazars are similar to all market-places in the East, only on a larger scale, consisting of a labyrinth of narrow streets, covered, in order to afford a protection from the protracted heat of the long summers, while the booths or shops are on each side, and each shop is surmounted by a lead-covered dome of its own. The different classes of goods are all sold in separate bazars, communicating with each other. There is the bazar of the silversmiths; the bazar of the coppersmiths; the spice bazar, dark and cool, and fragrant with the aromatic odor of gums and drugs from Araby

the Blest; the shoe bazar, full of leathery smells, and hung with scarlet shoes; the bazar of the confectioners; the silk bazar; or, most interesting of all, the Bit or Louse Bazar, the Wardour Street of Constantinople, where second-hand goods are sold. There one may pick up cast-off uniforms of janizary, Albanian, or Circassian, rich in color, and stiff with gold thread, or Damascus blades, jewel-hilted, or curious Albanian flint locks. A sword which was bought there some years ago by a French virtuoso for a few piasters was sold at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, in 1875, for \$10,000. The goods are hung outside, and the purchaser generally stands in the street and examines the wares. But in the larger shops, when a purchase of importance is under consideration, the buyer is invited to the cool, vaulted chambers within, and seated on a cushioned divan. The slave is then sent to a neighboring coffee shop for coffee and pipes, and the battle begins. There is no standard or inflexible price; the only principle of action is for the dealer to get all he can—a matter regulated entirely by the experience or verdancy of the buyer. I have known a man to ask actually twenty-seven times the sum he finally accepted for the article sold. The purchaser, if experienced, offers a lower sum than he is prepared to give, and thus by mutual concessions a bargain is reached.

But the most interesting study in the bazars is the inexhaustible variety of types of human nature one meets on every hand. Modern reforms and the influence of Western



TURKISH MOLLAH, OR PRIEST.

civilization have introduced some changes in the city of the Grand Turk—gas, street cars—one set for men, another for women—wider streets in some cases, and the like; but the general character of the people and their customs and costumes still remain, only slightly modified, for many of them are the result of climatic wants, or infused into the blood by the traditions of thousands of years. Here, for example, is an olive-hued, beak-nosed Armenian of a blood unmixed for thirty centuries. His race held sway around Erzerum and Kars and Trebizond before "Romulus and Remus had been suckled." There is a Greek, handsomely attired, whose ancestors settled Byzantium five centuries before Cæsar rose and fell. There is a Jewish candy vendor, descended from a people unsurpassed in the antiquity of their lineage; and here is a handsome, lithe, but fierce and treacherous-looking, Albanian, who comes here to find his fortune, and then to return to the mountain fastnesses of his sires to curse the Turk at his leisure. And now we jostle with a swaggering Bashi-Bazouk, or Crazy-head—a term applied to irregular soldiery—from Kurdistan, magnificently but grotesquely attired, and carrying a whole armory of long daggers and enormous horse-pistols in his rainbow-colored sash. In avoiding him we are elbowed by a fair-skinned Circassian, symmetrically built, garbed in a drab, long-skirted coat, with brass cartridge cases on his breast, and an impressive sheep-



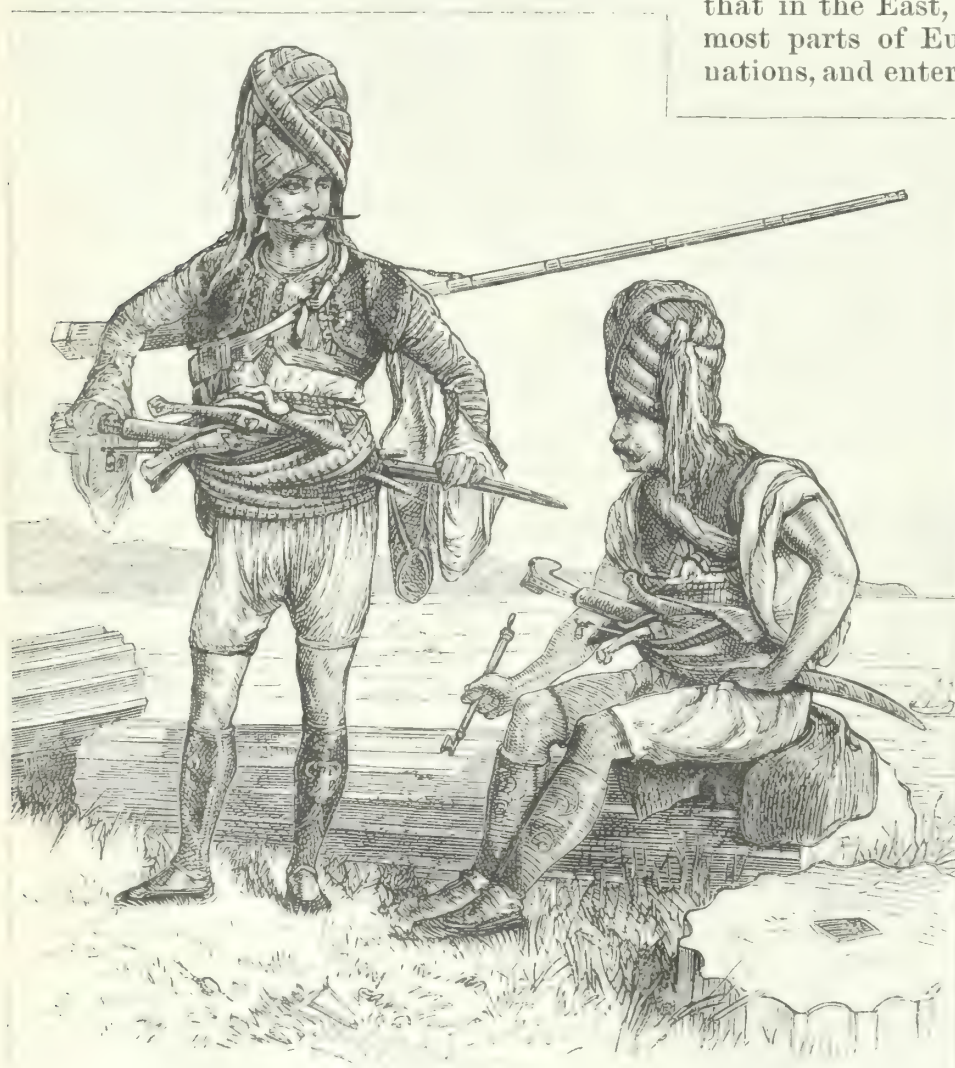
ARMENIAN BISHOP.

skin cap on his head. There is a quiet, aristocratic dignity in his manner, but in his keen eye lurks a fire which suggests that he is a dangerous fellow if aroused. Giving him room to pass, we brush against a Bulgarian, carrying on his head an immense tray laden with ruby-tinted cherries, or disarrange the toilet of the wife of some pasha, attired in brilliant scarlet or green, like a flash of light in the dusky mid-day shade of the crowded bazar. Yellow boots are on her feet, and her head and face are swathed in white gauze, through which the eyes are alone distinctly visible; it is worthy of note, however, that when this veil is very thin, the face behind it is proportionately lovely. But women in this guise are not easily recognized, and to raise the veil of a woman in the street is to insure the instant death of the daring man who attempts it. It is easy to see that this allows great possibilities for

nant race, black-bearded, and wearing the invariable fez, or red cap, worn by almost all the races of the empire, from the Sultan down to the lowest peasant. He is handsome, but of saturnine aspect; yet there is a personal presence, a sense of latent power, in his bearing which enables one partially to understand why the Osmanli Tartars have succeeded so long in keeping under their control so many turbulent and seemingly more intelligent peoples with a grip that Europe has not yet been able to loosen. All these and many more races and tribes are under Turkish rule, all preserving their national traits with jealous care, never intermarrying, and often ready to fly at each other's throats, were it not for the hated and apparently inefficient Turk, who for over four centuries has kept together these incoherent and discordant elements.

One cause of this is the theocratic character of the government, and the fact that in the East, as still in Russia and most parts of Europe, religions go by nations, and enter into the national polity.

Thus, to be a Greek implies also that one is a member of the Greek Church; one of Greek descent who is a Roman Catholic or a Mussulman is no longer called a Greek, but a Roman Catholic or a Turk. An Armenian is as much an Armenian on account of the peculiar doctrines of his religious belief as for his blood; if he happens to turn Protestant, he is ignored by his people, and is henceforth considered simply a Protestant. These sects have their patriarchs, or heads, at the capital. The Turks alone in the empire have systematically intermarried with other



BASHI-BAZOUKS.

intrigue, of which probably no place has more than Constantinople. Here, nearly or quite nude and fearfully filthy, with blood-shot eyes and elfish locks, and an iron spike, is a half-crazy fakir, or santan; and yonder, mounted on a superb Arab steed magnificently caparisoned, and attended by a troop of outrunners and mounted attendants, comes a lordly pasha, a Turk of the domi-

nant race, and have thus absorbed and given a vitality to their race which has so far enabled them, in a degree, to overcome their vices, or the political weakness inherent in a people essentially nomadic. One of the most prominent traits of the Turkish character is the reverence and affection accorded by every Turk to his mother. The worst Sultans have never failed in this respect.

Another cause of the long-continued life of the empire is due to the fact that the Turks have never disdained to employ talent, from whatever source, and thus Armenians or Albanians of the lowest origin have been able to reach the highest position next the throne, and even negroes who have been slaves have commanded brigades or line-of-battle ships. Many of the Grand Viziers have been captives of war, elevated by their own address and ability. In order to hold such rank, however, it has, until the present reign, been essential to accept Islamism. Slavery in Turkey has never been very rigorous; it has not been permitted to separate families; manumission is common; and no disgrace attaches to the freedman who has once been a slave. The cause of this is, doubtless, because slaves there were, until recent times, almost altogether taken in war fairly, and without any previous disgrace attaching to their race or mode of capture. Another reason is that often Turkish mothers, including many of the sultanas, have first been slaves, elevated eventually to wifedom and equality on the birth of a son. Another reason is that every subject of the Sultan is, in a measure, considered his slave; all below him share an equality of bondage to him, and are dependent on his good-will. He in turn styles himself the slave of God; and Sultans have been repeatedly deposed and executed by the *fetwah*, or mandate of the Shek-ul-Islam, the expounder of the will of Allah. It may not be generally known that there is no hereditary nobility in Turkey, and has been none since the destruction of the Déré Beys.

It is thought by many that there has been no progress in Turkey. Without expressing any opinion, we can state a few facts which, being facts, can not be contradicted. At the time of Suleiman the Magnificent, Turkey was, on the whole, very little, if at all, behind Europe. The horrors of the Inquisition and of St. Bartholomew, the cruelty of Philip II. and Henry VIII., fully equaled any thing of the sort in Turkey at that time. Since that period Christendom has advanced in the arts and sciences beyond Turkey; while the appalling horrors of the French Revolution, the Commune, the Cuban war, American slavery, and the Russian knout, and many other instances too common, too awful, and too recent to be forgotten, have shown us there is still too much of the tiger blood remaining in our natures to enable us to be too free in condemning Turkish atrocities when they are fighting to preserve their national existence. But granting that up to the time of the Greek Revolution Europe had completely distanced Turkey, we find that since that time there have been really great social changes and innovations in Turkey, most of them improvements and reforms.

Religious toleration, which, as regards all sects but the Moslem, existed in Turkey before it was even dreamed of in Christendom, has been extended to Mohammedans, and a man may now in Turkey accept any faith he chooses, and be actually protected in it. Such absolute toleration exists elsewhere only in Great Britain, the United States, and Germany, and one or two of the minor states of Europe. Numerous periodicals have been established in Constantinople, Smyrna, and elsewhere, and the censorship of the press is less oppressive than in France.

Numerous works have been printed, and scholars like Achmet Vefik Pasha would be creditable to any people. Military and medical colleges, and numerous universities and educational institutions, supported by the government or by private enterprise, have been founded, while the circulation of the Bible and religious works of every manner of belief is carried on throughout the empire with perfect freedom. The army and navy are organized and armed entirely upon European models, with the exception of the irregular soldiery, and many of the officers and members of the government have been educated abroad. The slave trade in women has been practically abolished, and there is a strong tendency to introduce reforms in the garb and regulations of the harem itself. And, to crown all, a legislative body has been organized, and Moslem and Christian have been placed on an equality. These and numerous other reforms have all been accomplished within forty years, and have naturally met with opposition from the conservatives, while the brevity of the time that has since elapsed does not allow us yet fully to judge of the possible results. But it is only fair to the Turks to allow them credit for the reforms they have attempted to accomplish, and for the fact that if some of these reforms had depended upon the fanaticism of the native Christians, little would have been done in this direction.

The fountains of Constantinople form one of the most attractive features of the city. They are often in the centre of a square, overhung by noble chenar-trees, the resort of turtle-doves, which no one ever thinks of molesting. These structures are generally in the Saracenic style, with vast overhanging eaves, and the marble sides profusely sculptured with elaborate arabesques and inscriptions from the Koran. Around them are constantly grouped women and children, donkeys or water-carriers, bearing red earthen jars or leathern water-pouches. The cool open courts of the numerous mosques are also invariably provided with an elegant fountain in the centre to assist the faithful in their five-times-a-day ablutions, when from the hundreds of minarets of the imperial city the muezzin calls them to prayer.

There are over two hundred khans or inns in Stamboul on the plan common in all parts of the East from the earliest times. They consist of a quadrangle around an open court, in whose centre is a fountain. The building is of massive stone, in two stories, each room in the upper story roofed by a dome. In one corner is a *caffegée*, or coffee-maker, who also furnishes pipes and barbers the guests. Nothing is asked for the use of a room, but each occupant must prove that he is a traveller, and whatever bedding or cooking utensils he requires he must bring with him.

The coffee shops of Constantinople also deserve more than a passing mention. Their number is legion, in the bazars, in the pub-

questions of the day are discussed, where intrigues are arranged, and where one may be shaved, or have a game of chess or dice, while a group of idle by-standers exclaim, "Vy! vy!" or he may listen to the fiery strophes of the Oriental story-teller, or watch and laugh at the broad jokes of the "*Kara geuz*"—the Eastern Punch and Judy—and all the time sip the fragrant mocha, or smoke choice *Latakia* or *Stamboulee* in long, jasmine-stemmed pipes, or *nargilehs*, the most poetic of all the forms of smoking. Those who are unfamiliar with the *nargileh* may not be aware that it is a glass vase with a long neck, and a flexible, snake-like tube, through which the smoke is breathed after passing through the water.



INTERIOR OF A TURKISH CAFE.

lic places, and especially ranged as a sort of skirmish line along the water side of the city and suburbs, where the idler, in a place and country where time is the most abundant commodity to be had, may spend his moments pleasantly, and gaze in tranquillity upon the ships dreaming on the stilly water, in which are reflected the myriad gayly painted but dilapidated and picturesque buildings of the most artistically beautiful city on the globe—as seen from the outside; while the sun, going down behind St. Sophia's golden dome, casts a mantle of imperial purple over a scene unsurpassed in glory by the visions of the opium eater, who there smokes and gazes and dreams. Here is the Exchange, where the

On a brass holder at the mouth of the vase the tobacco is placed, and upon that a live coal. But the tobacco is of a sort called *tumbák*, growing chiefly in Persia, possessing certain properties causing vertigo and other sensations unless first soaked in water; it is then squeezed like a sponge, and a hard-wood coal is placed on it; coal of soft wood would go out too quickly.

Leaving behind us many objects that would well repay careful study and afford endless entertainment, and crossing one of the ever-crowded and endlessly entertaining bridges of boats which span the Golden Horn, we come to the quarters of Galata and Pera, admirably situated, but inhabited chiefly by Christians and Franks. Six years

ago Pera was swept by a fire which burned over 7000 houses. Constantinople has always been subject to great conflagrations, and to this day the means used for extinguishing them are of the most contemptible character. The engines, with the exception of a few steamer fire-engines plying on the water-side, imported from

Austria, are carried on the shoulders of the firemen, and the scanty water supply renders it still more difficult to extinguish the flames. When a fire is discovered from one of the watch-towers of the city, guns are fired to indicate the quarter, and *beckgees* run through the whole city and suburbs, shouting in prolonged and musical tone, "*Yangun var!*" (There is fire!), and adding the quarter where it is raging. To start a conflagration has often been one of the popular ways of expressing discontent with the existing ministry; but many of the fires there are due to the open braziers used to heat the houses in winter.

Descending the steep streets again to



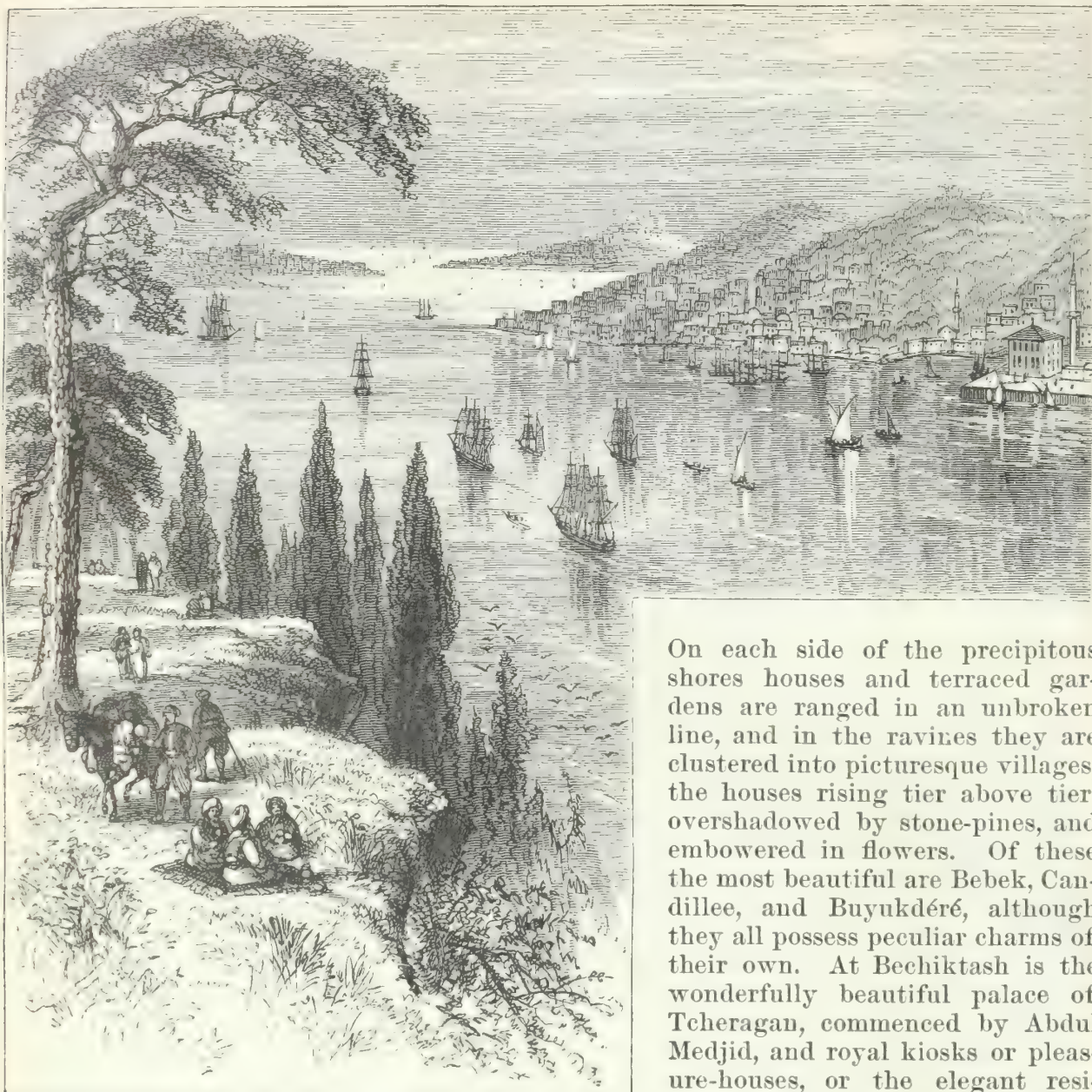
BYZANTINE CASTLE AND SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.--[FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH.]

the Turkish quarter of Tophane, we reach the fine mosque and arsenal of that name by the Bosphorus, flanked by an ever-bustling market-place, containing one of the most splendid public fountains of the Orient. Adjoining this square until recently stood the famous slave or wife market, where the beauties of Circassia were kept on private exhibition to the highest bidder. They were not shown to Christians; the usages of the harem were to a certain degree respected there, and only those who really desired to purchase a slave for concubinage were permitted to gaze upon her charms.

At Tophane we take a *caïque* for a row



CASTLE OF EUROPE, ON THE BOSPORUS.



VIEW FROM CANDILLEE, ON THE BOSPORUS.
[FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH.]

up the Bosphorus. These *caïques* are of a form as peculiar to Constantinople as the gondola is to Venice, and no way less luxurious and elegant. The Turks say, "God gave the sea to the Franks and the land to the Moslems," thus acknowledging the incapacity of Orientals for maritime affairs; but they add that Allah, by a special favor, permitted the Stamboules to invent the *caïque*; and certainly nothing more graceful or poetical of man's craft ever floated on the water. They dart forward with arrow-like speed, and to recline on the crimson cushions, with cigarettes and confectionery or fruits, with a congenial companion, a slave on the deck aft to hold a sun-umbrella over us, and a pair of sinewy, bronzed, red-capped boatmen in flowing white sleeves to row us by the magical shores of the Bosphorus on a day in May, is one of the crowning delights of this fleeting world.

The Bosphorus offers in its winding length of sixteen miles an inexhaustible variety of natural or historical objects of interest.

On each side of the precipitous shores houses and terraced gardens are ranged in an unbroken line, and in the ravines they are clustered into picturesque villages, the houses rising tier above tier, overshadowed by stone-pines, and embowered in flowers. Of these the most beautiful are Bebek, Candillee, and Buyukdéré, although they all possess peculiar charms of their own. At Bechiktash is the wonderfully beautiful palace of Tcheragan, commenced by Abdul Medjid, and royal kiosks or pleasure-houses, or the elegant residences of the pashas, are scattered here and there on the shore, on the hill-tops, or in the beautiful well-

watered valleys of the Heavenly Waters, or Sultaniéh, whose lovely meadows, threaded by streams, and studded with magnificent groups of the stately *chenar*, are the resort of thousands on festal days, who there make *kef*, that is, enjoy themselves with the varied attractions of pipes and confectionery, merry-go-rounds, dancers and timbrels, dancing bears and mountebanks, and the wild strains of bagpipe or guitar, while over all hangs the cloudless azure of heaven, which remains the same from age to age, while generations and empires pass into oblivion.

At the narrowest part of the Bosphorus are the two picturesque castles of Europe and Asia, the latter erected by Mohammed II. as a preliminary step to the investment of Constantinople. It is of no further use as a fortress, but for situation and beauty its venerable and deserted towers are of the greatest interest to the lover of the picturesque. There are few grander sights than from its battlements to look down on the ships rushing by far below, borne by the rapid current like swans. Here Darius laid

a bridge of boats five centuries before Christ, when he marched against the Scythians.

The Giant's Mountain, opposite Buyuk-déré, the most elevated position on the Bosphorus, commands a view of the whole strait, and overlooks the entrance to the Black Sea. Near to it is the site of a castle built by the Greek emperors, which was besieged by Haroun-al-Raschid; the graves of some of the faithful who fell at that time are still marked by ancient turbaned grave-stones. This castle was constructed from the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Urius, and this temple occupied in turn the site of the shrine which stood there fifteen centuries or more

before Christ. Jason climbed up to that spot before passing into the Euxine with the *Argo* on the voyage after the Golden Fleece, in order to consult the oracle regarding the weather ere he trusted himself to that stormy sea. Turkish sailors resort thither to this day for the same purpose. The nations are stratified like the globe, and one nowhere realizes this more truly than when, on those crumbling, ivy-mantled battlements, he gazes over the Euxine and the Bosphorus, and considers the events that have transpired in that storied region since Jason and Medea sailed by in the *Argo* near forty centuries ago.

• AN OLD UMBRELLA.



An old umbrella in the hall,
Battered and baggy, quaint and queer—
By all the rains of many a year
Bent, stained, and faded—that is all.

Warped, broken, twisted by the blast
Of twenty winters, till at last,
Like some poor close-reefed schooner cast,
All water-logged, with half a mast,
Upon the rocks, it finds a nook

Of shelter on an entry hook:
Old battered craft, how came you here?

Ah, could it speak, 'twould tell of one—
Old Simon Dowles, who now is gone—
Gone where the weary are at rest—
Of one who locked within his breast
His private sorrows o'er his lot,
And in his humble work forgot
That he was but a toiling bark
Upon the billows in the dark,
While the brave newer ships swept by,
Sailing beneath a prosperous sky,
And winged with opportunities
Fate had denied to hands like his.

A plain old-fashioned wight was he
As these sport-loving days could see.
He in his youth had loved and lost
His loyal true-love. Ever since
His lonely life was flecked and crossed
By sorrow's nameless shadow-tints;
Yet never a murmur from his lips
Told of his darkened soul's eclipse.
I often think I still can hear
His voice so blithe, his tones of cheer,
As, dropping in to say "good-day,"
He gossiped in his old man's way.
And yet we laughed when he had gone.
We youngsters couldn't understand—
No matter if it rained or shone,
He held the umbrella in his hand.
Or if he set it in the hall,
Where other shedders of the rain
Stood dripping up against the wall,
His was too shabby and too plain
To tempt exchange: all passed it by,
Though showers of rain were pouring down,
And all the gutters of the town
Were torrents in the darkening sky.
He never left it once behind,
Save the last time he crossed our door.
Oblivious shadows o'er his mind
Presaged his failing strength. Before
The morning he had passed away
In peaceful sleep from night to day.
And here the old brown umbrella still
In its old corner stays to fill
The place, as best it may, of him
Who, on this wild and wintry night,
Is surely with the saints of light;
For whom my eyes grow moist and dim
While I this simple rhyme indite.

THE HOME CONCERT.

WELL, Tom, my boy, I must say good-by.
I've had a wonderful visit here;
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could
Away from all that my heart holds dear.
Maybe I've been a trifle rough—

A little awkward, your wife would say—
And very likely I've missed the hint
Of your city polish day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old roof
Sheltered us both when we were boys,
And the same dear mother-love watched us both,
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,
Yet you are almost a stranger now;
Your ways and mine are as far apart
As though we never had thrown an arm
About each other with loving heart.

Your city home is a palace, Tom;
Your wife and children are fair to see;
You couldn't breathe in the little cot,
The little home, that belongs to *me*.
And I am lost in your grand large house,
And dazed with the wealth on every side,
And I hardly know my brother, Tom,
In the midst of so much stately pride.

Yes, the concert was grand, last night,
The singing splendid; but, do you know,
My heart kept longing, the evening through,
For another concert, so sweet and low

That maybe it wouldn't please the ear
Of one so cultured and grand as you;
But to its music—laugh if you will—
My heart and thoughts must ever be true.

I shut my eyes in the hall last night
(For the clash of the music wearied me),
And close to my heart this vision came—
The same sweet picture I always see:
In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,
Half in shadow and half in sun,
A mother chanting her lullaby,
Rocking to rest her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell
From the mother's lips, I heard the coo
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue
She echoed the song with "Goo-a-goo."
Together they sang, the mother and babe,
My wife and child, by the cottage door.
Ah! *that* is the concert, brother Tom,
My ears are aching to hear once more.

So now good-by. And I wish you well,
And many a year of wealth and gain.
You were born to be rich and gay;
I am content to be poor and plain.
And I go back to my country home
With a love that absence has strengthened too—
Back to the concert all my own—
Mother's singing and baby's coo.



RASPBERRY ISLAND.

TOLD TO ME BY DORA.

HELEN and I were two poor teachers, earning our living in a city public school. Many teachers are poor, but we were especially so, in that we had no home to go to during vacations, and no invitations to any one else's home; for if you have a home, people will invite you with more or less readiness; if you have none, they will not—on the principle of *similia similibus*, I suppose. It was the first of July, term time was over, and we were expecting to spend our vacation in the same third-story back-room where we had spent the winter. But Helen was delicate, of a finer fibre than I was, and one sultry evening she broke down, and began to sob slowly, without shedding a tear, in the most hopeless kind of way. There was not a breath of air stirring in our close room; the hot odors from the court below came up with stifling power; we had not even ice-water, for we were economizing with an idea of taking lessons in languages, and fitting ourselves for higher positions. But such hopes, real enough in the strong winter, seemed to have the life taken out of them now. I had not thought of breaking down myself, but when Helen gave way, I suddenly seemed to see where we were—on the swift down-hill road to fever, despair, insanity, and death. I instantly decided that we must go away somewhere. But where? We had not money enough to take us into the country for the summer, since we were obliged to retain our room and our furniture in readiness for the fall term; if we went, therefore, it must be as workers, receiving wages. But what could we do? We were already tired out. I borrowed a daily paper and scanned its columns. "We will not take servants' places," I thought, "nor will we run sewing-machines. What we want is fresh air and entire change of employment." The following advertisement met my eye:

"WANTED—Girls to pick raspberries. Good wages and board. Apply to H. Ehlers, No. 49 Bath Street."

I laid down the paper. "Helen, let us go and pick raspberries," I said. She objected; but I knew she would object, and was prepared for her. "Throw away your fine ladyism for a few weeks, Helen. No one need ever know where we have been, and it may save our lives." I had undeniable arguments on my side at the moment, in the shape of the heat, the flies, and the odors of the court below. They prevailed; and so the next morning we went down to No. 49 Bath Street, and found, not H. Ehlers, but his wife, a plump, broadly smiling German woman, who was staying with her cousin across the way, overlooking the canal, during the progress of her husband's little

scheme. H. Ehlers was down at the mouth of the river, attending to the loading of a schooner, but Frau Ehlers could represent him well and heartily. What did the ladies please to want?

"To pick berries," I replied.

"But you can't bick," said the Frau, good-humoredly; "too leedle hands, leddies."

"Small hands will pick the more quickly," I answered. "What are the wages, and where is the place?"

"Wages fair," replied Mrs. Ehlers, slipping by that point with easy volubility; "debends upon how much you do; but Heinrich is always fair, ferry fair. And the plaze is heffen, a zommer island with lofely woods and flowers."

"And berries," I added.

"Yes," said the Frau, abandoning nature and returning to business; "rawsperries."

The conference was long, the questions many, but I was determined, and Frau Ehlers shrewd enough to see that the places, even raspberry-picking places, were for some reason coveted by these pale thin American girls in their plain worn clothes and carefully mended gloves, into which she could hardly have put two of her plump, beringed, prosperous fingers.

"How many persons will there be?" I inquired.

"About feefty, all girls, exzept six men or so to do the heffy work," replied the Frau. "It will all be ferry reespectable, leddies; only goot girls there; Heinrich will not permeet any oder. And the houzekeeper will be a frent of mine, a nize woman, who will haf charge of you all."

"And the rooms?"

"Goot rooms just beelt. Two girls haf one room togedder. I tell you what—you know Meester Hamms?" Mr. Hamms was a city lumber merchant. We knew him by sight. "You ask heem," said the Frau; "he will tell you it is all right."

Mr. Hamms, being interrogated, did vouch for the raspberry colony; he had furnished the lumber for building the barracks. He scanned us for a moment from behind his ledgers, and no doubt said to himself, "Seamstresses or school-teachers. It will do them good, poor things!"

So it was arranged, and the next week, with some trepidation, we started. Nobody came down to the dock to say good-by to us, and we were glad of it; our few acquaintances (we had no friends) were out of the hot city days ago. The steamer sailed away into the broad lake, and turned her prow northward. At the end of two days we were left on a rude dock running out from a low, treeless island, with one long point of main-land opposite. That island and that main-land are all changed now, but then their wildness was unbroken save by the smoke of the two steamers pass-

ing twice a week, one from the east, one from the west, and both bound for the farther north. The raspberry enterprise in which we were engaged was a scheme of three German Jews; they made a thousand dollars each out of it that summer, and flooded the West with jam. Afterward other islands and other hands took up the business, and it fell, together with its jam, into disrepute, both being decidedly overdone. But we were the pioneers, and I stake my word for it that our jam was all eaten.

Did you ever see raspberries? I do not mean a few in a city market, or on a friend's table in a glass dish, or even a large basketful ready for the preserving kettle; but I mean raspberries by the bushel, by the barrel, in red heaps on the ground, five feet high, the juice running over every thing and into every thing, the whole air heavy with their fruity perfume. That is the way we saw them on Raspberry Island. They were wild red berries, small-sized, large-grained, and sweet, picked from the raspberry thickets and tangles and jungles that overran the whole island with their rampant thorny web, subduing the bushes and small trees under them, so that they meekly served as props, forgetting their own ideas of growing, and blossoming and forming their seeds humbly, as well as they could, under the shadow of the conquering vines. Large trees there were none. Had the raspberries killed them? One could easily imagine that they might do it. But perhaps a forest fire had swept over the ground and burned every thing, as often happens on the lakes, and then before the trees could start again, even as little saplings, the raspberries were upon them, and kept them down with their long interlacing arms and a set purpose, from one white beach to the other.

Near the shore the workmen sent up by Ehlers had erected a long rough building—an exaggerated shanty, with a broad central hall, and a row of little rooms on each side separated by board partitions. This was the home of the berry-girls. In the central hall we ate our meals, in the little rooms we slept. There were no bedsteads, only bunks filled with clean straw, and German-wool coverlets of various bright hues in place of sheets and blankets; but each girl had a small pillow and white pillow-case. The Frau had hesitated a little over this luxury, but finally decided to give it, on the principle that good sleep gives good work: she could make it up in other ways. There was a German baker there of her sending, who understood how to make bread which was remarkably filling for the price, and the girls could have raspberry pies whenever they wanted them. But they did not want them. When you have been boiling raspberries all day long, and skimming them, and canning them, and lifting heavy

pans up to the swinging kettles with the juice running up your arms; when you have been standing in a marsh of them, and have breathed their strong rank fragrance hour after hour, you will not care for pies. Helen said this when the German baker came through the open berry-house every morning, affably offering to make the dainties in question. Her remark was addressed in an under-tone to me, for we kept by ourselves as much as we could among the crowd of berry-workers, who had come from all the lower lake ports, sent up by two of the partners, who themselves selected them. There were some middle-aged women, some mothers with half-grown daughters, but most of them were girls, a large number of Germans and a few Americans, but no Irish; the Maloney and M'Guire element was absent. Instead, we had the Indians, who hovered about the outskirts of our camp in a brown cloud. The Chippewas of that main-land point opposite had no idea, probably, why these young white squaws came suddenly up in a body, boiled berries, and went back again. But they are not an inquisitive race; they receive the goods the gods bestow, with joyful calm. It was a gala time; for could they not buy three of the baker's superb white loaves for a paltry canoe-load of their fine but tiresome potatoes? And for half a dozen lake trout and white-fish could they not obtain most remarkable glass beads of various colors? It was indeed wonderful. After a while the Indian women and girls did all the gathering, coming into the berry-house soon after dawn, and patiently waiting with their bark baskets full of the red fruit until the weighers were ready to begin. We were all glad to be relieved from our daily struggle with the thorns; our calico dresses were in tatters, and our hands scratched. We would much rather boil, we said, and we went to work with alacrity. But the alacrity did not last long. It was a remarkable fact that those who boiled wanted to sort, those who sorted wanted to weigh, those who weighed wanted to mash; and changing the divisions made no difference; the wishing all began again. "Dis vill not do," said Mr. Simon Jacobsohn, the partner in charge—a little dark-skinned fat man, who was in general extremely affable, and on Sundays even came out with a crimson satin scarf in honor of the Christian berry-girls whose holiday it was. But, though affable, he was also strictly punctilious in regard to weights and measures. "The boilers boils von veek, and then cans, the canners take the plaze of the sorters, the sorters veighs, the veighers boil, and all for von veek," he announced, taking his pipe from his mouth, and holding out his fat olive-skinned hand with an impressive gesture. "There vill be no more droubles, I hope, leddies. It is all von matter of vancy."

It was. "Horrible work, all of it," said Helen, looking at her ensanguined arms. "But there are varieties, and I am always fancying the other variety. Good heavens! Dora, shall we ever see the end of these pulpy, squirming, rolling, bubbling, sticky, stewing, mashy, hateful, jalap-smelling berries? Did we ever do any thing but boil them? shall we ever do any thing? or must we boil on all our lives?"

But on Sundays there was rest. No work was done from dawn to twilight, when the Monday kettles were put on. Helen and I wandered down the beach for miles. Although it was midsummer, there was no withering heat, only blithesome golden sunshine, and the air was so dry that we might have slept out under the stars. During these weeks the only person besides the housekeeper with whom we had formed acquaintance which went beyond the chance words of mere propinquity, was Barnes, the sealer. He was a silent man, prematurely old, with bowed shoulders and mild face, and so near-sighted that he went about with his head bent forward, as if to be nearer to persons and things. His business was to seal up our cans and jars of jam, and stamp them with a soaring crest devised by the partners for the edification of the public. And well he did his work. No tools were provided for him; there was nothing but the kettle of wax; yet in a few days he had planned and made a set of ingenious little contrivances, with which he executed his task with the most delicate neatness and accuracy. Helen and I were filling cans that week, and we watched him as he quietly tried his experiments and adjusted his little inventions, stooping his curved shoulders over the table, preoccupied and absorbed.

"They are perfect," said Helen, with genuine admiration, as the first can received its wax, its trimming, and its stamp—nothing wasted, no daubing, every letter clear. Barnes looked up surprised; he had not noticed that we were near him. He straightened himself for a moment, and passed his hand over his short gray hair. "Yes," he said, with a quiet pride, "I think they will do."

After that we often spoke to him. There was something in his face which attracted us, or rather which made us feel easy while talking to him. (We were both rather fond of talking.) And besides, with all his mildness, we saw that he scarcely noticed us, that he would rather not talk; and that piqued us.

"Inventors are always like that," said Helen.

"He is only an ingenious mechanic, Helen."

"With a turn for experiment; that is invention. Only one inventor in a thousand succeeds. He is one of the thousand."

The man had some ways that we liked.

He was clean; he did not use tobacco; he had no store of beer like the other workmen, who were Germans. He seemed to be very poor. He had but few clothes, and they were of the coarsest kind. We noticed that he never wore a coat, not even on Sundays, and we found out that he had none. He did not employ the baker's wife, who was the island laundress, but washed his own clothes on a secluded part of the beach at some distance from the camp. We came upon his laundry once by chance during our rambles, and saw the little dock he had made leading out into deeper water, his clothes-line of twisted vine, and his piece of brown soap carefully hung from a notched stick in the sand. All the other hands had some possessions of their own of a non-descript character and variety. They had brought old carpet-bags, or baskets, or bundles, which hung over their bunks in the berry-house, and were jealously guarded; but over the bunk of Barnes there was nothing. The other hands bought the cakes and tarts which the baker made and sold on his own account, but Barnes bought not a crumb. He gave nothing to the French half-breed who came over from the mainland sometimes and sang for us in the evening. But neither did he stay and listen; at the first sound of the song he went quietly away, as though he did not care to hear it. And yet one Sunday morning when he passed us on the beach, and Helen was singing, he stopped at a little distance to listen, with a look of concealed eagerness that betrayed him. I asked him to stay a while, and he sat down; but even then he began to carve a bit of drift-wood, as though he could not stay one moment idle.

"Where have you been so far down the beach this morning, Barnes?" I asked, when Helen had sung several hymns in her soft sweet voice.

"Hunting for agates," he said, and took a handful of the stones from his pocket for us to look at. They were rough, of course, but beautifully veined, and we could see that they had some value.

"Why, this will make you quite rich, Barnes," I said (we always patronized Barnes a little). "You might get ten or fifteen dollars, perhaps, in some city for these. They are much used now for shawl pins."

He nodded and went on carving, not seeming at all surprised. That was the trouble with Barnes—every thing we told him he seemed to know before; yet it never came out that he knew it until we had said it. There was such a simplicity and humility about the man that we were led on to instruct him as though he had been a child. But he never saw our surprised little failures. He seemed to think of nothing but his work. With the earliest dawn he began, and late at night, when we were all

asleep, he was still engaged by the light of the camp fire. He carved various little wooden toys with remarkable skill; he made small bark canoes, and ornamented them in the Indian fashion; he shaped boxes from the bark, and filled them with maple sugar which he obtained from the Chippewas by repairing their nets and knives and rude hoes; and all this without infringing at all upon his daily allotted task over the sealing kettle.

Women like ascetics; not as they like their lovers or husbands, but as they like the saints. They love to look up, to pay reverence, and to imagine perfection (and they are generally very well mistaken, too). We were all up there on the island together, fifty girls and women, from school-teachers like ourselves down to the lower class of seamstresses, milliners' apprentices, and girls employed in shops. There were no house-maids among us, for they are a conservative class, and think highly of their Sunday bonnets; they are not tempted by berrying, but shop-girls have more imagination. As Frau Ehlers had promised, the girls were all respectable enough in their way; those of German birth kept together, and the few Americans came with us as much as they could, and always sat near us in the evenings around the fire. Barnes was always there too, for the sake of the light, and thus it happened that we fell into the habit of talking to him and watching him carve. The slight veil of reserve about the man, his poverty, his silence, his mild ways, his extraordinary deftness of touch, his intense, unrelenting toil, his thin, lined face and bent figure—all these drew out the interest, curiosity, and pity which are such strong influences in the feminine mind. But he did not pay much attention to any of us—Helen and myself, or our little band of adherents; he was always preoccupied. My best stories (for I told stories sometimes in the evenings) had no effect upon him. Once, when I had related a fantastic tale of Hoffman's, and all the circle was spell-bound and frightened, I asked Barnes what he thought of it.

"Thought, miss? Well, to tell the truth, I did not think of it at all," replied our carver, in his mild voice.

Another time I particularly asked him to listen, and then I told my very best tale of pathos; all the girls were crying when I closed. "Now, Barnes?" I said.

"Well, miss," said Barnes, bending over a little wooden lamb he was carving, making its fleece stand out under his fine strokes, "I don't much believe in sorrow as long as a person isn't dead. Let him just stay on the earth somewhere, safe and alive, and we to know it, and I think we can stand any thing."

"But death comes to all, Barnes; he takes our dearest from us," I said.

"I don't think I could stand that," answered our carver. And when I heard him say it quietly, and thought at the same time of his indomitable toil and courage, I involuntarily hoped that death would not spoil him of any treasures he might have, poor fellow! Surely no one had ever reduced the wants of existence down to a lower point than he had.

"Why do you work so hard, Barnes?" said Helen, one day.

"It is a habit," answered the carver; he looked up at her for an instant, and then dropped his head over his task again.

"What will you do with all these toys—sell them?"

Again he looked up; this time a slight change had passed over his face. "He is annoyed by her questions," I thought. But no; Barnes was quite ready to answer. "Yes, miss; I shall sell them," he said, holding off a small elephant and looking at it critically through one eye. "I was burned out last spring, and I want to have a little shop again this winter, and my old mother and crippled brother to live with me."

"Did you lose much?"

"All I had in the world, miss."

"And you are not very strong, Barnes."

"No, miss, not very."

"Overwork?"

"Yes, miss; and exposure. I was wrecked on the Mississippi River last year, and wandered along shore and got lost, and took the fever; that brought me very low."

"On the Mississippi?" I said, in some surprise. "I did not know any one could be lost on those shores very long."

"Have you ever been there, miss?"

"No," I answered, a little vexed, as we always are at having made ignorant objection.

"It's wild there in places," said Barnes.

We were all interested at once in the shop and the little images, the old mother and the crippled brother. We were poor enough, Heaven knows; and yet we took up a collection for Barnes; it amounted to nearly three dollars, and I was to present it, with a little speech, the night before we all went away. For the day was fixed now, two weeks ahead; even the dried berries would all be gone by that time. We had begun with the hard green fruit, gone through the early and the late ripenings, and were now on a large store of dried berries, spread on boards in the sunshine.

The Sunday after we had heard about the shop and the old mother, Clemantha Dewey went up to Barnes and asked him in a low voice if he would lead a prayer-meeting they were to have a mile down the beach, herself and five other girls, all occasional Methodists, seized now with a spirit of religion, there being nothing else to do. Helen and I happened to stand near, and could

not help overhearing. Barnes shrank back, and was about to refuse, when, at the same moment, his short-sighted eyes made out who we were. His manner changed. "Yes, I will come," he said, slowly and almost fearfully, "although why you ask me I do not know."

"Because you are so, so good, Barnes!" answered Clemantha, clasping her hands enthusiastically. The girl meant it; she and her five friends had set up this gray-haired carver as a sort of summer apostle, and expected to revel in his exhortations, Clemantha in particular always saying that she felt better after a real good cry. She had no confidence in a dry religion. Helen and I went to that prayer-meeting too, partly because the six Methodists were our admiring adherents on week-days, and partly because we also wished to see Barnes in a new light. It was a picturesque sight, the six berry-girls in their Sunday dresses, a few of the Germans, attracted thither by curiosity, and Barnes, without a coat as usual, in the same poor clothes he always wore, save that his shirt was clean and newly donned. The outer circle was composed of Indians, who had followed closely, as usual, to see what was going on in the white man's camp; they sat on the sands, silent and attentive, and watched us curiously. A hymn was sung, then one of the girls prayed aloud in a trembling voice for a few moments; another hymn followed, and Barnes was called upon. He rose and began. It was simple to plainness the prayer he uttered, the every-day language of a plain man; it was commonplace too, with one exception, namely, that it dealt only with calm trust and confidence, it had no wailing in it, no contrite repetitions, none of the usual fears and alarms of the remorseful sinner. He prayed with his eyes closed, his hands clasped over his sunken breast, his thin face outlined against the brilliant sunshine. Helen and I were prayer-book people, we had *Newman's Parochial Sermons* in our trunk; but there was something in the prayer of Barnes that impressed us. "Is it because he trusts so?" I said afterward. "Is it a merit or a dullness never to doubt? Is it because he is so simple-minded that he does not see the miseries and hardships and despair of this life of ours? I think that is it."

After this, Barnes was often called upon. I could see that he tried to escape from it, but the girls would take no refusal. Once I heard him exhort. It was a short address, with nothing new in it, but full of the same calm, quiet certainty and trust. The girls would have liked something more vehement, I doubt not; but not having it, they accepted Barnes, and themselves supplied the agitations of the occasion. Barnes used to look at them sometimes with a kind of won-

der, I thought, but he never said any thing; he let them cry it out. Mr. Simon Jacobsohn observed, of course, this new development in his camp, but as the girls worked all the better, he did not interfere; he even made it an excuse for not sending for "the viddler," who was to have played out our last week on the island with merry berry dances every night, like the hop dances in hop districts, where the same word felicitously serves for both work and pleasure.

The summer was not over, but the raspberries were. We were toiling now at the dried fruit, trying to rejuvenate it into juiciness. The sugar gave out, but the imperturbable Jacobsohn bought Indian sugar from the joyful natives, and we boiled on. Helen and I had become meanwhile as brown as berries, to use the current phrase; although why we should say that when berries are never brown, and currants— But that has nothing to do with the subject. What I mean to say is that we were well and strong, with more tan and flesh than we had ever had in our lives. The time for departure was drawing near now. We regretted it.

One morning all the Germans had been sent across the island to glean the few withered berries still hanging on the bushes; for every thing went into that last jam of ours. The men had gone too, all save Barnes, who was sealing as usual. Mr. Jacobsohn was watching the Chicago steamer, which, instead of passing as usual, seemed to be heading in toward our island. "Yes, she is coming in," he said. "Rafael must haf sent up somet'ing." Rafael was the Chicago partner. The boat touched at our little dock, and three men stepped off; then the steamer turned, and went on to the north. Our three visitors came up the bank toward the berry-house, watched by all our eyes; they were rough-looking men, and carried heavy canes in their hands. Herr Jacobsohn had seated himself on a bench. He smoked placidly, but his eyes were alert; he had recognized the calling of the new-comers at a glance, and was prepared to be calmly ignorant of any thing and every thing. The eldest of the men now took off his hat and made us a general bow; all three were scanning the berry-house and the surrounding woods meanwhile with keenest scrutiny. Jacobsohn was the only man present at the moment, Barnes having gone to the spring to fill our water pail.

"Good-day," said the spokesman. "We have come up, Mr. Jacobsohn, after a man named Murdoch—William Murdoch."

"No such person here, I pelieve," responded Jacobsohn, affably.

"But he is here, and you will gain nothing by concealing him," said the man. "The trail is sure, and at last we've tracked him home. I call upon you to produce him."

"How can I projuce what ees not here?" replied our host. "Ask the leddies."

The man surveyed us doubtfully; evidently he had not much confidence in petticoats.

"There is no such person here, indeed," said Clemantha, taking upon herself the office of spokeswoman. "I know all the men's names, and who they are."

"Who are they, then?"

She ran through the list, ending with Barnes.

"Barnes—who is Barnes?" said the man, passing over the German names of the others.

"A saint!" replied Clemantha, dashing her berries into one of the kettles with enthusiasm; "such as you have no right even to mention his name, Mr. Scowler."

Mr. Scowler, who certainly did scowl terrifically, but could not help it, as the marks were fixed in his forehead, looked angrily at her; but she continued serenely at her kettle, her back turned toward him. The other two men, belonging to the short-nosed, long-upper-lipped variety of Irishmen, grinned at their leader's discomfiture, and glanced at Clemantha admiringly.

"The man *is* here, however," said the Scowler, "and this is the description of him." He unfolded a paper, and began to read: "'William Murdoch, aged forty-nine, tall, stoop-shouldered, narrow-chested, with gray hair, thin face, and slender hands with long fingers. He is very quiet, speaks in a low voice, and has an inventive turn.'"

Helen and I looked at each other; the same impulse was in our minds, namely, to steal away and warn Barnes—to hide him and help him if we possibly could; of course he was the victim of some mistake. But which of us should go? In the mean while the man's voice went steadily on until it reached the words, "Murdered, foully murdered." Clemantha screamed, and started off toward the spring like a wild creature. "Foller that girl," said the leader, and the Irishmen ran after her. It was too late now for us to attempt any thing; the frightened shop-girl had betrayed all. In a few moments the captors returned, with their prisoner, Clemantha following, weeping, behind. Barnes was quiet; he seemed just as usual, save, perhaps, for an added pallor; he put the pail of water down in its place, and then stood still in the centre of our little circle. Jacobsohn, imperturbable but observant of all, smoked placidly on.

"Are you William Murdoch?" began the Scowler, paper in hand.

"No, he ain't," cried Clemantha. "He's nothing of the kind; he's Barnes."

"Are—you—William—Murdoch?" said the Scowler again, clothing himself with all the majesty of the law.

"I am," replied Barnes.

We all started; we had not thought it could be; we were vaguely taking refuge in

twin brothers, and extraordinary likenesses, and so forth.

"Escaped from Benton prison?"

"Yes," said Barnes.

"And what if he did?" cried Clemantha, again. "He was put in there by mistake, any body can see that. But if it was *your* case, nobody could see it at all, you villainous old wretch!"

The Scowler was enraged by this, but keeping himself up as well as he could with the dignity of his office, he went on with the interrogatory. "Accused and convicted of the murder of Samuel Markham, a respectable citizen of eighty years of age, who was found dead upon his own floor upon the morning of February the 10th?"

"Yes," said Barnes.

"But people are often falsely convicted," said Clemantha.

"Oh, are they?" replied the Scowler, glaring at her with repressed ferocity.

"Yes, they are, when idiots like you are on the jury," replied the girl.

Mr. Jacobsohn regarded her with approval. If she could only chase these men away now with that tongue of hers! His expert sealer might then go on and finish the other cans. He considered the question of adding a small bribe to that effect.

"Reward offered, three thousand dollars," continued the Scowler, solemnly and majestically producing a handbill.

Jacobsohn instantly gave it up. He gazed at his sealer mournfully and eagerly. Why had he not known of this before? It was better than berries.

"The down boat will stop for us at daylight to-morrow, Murdoch," said the Scowler; "you will go with us." Barnes said nothing. The two Irishmen handcuffed him, and then they all sat down in the berry-house. The Scowler made some remark about "dinner."

"No dinner shall you have," said Clemantha, fiercely, "you false swearer—you Lucifer—you son of perdition!"

"Look here, young woman, I'm an officer of the law, and no more a false swearer than you are. Goodness knows what possesses the women to use their tongues so!" continued the aggrieved official, turning to Jacobsohn for comfort. But that gentleman was still gazing at his sealer: that he, Simon Jacobsohn, should have had a man like that—a valuable man with a reward tacked on to him—in his peaceful berry camp! With a reward—alas! alas! He sighed. "Did he do it, I vonder," he said, half aloud.

"No, he did not," said the six girls.

"I will never believe that you did it, Barnes," said Helen, speaking for the first time, her eyes full upon his face, strong and bright, not tear-dimmed like the others.

The Scowler looked at her with some at-

tention. "Going to testify for him, miss?" he asked.

"I wish I could," said Helen. "And we are not without friends, we two," she added. "We shall do every thing we can for him, depend upon it." She spoke loftily; you would have supposed that we had all the lawyers of the country at our feet.

But now Barnes looked up. "You needn't try, miss," he said, in his usual quiet voice. "I confess it all. I did it. I stole in upon the old man when he was asleep, and killed him with my own hands."

This time we all moved backward involuntarily, even Jacobsohn leaving his place. Barnes noted this withdrawal, I can not even say sadly; neither did he seem hardened or stolid. His eyes followed us with a lingering gaze, as though he was sorry for something; but it was certainly not for himself or for his crime. Then I went up to him. "Did you do it?" I asked, in a low voice, looking right into his eyes.

"Yes," he answered, and for the first time a sort of hang-dog, defiant expression came over his face. All my soul rose against him suddenly; I seemed to see him doing it craftily with those long fine fingers of his; he would not need force, he had the horrible skill. I turned away sickened; Clemantha and the other girls shrank closer together. We all gazed at the murderer.

"If he did do it," said Helen, speaking again, "he was mad—insane. Crimes are often committed in that way."

She looked at him, but he shook his head.

"No, miss," he answered, "I was not mad at all, no more than yourself. I did it deliberately."

"What for?" said Jacobsohn.

"What for? Why, for money, of course," replied Barnes, casting down his eyes, and drumming on the wooden bench beside him. "He was rich, you know—had money in his safe." Then he looked up, and this time there was a creeping expression of greed and cunning on his face which made me shiver.

"Yes; and it's always been a mystery to me, Murdoch, why, when you were there on the spot, and the old man dead, you didn't get that safe open with them sharp fingers of yours, and take that money," said the Scowler, who had lighted a pipe, and was refreshing himself as well as he could in the lack of dinner.

"I was interrupted," said Barnes, slowly—"I was interrupted." And again he drummed on the bench.

"For all that, he is mad," said Helen, leading me away with a nervous grip on my arm. "Let us go down to the beach; I want to breathe."

But when we were well out of sight, she did not breathe; she cried. "For I did believe in him, Dora," she said; "and I do now. He is insane."

"Men are sometimes insane through greed," I replied. "God help them!"

When the other hands came back to the camp at noon, there was great commotion, questioning, and surprise. Barnes stood the fire steadily; a wooden look had come over his face. But he did not seem to suffer; he gazed off on the lake most of the time in silence, for hardly any one addressed him directly, although the talk surged all around and over him, for the Germans were not sparing of their curiosity and remarks. They prepared dinner, too, for the three captors as well as for the rest of us. Clemantha refused to touch a morsel, and her friends followed her example. Helen and I could not eat. But Barnes ate calmly, just as usual.

When the meal was over, nobody would go to work again; too much had happened. The very Indians had collected, not understanding what it was exactly, but curious.

"Subbose you dell us, now, all about it," said Frau Keller, the housekeeper, sitting down comfortably, and addressing the Scowler.

"Yes, yes," said the others, gathering around to listen, for no one had yet heard the entire story. Herr Jacobsohn himself, having carefully crossed off a half day's wages from all our accounts in his notebook, was ready to hear also. The Scowler hesitated, and glanced toward his prisoner. "Twas all in the papers," he said.

"Yes, put we hafent zeen the papers, Sir," said the Frau. "I am sure it ees ferry interesting, and the gentleman, Mr. Barnes, vill not object, I know. If he haf or haf not done it, dat makes no difference in the delling."

"Well," said the Scowler, in a narrative tone, yielding to this solicitation, and throwing his head back as if to recall all the details, "yer see, this old chap, Sam'el Markham, he lived all alone over his store, and it was said he had a power of money. One night he was seen as late as eleven o'clock on his balcony, and at daylight he was found lying dead on the floor in his own bedroom; and there must have been a big struggle, too. Now this fellow you call Barnes was fully proved to have been the man who did it. He lived near, and his own actions betrayed him—murder will out, yer see. He was always a wonderful hand at keys and locks, and nice curious jobs of all kinds, and that's how he managed to get out of the prison this spring. Well, he opened all the doors, one after the other, with his skeleton-keys; and then he takes up one of his fine long hammers, and he goes up to the old man's bed, and—"

I was watching Barnes, and saw him shudder. Helen saw it too. She sprang forward. "You shall not tell any more in his presence," she cried; "it is wicked cruelty!"

They all gazed at her. Her eyes were

flashing; she braved them all. Barnes had given her one quick glance; then his face, too, changed. "Come," he said, roughly and harshly, almost brutally, "don't make such a fuss about nothing. Look here, I'll tell you the whole myself." And he did. The girls trembled, Helen buried her face in my lap, the fat housekeeper turned pale, and all the men listened eagerly as the horrible story came out. The teller omitted nothing. He explained and described every thing; he seemed to take pleasure in making the picture, in all its brutal details, as complete as possible. It was photographic. We were spell-bound. His low voice seemed to us to ring like a trumpet, so breathless was our stillness. In the mean while the regular steamer from Detroit had appeared off the long point, approached our island, and stopped as usual. We hardly noticed her. A woman landed, however, and then we turned our heads and watched her as she came toward our group. What could she want here? Barnes paused in his narrative. We waited. The woman was about thirty-eight years old, I should judge, and had been very handsome, in a dark, swarthy style of beauty; even now she was striking in appearance, although somewhat coarse. She was showily dressed, and her great black eyes scanned us with a defiant air as she came near. I glanced at Barnes. He sat perfectly still, and looked steadily down upon the ground. The Scowler and his satellites rose, they seemed to expect some sort of attack; but the woman passed them without notice, and threw herself down upon a bench with a weary air.

"No use, Bill," she said, addressing Barnes; "needn't play the game any longer. The boy's dead."

But Barnes remained unmoved.

"Who is she?" asked the Scowler.

"I am sure I don't know," replied the sealer, roughly. "She has made a mistake in the person, I suppose."

"No, I haven't," said the woman. "I wish I could; I tell you, Bill, the thing's over. The boy's dead." A sudden cloud of anguish came over her face as she spoke; she threw up her arms, and wailed and sobbed with a loud, bitter, real grief. Barnes made a motion as if to go to her, but the men held him back.

"Let him alone!" cried the woman, her face covered with falling tears. "He has done nothing; he didn't murder old Markham at all. But somebody else did, and there's all the proof, confession and all." She threw down a large package which she had carried in her pocket. "Let him go, I tell you!" she said.

The Scowler pounced on the package. "Who is the woman?" he said, addressing Barnes with suspicious anger.

But even then the sealer would not reply.

"Is he really dead, Rose?" he said, gently, looking at the woman with yearning eyes.

"Yes, he is," she answered, bitterly—"dead and buried." Then she began to sob again. We could scarcely bear to hear her.

"Let me go to her," said Barnes, shaking off his captors with heavy force.

"Who is she, anyway?" said the Scowler.

"My wife," replied Barnes.

Then they let him go. He went to her side, and tried to comfort her; he could not put his arms around her, for he was fettered, but he whispered to her softly, and his whole face was transfigured with tenderness and loving pity.

Well, it was all true; the proofs were not to be withstood. The woman's son, a weak, miserable, dissipated boy, had done the deed, and for love of his wife Barnes had taken it upon himself. She was a widow, with the one child, and Barnes had fallen in with her somewhere, and had given to her all the deep love of his withdrawn, one-acted, one-motived life. He could scarcely believe his own happiness when at last she married him.

The Scowler went through a bitter disappointment; he was hungry and thirsty for his victim and his reward. But the woman had consulted a lawyer; the proof she had brought was complete. "How did you know we had started?" said the angry, disappointed official.

"Pooh! I've had you shadowed ever since he escaped," she answered, coolly. "They telegraphed me, and, as the boy was dead, I thought I'd come up myself after Bill."

"'Twas that white-faced brat of yours, after all, was it?" he answered, fiercely. "I wish I'd known it! Where is he? I'll have him yet, even if he is buried. Where is he, I say?"

Then Barnes, now relieved from his bonds, strode up to the man with a threatening gesture. "Silence!" he said. "The dead are beyond your power. Away from here, all of you! Go!"

"Yes, go! go!" cried other voices, for the balance was now all on the side of Barnes.

But there was no place for the men to go to, save the beach, and after a few moments, peace was restored. It was now sunset; the down boat would not come until dawn. Herr Jacobsohn hoped, with a gracious smile, that Mr. Murdoch would now remain and finish the sealing of the cans; they would endeavor to make Mrs. Murdoch comfortable for a few days.

"No," said the woman—"no, Bill. I want you to go back with me; I want to buy mourning to wear for my boy." Then she began to wail and sob again. But this time her husband's arms were around her; she hid her face upon his breast; and, in spite of his pity for her, he looked intensely happy, his eyes shone, every now and then his

lips quivered; he saw nothing, heard nothing, that went on around him; he was like a man in the excited quiet of repressed intoxication.

We had no chance to speak to him for a long time; but after the woman had at last fallen asleep, worn out with her sorrow and her journey, he left her, and then we followed him. He went about collecting all his little toys from their various hiding-places, and carefully placing them together on a blanket. "There was a matter of three dollars, I believe, taken in a collection for me," he said at length, looking up from his work and addressing Clemantha.

"Oh, Barnes, yes, it was for you!" replied the girl, in tears. "But where is your old mother and that little shop? and, oh, Barnes, the Mississippi River?"

"Well, I am going to have the shop all the same," replied Barnes, simply, not at all embarrassed by his falsehoods, "and I had to tell you all that for fear you'd suspect me. I haven't any old mother or crippled brother; only Rose there. But you'll let me have the money, won't you?" We gave it to him, and he thanked us and took it. "I am so very poor," he said, "and so are they—I mean so is she. They spent a good deal. That is why I had to get out of prison; they needed me; otherwise I'd have staid to keep the boy safe. It's only imprisonment for life in our State, you know. Escaping in that way, of course I hadn't any clothes; it was hard to make a start. I had to work a little down below to get a few things before I could come even up here. I was full of trembling those days. But at last I got away. I thought this would be a capital place to work in; and so it was, only I was afraid of some of you. You, miss," he said, addressing Helen, "I was always afraid of you; every thing I did you seemed to see right through."

"No, Barnes," said Helen; "I did not see through any thing. I never suspected deceit; but I thought you were insane."

"No, miss, I wasn't insane at all, nor trying to be; it wouldn't have been best for the boy to have inquiries made. When I saw I was taken, my only wish and plan was to keep you all thinking that I did it." Then he started to go back to his work. "I wouldn't have gone to your prayer-meetings if I could have helped it," he added, turning his head for a moment, "I beg you to believe that, ladies. I know my place—I am not good enough for such doings. But I was driven to it for fear you'd suspect something. That is all." Then he took up his blanketful of toys and carried them to the berry-house, where his wife was sleeping; then he began to pack them carefully, together with his agates, a few lake shells and colored pebbles, all his wages, including the three dollars we had given him.

"Oh!" said Clemantha, clasping her hands, "what shall we call him now?"

"Well," I answered, "an unconscious hero—a conscious liar; you can take your choice."

The five went away together on the steamer the next morning, the Scowler having at last given it up, and asking now only that the two should go down with him as witnesses. We staid on a week longer, and I did the sealing with the sealer's deft little tools. Then we all left together, and the melancholy Chippewas watched us depart—heirs, however, to nothing at all, since Herr Jacobsohn took away with him every nail and board.

Helen and I sat on deck and watched the island sink below the horizon.

"It was great," said Helen.

"No," I answered, "not as it has turned out. For he did it from his great love for that woman, and he has his reward."

POPULAR EXPOSITION OF SOME SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

PART VII.—BURNING GLASSES AND MIRRORS. THEIR HEATING AND CHEMICAL EFFECTS.

UNQUESTIONABLY the most important discovery ever made by man was that of kindling and keeping up a fire. It permitted the geographical distribution of our species over a wider space; it rendered intellectual development possible.

There are philosophers who would have us believe that we have been evolved out of some low animal form; there are, also, theologians who tell us that the world was made out of nothing, and we out of the dust of it. They relate the incident with much circumstantiality. We might suppose that one of their ancestors had been an eye-witness; but that supposition would itself require an explanation.

Between these philosophers and these theologians a conflict of no common bitterness rages. They are vexing the world with their clamors. Perhaps, then, we, who merely want to get at the truth, may, in the interests of public peace, invite them to consider the things about which they are quarreling from a different point of view.

What would be the result if the art of kindling and keeping up a fire were suddenly lost?

If we can have an answer to this question, we may perceive with some distinctness what it was that took place in consequence of the original discovery of that art.

The geographical distribution of plants and animals depends altogether on the distribution of heat. A certain low degree of

temperature limits the life of every species, and therefore fixes boundaries to the region in which it can exist. The organization of man is so delicate that throughout a large portion of what we call the temperate zone he could not withstand the rigor of winter. His individual powers of locomotion are so restricted that he could not become to any great degree an animal of passage. He has neither the flight of the bird nor the endurance of the buffalo. He could not, like them, pursue the northward journey of spring when the sun crossed the line, nor the southward journey of autumn when the sun recrossed it. The structure of his teeth and his digestive organs is such that he must carry his food with him. A pigeon can fill its crop with rice in Carolina, and breakfast the next morning in Canada. The buffalo can find ample supplies as he goes on the luxuriant prairies of the West.

A loss of the art in question means, then, practically an abandonment of a large portion of America, Europe, and Asia. The winter's cold of such regions would render them as uninhabitable as are the icy pinnacles of that glittering fiction of modern nautical fancy, the Paleocrystic Sea.

Then the human race could not have spread from its original tropical home had it not possessed the control of fire, which gave it the power of creating artificial climates, and raising the mean temperature of winter.

Whoever is disposed to carry out these amusing yet not altogether worthless speculations will doubtless perceive that the change of environment to which man was exposed in this his dispersion over the face of the earth left an impression on his aspect, and even on his anatomical structure. To this such a philosophizing inquirer may add an investigation of what must have taken place in consequence of the use of cooked food. The orang, or chimpanzee, or gorilla, stands by while man lights and uses a fire, but never does it occur to him to imitate what is thus taking place before his eyes. That is a grand point of distinction between him and us. If he could descend from his native trees and roast his nuts, instead of eating them raw, he would have taken the first step in that journey which might eventually bring him to the table of Lucullus, and transform the wives and daughters of his descendants into the butterfly ladies of Paris.

Our philosophizing inquirer must, however, bear in mind that climates were not always the same as they are now. There was a day when the reindeer was grazing in the Pyrenean valleys, along the edge of the great ice sheet that covered all Middle Europe. There was a day, before that, when the camelopard was wandering all over that region, and the hippopotamus bathing him-

self in its waters. Again and again there have been grand vicissitudes of temperature, hot periods of prodigious duration alternating with similar cold ones. A study of the effects of these will furnish abundant occupation for the knowledge and ingenuity of the philosopher who addresses himself to the consideration of the problem, and afford to his antagonist, the theologian, rare opportunities for examining and upsetting his conclusions.

I suppose that the first artificial lighting of a fire consisted in the judicious rubbing together of two sticks. Some tribes of savages still continue to follow that plan. Were we disposed to pleasantry, we might picture to ourselves the astounded countenance of that old anthropoid whose eyes first stared on the amazing event, whose fingers first discovered that fire will burn. No wonder that a spirit of further inquiry was lighted up in his bosom, and that unwittingly he entered on that career which we call civilization. No wonder he thought that the shining and pain-inflicting being that he had thus evoked was something worthy of worship.

But to rub two sticks together is of the earth, earthy. After very many ages it was found that fire might be brought down from heaven, the genial warmth of the sun concentrated into scorching heat by a concave polished metal or mirror. The preservation of a public or national fire became a state institution both in Europe and America. In both there were Vestal virgins, bound under the direst penalties to wait unremittingly on the sacred altar. If its fire were extinguished, the extinction of the state itself was foreboded. In Italy, with great ceremony, the altar was rekindled by the ancient plan of rubbing together two sticks from a sacred tree. In Cuzco the Peruvians permitted the fire to die out on midsummer-day, and then, with imposing solemnities, rekindled it by collecting the sun's rays with a concave mirror.

A concave mirror is not, however, the only means of obtaining fire from heaven; a convex lens is equally effectual. Such a one, made of transparent quartz, and found in the ruins at Nimroud, shows that in Asia this was long ago understood.

The designation of burning-glasses has been used indifferently for mirrors and lenses. Their power increases with their size. It is as the square of the diameter of the lens or mirror is to the square of the diameter of the focal image it yields.

Consequently the heating power of these instruments may, without difficulty, give rise to very surprising results. Villette, a French optician, made a mirror of speculum metal nearly four feet in diameter; its focal image was about half an inch. So tremendous was the heat in that focus that asbes-

tus was at once melted into glass, a diamond was rapidly consumed, a piece of cast iron melted in sixteen seconds, some slate in three seconds.

Such was the effect of a *mirror*. Tschirnhaus constructed a *lens* of about three Rhenish feet in diameter, condensing the rays coming from it by another, so as to diminish the area of the focus. Of this glass it is said that it vitrified tile, slate, pumicestone, in a moment. It melted sulphur, pitch, and rosin under water; it converted wood ashes into glass; "any thing put into its focus was either melted, burned up, or turned into smoke."

Tschirnhaus believed that by the excessive heat of great lenses a revolution in chemistry would be effected. But in all Saxony, where he resided, there was no glass-house that could undertake the manufacture of one so large as he required. The King of Poland gave him permission to establish one in his dominions, and in other respects promoted his operations. The great lens he produced was the wonder of those times. It was perfectly polished up to its very edge. Its focal image was "exactly round," "a proof of its excellent figure." Some of its effects were regarded as "almost miraculous," and were received with incredulity; but the lens having been bought by the Duke of Orleans, was carried to France, and proved an irreproachable witness in his favor. A similar one he presented to the Emperor Leopold, and, still later, made one four feet in diameter, which, however, was accidentally injured. In these particulars I am quoting from the *éloge* pronounced upon his memory in 1709 before the French Royal Academy of Sciences.

Sir Isaac Newton presented a burning-glass to the Royal Society. "It consisted of seven, so placed that all their foci joined in one physical point. Each was about eleven inches and a half in diameter; six of them were placed around the seventh, so as to form a kind of segment of a sphere, the subtense of which was about thirty-four inches and a half, and the central glass lay about an inch further in than the rest. The common focus of all was about twenty-two and a half inches distant, and about an inch in diameter. It could vitrify brick or tile in a single second, and melted a gold coin in a few moments."

Macquer, the French chemist, found that glass quicksilvered like an ordinary looking-glass answered very well. With a concave only twenty-two inches in diameter and twenty-eight in focal distance, he melted platinum; and flint, that had been powdered to prevent its crackling and flying about, secured in a large piece of charcoal, bubbled up and ran into a transparent glass in less than half a minute. Hessian crucibles and glass-house pots vitrified completely in three

or four seconds. Forged iron actually boiled as soon as it was put in the focus.

Trudaine constructed a lens of two hollow segments of glass, four feet in diameter, containing alcohol between them. It cost \$5000. He was, however, disappointed in its action. It could not melt platinum. He presented it to the Royal Academy of Sciences, but shortly afterward it was accidentally broken.

Perhaps the most celebrated burning-lens was that made by Penn, of Islington, for Mr. Parker. It was three feet in diameter, and exposed in its frame two feet eight and a half inches in the clear. In its centre it was three and a quarter inches thick. By a second lens, which received the rays of the former, the focus was brought to a diameter of half an inch. Almost every substance that was tried melted in an instant in its focus—platinum, nickel, lava, asbestos, slate. This lens cost \$3500. An attempt was made to raise a subscription for purchasing it from its owner, but that failing, it was bought by an officer who was attached to Lord Macartney's embassy to China, and who left it at Pekin.

The great naturalist Buffon demonstrated that the story of the burning of the Roman fleet at the siege of Syracuse by Archimedes, and that of the navy of Vitellius by Proclus, might be something more than a mere legend. He constructed a machine of plane mirrors that could set wood on fire at a distance of more than 200 feet. To him and to Condorcet we owe the first suggestion of the polyzonal lens—a great improvement in the burning-glass and in light-house lenses.

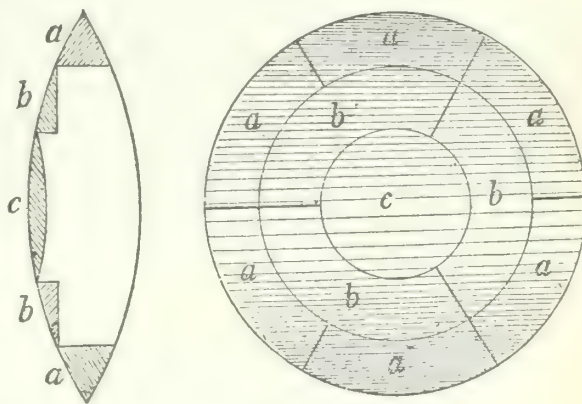


FIG. 1.

In Fig. 1 is represented a polyzonal lens as devised by Brewster. It is in three pieces—two rings, *a*, *b*, and a lens, *c*. When the size is very great the rings may be composed of several pieces, as shown in the front view, in which the lens is composed of ten pieces. Among many other advantages presented by the polyzonal lens is the conspicuous one that the loss of light by absorption of the glass is greatly reduced, the lens being so much thinner than a solid one of corresponding size.

The chemists of the last century used the

burning-glass under both its forms, the mirror and lens, very frequently, since it was, until the invention of the voltaic pile and the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, the best means for obtaining high temperatures, and particularly for igniting substances in the interior of glass vessels. Thus Priestley employed it in causing the union of iron with oxygen, and the reduction of the resulting oxide by ignition in hydrogen, showing that the same portion of metal could be acted upon in this manner repeatedly. He explained the results he thus obtained on the principles of the phlogistic theory. It was thus, too, that the diamond was first oxidized, and Newton's singular prediction as to its combustible nature verified.

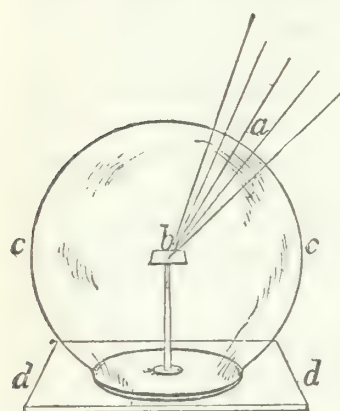


FIG. 2.

In Fig. 2, *a*, the sun rays converging to a focus at *b*. They are received upon a stand supporting the substance to be tried; *c c*, a glass receiver resting upon an air-pump plate, *d d*.

When, more than forty years ago, I commenced an experimental examination of the chemical action of light, I entertained great expectations of what might be accomplished by the use of burning-glasses. It seemed reasonable to suppose that if the direct sun rays could occasion so many decompositions, their chemical force would be incomparably greater when their brilliancy was exalted by a mirror or a lens. Of the two, a concave metallic mirror should produce a more characteristic effect, since it returns the rays as it receives them, but a special and very important portion of them is absorbed by the selective action of the lens.

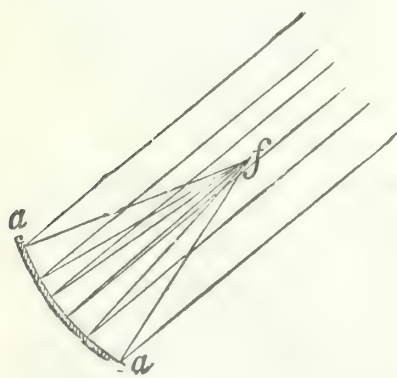


FIG. 3.

In Fig. 3, *a a*, a concave mirror reflecting the sun rays upward. In Fig. 4, *b b*, a convex lens converging the sun rays downward to a focus at *f*. The latter is the more convenient form for experimental use.

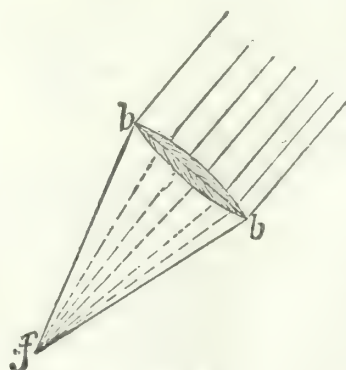


FIG. 4.

I had not, however, at that time the means of making these experiments in a satisfactory manner, and though very much disappointed with the result, postponed the prosecution of them to a more favorable opportunity. Obtaining from time to time several isolated facts, I was led, in meditating upon them, to what seemed to be some general conclusions respecting the chemical action of radiations. Several of these were published, in a desultory manner, in the periodicals of the time, and it was not until May, 1851, that they were collected in the *Philosophical Magazine*, under the title of a "Memoir on the Chemical Action of Light." Of this, the following is an abstract.

The general discussion of the problem of the chemical action of a ray involves the following considerations:

1. In what manner does the ray act, and what are the changes it undergoes?
2. What is the nature of the impression made on the material group, the decomposition of which ensues?

Many facts justify the supposition that the parts of all material substances are in a state of incessant vibration. To each particular thermometric degree there belongs a particular frequency of vibration. As soon as these motions approach four hundred billions in a second, red light is emitted, and the temperature is near 1000° F. As the frequency increases, rays of a higher refrangibility are in succession evolved, and the temperature correspondingly rises. On the other hand, when these oscillatory movements decline, the temperature of the body falls.

These principles lead to a ready explanation of the nature of the exchanges of heat and the cause of the equilibrium of temperature. The vibratory molecular motions are necessarily propagated to the ether, through which medium they are again transferred to the particles of other bodies, on which the ethereal waves impinge, as a vibrating string excites undulations in the air, and

these, in their turn, can give birth to analogous motions in other strings at a distance.

There is an analogy between the relations of a hot and cold body and those of two strings, one of which is emitting a musical sound and compelling the other to execute synchronous movements. The ether in the one case and the air in the other are the media through which their motions pass.

Equilibrium of temperature takes place when the molecules of the substances concerned are in synchronous and equal vibration. A hot body in presence of a cold one compels the latter to hasten its rate of motion, its own rate all the time de-

clining, and this continues until both have the same frequency; then equilibrium of temperature results. The theory of the exchanges of heat is, therefore, only an expression for the exchanges of vibrations through the ether.

But temperature in thermotics is the equivalent term for *brilliance* in optics. Both refer to compound qualities, depending not only on *frequency* of vibration, but also on its *amplitude*. As the degree of heat of a mass rises, the mass expands, the increase in its volume indicating that not only do its parts vibrate more swiftly, but also that their individual excursions are increased. It follows, therefore, that every mass will have a determinate volume for every degree of heat, a volume increasing as the temperature rises. On this view the explanation of the expansion of bodies by heat is that their parts are not only vibrating more quickly, but also that the individual-excursions are greater.

The atoms of the chemical elements differ in weight. We therefore should not expect that the ethereal vibrations would throw them into movement with equal facility, but some would yield more readily than others. Is not this what we express in chemistry by the term specific heat?—a body, the capacity of which is great, requiring a prolonged application of ethereal pulses before a consentaneous motion is reached, and in its turn impressing on the ether during cooling a correspondingly prolonged series of motions. And is not this the cause of that remarkable relation between the atomic weights of elementary bodies and their specific heats, discovered by Dulong and Petit?

These considerations may lead us to inquire whether the general cause of the decomposition of compound bodies by radiations is due to the circumstance that all the atoms of which their molecules are composed take on the vibratory motion with unequal facility. Thus if a certain compound molecule be submitted to the influence of an intense radiation, some of its constituent particles may vibrate consentaneously at once, and others more tardily. Under these circumstances the continued existence of the group may become impossible, and decomposition ensue in the necessity of the case.

In entering upon the experimental analysis of the action of a ray upon a decomposable body there are three different points to be considered, so far as the ray itself is concerned: 1. To what extent and in what manner is the result affected by the *intensity* of the ray, or by the *amplitude* of the vibrating excursions? 2. How is it affected by the *frequency* of the pulsatory impressions? and 3. How by the *direction* in which the vibrations are made, as involved in the

idea of polarization? I shall now examine these in succession.

1. *To what extent and in what manner is the decomposition of a compound body affected by the INTENSITY of a ray, or by the AMPLITUDE of the vibrating excursions?*

If the different degrees of facility with which atoms receive the impression of ethereal vibrations be the true cause of decomposition by light, we should expect that many such changes would become possible under the influence of a burning-lens which are not so in the direct rays of the sun.

This idea is favored by what we find in the case of heat. The burning-glass has long had celebrity in that respect, and in former times was the most powerful means of reaching a high temperature.

The effect of the glass is due to the rapidity with which it can supply caloric, contrasted with the loss by conduction, radiation, etc. Thus an object of any kind exposed to the sun receives heat at a certain rate; but it is simultaneously experiencing a loss by conduction, radiation, and currents in the air. Exposed to the focus of a lens, the supply becomes, in a given time, greater than before, and the temperature rising, great effects are the necessary result.

But changes brought about by light are in a different predicament. Here conduction is entirely absent, as is also loss by currents in the air. The cumulative effects of a long exposure give the same action as a highly concentrated ray furnishes in a brief period of time. In this case, therefore, every thing will depend on the absorptive power of the substance.

When a piece of polished silver is placed in the focus of a burning-lens, it remains quite cold, because of its high reflecting power; but if blackened, it melts in an instant. And so with chemical changes. A body which, like chlorine, can exert an absorptive action on the ray, becomes modified, and induces changes; but if, like oxygen, it has not that property, it will remain indifferent and unaffected by the most intense radiation.

Considering, however, that the calorific effects of the converged solar rays are so striking, we may reasonably inquire whether, in like manner, the chemical action can be increased. There is a very general impression that the intense radiation of tropical climates accomplishes changes which can not be imitated by the feebler light of higher latitudes, and perhaps decompositions may be brought about by a large convex lens which the direct rays of the sun are wholly inadequate to produce.

A very brilliant beam may possibly break up a given combination, which a far greater quantity of light, acting through a long period, might be inadequate to touch. Sir R. Kane states that he, with M. Dumas, could

remove two atoms of hydrogen from acetone by the action of chlorine in the sunshine at Paris, but in Dublin only one.

In Fig. 5, *a*, the convex burning-lens supported in ribbed frame, *b b*; there is at *c* a second lens to hasten the convergence; *d d*, a circular arc for directing the lens toward the sun; *e g*, a stand on which objects may be exposed to the focal point, *f*. It is carried by a stout bar, *m n*, attached to the frame.

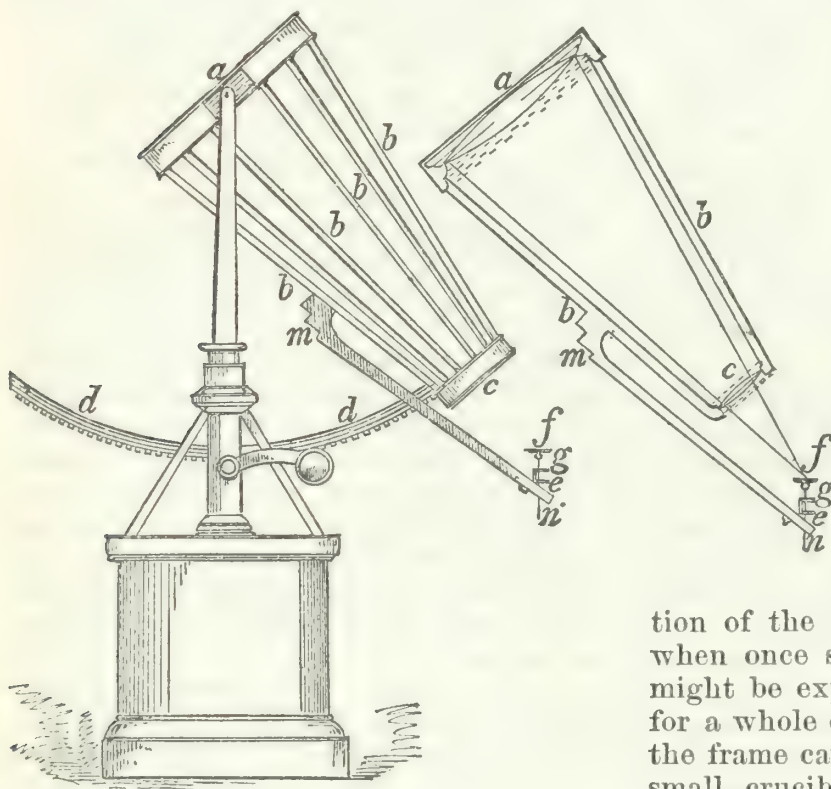


FIG. 5.

I have endeavored to collect a series of facts which might set this part of the question in its true light. My first experiments were made with a lens of very fine and thin French plate-glass, twelve inches in diameter in the clear. Its goodness was such that on a fine day platinum might be melted in its focus. It was ground and polished for me by the late Mr. Fitz, whose skill was shown in the large and excellent telescopic objectives that he made. He mounted the lens on a suitable support; it required, however, to be guided by the hand as the sun moved. When the college building of the Medical Department of the University of New York was destroyed by fire in 1865, I had to regret the loss of this instrument, with much other apparatus, and many documents that were of unappreciable value to me. Mounted as the lens was, its use was attended with considerable risk to the eyes, on account of the excessive brilliancy of the focus. Screens and dark spectacles were found to be very unsatisfactory, and an illness which I consequently contracted admonished me either to abandon the subject or pursue it in some other way.

In Fig. 6, *a*, the heliostat clock; *b*, its

polar axis; *d d*, a frame carrying the lens, *c*, and having an arrangement at *f* for supporting flasks, crucibles, or other apparatus. This turns on a double joint at *e*, so that the lens may be directed to the sun.

The following ex-

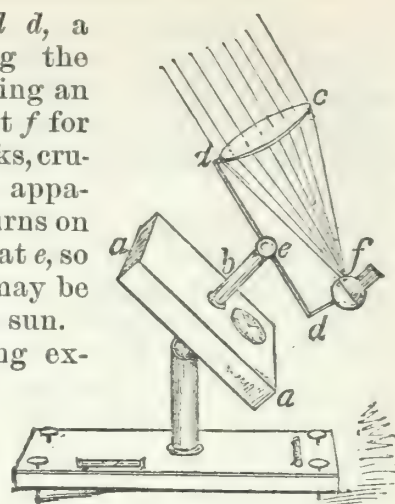


FIG. 6.

periments were made with a smaller glass, consisting of a combination of two similar lenses, their diameter being five inches and focal distance eight. It was, in fact, the large lens of an old-fashioned lucernal microscope, such as was made in London a century ago. I had it fixed on a polar axis, as shown in Fig. 6, and by the aid of a clock it could follow the mo-

tion of the sun with such accuracy that, when once set in the morning, an object might be exposed in its focus, if desirable, for a whole day. It had a contrivance on the frame carrying the lens for supporting small crucibles, glass matrasses (Fig. 7), charcoal supports, etc., at the proper point, which might be either at the focus or at any other distance from the lens, as the circumstances of the experiment required. Among these instruments were thermometers, blackened or otherwise so arranged as to exercise any desired selective absorption. At the outset of any experiment, the whole face of the lens could be covered with a blackened pasteboard screen, with a hole half an inch in diameter. Through this a sufficient amount of light could be transmitted to enable one to arrange the various details of the proposed experiment, and when every thing was ready, the screen was removed, and in the concentrated and brilliant focus the action went on. I found that this simple contrivance was an invaluable relief to the eyes.

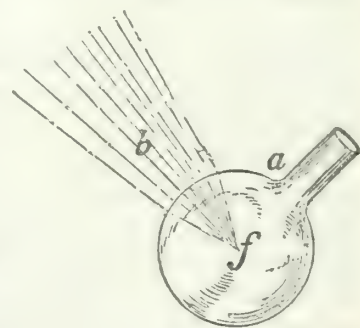


FIG. 7.

In Fig. 7, *a*, a small flask receiving the converging rays, *b*, at their focus, *f*.

The lens being five inches in diameter,

and the space covered by the solar focal image, owing to want of achromaticity and spherical aberration, one-fifth of an inch, the multiplying effect would be 625 times, if the glass were perfectly transparent, and there were no loss by reflection from its surfaces. On a summer day of average brightness, with the thermometer at 68° in the shade, and the bulb, not being blackened, at 108° in the sun, this lens could fuse copper instantly, the bead oxidizing only superficially, and cutting readily after fusion. Black oxide of copper in a little crucible of platinum foil melted into a slaty-looking substance at once. Wrought iron did not melt alone, but if exposed on a charcoal support in a globule of microcosmic salt, previously fused by the lens, it gave a clear, round bead, which readily extended when beaten upon an anvil. The globule of flux turned black. The specimen employed was cut from a piece of good iron wire, and though it might be thought that exposure on the charcoal would tend to turn it into cast iron, its subsequent complete malleability seems to disprove this. Spongy platinum did not melt alone, nor even if inclosed in a globule of fused microcosmic salt. We may therefore estimate the working power of this lens on a substance placed in its focus as somewhat above the point of fusion of wrought iron, and lower than the point of fusion of platinum. This refers to temperature only. The power of the lens as to light must be enormously greater.

We may now examine the chemical effects produced by this lens.

Two small glass matrasses, the bulbs of which were about half an inch in diameter, were filled with chlorine water, the one being exposed to the direct rays of the sun, the other to the converging rays of the lens. Decomposition of the water occurred in both, but with far more activity in that placed in the focal point. The difference was at once so striking to the eye that I made no attempt to measure it. It is plain that the greater the quantity of incident light, the more rapid the decomposition; though, after the first moment of action, the solutions being no longer the same in constitution, the quantities of gas disengaged are no longer proportional to the incident light.

There is thus no difficulty in effecting the decomposition of water by chlorine under the influence of the sun, but under the same circumstances iodine and bromine are inadequate to produce such an effect.

A solution of bromine in water was prepared, the water being first boiled to expel the air contained in it. It was placed in a half-inch matrass, and exposed to the focus of the lens (Fig. 8). As the temperature rose rapidly, the water was depressed in the bulb by the steam and bromine vapor which

occupied the upper part, the bulb being placed uppermost, and the tube dipping into a small vial which served as a reservoir. After the exposure had continued for two hours and a half, the matrass was removed from the lens, and suffered to cool. There remained uncondensed a little bubble, measuring about $\frac{1}{100}$ cubic inch; but this was probably nothing more than the atmospheric air which had found access to the water, for on submitting the same specimen to another exposure for three hours, after the gas had been decanted from it, a little bubble, the diameter of which was estimated at one-fiftieth of an inch, was all that could be procured.

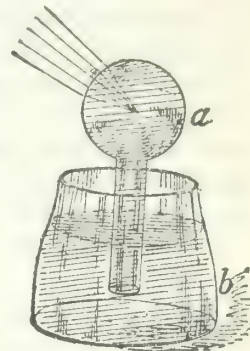


FIG. 8.

In Fig. 8, *a*, the flask containing the bromine water; *b*, a bottle serving as a reservoir. It is half filled with the same water.

In like manner I endeavored to decompose water by iodine, and with the same negative result, even when the exposure to the focal point lasted for four hours. When proper care had been taken to remove from the solution all traces of air, no gas was evolved.

To reduce the heating effect of the lens, and allow the more refrangible rays alone to act, there was interposed between the lens and its focus a stratum of a solution of sulphate of copper and ammonia one-third of an inch thick, and included between two flat plates of glass, suitably arranged and carried along with the other parts by the movement of the clock. The cone of solar rays now passed through this absorbent medium (Fig. 9).

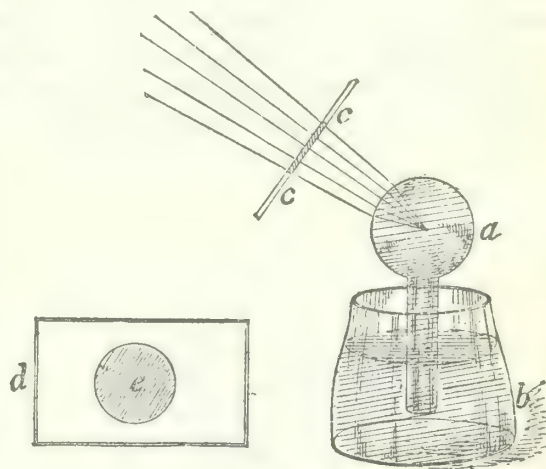


FIG. 9.

In Fig. 9, *a b* is as in Fig. 8, but the converging rays pass through an absorbent trough, *c c*, shown in front view at *d e*, *e* being the circular cell containing the blue solution.

In the focus of blue light thus formed

there was exposed for two and a half hours (from 7½ to 10¼ A.M., June 13, 1848) an inverted half-inch bulb, containing iodine water, with a few particles of iodine. Temperature in the shade, 64°; in the sun, 86°. At the end of that time there was found an insignificant bubble of air, estimated at one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter. It could, of course, be nothing but atmospheric air.

The absorbing medium was now removed, and the full rays of the sun permitted to converge on the matrass. The temperature of the water quickly ran up to the boiling-point, and the bulb was filled with steam and the purple vapor of iodine. Every thing seemed favorable for the decomposition of the water to take place, if the iodine could accomplish it under so intense a radiation. At first I thought that the experiment had succeeded, for the color of the bulb became paler—a result that ought to have ensued if hydriodic acid was forming and oxygen being eliminated. The action, therefore, was kept up for four hours; but as soon as the sun was screened from the lens and the bulb began to cool, the water returned and filled it almost entirely. This, therefore, shows that under a most intense radiation iodine can not decompose water.

A similar experiment was tried with bromine, and with the same result. It failed to decompose water.

Some silver chloride, carefully purified, was exposed in a little crucible of platinum foil (Fig. 10) so inclined that the cone of rays could come in at its mouth. The absorbing trough was not used. Though the sun's rays were not brilliant, the chloride at once melted, forming a reddish-looking liquid. It was kept in that condition all day. When cool, it proved to be in the state of horn-silver, easily cut by a knife. When the rays first touched it, a fume was disengaged, due probably to the escape of vapor of water. It seems, therefore, that this substance when perfectly dry is not decomposable by sunlight, though so sensitive at common temperatures when moist.

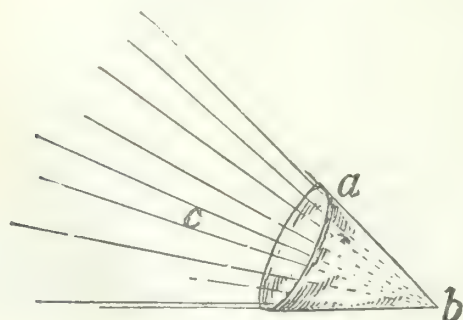


FIG. 10.

In Fig. 10, *a*, the platinum crucible; *b*, the place of the material experimented upon, receiving at their focus the converging rays, *c*.

I must refer to the original memoir for the detail of numerous experiments on many metallic compounds, the general result of

these being that, no matter how brilliant a ray may be, it can not carry a decomposition further than a feeble one acting for a corresponding longer period of time could do. Compounds that can resist the force of an ordinary ray can not be broken down by the intense illumination of the focal point of a burning-lens. That instrument can not do what the voltaic pile has done—effect decompositions which had never been effected before.

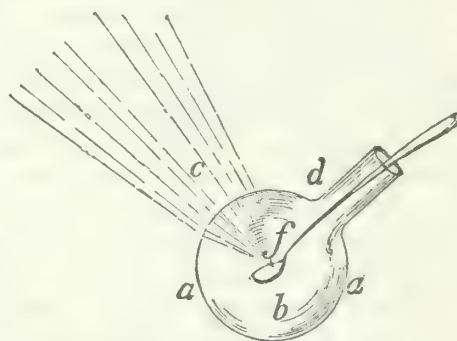


FIG. 11.

In Fig. 11, *a*, a matrass filled with water, through which come in the converging rays, *c*. Through the neck at *d* a spoon, *b*, may be passed down to the focal point, *f*.

To reduce the disturbing effect of heat as far as possible, and give every advantage to the condensed luminous focus, I received the cone of rays coming from a twelve-inch burning-lens on a glass globe (Fig. 11) six inches in diameter, filled with water. This increased the converging of the rays, and brought them more quickly to a focus. Then through the neck of the globe was introduced to the focus, in a matrass, spoon, or other suitable support, the substance to be experimented upon. The mass of water kept the temperature down, and in some cases the hot water was removed by an aspirator and cold water introduced below. A spoon could be used when powders were employed of so great a specific gravity as not to drift too high from the focus in the ascending current of hot water.

The result was, however, the same as before. The focus of a burning-lens can not cause any chemical change which the unconverged sun rays are incompetent to produce. It merely hastens the effect.

Upon the whole, we may therefore conclude that it is not the *intensity* of a beam which determines its decomposing power, and that we can not produce greater chemical effects by the action of converging mirrors and lenses than we can by the application of the simple sunbeam, continued for an equivalent period of time.

In estimating the influence of light on different solutions, we should constantly bear in mind that the maximum effect is never produced unless complete absorption has taken place. When the color of a solution is pale, it may require considerable

thickness before complete absorption is accomplished. Thus if two equal tubes, containing equal quantities of the same solution of chlorine in water, be exposed to the rays, they will evolve equal quantities of oxygen gas; but if behind one of them a piece of looking-glass be placed, the effect on it is immediately increased. The rays that have passed through the solution and produced their effect are compelled to cross it again, and, if not already exhausted, thus to act once more. The following illustrations are examples of the same kind:

Two small bulbs of equal size containing chlorine water were exposed to the rays of the sun; behind one of them a concave hemispherical mirror was placed so that the rays which had crossed the solution were compelled to cross it again. The amount of oxygen set free in this bulb was about one-fourth greater than that in the other.

The same was repeated, the exposure being to the sky light instead of the sun rays. The quantity of oxygen set free in the two bulbs was as 18 to 55.

It might be supposed that part of this increased effect is due to the rise of temperature, from the mirror obstructing radiation. To exert a cooling action the following modification was therefore tried. In a glass jar (Fig. 12) full of quicksilver a half-inch bulb containing chlorine water was placed in such a way that a small portion of its surface, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, projected above the surface of the liquid metal. On this part the solar focus from a burning-glass was thrown. The rays therefore gained access to the interior of the bulb, and were thrown about in all directions, crossing and recrossing the liquid in every way by the numerous reflections they underwent, the mercury, as it applied itself to the outer surface of the glass, acting like a spherical concave mirror, and from its mass and high conducting power effectually keeping the temperature down. The quantity of oxygen emitted in a given time was measured.

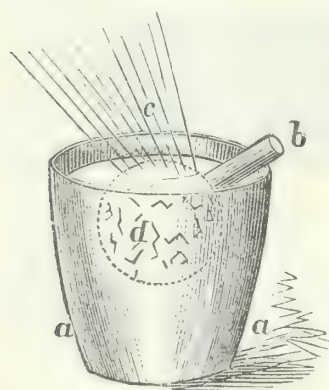


FIG. 12.

In Fig. 12, *a a*, the vessel filled with mercury; *b d*, the glass flask immersed in it, but having at its upper part a small portion uncovered, through which the converging rays, *c*, may come in.

The power of a ray thus depending on the degree of absorption exerted upon it, I was led to inquire whether, by admixture with other suitable substances in a solution undergoing decomposition, the effect could be increased. Chlorine water decomposes more rapidly as its yellow tint is deeper. Four equal bulbs were therefore taken—*a*, containing chlorine water; *b*, the same, deepened with chloride of gold; *c*, chlorine water with commercial hydrochloric acid of a yellow tint; *d*, chlorine water with tincture of iodine. These were all exposed together to the sun. It was at once obvious that *a* was giving off most oxygen, and eventually it was found that *b* yielded a much smaller quantity, and *c* and *d* none at all. The presence of these bodies, therefore, exerted a prejudicial effect.

A system of vibrating molecules will solicit an adjacent one to execute similar motions through the medium of the intervening ether. A rise of temperature is due to an increased rapidity or intensity of the oscillations of the groups of vibrating molecules, but chemical decomposition is due to the dislocation of their parts. It, of course, by no means follows that when a compound molecule is undergoing entire disruption, those in the neighborhood should be compelled to pass into a similar state. For the very reason that chemical decomposition takes place is because the group that receives the provoking ray can not vibrate consentaneously with it; and if that group can not assume the motion in question, how can it possibly transmit it to any other?

Any artificial coloration by the addition of extraneous bodies does not increase the rate of decomposition, but retards it. This is precisely what ought to be expected. A compound atom has its grouping destroyed by the action of light upon its own parts, and is in no manner concerned in what is taking place in other atoms around. They therefore can not increase the effect on it, but, on the contrary, they may greatly diminish the action on the mass by exerting a special absorption themselves. Thus the chloride of gold retards the decomposition of chlorine water, when mixed therewith, in the same manner as if it were placed in a trough in front of the water, and intercepted the impinging beam.

Experiments similar to the foregoing were made with a solution of ferric oxalate mixed with alcohol, ammonia citrate of iron, tincture of turmeric, sodic chloride, etc. In every instance it was clear that the action of the light is strictly molecular, that it is impressed on the group of atoms, and not on the mass, and that when various bodies are conjointly exposed to the sun, each one undergoes its own specific change, independently of and unaffected by all the rest.

These experiments, with others of a like

kind, made many years ago, have an important bearing on some recently published by Professor Vogel, Captain Abney, Captain Waterhouse, and others on imparting increased sensitiveness to collodion by mixing it with variously colored substances. I repeated their experiments as carefully as I could, and should have thought that my want of success was due to unskillfulness had I not borne in mind the foregoing considerations.

2. We may next inquire, *To what extent and in what manner is the decomposition of a compound body affected by the FREQUENCY of vibration of a ray?*

From the beginning of optical chemistry investigations have been made for the purpose of determining the action of rays of different refrangibilities. Almost a hundred years ago it had been shown in special cases that there is an antagonism between the opposite ends of the spectrum. Thus the phosphorescence excited in Canton's preparation by the violet end of the spectrum is extinguished by the red. As respects colored compounds, Grotthuss showed that the active ray is very commonly of the tint complementary to that which it destroys.

More recently this branch of the subject has been examined to a great extent, and the behavior of all kinds of substances in the solar spectrum made known. The general result is this, that on wave length, or, what is the same thing, frequency of vibration, the number of impulses it can communicate in a given period of time, depends the power of a ray to break down the union of any group of atoms. A compound that may resist a slow recurring motion may be unable to maintain itself when the impulses increase in frequency.

So numerous and well known are the photographic and other changes brought on by light that I need not occupy space with a description of them here. I shall only refer to some curious instances of antagonism or interference, the details of which will be found in the original memoir. Hitherto they have been very much overlooked.

Two rays may be so placed in relation to each other that their motions may conspire or may antagonize; and as one or other of these conditions ensues, the chemical result will correspond.

When iodine vapor is permitted to have access to a surface of polished silver, the silver tarnishes, the tarnished film increasing in thickness as the exposure to the iodine is prolonged. It assumes in succession colors which undoubtedly arise from the interference of the incident light with the light reflected from the metal at the back of the film. They are the colors of thin plates, like those of a soap-bubble.

Now there is a great difference in the ac-

tion of light upon these differently colored films, though chemically they are the self-same silver iodide. Some have been unacted upon; in them the effect of the incident light has been destroyed or reversed by the effect of the light reflected from the back of the film. Some have been powerfully acted upon; in them the chemical effect is at a maximum—the incident and reflected rays have conspired.

If any proof were required that these maxima and minima of chemical effect arise from the superposition of similar or contrary motions, it is found in the relative thickness of the films which have been acted or unacted upon. Those in which there has been maximum action have thicknesses as 2:1; that showing the minimum action is $1\frac{1}{2}$.

If the daylight and simple spectrum rays be permitted to act together on a daguerreotype plate, the rays of which the times of vibration are as 1, 2, etc., aid the daylight; but those of which the times of vibration are as $\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, etc., interfere with it and destroy its effect.

In these numbers we may discern the suggestion of some very important facts.

One of the most striking instances of this positive and negative action I discovered in the case of the electric spark. Let there be placed over a daguerreotype plate (Fig. 13) two metal balls, connected respectively with the inside and outside of a Leyden-jar in such a way that the discharge may pass from one of the balls at about half an inch distance to the sensitive plate, and from the sensitive plate to the other ball at about the same distance. One spark is sufficient. The experiment should be made in a dark room.

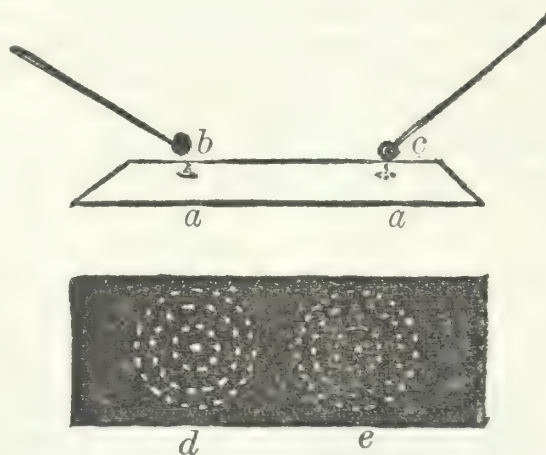


FIG. 13.

In Fig. 13, *a a*, the metal photographic plate; *b, c*, the brass balls connected with the Leyden-phial. The spark passes between them and the metal plate. At *d, e* the effect is shown, and again more plainly in Fig. 14.

On developing it will be found that on the point which received the spark there is a blue-white spot about one-fortieth of an inch in diameter (Fig. 14). Immediately around this an annular space which is per-

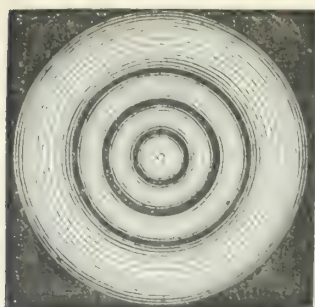


FIG. 14.

by inclining the plate as having a diameter of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

That part of the plate from which the spark escaped shows a repetition of the same phenomenon.

How shall we account for the production of these alternate white and black spaces, rings of action and inaction? Some persons might at first be led to suppose that this is only an interesting form of Priestley's experiment of "the fairy rings," formed by receiving the shock of a battery on a polished steel surface, when, by the oxidation that ensues, a film is formed of variable thickness, and giving the colors of thin plates. But a little consideration will show that this is impossible, and the facts are only to be explained on the principles of interference.

3. *In what manner is the decomposition of a compound body affected by the condition of POLARIZATION of the disturbing ray?*

A beam of light passing through a circular aperture one inch in diameter was received on the achromatic lens of a camera obscura, and then fell on a doubly refracting prism, so placed as to give on the ground glass two circular images of the aperture, one-third of an inch in diameter, and overlapping each other to a small extent. In these images the light was, of course, polarized at right angles respectively.

When paper rendered sensitive by being washed with ferric oxalate was placed so as to receive them, the light permitted to act nine minutes, and its effect developed by chloride of gold, the images (Fig. 15) were found of equal blackness, and the lenticular space formed by their overlapping of greater depth. This was repeated with several different photographic compounds, and always with the same result. It shows that

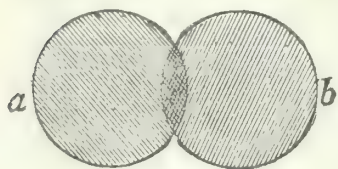


FIG. 15.

In Fig. 15, *a*, *b*, the discs of plane polarized light, polarized at right angles to each other; at *c*, the place of overlapping.

While thus attempting to detect a difference in the decomposing action of common

fectly black, the rays of the spark having there had no action; then follows a white ring, and then another black one. Finally succeeds a whitish stain of an indistinct circular form, which can be traced

and polarized light, I made some inquiries as to the possibility of polarizing light by a magnet.

A great many experiments have been made at different times for the purpose of producing disturbance on a ray of light by magnets. There are two methods which may be resorted to. The one hitherto followed has been to intercept the ray *in its course*, and submit it to magnetic action; but the principle on which my attempts have been founded is to attack it at its *origin*, and attempt to produce an impression on the shining body. These methods are essentially distinct. There would be a difference in trying to modify a sound on its passage through the air and by exerting some influence on the sounding body.

When Bancalari's experiment on the influence of the poles of a powerful magnet on a flame was first published, I repeated it at once, expecting that the oscillations of the shining particles were constrained to take place in one plane by the magnetism, and that the light emitted would be polarized. The result, however, did not seem to prove this.

A similar experiment was then made with the electric spark from the prime conductor of a machine. It was compelled to cross between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet. But when the magnetism was on, it did not seem that the light was polarized.

De la Rive has shown that the voltaic arc between charcoal points is greatly disturbed when it passes between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet. In the hope that this would produce the expected disturbance, I examined an arc formed between points of copper, platinum, and gas carbon; but though the sounds emitted were strong, resembling the sudden tearing of a piece of cloth, I could not perceive that the light was polarized.

In like manner the induction spark from a contact-breaker and the phosphorescent light from fluor-spar were tried without success. I still think, however, that with better means than those thus employed the experiment would succeed.

At the commencement of this paper it was stated that we should consider, 1st, the manner in which a ray of light acts in bringing about decomposition, and the changes it undergoes; 2d, the nature of the impression made on the material group, the decomposition of which ensues. The observations I proposed offering in relation to the former of these points being completed, I may pass to some remarks respecting the latter.

An examination of many cases of the decomposition of bodies by light has led me to the conclusion that its cause is to be attributed to the inability of the group of

molecules affected to withstand the periodic impulses communicated to them. Of those molecules some, perhaps, take on a vibratory motion more readily than the others, and the continuance of a given group becoming impossible, a re-arrangement ensues.

But in other cases the mechanism of decomposition is undoubtedly different; a change is impressed on one of the elements acted upon, which weakens its affinity for the others. Thus, under the influence of the sunshine, plants can decompose many bodies, such as carbonic, sulphuric, and phosphoric acids.

The nature of these changes may be best illustrated by tracing the complete course through which any one of these substances passes. The chief facts may be seen in the case of phosphorus. This substance, when freshly made, commonly exhibits a white, waxy appearance, but when exposed to sunshine it turns to a deep mahogany red. If the exposure has been long continued, or the effect hastened by the action of a burning-lens, the change of aspect is very striking. It is analogous to that which sulphur exhibits when heated to 400° or 500° . I have a specimen which has been kept for many years in an atmosphere of dry carbonic acid; the sides of the vessel are incrustated with crystals, which have slowly sublimed, and which in color resemble the ferrid cyanide of potassium.

The chemical properties of these two varieties of phosphorus are very different; indeed, there is scarcely a point in which they may not be said to be unlike. The common kind shines in the dark; the red does not. The common is soluble in a variety of menstrua which do not act on the other; thus one of the methods of preparing red phosphorus is to expose a solution of the common in sulphuric ether to light—a red powder, the substance in question, precipitates. Compared together, the one displays a range of affinity which the other does not, nor do these properties seem to leave them when they are united with other bodies. Thus the active or white phosphorus, when united with hydrogen, yields a gas which is spontaneously combustible in the air; the red or passive variety yields a hydrogen compound of the same constitution, but devoid of the property of spontaneous combustibility.

It should be understood that though other agents—as a high temperature—can impress this remarkable change upon phosphorus, none can do it with more energy or more completely than the solar rays. I found by exposing a stick of white or active phosphorus to the prismatic spectrum that it is the more refrangible rays that are the most effective—those formerly termed de-oxidating. Thus the rays which are most efficient in setting oxygen free from the

bodies with which it is united have also the quality of impressing such a change on those bodies that they oxidize subsequently with difficulty. It follows that the true cause of such decompositions is the impression which the light makes on the elementary substance; thus if phosphoric acid be decomposed by the solar rays, the decomposition is owing to the phosphorus being thrown into the red or passive state—a state in which its affinity for oxygen has almost entirely disappeared.

These considerations enable us to explain what takes place in the economy of plants. The water of the soil is always charged with carbonic acid, which communicates to it the quality of dissolving bone-earth; the solution passing through the spongioles goes to the leaves as ascending sap. Here it is exposed to light, the effect of which is, aided by the cell growth there taking place, to set the phosphoric acid free, and turn its phosphorus into the passive state. Its continued union with oxygen as an acid compound thus becomes impossible, and it is now associated with the proteine and oily bodies forming in the plant. Nor does it again unite with oxygen until it has passed into the systems of animals as a constituent of their nervous and muscular tissues. At the moment of activity of these, and especially of the former, it is oxidized, the change being apparently an immediate consequence of that activity, and, reverting to the acid state, it is finally dismissed from the system under the form of phosphate of soda and ammonia.

In the same manner might be explained the decomposition of carbonic acid by plants in the sunshine; for carbon, like phosphorus, and, indeed, like all other elementary bodies, has its active and passive states, as is exemplified in the contrast between diamond and lamp-black. The sunlight enables the leaves of plants to bring the carbon into the inactive state, and decomposition ensues as a secondary result. The carbon compounds arising form the food of various animals; nor does this element recover its active state until it has given rise to the processes of life, when it suddenly unites with oxygen brought by the arterial blood, and the compounds it then forms are dismissed from the system by the lungs and kidneys conjointly. It might seem that the mechanism of decomposition by vibratory movement is essentially different from that by these allotropic changes, but a more detailed examination will show that this is not necessarily so.

In the foregoing pages I have endeavored to examine how far the decomposing action of a radiation is dependent on the amplitude, the frequency, or the direction of its vibrations. The result arrived at is that decompositions are not determined by am-

plitude—that is, brilliancy—since a faint light continued long enough can produce precisely the same effect as the more concentrated ray of a burning-lens applied for a shorter time. Nor does the direction of motion, as involved in the idea of polarization, whether plane or circular, exert any effect, but it is the frequency of the periodic impulses that is the sole determining cause. And the phenomena of interference from the superposition of such small motions occur exactly as might have been predicted.

The immediate cause assigned for such decompositions is that a ray forcing the material particles on which it falls into a state of rapid vibration, it comes to pass in many compound molecules that their constituent atoms can no longer exist together as the same group, because of the impossibility of their being animated by consenta-

neous or conspiring motions, and dislocation, re-arrangement, or decomposition is the result.

In this paper I have spoken of heat and light as though they were distinct agencies, and considered such facts as conductivity, etc., displayed by the one and not by the other. But if we recall what has been said in preceding papers to the effect that these are only modes of motion, and that the difference of the effects they display turns on the character of the receiving surface or substance, there will be no difficulty in translating this commoner language into terms that are more exact, and in presenting the phenomena in question under a more rigidly scientific point of view. Familiar expressions very frequently convey to the mind clearer ideas than others which, perhaps, may be more strictly correct.

EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A RETURN CALL.

IN the morning I labored to dismiss these thoughts, these shameful suspicions, almost as injurious to my father's honor as it was to suspect him of the crime itself. And calling back my memories of him, and dwelling on what Mr. Shovelin said, and Uncle Sam and others, I became quite happy in the firm conviction that I ought to be put upon bread and water for having such vile visions. Then suddenly a thing came to my mind which shattered happy penitence.

Major Hockin had spoken of another purpose which he had in store while bringing me thus to London—another object, that is to say, besides the opening of the trinket. And this his second intention was to “have it out,” as he expressed it, “with that league of curs and serpents, Vypan, Goad, and Terryer.” This was the partnership whose card of business had been delivered at the saw-mills under circumstances which, to say the least, required explanation. And the Major, with strong words and tugs of his head-crest, had vowed to get that explanation, or else put the lot of them into a police dock.

Moreover, when, at the opening of the locket, I did not think fit to show the lapidary what I had found inside it, except the painting on ivory (which proved to be as he expected), and when my companion suppressed curiosity at the risk of constitution, and while I could scarcely tell what I was about (through sudden shock and stupidity), I must have been hurried on to tell Major Hockin the whole of the private things I had discovered. For, in truth, there was scarcely any time to think; and I was afraid of giving way, which must have befallen me without relief of words; and

being so much disturbed I may, in the cab, have rushed off for comfort to the Major, sitting so close to me. No doubt I did so, from what happened afterward; but in the morning, after such a night, I really could not be certain what I had said to Betsy, and what to him.

A large mind would have been steady throughout, and regarded the question of birth as a thing to which we, who are not consulted about it, should bear ourselves indifferently. And gladly would I have done so, if I could, but the power was not in me. No doubt it served me right for having been proud about such a trifle; but though I could call it a trifle as long as it seemed to be in my favor, my strength of mind was not enough to look at it so when against me.

Betsy told me not to be like that, for I had a great deal to go through yet, and must not be drawing on my spirit so, every atom of which would be needful. For the General—as she called the Major—was coming to fetch me at eleven o'clock to face some abominable rascals, and without any breakfast how could I do it? Then I remembered all about the appointment to go to Messrs. Vypan, Goad, and Terryer, and beginning to think about them, I saw sad confirmation of my bad ideas. My father's wicked elder brother by another mother had left his own rights pending, as long as my father lived, for good reason. For if the latter had turned against him, through a breach of compact, things might go ill in a criminal court; but having him silenced now by death, this man might come forward boldly and claim estates and title. His first point would be to make sure as sure could be of the death of my father, to get hold of his private papers, and of me, who might possess danger-

ous knowledge. And if this were so, one could understand at once Mr. Goad's attempt upon Uncle Sam.

"Now none of this! none of this, I say, Erema!" Major Hockin exclaimed, as he ran in and saw me scarcely even caring to hold my own with the gentle Maximilian—to which name Mr. Strouss was promoted from the too vernacular "Hans." "My dear, I never saw you look ill before. Why, bless my heart, you will have crows'-feet! Nurse, what are you doing with her? Look at her eyes, and be ashamed of yourself. Give her goulard, tisane, tiffany—I never know what the proper word is—something, any thing, volatile Sally, hartshorn, ammonia, aromatic vinegar, saline draught, or something strong. Why, I want her to look at her very, very best."

"As if she was a-going to a ball, poor dear!" Betsy Strouss replied, with some irony. "A young lady full of high spirits by nature, and have never had her first dance yet! The laws and institutions of this kingdom is too bad for me, General. I shall turn foreigner, like my poor husband."

"It is vere goot, vere goot always," said the placid Maximilian; "foreigner dis way, foreigner dat way; according to de hills, or de sea, or de fighting, or being born, or something else."

"Hold your tongue, Hans," cried his Wilhelmina; "remember that you are in England now, and must behave constitutionally. None of your loose outlandish ideas will ever get your bread in England. Was I born according to fighting, or hills, or sea, or any thing less than the will of the Lord, that made the whole of them, and made you too? General, I beg you to excuse him, if you can. When he gets upon such things, he never can stop. His goodness is very great; but he must have a firm hand put upon his 'philosophy.' Maximilian, you may go and smoke your pipe for an hour and a quarter, and see where the cheapest greens and oil are, for his Excellence is coming in to-night; and mind you get plenty of stump in them. His Excellence loves them, and they fill the dish, besides coming cheaper. Now, Miss Erema, if you please, come here. Trust you in me, miss, and soon I will make you a credit to the General."

I allowed her to manage my dress and all that according to her own ideas; but when she entreated to finish me up with the "least little touch of red, scarcely up to the usual color, by reason of not sleeping," I stopped her at once, and she was quite content with the color produced by the thought of it. Meanwhile Major Hockin, of course, was becoming beyond all description impatient. He had made the greatest point of my being adorned, and expected it done in two minutes! And he hurried me so, when I did come down, that I scarcely noticed

either cab or horse, and put on my new gloves anyhow.

"My dear, you look very nice," he said at last, when thoroughly tired of grumbling. "That scoundrel of a Goad will be quite amazed at sight of the child he went to steal."

"Mr. Goad!" I replied, with a shudder, caused, perhaps, by dark remembrance; "if we go to the office, you surely will not expect me to see Mr. Goad himself?"

"That depends, as the Frenchmen say. It is too late now to shrink back from any thing. If I can spare you, I will. If not, you must not be ashamed to show yourself."

"I am never ashamed to show myself. But I would rather not go to that place at all. If things should prove to be as I begin to think, I had better withdraw from the whole of it, and only lament that I ever began. My father was right; after all, my father was wise; and I ought to have known it. And perhaps Uncle Sam knew the truth, and would not tell me, for fear of my rushing to the Yosemite. Cabman, please to turn the horse and go in the opposite direction." But the Major pulled me back, and the driver lifted his elbow and said, "All right."

"Erema," the Major began, quite sternly, "things are gone a little too far for this. We are now embarked upon a most important investigation"—even in my misery I could scarce help smiling at his love of big official words—"an investigation of vast importance. A crime of the blackest dye has been committed, and calmly hushed up, for some petty family reason, for a period of almost twenty years. I am not blaming your father, my dear; you need not look so indignant. It is your own course of action, remember, which has led to the present—the present—well, let us say imbroglia. A man of honor and an officer of her Majesty's service stands now committed at your request—mind, at your own request—"

"Yes, yes, I know; but I only meant you to—to go as far as I should wish."

"Confidential instructions, let us say; but there are times when duty to society overrides fine feeling. I have felt that already. The die is cast. No half-and-half measures, no beating about the bush, for me. After what I saw yesterday, and the light that burst upon me, I did not act hastily—I never do, though slow coaches may have said so. I put this and that together carefully, and had my dinner, and made up my mind. And you see the result in that man on the box."

"The cabman? Oh yes, you resolved to have a cab, and drive to those wicked informers."

"Where are your eyes? You are generally so quick. This morning you are quite unlike yourself—so weak, so tearful, and

timorous. Have you not seen that by side of the cabman there sits another man altogether? One of the most remarkable men of the age, as your dear Yankees say."

"Not a policeman in disguise, I hope. I saw a very common, insignificant man. I thought he was the driver's groom, perhaps."

"Hush! he hears every thing, even on this granite. He is not a policeman; if he were, a few things that disgrace the force never would happen. If the policemen of England did their duty as our soldiers do, at once I would have gone to them; my duty would have been to do so. As it is, I go to our private police, who would not exist if the force were worth a rap. Vypan, Goad, and Terryer, in spite of Goad's clumsiness, rank second. I go to the first of all these firms, and I get their very cleverest rascal."

Major Hockin, speaking in this hoarse whisper—for he could not whisper gently—folded his arms, and then nodded his head, as much as to say, "I have settled it now. You have nothing to do but praise me." But I was vexed and perplexed too much to trust my voice with an answer.

"The beauty of this arrangement is," he continued, with vast complacency, "that the two firms hate one another as the devil hates—no, that won't do; there is no holy water to be found among them—well, as a snake hates a slow-worm, let us say. 'Set a thief to catch a thief' is a fine old maxim; still better when the two thieves have robbed one another."

As he spoke, the noble stranger slipped off the driving seat without troubling the cabman to stop his jerking crawl, and he did it so well that I had no chance of observing his nimble face or form. "You are disappointed," said the Major, which was the last thing I would have confessed. "You may see that man ten thousand times, and never be able to swear to him. Ha! ha! he is a oner!"

"I disdain such mean tricks beyond all expression," I exclaimed, as was only natural, "and every thing connected with them. It is so low to talk of such things. But what in the world made him do it? Where does he come from, and what is his name?"

"Like all noble persons, he has got so many names that he does not know which is the right one; only his are short and theirs are long. He likes 'Jack' better than any thing else, because it is not distinctive. 'Cosmopolitan Jack,' some call him, from his combining the manners and customs, features and figures, of nearly all mankind. He gets on with every one, for every one is gratified by seeing himself reflected in him. And he can jump from one frame to another as freely as Proteus or the populace. And yet, with all that, he is perfectly honest to any allegiance he undertakes. He would not betray us to Vypan, Goad, and Terryer

for your great nugget and the Castlewood estates."

"I have heard that there are such people," I said; "but what can he possibly know about me? And what is he coming to do for us now?"

"He knows all about you, for a very simple reason. That you do not know him, is a proof of his ability. For you must have met him times out of number. This is the fellow employed by your good but incapable cousin, Lord Castlewood."

"He is not incapable; he is a man of great learning, and noble character—"

"Well, never mind that; you must not be so hot. What I mean is that he has done nothing for you beyond providing for your safety. And that he certainly did right well, and at considerable expense, for this man can't be had for nothing. You need have been under no terror at all in any of the scenes you have been through. Your safety was watched for continually."

"Then why did he not come and help me? Why did he not find out that horrible man?"

"Because it was not in his orders, and Jack is the last man to go beyond those. He is so clever that the stupid Moonites took him for a stupid Moonite. You should have employed him yourself, Erema; but you are so proud and independent."

"I should hope so, indeed. Should I put up with deceit? If the truth is not to be had without falsehood, it is not worth having. But what is this man to do here now?"

"That depends upon circumstances. He has better orders than I could give, for I am no hand at scheming. Here we are; or here we stop. Say nothing till I tell you. Pray allow me the honor. You keep in the background, remember, with your veil, or whatever you call it, down. Nobody stops at the very door. Of course that is humbug—we conform to it."

With a stiff inclination, the gallant Major handed me out of the cab in a quiet corner of a narrow street, then paid the driver with less fuss than usual, and led me into a queer little place marked in almost illegible letters, "Little England Polygon." "You have the card, my dear?" he whispered; "keep it till I call you in. But be ready to produce it in a moment. For the rest, I leave you to your own wit. Jack is on the watch, mind."

There were two doors near together, one a brave door with a plate, and swung on playing hinges, the other of too secluded a turn to even pronounce itself "private." We passed through the public door, and found only a lobby, with a boy on guard. "Mr. Goad? Yes, Sir. This way, Sir," cried the boy. "Lady stay? Yes, Sir; waiting-room for ladies. Chair, miss; here, if you please—first right. Mr. Goad, second on the

left. Knock twice. Paper, miss? Poker chained at this time of year. Bell A, glass of water. Bell B, cup of tea, if ladies grows impatient."

If I had been well, I might have reduced this boy to his proper magnitude, for I never could endure young flippancy; but my spirits were so low that the boy banged the door with a fine sense of having vanquished me. And before there was any temptation to ring Bell A, not to mention Bell B, the sound of a wrathful voice began coming. Nearer and nearer it came, till the Major strode into the "ladies' waiting-room," and used language no ladies should wait for.

"Oh, don't!" I said; "what would Mrs. Hockin say? And consider me too, Major Hockin, if you please."

"I have considered you, and that makes me do it. Every body knows what I am. Did I ever exaggerate in all my life? Did I ever say any thing without just grounds? Did I ever take any distorted views? Did I ever draw upon my imagination? Erema, answer me this instant!"

"I do not remember a single instance of your drawing upon your imagination," I answered, gravely, and did not add, "because there is none to draw upon."

"Very well. I was sure of your concurrence. Then just come with me. Take my arm, if you please, and have the thief's card ready. Now keep your temper and your self-command."

With this good advice, the Major, whose arm and whole body were jerking with wrath, led me rapidly down the long passage and through a door, and my eyes met the eyes of the very man who had tried to bribe Uncle Sam of me. He never saw me then, and he did not know me now; but his insolent eyes fell under mine. I looked at him quietly, and said nothing.

"Now, Mr. Goad, you still assert that you never were in California—never even crossed the Atlantic. This young lady under my protection—don't you be afraid, my dear—is the Honorable Erema Castlewood, whom you, in the pay of a murderer, went to fetch, and perhaps to murder. Now, do you acknowledge it? You wrote her description, and ought to know her. You double-dyed villain, out with it!"

"Major Hockin," said Mr. Goad, trying to look altogether at his ease, but failing, and with his bull-dog forehead purple, "if indeed you are an officer—which I doubt for the credit of her Majesty's service—if the lady were not present, I should knock you down." And the big man got up as if to do it.

"Never mind her," my companion answered, in a magnanimous manner; "she has seen worse than that, poor thing. Here I am—just come and do it."

The Major was scarcely more than half

the size of Mr. Goad in mere bodily bulk, and yet he defied him in this way. He carefully took his blue lights off, then drew up the crest of his hair, like his wife's most warlike cock a-crowing, and laid down his rattan upon a desk, and doubled his fists, and waited. Then he gave a blink from the corner of his gables, clearly meaning, "Please to stop and see it out." It was a distressing thing to see, and the Major's courage was so grand that I could not help smiling. Mr. Goad, however, did not advance, but assumed a superior manner.

"Major," he said, "we are not young men; we must not be so hasty. You carry things with too high a hand, as veteran officers are apt to do. Sir, I make allowance for you; I retract my menace, and apologize. We move in different spheres of life, Sir, or I would offer you my hand."

"No, thank you!" the Major exclaimed, and then looked sorry for his arrogance. "When a man has threatened me, and that man sees the mistake of doing so, I am pacified, Sir, in a moment; but it takes me some time to get over it. I have served his Gracious Majesty, and now hers, in every quarter of the civilized globe, with distinction, Sir—with distinction, and thanks, and no profit to taint the transaction, Sir. In many battles I have been menaced with personal violence, and have received it, as in such positions is equitable. I am capable, Sir, of receiving it still, and repaying it, not without interest."

"Hang it, Major, if a man is sorry, a soldier forgives him frankly. You abused me, and I rashly threatened you. I beg your pardon, as a man should do, and that should be an end to it."

"Very well, very well; say no more about it. But am I to understand that you still deny in that barefaced manner, with my witness here, the fact of your having been at Colonel Gundry's—my cousin, Sir, and a man not to be denied, without an insult to myself—a man who possesses ingots of gold, ingots of gold, enough to break the Bank of England, and a man whose integrity doubles them all. Have you not heard of the monster nugget, transcending the whole of creation, discovered by this young lady looking at you, in the bed of the saw-mill river, and valued at more than half a million?"

"You don't mean to say so? When was it? Sylvester never said a word about it—the papers, I mean, never mentioned it."

"Try no more—well, I won't say lies, though they are confounded lies—what I mean is, no further evasion, Mr. Goad. Sylvester's name is enough, Sir. Here is the card of your firm, with your own note of delivery on the back, handed by you to my cousin, the Colonel. And here stands the lady who saw you do it."

"Major, I will do my very best to remem-

ber. I am here, there, every where—China one day, Peru the next, Siberia the day after. And this young lady found the nugget, did she? How wonderfully lucky she must be!"

"I am lucky; I find out every thing; and I shall find out you, Mr. Goad." Thus I spoke on the spur of the moment, and I could not have spoken better after a month of consultation. Rogues are generally superstitious. Mr. Goad glanced at me with a shudder, as I had gazed at him some three years back; and then he dropped his bad, oily-looking eyes.

"I make mistakes sometimes," he said, "as to where I have been and where I have not. If this young lady saw me there, it stands to reason that I may have been there. I have a brother extremely similar. He goes about a good deal also. Probably you saw my brother."

"I saw no brother of yours, but yourself. Yourself—your mean and cowardly self—and I shall bring you to justice."

"Well, well," he replied, with a poor attempt to turn the matter lightly; "I never contradict ladies; it is an honor to be so observed by them. Now, Major, can you give me any good reason for drawing upon a bad memory? My time is valuable. I can not refer to such by-gone matters for nothing."

"We will not bribe you, if that is what you mean," Major Hockin made answer, scornfully. "This is a criminal case, and we have evidence you little dream of. Our only offer is—your own safety, if you make a clean breast of it. We are on the track of a murderer, and your connection with him will ruin you. Unless you wish to stand in the dock at his side, you will tell us every thing."

"Sir, this is violent language."

"And violent acts will follow it: if you do not give up your principal, and every word you know about him, you will leave this room in custody. I have Cosmopolitan Jack outside, and the police at a sign from him will come."

"Is this job already in the hands of the police, then?"

"No, not yet. I resolved to try you first. If you refuse, it will be taken up at once; and away goes your last chance, Sir."

Mr. Goad's large face became like a field of conflicting passions and low calculations. Terror, fury, cupidity, and doggedness never had a larger battle-field.

"Allow me at least to consult my partners," he said, in a low voice and almost with a whine; "we may do things irregular sometimes, but we never betray a client."

"Either betray your client or yourself," the Major answered, with a downright stamp. "You shall consult no one. You have by this watch forty-five seconds to consider it."

"You need not trouble yourself to time me," the other answered, sulkily; "my duty to the firm overrides private feeling. Miss Castlewood, I call you to witness, since Major Hockin is so peppery—"

"Peppery, Sir, is the very last word that ever could be applied to me. My wife, my friends, every one that knows me, even my furthest-off correspondents, agree that I am pure patience."

"It may be so, Major; but you have not shown it. Miss Castlewood, I have done you no harm. If you had been given up to me, you would have been safer than where you were. My honor would have been enlisted. I now learn things which I never dreamed of—or, at least—at least only lately. I always believed the criminality to be on the other side. We never ally ourselves with wrong. But lately things have come to my knowledge which made me doubtful as to facts. I may have been duped—I believe I have been: I am justified, therefore, in turning the tables."

"If you turn tables," broke in the Major, who was grumbling to himself at the very idea of having any pepper in his nature—"Goad, if you turn tables, mind you, you must do it better than the mesmerists. Out of this room you do not stir; no darkness—no bamboozling! Show your papers, Sir, without sleight of hand. Surrender, or you get no quarter."

To me it was quite terrifying to see my comrade thus push his victory. Mr. Goad could have killed him at any moment, and but for me perhaps would have done so. But even in his fury he kept on casting glances of superstitious awe at me, while I stood quite still and gazed at him. Then he crossed the room to a great case of drawers, unlocked something above the Major's head, made a sullen bow, and handed him a packet.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WANTED, A SAWYER.

To judge Mr. Goad by his own scale of morality and honor, he certainly had behaved very well through a trying and unexpected scene. He fought for his honor a great deal harder than ever it could have deserved of him; and then he strove well to appease it with cash, the mere thought of which must have flattered it. However, it was none the worse for a little disaster of this kind. At the call of duty it coalesced with interest and fine sense of law, and the contact of these must have strengthened it to face any future production.

For the moment he laid it aside in a drawer—and the smallest he possessed would hold it—and being compelled to explain his instructions (partly in short-hand and partly

in cipher), he kindly, and for the main of it truly, interpreted them as follows:

"*July 31, 1858.*—Received directions from M. H. to attend without fail, at whatever expense, to any matter laid before us by a tall, dark gentleman bearing his card. M. H. considerably in our debt; but his father can not last long. Understand what he means, having dealt with this matter before, and managed well with it.

"*August 2.*—Said gentleman called, gave no name, and was very close. Had experienced some great wrong. Said that he was true heir to the C. estates now held by Lord C. Only required a little further evidence to claim them; and some of this was to be got through us. Important papers must be among the effects of the old lord's son, lately dead in California, the same for whom a reward had been offered, and we had been employed about it. Must get possession of those papers, and of the girl, if possible. Yankees to be bribed, at whatever figure, and always stand out for a high one. Asked where funds were to come from; gave good reference, and verified it. To be debited to the account of M. H. Said we would have nothing to do with it without more knowledge of our principal. Replied, with anger, that he himself was Lord C., ousted by usurpers. Had not the necessary proofs as yet, but would get them, and blast all his enemies. Had doubts about his sanity, and still greater about his solvency. Resolved to inquire into both points.

"*August 3.*—M. H. himself, as cool as ever, but shammed to be indignant. Said we were fools if we did not take it up. Not a farthing would he pay of his old account, and fellows like us could not bring actions. Also a hatful of money was to be made of this job, managed snugly. Emigrants to California were the easiest of all things to square up. A whole train of them disappeared this very year, by Indians or Mormons, and no bones made. The best and most active of us must go—too ticklish for an agent. We must carry on all above-board out there, and as if sent by British government. In the far West no one any wiser. Resolved to go myself, upon having a certain sum in ready.

"*August 5.*—The money raised. Start for Liverpool to-morrow. Require a change, or would not go. May hit upon a nugget, etc., etc."

Mr. Goad's memoranda of his adventures, and signal defeat by Uncle Sam, have no claim to be copied here, though differing much from my account. With their terse unfeeling strain, they might make people laugh who had not sadder things to think of. And it matters very little how that spy escaped, as such people almost always seem to do.

"Two questions, Goad, if you please," said Major Hockin, who had smiled sometimes,

through some of his own remembrances; "what has happened since your return, and what is the name of the gentleman whom you have called 'M. H.?'"

"Is it possible that you do not know, Sir? Why, he told us quite lately that you were at his back! You must know Sir Montague Hockin."

"Yes, yes; certainly I do," the old man said, shortly, with a quick gleam in his eyes; "a highly respected gentleman now, though he may have sown his wild oats like the rest. To be sure; of course I know all about it. His meaning was good, but he was misled."

In all my little experience of life nothing yet astonished me more than this. I scarcely knew whom to believe, or what. That the Major, most upright of men, should take up his cousin's roguery—all new to him—and speak of him thus! But he gave me a nudge; and being all confusion, I said nothing, and tried to look at neither of them, because my eyes must always tell the truth.

"As to the other point," Mr. Goad went on; "since my embassy failed, we have not been trusted with the confidence we had the right to expect. Ours is a peculiar business, Sir: 'Trust me in all, or trust me not at all,' as one of our modern poets says, is the very essence of it. And possibly, Major, if that had been done, even your vigor and our sense of law might not have extorted from me what you have heard. Being cashiered, as we are, we act according to the strictest honor in divulging things no longer confided to us."

"Goad, you have done yourself the utmost credit, legally, intellectually, and—well, I will not quite say morally. If I ever have a nasty job to do—at least I mean a stealthy one—which God, who has ever kept me straight, forbid!—I will take care not to lose your address. I have a very queer thing occurring on my manor—I believe it is bound up with this affair—never mind; I must think—I hate all underhanded work."

"Major, our charges are strictly moderate. We do in a week what takes lawyers a twelvemonth. Allow me to hand you one of our new cards."

"No, no. My pockets are all full. And I don't want to have it found among my papers. No offense, Mr. Goad, no offense at all. Society is not as it was when I was young. I condemn no modern institutions, Sir, though the world gets worse every day of its life."

In terror of committing himself to any connection with such a firm, the Major put on his dark lights again, took up his cane, and let every body know, with a summary rap on the floor, that he might have relaxed, but would not allow any further liberty about it. And as he marched away, not proudly, yet with a very nice firmness, I was

almost afraid to say any thing to him to disturb his high mental attitude. For Mrs. Hockin must have exclaimed that here was a noble spectacle.

"But one thing," I forced myself to suggest; "do ask one thing before we go. That strange man who called himself 'Lord Castlewood' here, and 'Captain Brown' at Soberton—have they any idea where to find him now? And why does he not come forward?"

My comrade turned back, and put these questions; and the private inquirer answered that they had no idea of his whereabouts, but could easily imagine many good reasons for his present reserve of claim. For instance, he might be waiting for discovery of further evidence; or (which was even more likely) for the death of the present Lord Castlewood, which could not be very far distant, and would remove the chief opponent. It grieved me deeply to find that my cousin's condition was so notorious, and treated of in such a cold-blooded way, like a mule fallen lame, or a Chinaman in Frisco.

"My dear, you must grow used to such things," Major Hockin declared, when he saw that I was vexed, after leaving those selfish premises. "If it were not for death, how could any body live? Right feeling is shown by considering such points, and making for the demise of others even more preparation than for our own. Otherwise there is a selfishness about it by no means Christian-minded. You look at things always from such an intense and even irreligious point of view. But such things are out of my line altogether. Your Aunt Mary understands them best."

"Would you be able," I said, "to account to Aunt Mary conscientiously for that dreadful story which I heard you tell? I scarcely knew where I stood, Major Hockin."

"You mean about Montague? Family honor must be defended at any price. Child, I was greatly pained to go beyond the truth; but in such a case it is imperative. I was shocked and amazed at my cousin's conduct; but how could I let such a fellow know that? And think what I owe to his father, Sir Rufus? No, no; there are times when Bayard himself must stretch a point. Honor and religion alike demand it; and Mrs. Hockin need never hear of it."

"Certainly I shall not speak of it," I answered, though a little surprised at his arguments; "but you mean, of course, to find out all about it. It seems to me such a suspicious thing. But I never could bear Sir Montague."

The Major smiled grimly, and, perceiving that he wished to drop the subject, I said no more. He had many engagements in London always, and I must not attempt to engross his time. However, he would not for

a moment hear of leaving me any where but with Betsy, for perhaps he saw how strange I was. And, being alone at last with her, I could keep up my pride no longer.

Through all that had happened, there never had been such a dreadful trial as I had borne this day without a word to any one. Danger and loss and sad dreariness of mind, from want of young companionship; mystery also, and obscurity of life, had always been my fortune. With all of these I had striven, to the best of my very small ability, having from nature no gift except the dull one of persistence. And throughout that struggle I had felt quite sure that a noble yearning for justice and a lofty power of devotion were my two impelling principles. But now, when I saw myself sprung of low birth, and the father of my worship base-born, down fell all my arduous castles, and I craved to go under the earth and die.

For every word of Mr. Goad, and every crooked turn of little things in twist against me—even the Major's last grim smile—all began to work together, and make up a wretched tumult, sounding in my ears like drums. Where was the use of going on, of proving any body's guilt or any body's innocence, if the utmost issue of the whole would be to show my father an impostor? Then, and only then, I knew that love of abstract justice is to little minds impossible, that sense of honor is too prone to hang on chance of birth, and virtue's fountain, self-respect, springs but ill from parental taint.

When I could no longer keep such bitter imaginings to myself, but poured them forth to Betsy, she merely laughed, and asked me how I could be such a simpleton. Only to think of my father in such a light was beyond her patience! Where was my pride, she would like to know, and my birth, and my family manners? However, she did believe there was something in my ideas, if you turned them inside out, and took hold of them by the other end. It was much more likely, to her mind, that the villain, the unknown villain at the bottom of all the misery, was really the son born out of wedlock, if any such there were at all, and therefore a wild harum-scarum fellow like Ishmael in the Book of Genesis. And it would be just of a piece, she thought, with the old lord's character to drive such a man to desperation by refusing to give him a farthing.

"All that might very well be," I answered; "but it would in no way serve to explain my father's conduct, which was the great mystery of all." Nevertheless, I was glad to accept almost any view of the case rather than that which had forced itself upon me since the opening of the locket. Any doubt of that most wretched conclusion

was a great relief while it lasted ; and, after so long a time of hope and self-reliance, should I cast away all courage through a mere suspicion ?

While I was thus re-assuring myself, and being re-assured by my faithful nurse, sad news arrived, and drove my thoughts into another crooked channel. Mrs. Hockin, to meet my anxiety for some tidings from California, had promised that if any letter came, she would not even wait for the post, but forward it by special messenger. And thus, that very same evening, I received a grimy epistle, in an unknown hand, with the post-mark of Sacramento. Tearing it open, I read as follows :

"MISS 'REMA,—No good luck ever came, since you, to this Blue River Station, only to be washed away, and robbed by greasers, and shot through the ribs, and got more work than can do, and find an almighty nugget sent by Satan. And now the very worst luck of all have come, wholly and out of all denial, by you and your faces and graces and French goings on. Not that I do not like you, mind ; for you always was very polite to me, and done your best when you found me trying to put up with the trials put on me. But now this trial is the worst of all that ever come to my establishings ; and to go away now as I used to think of doing when tyrannized upon is out of my way altogether, and only an action fit for a half-breed. Sawyer Gundry hath cut and run, without a word behind him—no instructions for orders in hand, and pouring in—no directions where to find him, not even 'God bless you' to any one of the many hands that looked up to him. Only a packet of dollars for me to pay the wages for two months to come, and a power of lawyer to receive all debts, and go on anyhow just the same. And to go on just the same is more than the worst of us has the heart for, without the sight of his old red face. He may have been pretty sharp, and too much the master now and then, perhaps ; but to do without him is a darned sight worse, and the hands don't take to me like him. Many's the time I have seen his faults, of having his own way, and such likes, and paying a man beyond his time if his wife was out of order. And many's the time I have said myself I was fitter to be at the head of it.

"About that I was right enough, perhaps, if I had started upon my own hook ; but to stand in the tracks he has worn to his own foot is to go into crooked compasses. There is never a day without some hand threatening to strike and to better himself, as if they were hogs to come and go according to the acorns ; and such low words I can never put up with, and packs them off immediate. No place can be carried on if the master is to shut up his lips to impudence. And now I

have only got three hands left, with work enough for thirty, and them three only stopped on, I do believe, to grumble of me if the Sawyer do come home !

"But what we all want to know—and old Suan took a black stick to make marks for you—is why the old man hath run away, and where. Young Firm, who was getting a sight too uppish for me to have long put up with him, he was going about here, there, and every where, from the very first time of your going away, opening his mouth a deal too much, and asking low questions how long I stopped to dinner. Old Suan said he was troubled in his mind, as the pale-faces do about young girls, instead of dragging them to their wigwams ; and she would give him a spell to get over it. But nothing came of that ; and when the war broke out, he had words with his grandfather, and went off, so they said, to join the rebels.

"Sawyer let him go, as proud as could be, though he would sooner have cut his own head off ; and the very same night he sat down by his fire and shammed to eat supper as usual. But I happened to go in to get some orders, and, my heart, I would never wish to see such things again !

"The old man would never waste a bit of victuals, as you know, Miss 'Rema ; and, being acquaint with Suan's way of watching, he had slipped all his supper aside from his plate, and put it on a clean pocket-handkerchief to lock it in the press till his appetite should serve ; and I caught him in the act, and it vexed him. 'Ha'n't you the manners to knock at the door ?' he said ; and I said, 'Certainly,' and went back and done it ; and, troubled as he was, he grinned a bit. Then he bowed his great head, as he always did when he knew he had gone perhaps a trifle too far with a man in my position. I nodded to forgive him, and he stood across, and saw that he could do no less than liquor me, after such behavior. But he only brought out one glass ; and I said, 'Come, Colonel, square is square, you know.' 'Excuse of me, Martin,' he said ; 'but no drop of strong drink passes the brim of my mouth till this gallivanting is done with. I might take too much, as the old men do, to sink what they don't want to think on.' 'You mean about bully-cock Firm,' says I ; 'rebel Firm—nigger-driver Firm.' 'Hush !' he said ; 'no bad words about it. He has gone by his conscience and his heart. What do we know of what come inside of him ?'

"This was true enough, for I never did make that boy out to my liking : and the old man now was as stiff as a rock, and pretty nigh as peculiar. He made me a cocktail of his own patent, to show how firm his hand was ; but the lines of his face was like wainscot mouldings, and the cords of his arm stood out like cogs. Then he took his long pipe, as he may have done perhaps ev-

ery blessed night for the last fifty years; but that length of time ought to have learned him better than to go for to fill it upside down. 'Ha, ha!' he said; 'every thing is upside down since I was a man under heaven—countries and nations and kindreds and duties; and why not a old tobacco-pipe? That's the way babies blow bubbles with them. We shall all have to smoke 'em that way if our noble republic is busted up. Fill yours, and try it, Martin.'

"Instead of enjoying my cocktail, Miss 'Rema, I never was so down at mouth; for, to my mind, his old heart was broken while he carried on so. And let every body say what they will, one thing there is no denying of. Never was seen on this side of the big hills a man fit to walk in the tracks of Uncle Sam, so large and good-hearted according to his lights, hard as a grizzly bear for a man to milk him, but soft in the breast-bone as a young prairie-hen for all folk down upon their nine-pins.

"You may be surprised, miss, to find me write so long. Fact is, the things won't go out of my mind without it. And it gives me a comfort, after all I may have said, to put good opinions upon paper. If he never should turn up again, my language will be to his credit; whereas if he do come back, with the betting a horse to a duck against it, to his pride he will read this testimonial of yours, faithfully, MARTIN CLOGFAST.

"P.S.—Can't carry on like this much longer. Enough to rip one's heart up. You never would know the old place, miss. The heads of the horses is as long as their tails with the way they carry them; the moss is as big as a Spaniard's beard upon the kitchen door-sill; and the old dog howls all day and night, like fifty thousand scalpers. Suan saith, if you was to come back, the lad might run home after you. 'Tisn't the lad I cares about so much, but poor old Sawyer, at his time of life, swallowed up in the wilderness."

CHAPTER L.

THE PANACEA.

As if my own trouble were not enough, so deeply was I grieved by this sad news that I had a great mind to turn back on my own and fly to far-off disasters. To do so appeared for the moment a noble thing, and almost a duty; but now, looking back, I perceive that my instinct was right when it told me to stay where I was, and see out my own sad story first. And Betsy grew hot at the mere idea of my hankering after a miller's affairs, as she very rudely expressed it. To hear about lords and ladies, and their crimes and adventures, was lovely; but to dwell upon people of common birth, and in trade, was most unbecoming. A man who mend-

ed his own mill, and had hands like horn—well, even she was of better blood than that, she hoped.

Before these large and liberal views had fairly been expounded, Major Hockin arrived, with his mind in such a state that he opened his watch every second.

"Erema, I must speak to you alone," he cried; "no, not even you, Mrs. Strouss, if you please. If my ward likes to tell you, why, of course she can; but nobody shall say that I did. There are things that belong to the family alone. The most loyal retainers—you know what I mean."

"General, I was not aware that you belonged to the family. But this way, Sir; this way, if you please. There is lath and plaster to that wall, and a crack in the panel of the door, Sir. But here is a room where I keep my jams, with double brick and patent locks, from sweet-toothed lodgers. The 'scutcheon goes over the key-hole, General. Perhaps you will see to that, while I roll up the carpet outside; and then, if any retainers come, you will hear their footsteps."

"Bless the woman, what a temper she has!" whispered the Major, in dread of her ears. "Is she gone, Erema? She wants discipline."

"Yes, she is gone," I said, trying to be lightsome; "but you are enough to frighten any one."

"So far from that, she has quite frightened me. But never mind such trifles. Erema, since I saw you I have discovered, I may almost say, every thing."

Coming upon me so suddenly, even with all allowance made for the Major's sanguine opinion of his own deeds, this had such effect upon my flurried brain that practice alone enabled me to stand upright and gaze at him.

"Perhaps you imagined when you placed the matter in my hands, Miss Castlewood," he went on, with sharp twinkles from the gables of his eyes, but soft caresses to his whiskers, "that you would be left in the hands of a man who encouraged a crop of hay under his feet. Never did you or any body make a greater mistake. That is not my character, Miss Castlewood."

"Why do you call me 'Miss Castlewood' so? You quite make me doubt my own right to the name."

Major Hockin looked at me with surprise, which gladdened even more than it shamed me. Clearly his knowledge of all, as he described it, did not comprise the disgrace which I feared.

"You are almost like Mrs. Strouss to-day," he answered, with some compassion. "What way is the wind? I have often observed that when one female shows asperity, nearly all the others do the same. The weather affects them more than men, because they know nothing about it. But to come back

—are you prepared to hear what I have got to tell you?"

I bowed without saying another word. For he should be almost the last of mankind to give a lecture upon irritation.

"Very well; you wish me to go on. Perceiving how sadly you were upset by the result of those interviews, first with Handkin, and then with Goad, after leaving you here I drove at once to the office, studio, place of business, or whatever you please to call it, of the famous fellow in the portrait line, whose anagram, private mark, or whatever it is, was burned into the back of the ivory. Handkin told me the fellow was dead, or, of course, his work would be worth nothing; but the name was carried on, and the register kept, at a little place somewhere in Soho, where, on the strength of his old repute, they keep up a small trade with inferior hands. I gave them a handsome order for a thing that will never be handsome, I fear—my old battered physiognomy. And then I produced the locket which in some queer state of mind you had given me, and made them hunt out their old books, and at last discovered the very entry. But to verify it I must go to Paris, where his son is living."

"Whose son? Lord Castlewood's?"

"Erema, have you taken leave of your senses? What son has Lord Castlewood? The artist's son, to be sure; the son of the man who did the likeness. Is it the vellum and the stuff upon it that has so upset your mind? I am glad that you showed it to me, because it would have been mean to do otherwise. But show it to no one else, my dear, except your cousin, Lord Castlewood. He has the first right of all to know it, though he will laugh at it as I do. Trumpery of that sort! Let them produce a certified copy of a register. If they could do that, need they ever have shot that raffish old lord—I beg pardon, my dear—your highly respected grandfather? No, no; don't tell me. Nicholas Hockin was never in any way famous for want of brains, my dear, and he tells you to keep your pluck up."

"I never can thank you enough," I replied, "for such inspiriting counsel. I have been rather miserable all this day. And I have had such a letter from America!"

Without my intending any offer of the kind, or having such idea at the furthest tip of any radius of mind, I found myself under a weight about the waist, like the things the young girls put on now. And this was the arm of the Major, which had been knocked about in some actions, but was useful still to let other people know, both in this way and that, what he thought of them. And now it let me know that he pitied me.

This kindness from so old a soldier made me partial to him. He had taken an age to understand me, because my father was out

of the army almost before I was born, and therefore I had no traditions. Also, from want of drilling, I had been awkward to this officer, and sometimes mutinous, and sometimes a coward. All that, however, he forgave me when he saw me so downhearted; and while I was striving to repress all signs, the quivering of my lips perhaps suggested thoughts of kissing. Whereupon he kissed my forehead with nice dry lips, and told me not to be at all afraid.

"How many times have you been brave?" he inquired, to set me counting, knowing from all his own children, perhaps, that nothing stops futile tears and the waste of sobs like prompt arithmetic. "Six, if not seven, times you have displayed considerable valor. Are you going to fall away through some wretched imagination of your own? Now don't stop to argue—time will not allow it. I have put Cosmopolitan Jack as well upon the track of Captain Brown. I have not told you half of what I could tell, and what I am doing; but never mind, never mind; it is better that you should not know too much, my dear. Young minds, from their want of knowledge of the world, are inclined to become uneasy. Now go to bed and sleep soundly, Erema, for we have lots to do to-morrow, and you have had a most worrying day to-day. To-morrow, of course, you must come with me to Paris. You can parleyvoo better than I can."

However, as it happened, I did nothing of the kind, for when he came back in the morning, and while he was fidgeting and hurrying me, and vowing that we should lose the tidal train, a letter from Bruntsea was put into my hand. I saw Mrs. Price's clear writing, followed by good Aunt Mary's crooked lines, and knew that the latter must have received it too late to be sent by her messenger. In few words it told me that if I wished to see my cousin alive, the only chance was to start immediately.

Shock and self-reproach and wonder came (as usual) before grief, which always means to stay, and waits to get its mourning ready. I loved and respected my cousin more deeply than any one living, save Uncle Sam; and now to lose them both at once seemed much too dreadful to be true. There was no time to think. I took the Major's cab, and hurried off to Paddington, leaving him to catch his tidal train.

Alas! when I got to Castlewood, there was but a house of mourning! Faithful Stixon's eyes were dim, and he pointed upward and said, "Hush!" I entered with great awe, and asked, "How long?" And he said, "Four-and-twenty hours now; and a more peacefuller end was never seen, and to lament was sinful; but he was blessed if he could help it." I told him, through my tears, that this was greatly to his credit, and he must not crush fine feelings, which are an

honor to our nature. And he said that I was mistress now, and must order him to my liking.

I asked him to send Mrs. Price to me, if she was not too busy; and he answered that he believed her to be a very good soul, and handy. And if he ever had been thought to speak in a sense disparishing of her, such things should not be borne in mind, with great afflictions over us. Mrs. Price, hearing that I was come, already was on her way to me, and now glanced at the door for Mr. Stixon to depart, in a manner past misunderstanding.

"He gives himself such airs!" she said; "sometimes one would think—but I will not trouble you now with that, Miss Castlewood, or Lady Castlewood—which do you please to be called, miss? They say that the barony goes on, when there is no more Viscount."

"I please to be called 'Miss Castlewood,' even if I have any right to be called that. But don't let us talk of such trifles now. I wish to hear only of my cousin."

"Well, you know, ma'am, what a sufferer he has been for years. If ever an angel had pains all over, and one leg compulsory of a walking-stick, that angel was his late lordship. He would stand up and look at one, and give orders in that beautiful silvery voice of his, just as if he was lying on a bed of down. And never a twitch, nor a hitch in his face, nor his words, nor any other part of him. I assure you, miss, that I have been quite amazed and overwhelmed with interest while looking at his poor legs, and thinking—"

"I can quite enter into it. I have felt the same. But please to come to what has happened lately."

"The very thing I was at the point of doing. Then last Sunday, God alone knows why, the pain did not come on at all. For the first time for seven years or more the pain forgot the time-piece. His lordship thought that the clock was wrong; but waited with his usual patience, though missing it from the length of custom, instead of being happy. But when it was come to an hour too late for the proper attack of the enemy, his lordship sent orders for Stixon's boy to take a good horse and ride to Pangbourne for a highly respectable lawyer. There was no time to fetch Mr. Spines, you see, miss, the proper solicitor, who lives in London. The gentleman from Pangbourne was here by eight o'clock; and then and there his lordship made his will, to supersede all other wills. He put it more clearly, the lawyer said, than he himself could have put it, but not, of course, in such legal words, but doubtless far more beautiful. Nobody in the house was forgotten; and the rule of law being, it seems, that those with best cause to remember must not witness, two of

the tenants were sent for, and wrote down their names legitimate. And then his lordship lay back and smiled, and said, 'I shall have no more pain.'

"All that night and three days more he slept as sound as a little child, to make up for so many years. We called two doctors in; but they only whispered and looked dismal, and told us to have hot water ready at any hour of the day or night. Nobody loved him as I did, miss, from seeing so much of his troubles and miraculous way of bearing them; and I sat by the hour and hour, and watched him, trusting no paid nurses.

"It must have been eight o'clock on Wednesday morning—what is to-day? Oh, Friday—then Thursday morning it must have been, when the clouds opened up in the east, and the light of the sun was on the window-sill, not glaring or staring, but playing about, with patterns of leaves between it; and I went to screen it from his poor white face; but he opened his eyes, as if he had been half awake, half dreaming, and he tried to lift one of his thin, thin hands to tell me not to do it. So I let the curtain stay as it was, and crept back, and asked, very softly, 'Will your lordship have some breakfast?'

"He did not seem to comprehend me, but only watched the window; and if ever a blessed face there was, looking toward heaven's glory, his lordship had it, so that I could scarcely keep from sobbing. For I never had seen any living body die, but knew that it must be so. He heard me catching my breath, perhaps, or at any rate he looked at me; and the poor angel knew that I was a woman; and being full of high respect, as he always was for females—in spite of the way they had served him—it became apparent to his mind that the pearl button of his neck was open, as ordered by the doctors. And he tried to lift his hand to do it; and then he tried to turn away, but could not manage either. Poor dear! the only movement he could make was to a better world.

"Then I drew the sheet across his chest, and he gave me a little smile of thanks, and perhaps he knew whose hand it was. But the look of his kind soft eyes was flickering—not steady, I mean, miss—but glancing and stopping and going astray, as drops of rain do on the window-glass. But I could not endure to examine him much; at such a holy time I felt that to watch death was unholy.

"Perhaps I ought to have rung the bell for others to be present. But his lordship was always shy, you know, miss; and with none of his kindred left, and no wife to say 'good-by' to him, right or wrong I resolved alone to see him depart to his everlasting rest. And people may talk about hirelings, but I think nobody loved him as I did."

Here Mrs. Price broke fairly down, and I

could not help admiring her. To a faithful servant's humility and duty she had added a woman's pure attachment to one more gifted than herself, and ruined for life by her own sex. But she fell away frightened and ashamed beneath my look, as if I had caught her in sacrilege.

"Well, miss, we all must come and go," she began again, rather clumsily; "and, good and great as he was, his lordship has left few to mourn for him. Only the birds and beasts and animals that he was so good to; they will miss him, if men don't. There came one of his favorite pigeons, white as snow all over, and sat on the sill of the window, and cooed, and arched up its neck for his fingers. And he tried to put his fingers out, but they were ice already. Whether that or something else brought home his thoughts, who knows, miss? but he seemed to mix the pigeon up with some of his own experience.

"Say that I have forgiven her, if ever she did harm to me," he whispered, without moving lips. "Times and times, when I was young, I was not always steady;" and then he seemed to wander in his mind among old places; and he would have laughed at something if his voice had been sufficient.

"Bitter grief and pain shall never come again," he seemed to breathe, with a calm, soft smile, like a child with its rhyme about the rain when the sun breaks out; and sure enough, the sun upon the quilt above his heart was shining, as if there could be no more clouds. Then he whispered a few short words to the Lord, more in the way of thanks than prayer, and his eyes seemed to close of their own accord, or with some good spirit soothing them. And when or how his sleep passed from this world into the other there was scarcely the flutter of a nerve to show. There he lies, like an image of happiness. Will you come and see him?"

I followed her to the bedroom, and am very glad that I did so; for it showed me the bliss of a good man's rest, and took away my fear of death.

CHAPTER LI.

LIFE SINISTER.

WHEN business and the little cares of earthly life awoke again, every one told me (to my great surprise and no small terror at first, but soon to increasing acquiescence) that I was now the mistress of the fair estates of Castlewood, and, the male line being extinct, might claim the barony, if so pleased me; for that, upon default of male heirs, descended by the spindle. And as to the property, with or without any will of the late Lord Castlewood, the greater part would descend to me under unbarred set-

tlement, which he was not known to have meddled with. On the contrary, he confirmed by his last will the settlement—which they told me was quite needless—and left me all that he had to leave, except about a thousand pounds distributed in legacies. A private letter to me was sealed up with his will, which, of course, it would not behoove me to make public. But thus much—since our family history is, alas! so notorious—in duty to him I should declare. He begged me, if his poor lost wife—of whom he had never spoken to me—should re-appear and need it, to pay her a certain yearly sum, which I thought a great deal too much for her, but resolved to obey him exactly.

Neither the will nor the letter contained any reference to my grandfather, or the possibility of an adverse claim. I could not, however, be quit of deep uneasiness and anxiety, but stanchly determined that every acre should vanish in folds of "the long robe" rather than pass to a crafty villain who had robbed me of all my kindred. My hatred of that man deepened vastly, as he became less abstract, while my terror decreased in proportion. I began to think that, instead of being the reckless fiend I had taken him for, he was only a low, plotting, cold-blooded rogue, without even courage to save him. By this time he must have heard all about me, my pursuit of him, and my presence here—then why not come and shoot me, just as he shot my grandfather?

The idea of this was unwelcome; still, I felt no sort of gratitude, but rather a lofty contempt toward him for not having spirit to try it. In Shoxford church-yard he had expressed (if Sexton Rigg was not then deceived) an unholy wish to have me there, at the feet of my brothers and sisters. Also he had tried to get hold of me—doubtless with a view to my quietude—when I was too young to defend myself, and left at hazard in a lawless land. What was the reason, if his mind was still the same, for ceasing to follow me now? Was I to be treated with contempt as one who had tried her best and could do nothing, as a feeble creature whose movements were not even worth inquiry? Anger at such an idea began to supersede fear, as my spirits returned.

Meanwhile Major Hockin was making no sign as to what had befallen him in Paris, or what Cosmopolitan Jack was about. But, strangely enough, he had sent me a letter from Bruntsea instead of Paris, and addressed in grand style to no less a person than "The right honorable Baroness Castlewood"—a title which I had resolved, for the present, neither to claim nor acknowledge. In that letter the Major mingled a penny-weight of condolence with more congratula-

tion than the post could carry for the largest stamp yet invented. His habit of mind was to magnify things; and he magnified my small grandeur, and seemed to think nothing else worthy of mention.

Through love of the good kind cousin I had lost, even more than through common and comely respect toward the late head of the family, I felt it impossible to proceed, for the present, with any inquiries, but left the next move to the other side. And the other side made it, in a manner such as I never even dreamed of.

About three weeks after I became, in that sad way, the mistress, escaping one day from lawyers and agents, who held me in dreary interview, with long computations of this and of that, and formalities almost endless, I went, for a breath of good earnest fresh air, beyond precinct of garden or shrubbery. To me these seemed in mild weather to temper and humanize the wind too strictly, and take the wild spirit out of it; and now, for the turn of the moment, no wind could be too rough to tumble in. After long months of hard trouble, and worry, and fear, and sad shame, and deep sorrow, the natural spring of clear youth into air and freedom set me upward. For the nonce there was nothing upon my selfish self to keep it downward; troubles were bubbles, and grief a low thief, and reason almost treason. I drank the fine fountain of air unsullied, and the golden light stamped with the royalty of sun.

Hilarious moments are but short, and soon cold sense comes back again. Already I began to feel ashamed of young life's selfish outburst, and the vehement spring of mere bodily health. On this account I sat down sadly in a little cove of hill, whereto the soft breeze from the river came up, with a tone of wavelets, and a sprightly watergleam. And here, in fern and yellow grass and tufted bights of bottom growth, the wind made entry for the sun, and they played with one another.

Resting here, and thinking, with my face between my hands, I wondered what would be the end. Nothing seemed secure or certain, nothing even steady or amenable to foresight. Even guess-work or the wider cast of dreams was always wrong. To-day the hills and valleys, and the glorious woods of wreathen gold, bright garnet, and deep amethyst, even that blue river yet unvexed by autumn's turbulence, and bordered with green pasture of a thousand sheep and cattle—to-day they all were mine (so far as mortal can hold ownership)—to-morrow, not a stick, or twig, or blade of grass, or fallen leaf, but might call me a trespasser. To see them while they still were mine, and to regard them humbly, I rose and took my black hat off—a black hat trimmed with mourning gray. Then turning round, I met

a gaze, the wildest, darkest, and most awful ever fixed on human face.

"Who are you? What do you want here?" I faltered forth, while shrinking back for flight, yet dreading or unable to withdraw my gaze from his. The hollow ground barred all escape; my own land was a pit for me, and I must face this horror out. Here, afar from house or refuge, hand of help, or eye of witness, front to front I must encounter this atrocious murderer.

For moments, which were ages to me, he stood there without a word; and daring not to take my eyes from his, lest he should leap at me, I had no power (except of instinct), and could form no thought of him, for mortal fear fell over me. If he would only speak, would only move his lips, or any thing!

"The Baroness is not brave," he said at last, as if reproachfully; "but she need have no fear now of me. Does her ladyship happen to know who I am?"

"The man who murdered my grandfather."

"Yes, if you put a false color on events. The man who punished a miscreant, according to the truer light. But I am not here to argue points. I intend to propose a bargain. Once for all, I will not harm you. Try to listen calmly. Your father behaved like a man to me, and I will be no worse to you. The state of the law in this country is such that I am forced to carry fire-arms. Will it conduce to your peace of mind if I place myself at your mercy?"

I tried to answer; but my heart was beating so that no voice came, only a flutter in my trembling throat. Wrath with myself for want of courage wrestled in vain with pale, abject fear. The hand which offered me the pistol seemed to my dazed eyes crimson still with the blood of my grandfather.

"You will not take it? Very well; it lies here at your service. If your father's daughter likes to shoot me, from one point of view it will be just; and but for one reason, I care not. Don't look at me with pity, if you please. For what I have done I feel no remorse, no shadow of repentance. It was the best action of my life. But time will fail, unless you call upon your courage speedily. None of your family lack that; and I know that you possess it. Call your spirit up, my dear."

"Oh, please not to call me that! How dare you call me that?"

"That is right. I did it on purpose. And yet I am your uncle. Not by the laws of men, but by the laws of God—if there are such things. Now, have you the strength to hear me?"

"Yes; I am quite recovered now. I can follow every word you say. But—but I must sit down again."

"Certainly. Sit there, and I will stand. I will not touch or come nearer to you than

a story such as mine requires. You know your own side of it; now hear mine.

"More than fifty years ago there was a brave young nobleman, handsome, rich, accomplished, strong, not given to drink or gambling, or any fashionable vices. His faults were few, and chiefly three—he had a headstrong will, loved money, and possessed no heart at all. With chances in his favor, this man might have done as most men do who have such gifts from fortune. But he happened to meet with a maiden far beneath him in this noble world, and he set his affections—such as they were—upon that poor young damsel.

"This was Winifred Hoyle, the daughter of Thomas Hoyle, a farmer, in a lonely part of Hampshire, and among the moors of Rimbledon. The nobleman lost his way, while fishing, and being thirsty, went to ask for milk. What matter how it came about? He managed to win her heart before she heard of his rank and title. He persuaded her even to come and meet him in the valley far from her father's house, where he was wont to angle; and there, on a lonely wooden bridge across a little river, he knelt down (as men used to do) and pledged his solemn truth to her. His solemn lie—his solemn lie!

"Such love as his could not overleap the bars of rank or the pale of wealth—are you listening to me carefully?—or, at any rate, not both of them. If the poor farmer could only have given his Winifred £50,000, the peer would have dropped his pride, perhaps, so far as to be honest. But farmers in that land are poor, and Mr. Hoyle could give his only child his blessing only. And this he did in London, where his simple mind was all abroad, and he knew not church from chapel. He took his daughter for the wife of a lord, and so she took herself, poor thing! when she was but his concubine. In 1809 such tricks were easily played by villains upon young girls so simple.

"But he gave her attestation and certificate under his own hand; and her poor father signed it, and saw it secured in a costly case, and then went home as proud as need be for the father of a peer, but sworn to keep it three years secret, till the king should give consent. Such foul lies it was the pride of a lord to tell to a farmer.

"You do not exclaim—of course you do not. The instincts of your race are in you, because you are legitimate. Those of the robbed side are in me, because I am of the robbed. I am your father's elder brother. Which is the worse, you proud young woman, the dastard or the bastard?"

"You have wrongs, most bitter wrongs," I answered, meeting fierce eyes mildly; "but you should remember that I am guiltless of those wrongs, and so was my father. And I think that if you talk of birth so, you

must know that gentlemen speak quietly to ladies."

"What concern is that of mine? A gentleman is some one's son. I am the son of nobody. But to you I will speak quietly, for the sake of your poor father. And you must listen quietly. I am not famous for sweet temper. Well, this great lord took his toy to Paris, where he had her at his mercy. She could not speak a word of French; she did not know a single soul. In vain she prayed him to take her to his English home; or, if not that, to restore her to her father. Not to be too long about it—any more than he was—a few months were enough for him. He found fault with her manners, with her speech, her dress, her every thing—all which he had right, perhaps, to do, but should have used it earlier. And she, although not born to the noble privilege of weariness, had been an old man's darling, and could not put up with harshness. From words they came to worse, until he struck her, told her of her shame, or rather his own infamy, and left her among strangers, helpless, penniless, and broken-hearted, to endure the consequence.

"There and thus I saw the light beneath most noble auspices. But I need not go on with all that. As long as human rules remain, this happy tale will always be repeated with immense applause. My mother's love was turned to bitter hatred of his lordship, and, when her father died from grief, to eager thirst for vengeance. And for this purpose I was born.

"You see that—for a bastard—I have been fairly educated; but not a farthing did his lordship ever pay for that, or even to support his casual. My grandfather Hoyle left his little all to his daughter Winifred; and upon that, and my mother's toil and mine, we have kept alive. Losing sight of my mother gladly—for she was full of pride, and hoped no more to trouble him, after getting her father's property—he married again, or rather he married for the first time without perjury, which enables the man to escape from it. She was of his own rank—as you know—the daughter of an earl, and not of a farmer. It would not have been safe to mock her, would it? And there was no temptation.

"The history of my mother and myself does not concern you. Such people are of no account until they grow dangerous to the great. We lived in cheap places and wandered about, caring for no one, and cared for by the same. Mrs. Hoyle and Thomas Hoyle we called ourselves when we wanted names; and I did not even know the story of our wrongs till the heat and fury of youth were past. Both for her own sake and mine my mother concealed it from me. Pride and habit, perhaps, had dulled her just desire for vengeance; and, know-

ing what I was, she feared—the thing which has befallen me. But when I was close upon thirty years old, and my mother eight-and-forty—for she was betrayed in her teens—a sudden illness seized her. Believing her death to be near, she told me, as calmly as possible, every thing, with all those large, quiet views of the past, which at such a time seem the regular thing, but make the wrong tenfold blacker. She did not die; if she had, it might have been better both for her and me, and many other people. Are you tired of my tale? Or do you want to hear the rest?”

“You can not be asking me in earnest,” I replied, while I watched his wild eyes carefully. “Tell me the rest, if you are not afraid.”

“Afraid, indeed! Then, for want of that proper tendance and comfort which a few pounds would have brought her, although she survived, she survived as a wreck, the mere relic and ruin of her poor unhappy self. I sank my pride for her sake, and even deigned to write to him, in rank and wealth so far above me, in every thing else such a clot below my heel. He did the most arrogant thing a snob can do—he never answered my letter.

“I scraped together a little money, and made my way to England, and came to that house—which you now call yours—and bearded that noble nobleman—that father to be so proud of! He was getting on now in years, and growing, perhaps, a little nervous, and my first appearance scared him. He got no obeisance from me, you may be certain, but still I did not revile him. I told him of my mother’s state of mind, and the great care she required, and demanded that, in common justice, he, having brought her to this, should help her. But nothing would he promise, not a sixpence even, in the way of regular allowance. Any thing of that sort could only be arranged by means of his solicitors. He had so expensive a son, with a very large and growing family, that he could not be pledged to any yearly sum. But if I would take a draft for £100, and sign an acquittance in full of all claims, I might have it, upon proving my identity.

“What identity had I to prove? He had taken good care of that. I turned my back on him and left the house, without even asking for his curse, though as precious as a good man’s blessing.

“It was a wild and windy night, but with a bright moon rising, and going across this park—or whatever it is called—I met my brother. At a crest of the road we met face to face, with the moon across our foreheads. We had never met till now, nor even heard of one another; at least he had never heard of me. He started back as if at his own ghost; but I had nothing to be startled at, in this world or the other.

“I made his acquaintance, with deference, of course, and we got on very well together. At one time it seemed good luck for him to have illegitimate kindred; for I saved his life when he was tangled in the weeds of this river while bathing. You owe me no thanks. I thought twice about it, and if the name would have ended with him, I would never have used my basket-knife. By trade I am a basket-maker, like many another ‘love-child.’

“However, he was grateful, if ever any body was, for I ran some risk in doing it; and he always did his very best for me, and encouraged me to visit him. Not at his home—of course that would never do—but when he was with his regiment. Short of money as he always was, through his father’s nature and his own, which in some points were the very opposite, he was even desirous to give me some of that; but I never took a farthing from him. If I had it at all, I would have it from the proper one. And from him I resolved to have it.

“How terrified you look! I am coming to it now. Are you sure that you can bear it? It is nothing very harrowing; but still, young ladies—”

“I feel a little faint,” I could not help saying; “but that is nothing. I must hear the whole of it. Please to go on without minding me.”

“For my own sake I will not, as well as for yours. I can not have you fainting, and bringing people here. Go to the house and take food, and recover your strength, and then come here again. I promise to be here, and your father’s daughter will not take advantage of my kindness.”

Though his eyes were fierce (instead of being sad) and full of strange tempestuous light, they bore some likeness to my father’s, and asserted power over me. Reluctant as I was, I obeyed this man, and left him there, and went slowly to the house, walking as if in a troubled dream.

CHAPTER LII.

FOR LIFE, DEATH.

UPON my return, I saw nothing for a time but fans and feathers of browning fern, dark shags of ling, and podded spurs of broom and furze, and wisps of grass. With great relief (of which I felt ashamed while even breathing it), I thought that the man was afraid to tell the rest of his story, and had fled; but ere my cowardice had much time for self-congratulation a tall figure rose from the ground, and fear compelled me into courage. For throughout this long interview more and more I felt an extremely unpleasant conviction. That stranger might not be a downright madman, nor even

what is called a lunatic; but still it was clear that upon certain points—the laws of this country, for instance, and the value of rank and station—his opinions were so outrageous that his reason must be affected. And, even without such proofs as these, his eyes and his manner were quite enough. Therefore I had need of no small caution, not only concerning my words and gestures, but as to my looks and even thoughts, for he seemed to divine these last as quickly as they flashed across me. I never had learned to conceal my thoughts, and this first lesson was an awkward one.

"I hope you are better," he said, as kindly as it was possible for him to speak. "Now have no fear of me, once more I tell you. I will not sham any admiration, affection, or any thing of that kind; but as for harming you—why, your father was almost the only kind heart I ever met!"

"Then why did you send a most vile man to fetch me, when my father was dead in the desert?"

"I never did any thing of the sort. It was done in my name, but not by me; I never even heard of it until long after, and I have a score to settle with the man who did it."

"But Mr. Goad told me himself that you came and said you were the true Lord Castlewood, and ordered him at once to America. I never saw truth more plainly stamped on a new situation—the face of a rogue—than I saw it then on the face of Mr. Goad."

"You are quite right; he spoke the truth—to the utmost of his knowledge. I never saw Goad, and he never saw me. I never even dreamed of pretending to the title. I was personated by a mean, low friend of Sir Montague Hockin; base-born as I am, I would never stoop to such a trick. You will find out the meaning of that by-and-by. I have taken the law into my own hands—it is the only way to work such laws—I have committed what is called a crime. But, compared with Sir Montague Hockin, I am whiter than yonder shearling on his way to the river for his evening drink."

I gazed at his face, and could well believe it. The setting sun shone upon his chin and forehead—good, resolute, well-marked features; his nose and mouth were keen and clear, his cheeks curt and pale (though they would have been better for being a trifle cleaner). There was nothing suggestive of falsehood or fraud, and but for the wildness of the eyes and flashes of cold ferocity, it might have been called a handsome face.

"Very well," he began again, with one of those jerks which had frightened me, "your father was kind to me, very kind indeed; but he knew the old lord too well to attempt to interpose on my behalf. On the other hand, he gave no warning of my manifest resolve; perhaps he thought it a woman's

threat, and me no better than a woman! And partly for his sake, no doubt, though mainly for my mother's, I made the short work which I made; for he was horribly straitened—and in his free, light way he told me so—by his hard curmudgeon of a father.

"To that man, hopeless as he was, I gave fair grace, however, and plenty of openings for repentance. None of them would he embrace, and he thought scorn of my lenity. And I might have gone on with such weakness longer, if I had not heard that his coach-and-four was ordered for the Moonstock Inn.

"That he should dare thus to pollute the spot where he had so forsworn himself! I resolved that there he should pay justice, either with his life or death. And I went to your father's place to tell him to prepare for disturbances; but he was gone to see his wife, and I simply borrowed a pistol.

"Now you need not be at all afraid nor shrink away from me like that. I was bound upon stricter justice than any judge that sets forth on circuit; and I meant to give, and did give, what no judge affords to the guilty—the chance of leading a better life. I had brought my mother to England, and she was in a poor place in London; her mind was failing more and more, and reverting to her love-time, the one short happiness of her life. 'If I could but see him, if I could but see him, and show him his tall and clever son, he would forgive me all my sin in thinking ever to be his wife. Oh, Thomas! I was too young to know it. If I could but see him once, just once!'

"How all this drove me no tongue can tell. But I never let her know it; I only said, 'Mother, he shall come and see you if he ever sees any body more!' And she trusted me and was satisfied. She only said, 'Take my picture, Thomas, to remind him of the happy time, and his pledge to me inside of it.' And she gave me what she had kept for years in a bag of chamois leather, the case of which I spoke before, which even in our hardest times she would never send to the pawn-shop.

"The rest is simple enough. I swore by the God, or the Devil, who made me, that this black-hearted man should yield either his arrogance or his life. I followed him to the Moon valley, and fate ordained that I should meet him where he forswore himself to my mother; on that very plank where he had breathed his deadly lies he breathed his last. Would you like to hear all about it?"

For answer I only bowed my head. His calm, methodical way of telling his tale, like a common adventure with a dog, was more shocking than any fury.

"Then it was this. I watched him from the Moonstock Inn to a house in the village, where he dined with company; and I did

not even know that it was the house of his son, your father—so great a gulf is fixed between the legitimate and the bastard! He had crossed the wooden bridge in going, and was sure to cross it in coming back. How he could tread those planks without contrition and horror—but never mind. I resolved to bring him to a quiet parley there, and I waited in the valley.

"The night was soft, and dark in patches where the land or wood closed in; and the stream was brown and threw no light, though the moon was on the uplands. Time and place alike were fit for our little explanation. The path wound down the meadow toward me, and I knew that he must come. My firm intention was to spare him, if he gave me a chance of it; but he never had the manners to do that.

"Here I waited, with the cold leaves fluttering around me, until I heard a firm, slow step coming down the narrow path. Then a figure appeared in a stripe of moonlight, and stopped, and rested on a staff. Perhaps his lordship's mind went back some five-and-thirty years, to times when he told pretty stories here; and perhaps he laughed to himself to think how well he had got out of it. Whatever his meditations were, I let him have them out, and waited.

"If he had even sighed, I might have felt more kindness toward him; but he only gave something between a cough and a grunt, and I clearly heard him say, 'Gout to-morrow morning! what the devil did I drink port-wine for?' He struck the ground with his stick and came onward, thinking far more of his feet than heart.

"Then, as he planted one foot gingerly on the timber and stayed himself, I leaped along the bridge and met him, and without a word looked at him. The moon was topping the crest of the hills and threw my shadow upon him, the last that ever fell upon his body to its knowledge.

"'Fellow, out of the way!' he cried, with a most commanding voice and air, though only too well he knew me; and my wrath against him began to rise.

"'You pass not here, and you never make another live step on this earth,' I said, as calmly as now I speak, 'unless you obey my orders.'

"He saw his peril, but he had courage—perhaps his only virtue. 'Fool! whoever you are,' he shouted, that his voice might fetch him help; 'none of these moon-struck ways with me! If you want to rob me, try it!'

"'You know too well who I am,' I answered, as he made to push me back. 'Lord Castlewood, here you have the choice—to lick the dust, or be dust! Here you forswore yourself; here you pay for perjury. On this plank you knelt to poor Winifred Hoyle, whom you ruined and cast by; and

now on this plank you shall kneel to her son and swear to obey him—or else you die!'

"In spite of all his pride, he trembled as if I had been Death himself, instead of his own dear eldest son.

"'What do you want?' As he asked, he laid one hand on the rickety rail and shook it, and the dark old tree behind him shook. 'How much will satisfy you?'

"'Miser, none of your money for us! it is too late for your half crowns! We must have a little of what you have grudged—having none to spare—your honor. My demands are simple, and only two. My mother is fool enough to yearn for one more sight of your false face; you will come with me and see her.'

"'And if I yield to that, what next?'

"'The next thing is a trifle to a nobleman like you. Here I have, in this blue trinket (false gems and false gold, of course), your solemn signature to a lie. At the foot of that you will have the truth to write, 'I am a perjured liar!' and proudly sign it 'Castlewood,' in the presence of two witnesses. This can not hurt your feelings much, and it need not be expensive.'

"Fury flashed in his bright old eyes, but he strove to check its outbreak. The gleaming of life, after threescore years, was better, in such lordly fields, than the whole of the harvest we get. He knew that I had him all to myself, to indulge my filial affection.

"'You have been misled; you have never heard the truth; you have only heard your mother's story. Allow me to go back and to sit in a dry place; I am tired, and no longer young; you are bound to hear my tale as well. I passed a dry stump just now; I will go back: there is no fear of interruption.' My lord was talking against time.

"'From this bridge you do not budge until you have gone on your knees and sworn what I shall dictate to you; this time it shall be no perjury. Here I hold your cursed pledge—'

"He struck at me, or at the locket—no matter which—but it flew away. My right arm was crippled by his heavy stick; but I am left-handed, as a bastard should be. From my left hand he took his death, and I threw the pistol after him: such love had he earned from his love-child!"

Thomas Castlewood, or Hoyle, or whatever else his name was, here broke off from his miserable words, and, forgetting all about my presence, set his gloomy eyes on the ground. Lightly he might try to speak, but there was no lightness in his mind, and no spark of light in his poor dead soul. Being so young, and unacquainted with the turns of life-worn mind, I was afraid to say a word except to myself, and to myself I only said,

"The man is mad, poor fellow; and no wonder!"

The sun was setting, not upon the vast Pacific from desert heights, but over the quiet hills and through the soft valleys of tame England; and, different as the whole scene was, a certain other sad and fearful sunset lay before me: the fall of night upon my dying father and his helpless child, the hour of anguish and despair! Here at last was the cause of all laid horribly before me; and the pity deeply moving me passed into cold abhorrence. But the man was lost in his own visions.

"So in your savage wrath," I said, "you killed your own father, and in your fright left mine to bear the brunt of it."

He raised his dark eyes heavily, and his thoughts were far astray from mine. He did not know what I had said, though he knew that I had spoken. The labor of calling to mind and telling his treatment of his father had worked upon him so much that he could not freely shift attention.

"I came for something, something that can

be only had from you," he said, "and only since your cousin's death, and something most important. But will you believe me? it is wholly gone, gone from mind and memory!"

"I am not surprised at that," I answered, looking at his large wan face, and while I did so, losing half my horror in strange sadness. "Whatever it is, I will do it for you; only let me know by post."

"I see what you mean—not to come any more. You are right about that, for certain. But your father was good to me, and I loved him, though I had no right to love any one. My letter will show that I wronged him never. The weight of the world is off my mind since I have told you every thing; you can send me to the gallows, if you think fit, but leave it till my mother dies. Good-by, poor child. I have spoiled your life, but only by chance consequence, not in murder-birth—as I was born."

Before I could answer or call him back, if I even wished to do so, he was far away, with his long, quiet stride; and, like his life, his shadow fell, chilling, sombre, cast away.

THE REGULAR ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN the course of a brief series of articles on "Army Organization," published some three years since, we had occasion to remark, in regard to the United States army: "But we have no fixed organization, as every thing depends upon the caprice of each Congress, and nothing with regard to our army can be regarded as fixed and stable."

Any one examining our national military legislation through a long series of years must, we think, be impressed by the spasmodic and patchwork character of far too much of that concerning the regular army, and by the total absence of any steps to insure the instruction and efficiency of the militia, except the provision for the annual expenditure of \$200,000 for furnishing them with arms and equipments.

The theory of some of our legislators has been that the regular army should be regarded as a mere police force against the Indians, while the militia and volunteers are to be relied upon entirely in the event of a serious war. Others, more just in their views, have held that the regular army is to be considered as a compact and trustworthy nucleus around which the militia and volunteers are to rally when war occurs.

The conclusions of the former class rest chiefly upon the following assumptions: First, that even a small standing army is dangerous to the liberties of the country; second, that the virtual abolition of the army would result in present and ultimate economy; third, that the militia and volunteers would, from the very beginning of a war, be able to meet successfully any enemy,

in whatever force, who might attack us, as well as to undertake any offensive operations that might be necessary.

So far as it is possible, such vital propositions should be supported or overthrown by the teachings of past experience; and it is in that light that we now propose to consider them.

It is true that the student of history can produce instances in which standing armies have been detrimental to the liberties of the people; but it is equally true that quite as many examples can be cited in which they have saved liberty and national life as well.

Where the mass of a people are fit for and prize liberty, where they are brave and uncorrupted, the cases are rare indeed where the army is a source of danger. When the contrary is the case, their liberties will disappear without the intervention of armed force. At the close of our Revolution the army was suffering and unpaid. Its members had before them the prospect of starvation and ruin; yet, holding as they did the power completely in their hands, they quietly disbanded, and with even greater heroism than that they had displayed in so many battles and amidst so many bitter trials, bravely undertook the work of finding new pursuits, and restoring their ruined fortunes. When the wars of 1812 and of Mexico came to an end, the armies were reduced without a particle of difficulty. But the strongest case is that which occurred upon the termination of our great civil war.

At that time the armies on both sides had attained, so far as the special question un-

der consideration is concerned, the condition of standing armies. Their numbers were vast; they had by their long service acquired the habits and peculiarities of military caste; their careers in civil life were, as a rule, utterly destroyed; yet, to the surprise of all the world, these brave men—Unionists and Confederates—quietly abandoned a career which had become a second nature to them, and, dispersing to their homes, soon became lost among the mass of citizens. We now find it necessary to allude, and that in no partisan spirit, to the employment of the regular troops in the Southern States since the close of the war. At the outset, it is certain that if there had been no regular troops available, militia or volunteers from the North would have been sent to the South to do the work which was intrusted to the regular army.

The manner in which this most unpleasant work has been performed by the great majority of the regulars employed is known to all, and affords the best possible proof of the high character of the officers and men.

We desire to ask two simple questions: Granting that the work was to be done, was it not most fortunate for all concerned that the regulars were at hand to do it? Could offensive orders have been carried into effect with less violence and less unpleasantly than they were by the regular army in the Southern States? The regulars should be held responsible not for the orders they received, but for the manner in which they carried those orders into effect. If individual members of the army exceeded their authority, let those individuals be held responsible, but do not visit their actions upon the mass of their comrades.

The proposition that standing armies are dangerous to liberty can not be accepted as a general formula of invariable truth. Each case must be taken up by itself, and the touch-stone of experience applied to it by comparing it with similar cases, if any such there be. In our own case the problem is easy of solution. The only instance in our history which affords even the color of a pretext for the assertion that our army can be used in a manner dangerous to our liberties, is its employment in the Southern States since the war. Prior to the deplorable events of the winter of 1876 and 1877, the army simply obeyed orders issued in compliance with the policy determined by a large majority of all the branches of the national government; for this the people are responsible, not the army. We have already indicated the manner in which the regulars carried out this policy, and the fact that if they had not done so, some other force would have accomplished the same purpose in a much more objectionable manner.

Scattered as our army must be in time of peace, it could not, even if it possessed the

disposition, and many times its present strength, endanger the liberties of a nation counting more than 9,000,000 of male citizens, so long as we prize those liberties and consider them worth defending.

But it is not at all within the limit of possibilities that our peace establishment will ever possess the strength, and all the incidents of the past, prove that it will never have the disposition, to jeopardize the free institutions of the country. Our nation would be safe, indeed, for all time, did the mass of its citizens place upon its institutions the same intelligent appreciation as that in which they are held by the army, and were honor, integrity, and respect for the laws as much the rule among the people as they are in the regular army.

In considering the proper strength of the peace establishment within the limits imposed by a just regard for economy and the needs of the service, we dismiss the question of the danger of the army to our institutions as not being a factor in the problem. The regular army has given too many proofs of heroism, of integrity, of devotion to the country, to be regarded as a source of danger; on the contrary, he who understands its history must regard it with pride and satisfaction as one of the chief ornaments of the nation; as a school wherein are taught and practiced the virtues of valor, self-denial, obedience, and patriotism; and as an institution which has never called the blush of shame to the face of an American. Perhaps it would be well for us as a people if the school were larger than it ever will be.

We will close this branch of the subject by an extract from an official communication from Mr. Calhoun when Secretary of War:

"To consider the present army as dangerous to our liberty partakes, it is conceived, more of timidity than wisdom. Not to insist on the character of the officers, who as a body are high-minded and honorable men, attached to principles of freedom by education and reflection, what well-founded apprehension can there be from an establishment distributed on so extended a frontier, with many thousand miles intervening between the extreme points occupied? But the danger, it may be said, is not so much from its numbers as a spirit hostile to liberty, by which it is supposed all regular armies are actuated. This observation is probably true when applied to standing armies collected into large and powerful masses; but dispersed as ours is over so vast a surface, the danger I conceive is of an opposite character—that both officers and soldiers will lose their military habits and feelings by sliding gradually into those purely civil."

We now come to the economical argument in favor of a very small peace establishment.

War is the most expensive of undertakings, and the most expensive wars are those entered upon without due preparation, and with raw and unorganized troops. From its very nature, war is an extravagant and costly pursuit, and the only possibility of keeping within due limits of economy lies in the

system of preparing for war in time of peace. That is to say, due quantities of all materials that are costly and comparatively permanent and indestructible must be stored, and, above all, suitable bodies of officers and soldiers of the staff and line must be educated in habits of economy, order, and system, and in the full knowledge of their work, so that when war occurs they may not only be prepared to perform their designated duties, but to instruct others as well.

When the exigency arises it is found that time waits for no man, and if this preparation has been neglected, it becomes necessary to collect men and material regardless of quality and cost; quantity must be made to do imperfectly the work that quality would have perfectly achieved in much smaller amounts. In a week the savings of years are dissipated, and too often without averting disaster. We assume that no one can be found so senseless or so ignorant of history and human nature as to advocate that this nation should be without any armed force whatever, and that we should be literally without any of the material requisite for arming and equipping troops in case of need. In other words, we can not imagine it necessary to discuss the questions whether the army should be entirely disbanded, the volunteers and militia broken up and disarmed, the fortifications dismantled and converted to civil uses, the contents of the arsenals sold, and their machinery disposed of. It is impossible to conceive that any sane person can advocate the policy of allowing the Indians to work their will upon the defenseless frontiersmen, of permitting mobs to destroy our cities, or of our nation submitting to insult, and purchasing a peace which it would be incompetent to gain by arms.

It is the duty of a government to protect its citizens and maintain its own dignity. Until the millennium arrives these duties can not be fulfilled without an armed force of some kind. In our cities and villages an organized police force is found to be indispensable. Something similar is clearly necessary in the Indian country and on the Mexican frontier. In every country it has been found by experience that there are always some people who will not readily submit to the laws unless the government has at its disposition an armed force of some kind to call upon in case of need. In its relations with other nations no country known to be entirely defenseless can, as human nature is constituted, expect to obtain its just rights and be free from aggression. Fortunate as we are in our geographical position, we nevertheless have relations with the nations of the world, and have no right to expect complete immunity from the chances of war.

In our intercourse with Mexico and Spain

difficult points frequently occur. The surest method of preventing war in such cases, the surest means of preventing any recurrence of intestine difficulties, the only way of keeping the Indians quiet, is to be constantly prepared for war.

We believe, then, that all will agree as to the necessity of keeping an armed force of some kind constantly on foot, and that we should be provided with the material necessary to increase that force promptly in case of need.

The question is simply of what nature that force shall be, how constituted, and how large. More fortunate than the nations of Europe, we are not surrounded by other nations provided with immense standing armies ready to take the field at a week's notice, so that we have no need for an army on the scale of those which weigh so heavily upon the resources of the Europeans. It may be laid down as a principle fully established by our own experience, that for the ordinary work of our peace establishment, such as the care of the forts, watching and coercing the Indians, etc., the cost of doing it by the regular army is many times less than that of employing militia or volunteers, while the work is more effectually performed.

Another principle drawn from our own experience is that too great a reduction of the regular army often results in an increase of the transportation expenses more than sufficient to maintain a much larger number of troops, while in other cases this deficiency in numbers has prevented the government from nipping in the bud difficulties which resulted in long and costly wars, with vast augmentations of the armed force.

Of the first class of cases we may mention the Modoc war, where the expense of bringing numerous small detachments from distant posts would have maintained for years a force that would have prevented the trouble and saved all the valuable lives lost. The same may be said of the recent Sioux war, and that now in progress in Idaho, where the like thing has occurred. This difficulty arises constantly, and forms one main element in the large charges for the transportation of the army.

Of the second class of cases may be mentioned the wars against the Creeks, the Seminoles, the Sacs and Foxes, which would have been certainly avoided, or at least brought to an immediate conclusion, had the regular army been somewhat larger.

When the Mexican war broke out, the actual strength of the regular army was about 5300. The force with which General Taylor reached the Rio Grande was 3000, and that with which he fought the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma only 2100. There can be no doubt that if the strength of the army had sufficed to enable

him to move to the Rio Grande with 10,000 men, the Mexicans would not have crossed the river, and in all human probability the war would have been avoided. The cost of maintaining the 7000 additional men during the whole period from the close of the war of 1812 to the commencement of the Mexican war would not have amounted to two-thirds of the direct expenses of the latter war, not taking into account the large cost of the Seminole and other Indian wars, or the heavy losses by disease and in battle, or the indirect losses inseparable from all wars.

But the most instructive case of all is that of the civil war. We do not doubt that 15,000 regulars on the field of the first Manassas would have insured the complete rout of the raw Confederates, and in all probability put an end to the war. They would certainly have enabled us to drive the Confederate government out of Virginia, and have cleared the eastern portion of the State as completely as the work was accomplished a little earlier in West Virginia. The cost of maintaining these 15,000 additional troops from the close of the Mexican war to the commencement of the war of secession would not have amounted to one-fiftieth part of the war debts of the general government, the States, counties, and municipalities. Should we compare it with the total amount of direct and indirect expenditures by both parties to the war, the losses of the two sections in lives, in property destroyed, business ruined, and capital sunk, we should be at a loss to express the relation, so absurdly small would be the relative cost of those additional troops.

To present the subject in a somewhat different aspect, let us take as a basis the debt of the United States government at the close of the war, omitting the large amounts paid directly from the current revenues, the war debts, and expenditures of the States, counties, and municipalities, the losses caused by the war, and the Confederate expenditures and losses; let us, moreover, neglect the diminution of cost *per capita*, which holds in a large as against a small force.

It may be stated that the interest at five per cent. upon the debt of the United States government at the close of the war would, according to the cost of the present establishment, support an army of 140,000 men in perpetuity; let us add to this the fact that the amount we have already paid in pensions would have supported 30,000 additional men from the Mexican war to that of secession.

When we consider this last fact—that is, that our pension expenditure alone would have maintained a larger force than was necessary to prevent the war—and think of the very large amounts we have omitted in making the last comparison, it would appear impossible to deny that undue econo-

my in the present often leads to immense ultimate expenditure. Mr. Calhoun says: "Economy is certainly a very high political virtue, intimately connected with the power and public virtue of the community. In military operations, which under the best management are so expensive, it is of the utmost importance; but by no propriety of language can that arrangement be called economical which, in order that our military establishment in peace should be rather less expensive, would, regardless of the purposes for which it ought to be maintained, render it unfit to meet the dangers incident to a state of war."

Before entering upon the third argument in favor of reducing the regular army to a very small body, it is due to ourselves to say that no one appreciates the American volunteers more highly than we do; no man living owes more of respect, confidence, and love to that noble body of men than does the writer of this article. He commanded them in the West and in the East, from the time when they came into his hands undisciplined, unorganized, ignorant of all that makes up the profession of the soldier—with nothing but brave hearts, strong arms, and the noblest impulses of patriotism—until he saw them moving, with all the precision and coolness of veterans, upon strong positions held by the most stubborn and valiant foes they could encounter—their own countrymen. No one knows better than he of what material they were composed, to what perfection they can be brought, and what they can achieve. But none know better than they and he the necessity of instruction and discipline; none know better the difference between the troops who took part in the first Manassas, and those who left Washington for the Peninsula, and fought their way through Gaines's Mills, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, to Richmond.

It was not because the troops engaged were volunteers that the first Manassas was lost; it was because they were undisciplined. The Army of the Potomac, always composed mainly of these same volunteers, proved equal to the terrible trials it afterward underwent, because these volunteers had acquired organization, instruction, mutual confidence, and the qualities of veteran regulars. Death has made wide chasms in the ranks of the veterans of the war, and is pursuing its work with undiminished vigor, so that before many years our country will, if again plunged into war, have nothing but raw material to rely upon outside of the regular army; and should that war be against a power possessing trained troops, there would be no time to organize and instruct the new levies.

In regard to the Revolutionary war, the writings of Washington explain the diffi-

culties he met with from the employment of the militia, and the importance he attached to the augmentation of the Continental line. In respect to the war of 1812, we can not do better than again quote from Mr. Calhoun, who says: "Any additional force beyond that must be obtained by adding new regiments and battalions, with all the disadvantages of inexperience in the officers and men, without the means of immediate instruction. This was the fatal error at the commencement of the late war [that of 1812], which cost the country so much treasure and blood. The peace establishment which preceded it was very imperfectly organized, and did not admit of the necessary augmentation; nor did the government avail itself of even its limited capacity in that respect. The forces raised were organized into new corps, in which, consequently, every branch of military duty was to be learned by the officers as well as the men. But, with all these disadvantages, the experience and discipline of the old establishment were of immense use, and have not been duly appreciated. The officers belonging to it gradually diffused military knowledge through the army, and contributed much to the brilliant results of the campaign of 1814."

A perusal of any military history of the war of 1812 will convince the most prejudiced that in the early campaigns we suffered immensely from the lack of disciplined and instructed troops.

In the Mexican war the first battles were fought entirely by the regulars, and time was thus gained for the instruction of the volunteers, who aided them on subsequent fields, and fought so nobly alone—except the regular cavalry and artillery—on the glorious field of Buena Vista.

The occurrences of the civil war are so fresh in the minds of all that it is useless to do more than allude to the time necessarily occupied in the beginning in organizing and instructing the masses of inexperienced officers and men who rushed so promptly to the support of the Union. It is true that our antagonists were also inexperienced, but they enjoyed the great advantage of being on the defensive in a country affording great advantages for defense; and he who contrasts the unfortunate results which so frequently marked our earlier efforts with the achievements of the same men after they became real soldiers, needs no other proof of the necessity of discipline and organization, and of the danger of undertaking a war without a sufficient force in proper condition for service. Had our opponents possessed old and trained troops, the lesson would have been more severe and more marked.

We repeat that we fully appreciate the admirable qualities of our volunteers when

they have become true soldiers, but that we so read the pages of our own history as to be convinced that our country would incur the greatest danger of serious disaster in the beginning of any war against a power possessing trained troops, should we commence it without a regular army sufficiently numerous to bear the brunt of the first fighting, to act as a solid reserve, around which the volunteers could gather, and to furnish staff officers and instructors for the volunteers.

If it be true that it is the duty of every government to prepare in time of peace the means adequate to defend its territory and its people, the statesman-like method of proceeding is clear enough. Weighing the probabilities of the future in the light of the experience of the past, with due regard to the changes produced by time, the proper strength of the army should be determined; and once fixed, it should not be changed without good and sufficient cause. Then it should be so organized, posted, and administered as to insure the greatest possible efficiency in the performance of its duties and in its instruction, while economy is insisted upon to the greatest extent consistent with that efficiency.

If an army is necessary at all, it should, like any other necessary thing, be made in every respect efficient; and there is no true economy, but, on the contrary, real extravagance, in the policy of practicing ill-judged parsimony, either by reducing the army below the requisite force, or crippling its instruction and usefulness, to save a few dollars. We do not believe that the army is unpopular in this country; we believe that the great mass of our people desire an army of proper strength and of the highest possible efficiency, and that when they understand the real state of the case, they will have no sympathy with those who seek to gain cheap popularity for themselves by destroying the usefulness of the army, and endangering the best interests of the country in order to save a few millions to-day by a course which will entail the future expenditure of as many hundreds of millions. Considering the immense length of our frontier, the great area of the Indian country, our past experience, and the probabilities of external complications, we think that, far from reducing the present strength of our army, it should, on the contrary, be increased to somewhat more than 40,000 men; and we are confident that it is possible to effect this at a moderate increase of cost beyond that of the present establishment.

Our army must, of course, consist of infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineer troops, and the necessary staff and non-combatants.

The infantry, being adapted to use in all kinds of country, and at the same time the least expensive arm of service, will, as usu-

al, form the bulk of the army. Upon this arm should devolve the garrison duty in the interior, the furnishing of dépôt guards and train escorts, and the fighting force against Indians whenever circumstances permit.

One of the elements which will aid to determine the absolute minimum strength of the infantry will be the number of necessary posts to be garrisoned and the minimum strength of each garrison; add to the strength thus obtained the number required for escorts, scouting purposes, and reserves, and we shall have the number required.

It should be laid down as a fixed principle that the permanent garrison of any interior post must be composed of infantry, so that, with the exception of a few mounted men left for scouting immediately around the post, and for communicating with other posts, all the cavalry may be available for active work in distant scouts and expeditions.

Another principle is that all posts that can possibly be attacked should be provided with such simple defenses, in the way of earth-works, block-houses, stockades, etc., as can be constructed by the troops themselves, and of such a nature as will enable the smallest possible number of men to protect the magazines, store-houses, hospitals, animals, etc., so that the greatest possible number of infantry may be available for active work. Whenever a cavalry expedition is accompanied by a train, there should be with it a sufficient detachment of infantry to guard the train and any temporary dépôts that may be established, so that the cavalry may be as mobile as possible. It is of vital importance that no permanent garrison should be so small as to interfere with the thorough instruction, drill, and discipline of the officers and men. So serious are the evils resulting from the violation of this principle, that it is impossible to insist too strongly on its importance. There are many posts where even the company drill is impossible in consequence of the numerical weakness of their garrisons.

Another very important principle is that the number of posts should be reduced to a minimum, and that the system pursued should be to employ to the greatest practicable extent the plan of having large posts with strong garrisons established, with a view to the cheapness of supplies and facility of communication, the work of protecting the frontiers and keeping the Indians in check being mainly effected by keeping the troops in motion through the Indian country at the proper seasons of the year, and by small temporary detachments. In this manner instruction, discipline, and the proper spirit can be maintained, and the troops always be ready for any service that may be required. By this system the num-

ber of extra duty men, and the expenses of maintaining and supplying the posts, will be very largely diminished, so much so as to enable us to maintain a very much larger number of men without increasing the present total cost, while at the same time the army can be kept in the highest state of efficiency. In addition to the infantry force required for garrison duty and for the escorts and expeditions constantly needed in the Indian country, it is very necessary that there should be sufficient reserves to afford reasonable relief and support to the troops in active service, and to establish at some convenient point a post of instruction, where at least a strong brigade of all arms of the service may receive instruction in the mode of warfare now necessary against an organized army, where uniformity of instruction and discipline may be enforced, and where recruits may be properly drilled before joining their regiments.

From careful consideration, we are convinced that the minimum infantry force required to fulfill these various purposes, and by the real good of the country, is not less than 240 companies of 100 non-commissioned officers and men each. But we would propose a radical change in the regimental organization, namely, to adopt that which is now in universal use among the great military powers of Europe.

Experience has shown that a regiment composed of ten companies in a single battalion can not be handled effectively if the companies have over 100 men each, so that if the 240 companies above suggested were formed into regiments on our present system, our peace establishment would admit of no effective increase in time of war. This would be a fatal objection. To meet and overcome this, there are two courses open—one to increase the number of companies and regiments, and at the same time decrease the strength of each company, which would bring us back to the vices of the existing system in having companies too small to admit of proper instruction and the effective performance of duty; the other course is to organize the 240 companies into twenty regiments, each consisting of three battalions of four companies each, which would enable us in time of war to increase each company to 250 non-commissioned officers and men, thus giving a war strength of 1000 to each battalion, 3000 to each regiment, and 60,000 for the total infantry force.

A comparison of the two cases will show that, to produce the same war establishment of 60,000 infantry, the pay and allowances of the commissioned officers on the last-mentioned plan would be only about fifty-six per cent. of the same items on the first plan, while the efficiency is much greater during peace. There would also be a great saving in the pay of non-commission-

ed officers by following the plan of strong companies and three battalions to the regiment.

A good organization for such a regiment as is proposed—that is, one consisting of three battalions of four companies each—would be: one colonel, commanding the regiment; one lieutenant-colonel; three majors, commanding the battalions; one captain regimental adjutant; one captain regimental quartermaster; twelve captains commanding the companies; three first lieutenants battalion adjutants; three first lieutenants battalion quartermasters; twelve first lieutenants of the companies; twenty-four second lieutenants of the companies. In time of war, or when the companies are brought to the full war strength, the captains commanding companies should be mounted.

The annual pay and allowance of the commissioned officers of twenty regiments organized as above suggested would amount to about \$800,000 more than that of the present twenty-five regiments of infantry, but we should be far more than compensated by increased efficiency, and by the power of increasing the force of the infantry rapidly and effectively to nearly two-and-a-half times the amount practicable under the present system. The suggested organization answers all the requirements of modern civilized war, and seems to lend itself perfectly to the peculiar wants of our ordinary service.

Local politicians too often obtain the establishment of small posts merely to secure the expenditure of public money in their districts, and not only without benefit to, but directly at variance with, the general interests. Such solicitations should never be regarded, but military considerations alone should determine the distribution of the troops, and these considerations refer solely to the efficient and economical performance of the duties of the army. We believe that, with the organization suggested for the infantry, it need very seldom, if ever, be necessary to establish a permanent garrison of less than one battalion of four strong companies, and that not a few posts of an entire regiment can be maintained. Small posts, when absolutely necessary, can be garrisoned by temporary detachments, often relieved from the main body. The battalions of the same regiment, when they can not be at the same post, should always be at adjacent posts, so that every colonel can exercise a constant supervision over his entire regiment, and be its commander in fact as well as in name.

As already indicated, these large posts, established with reference to cheapness of supplies and easy communication, should furnish the movable columns necessary to act against the Indians. We may state in this connection, as well as elsewhere, that the conditions of modern warfare are such

as to render target practice more than ever essential, and that every encouragement for this should be given by offering prizes and attaching privileges to the attainment of special skill in marksmanship. Liberal expenditure should be allowed in the consumption of cartridges, for probably nowhere is niggardly economy more prejudicial: a modern soldier without skill in the use of his weapon, no matter how well drilled in other respects, is a very useless being.

The existing cavalry organization seems objectionable, as giving too many companies (twelve) to the regiment, so that in ordinary times it is difficult to keep a regiment united under the supervision of its colonel, while in war, with the companies brought to the maximum strength, the regiment becomes too large and unwieldy.

It would, no doubt, conduce to greater efficiency if the number of regiments were increased, and the number of companies in each diminished. It is possible that twelve regiments of eight companies each would answer our purposes well, for this organization, with eighty men per company, would give a force of 7680, or, if that is not sufficient, would give 9600 cavalry by bringing up the companies to 100 men.

Probably neither of these numbers would suffice unless the infantry force were increased nearly in accordance with the suggestions already made; but recent experience has confirmed the opinion, long held by many of our officers, that good infantry, well handled, proves a most formidable antagonist to the best mounted warriors of the plains. In Indian wars all the three arms of the service have their uses, and the best results will be reached by a judicious combination of the three.

The proposition made not long since, to disband one regiment of artillery, can not have resulted from a careful examination of the case. The artillery has two functions—to furnish field batteries for service with the active armies, and to serve the heavy guns in the defense of fortifications and in the sieges thereof. If our army were mobilized on the footing of its present organization of twenty-five regiments of infantry and ten of cavalry, there would be required—according to the proportion now employed in Europe—at least twenty field batteries. For an army of 75,000, more than forty field batteries would be required. We have on the sea, Gulf, and lake coasts 106 permanent works, large and small, which require garrisons of regular artillery in time of war against maritime powers. These works are now provided with 2091 heavy guns, and when completely armed will mount nearly 5000 heavy guns, exclusive of over 700 flank howitzers. The forty companies of heavy artillery remaining after

supplying the twenty field batteries required for the existing peace establishment placed on a war footing, could not supply two men to each heavy gun now mounted, nor even four men per gun for the works in New York Harbor alone, when completed. If circumstances required us to place forty batteries in the field, there would not be men enough left to provide one man for each gun now mounted. Some of these works—as, for instance, those on the Pacific coast, at Pensacola, Tortugas, Key West, Charleston, Fortress Monroe, New York, Boston, and Portland—require large garrisons of instructed artillerists; others need only detachments of a portion of a company. In some places the regular artillerists may be supplemented, but not replaced, by infantry or volunteers; in others, from the situation, the artillery work must be performed entirely by the regulars; in almost all a notable portion at least of the artillery garrison must be composed of regular artillerists. We have now sixty companies of artillery, and it seems clear that the forty companies remaining for heavy artillery duty, in the first case we have given above, and the twenty remaining in the present case, would be entirely insufficient for the duty of siege and garrison artillery. In any event, the peace organization of the artillery should be such as to permit the prompt increase of each company on heavy artillery duty to 250 men in time of war, and sound judgment would indicate an increase by one regiment rather than a diminution. The minimum strength of the peace organization should certainly be 100 men per company. No one can deny that the development of artillery science in recent times has rendered the instruction of skilled artillerists more than ever a necessity in time of peace.

It is pertinent to the subject before us to suggest that the heavy artillery should, as far as possible, be collected during peace in large bodies—of at least a regiment—for instruction, instead of being broken up into fragments so small as to render proper instruction almost impossible. So, also, it would seem that the allowance of field batteries in peace should be at least two per regiment, and that all the field batteries should be united at a post affording cheap forage and great facilities for manœuvre, under an officer of rank, selected for his skill and experience in field artillery service. In this manner economy, uniformity of instruction, and the greatest efficiency would be obtained.

It may also be said that the lack of a responsible head of the artillery arm has long been felt, and that it would be good policy to create the position of chief of artillery, with the grade of a general officer. No means whatever exist for the instruction of the militia or volunteers in the use of heavy guns during peace. Should we ever become

involved in war with a maritime power, and have occasion to use our sea-coast fortifications, that occasion would probably arrive very soon after the commencement of the war, and there would be no time for the instruction of raw artillerists. The modern guns are very heavy, require great skill in handling, the charges are costly, the rapidity of fire is not great, while the movement of passing or attacking steamers is swift. Our fortifications either cover harbors whose occupation by an enemy would be very injurious, or protect cities where many millions of property are exposed. Granting the mere possibility that our sea-coast fortifications may be called into use, remembering the immense interests they protect, and keeping in view the considerations alluded to above, no further argument is needed to prove that we should maintain a respectable force of highly efficient regular artillerists.

The staff corps and departments of our army have, as a rule, performed their duties admirably during war as well as peace, and there is very little reason to believe that any of the proposed plans of consolidation would result in benefit to the service; on the contrary, the weight of argument seems to be in favor of retaining the present organization. It is possible that close examination might show that there are in some cases more staff officers than are absolutely necessary for the peace duties, and the system of reducing the number of posts might make this excess more marked; but it is not believed that the number of staff officers is too great in view of their vital importance in war. In our last war one of our greatest difficulties arose from the lack of a sufficient number of competent staff officers, and we should neglect one of its most important lessons did we not avail ourselves of all reasonable means to prevent a recurrence of the evil.

We felt very much the need of such an institution as the general staff corps of foreign armies, composed of picked officers specially and carefully trained for the highest field duties.

Our method of selecting aids-de-camp does not appear to be in accordance with sound principle, the generals being permitted to select at will from the body of the army. It is conceived that it would be well to set apart a sufficient number of officers, selected with great care after examination into their qualifications, and to permit aids to be chosen only from among that number, limiting at the same time the number of consecutive years of their eligibility for this duty; an incentive would thus be afforded to young officers to study their profession and fit themselves for staff duty, while the required work would be much better done.

That we may not be misunderstood, we

will repeat what we have already stated, that in considering the proper strength and organization of the army, we have proceeded on the principle that if an army is worth having, it must be kept in the highest state of efficiency, and that the question of economy enters the problem as entirely subordinate to that of the necessary efficiency.

The Alpine climber is safer without a staff than with one too weak to bear his weight; for, if he has none, he will avoid dangerous points, and go only where his unaided strength and activity will sustain him, while if the treacherous staff breaks in the moment of need, he is lost beyond redemption. So a government too poor or too penurious to support an adequate army and keep it in high condition, will do better to dispense with one altogether, and submit as gracefully as it may to the humiliation and disaster it is quite sure to encounter.

The lamentable events which have occurred since we closed the preceding pages, and are still in progress while we write, prove that this country has passed beyond those halcyon days when public opinion sufficed to preserve the peace and protect property within our borders. It is the duty of every State in the Union to maintain a sufficient well-organized force of militia to quell riots, crush insurrection, and protect the lives and property of the people, and the regular army should be called in only as a last resort; and then employed only under the order of the civil authority. But until all the States acquit themselves of this duty as New York, New Jersey, and a very few others have done, we must now augment the peace duties of the regulars by those which ought to be performed by the militia, thus adding a strong but melancholy argument in favor of a regular army of respectable strength.

NOTE.—After the preceding article went into the printers' hands we received from a distinguished officer a letter, from which we give the following extract, as having an important bearing on the subject we have endeavored to discuss. He says: "In 1854 I tried to get my life insured. Among those to which I applied was the branch, in New York, of the London Life Assurance Company. It refused to take the battle risk on any terms. I said their London office advertised

battle risks on officers going to the Crimea. 'Oh yes; that is for British officers,' was the reply. 'Why not then for American officers?' 'Because, while *we* keep up a force proportioned to the work required, *you* do not. There is no country in Europe that would require the service your army renders from less than five times the force, and you therefore lose in time of profound peace—that is, while your President says in his messages you are at peace with all the world—a larger proportion of officers killed than *we* lose in peace and war together. I mean,' he added, 'if you take from the losses of your army those of the wars of 1812, of Mexico, of Florida, and Black Hawk—recognized and appropriated for as wars—and consider those of the peaceful intervening periods, the percentage of killed in your army would be greater to your whole force than has been that of the British army in the whole period, and in that time we have been at war in Europe, with you, and somewhere else always (1804–1854). Every few weeks the newspapers report a skirmish or a scout in which an officer is killed. It is soon forgotten. We have kept records, with the results named, and we are ordered from London under no circumstances to insure American officers against battle risks.' I left the office a wiser man than I entered it, and I have verified, as far as practicable, the statement. According to the Army Registers the deaths of regimental officers of the active list, from 1867 to 1877, were 291, of whom forty-one were killed, being one in seven. Now here is a pretty showing! Eleven years' work shows that the average of deaths by battle among the regimental officers is one in seven in times of such profound peace that Congress has been cutting down the army *all* that time, and proposes further reduction, even to 10,000 men, for a country of 45,000,000 people and 3,500,000 square miles; that the average of death by battle is one-sixth of that by disease, *i. e.*, of every seven officers who die in our regiments in time of peace, *one* dies on the field or of wounds. And in this calculation are not included those who are so badly wounded or disabled in campaign as to be retired before they die of their injuries. With double the force, this loss would only rate as *one* in *fourteen*—in fact, as *one* in *twenty-eight*, for the absolute loss is double what it would be if the army was of adequate strength, and so *prevented* half these conflicts at least.

"There is good ground in all this for a charge against any nation professing to be Christian, that, for the *pretense* of saving a few miserable dollars, so much life should be sacrificed unnecessarily. I say for the *pretense*, for it can be easily shown that no saving is effected. On the contrary, it costs more money to sacrifice these men than it would to save them. Then what does it further imply? That a small number of men are driven about from pillar to post to do the work and take the risks that should be shared among three times their number. Give us a fair open *war*, and we have nothing to say against it; but as to killing us off at this rate *in a time of profound peace!* and at the same time accusing us of 'idleness and uselessness,' *because* it is peace, is a little too strong."

We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions from these statements.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE great event of the summer, that shook the easiest of Easy Chairs, was the railroad strike, and the consequent wide-spread disorder. The railroad engineers are a class of men so generally intelligent and respectable that a sense of injustice and suffering upon their part properly commands public attention, and the extent and depth of that attention were shown by the fact that the subject was immediately taken into the political party platforms. But for the purpose of the Easy Chair the significance of the outbreak

is twofold—first, that it occurred at all; and second, that it was so soon suppressed, and with so little actual use of force. It would be very foolish to assume that there was no occasion whatever for discontent, and that the trouble was wholly wanton. It would be no less foolish to suppose that the matter is disposed of by saying that the times are hard, and every body must take his share of privation, because this implies that the reduction of wages has been proportional at all points. There are those who vaguely fancy

that every movement of this kind is a repetition of the troubles that preceded the French Revolution, and that those troubles were due to the mere seditious discontent of a part of the population. These are not enlightened views. Nor is it a much wiser course to fall back upon dogmatism of another kind, and insist that demand will regulate supply, and that things are always worth no more than they will bring. Imperfect political economy is exceedingly mischievous. A science which treats of human industry and the laws of industrial exchanges must take human nature into the account, and that is a subject which is not yet fully mastered.

One thing, of course, is always clear, and the experience of the summer has shown how perfectly clear it is in this country—that public order and obedience to law must be maintained at all costs. No wrong can be righted by a riot, and no injustice remedied by a mob. The instant that kind of trouble appears, it is a plague, a pestilence, a conflagration, which is the common enemy. Happily this is an instinct among us so strong and universal that the great disorder was subdued with less loss of life than has often occurred in quelling an insurrection with an army in the city of Paris alone. This promptness in dealing with trouble, however, does not argue any indifference to the actual causes of trouble. It would be a great mistake to suppose that interest in the matter ended with the quiet resumption of traffic upon the railroads. Thousands of active and shrewd minds were instantly busy with the question of the real cause and the just relief of the dissatisfaction. And it will be settled by such minds. Superior sagacity will determine this as it determines all great problems. Peaceful and friendly, social and industrial, relations are to be adjusted, not by ignorance and passion and selfishness and pride, whether on one side or the other, but by a true humanity and sense of justice, by ample knowledge and experience. In the problem of railroads there are more than two sides, for there is not only the corporation and the labor, but the public. And they are all interlinked. The corporation and the labor are both part of the public, and the public, which is dependent upon the free and constant operation of the roads, is no less interested to provide for the removal of any real permanent cause of obstruction to that operation. The employé is undoubtedly to remember that railroad corporations are not philanthropic institutions, but that they exist to make money for those who venture money in establishing and working the road. But not less is the corporation to reflect that the condition of continuous and prosperous working is not an army nor a police, but a sense of fair play in the mind of the workman.

The fear of Communism in this country is not reasonable. It is a phenomenon as old as civilized society, but its wide prevalence and its possible dominance here imply a radical change of the character of the dominant race and a reversal of all the traditions of civilization. It is at war with the national common-sense, and that may be trusted for a long time yet. It has no intellectual hold or mastery, and nothing prospers until it has that. The Communistic meeting in the city of New York during the troubles showed how little reality there is in the apprehension. The one place upon this continent where such a

demonstration would be formidable, if it could be formidable, is the city of New York, and the most auspicious circumstances possible for it were those that existed at the time of the trouble, with the exception that the authorities of law were fully informed and ready. But with all that knowledge and preparation there were great and general doubt and uneasiness. It was felt that an outbreak in New York would stimulate disturbance every where. The effect would run instantly through the country like a fire through the dry leaves in a forest, and a universal and ugly disturbance might be every where expected. This was as much an incitement to disorder as it was an apprehension to order. Yet, notwithstanding all the favorable conditions, the meeting merely served to show how little dangerous strength there is in the spirit of Communism, and how absolutely lacking intellectual or moral leadership.

None the less, however, a situation was disclosed by the events of the summer which no sensible American can regard with contentment. There is no government foreign to himself to which he can look for the remedy, for he and his neighbors, including the railroad corporations and their employés, compose the government. It is plain that this form of the question of industry will soon take the place in the public mind of that which has been recently settled. And this is the country and this the time for it; because it is a great question of social peace, harmony, and progress, and because the conditions of this country are more favorable to its intelligent consideration than those of any country in the world.

THE Centennial celebrations did not end with last December. Our Centennial year, indeed, will be as long as the Revolution, for it was during the seven years of the war that our fathers not only fought the battles that secured our independence, but established the State and united governments that superseded the authority of Great Britain. This year is especially the Centennial year of New York; for in 1777 the power of the British hold upon the continent was finally shaken by the defeat of Burgoyne, and the Constitution of the State was adopted, which furnished the model for those of the other States, and in important points for that of the United States. Battles, however, are more popularly interesting than constitutions, which embody and secure the results of military victories, and the Centennial celebration of Burgoyne's surrender will undoubtedly eclipse the glory of the commemoration of the inauguration of George Clinton, the first Governor of New York, who came from his camp on the Hudson to take the oath of office, and having taken it, returned to the field.

Whether it is that New York is too large, or whether it is due to that cosmopolitan origin of the State which ex-Governor Seymour treats in his admirable letter to the Kingston committee, or whatever the explanation may be, it certainly seems that the State is wanting in a certain kind of local pride, or it would hardly have permitted so great a day in its annals as the 30th of July to have passed without a more signal demonstration of general interest. The local observance at Kingston was indeed admirable in the hospitality and spirit of the citizens and in the addresses of

the orators, who told the proud story with glowing eloquence and picturesque detail. Mr. Depew and General Sharpe felt and adequately expressed the sentiment of the occasion. "But the want of State pride and interest of which we speak was shown in one significant fact. The day was famous for the inauguration of the first Governor of New York, a noted and conspicuous figure in his time and in the history of the State; and yet, although there are several official successors of George Clinton still living, and many of them highly honored and distinguished, and although their presence would have given great distinction and interest to the day, only one of them was present at the celebration. Is there one other of the old thirteen States of which, under the same circumstances, this could probably be said?"

But although ex-Governor Seymour, who is, we believe, somewhat of an invalid, did not come, he sent a letter which shows how much may justly be expected from him at Saratoga. Mr. Seymour has been a diligent student of the history of the State, and it has been sometimes thought that he was disposed to renounce his allegiance of feeling to the Yankee land whence he sprang. But in the midst of his striking account of the character of the national influences which moulded New York, he expresses his pride in his New England descent. Mr. Seymour describes with great felicity the toleration that prevailed in the early settlements of New York under Dutch auspices, and he justly claims for Holland the glory of a spirit of freedom to which both Old England and New England are indebted. "The world," he says, "has never witnessed a scene of greater moral beauty than the bay of New York presented under the Dutch government, and at a later day while its just views of liberty continued to influence the community it had founded. There were clustered around the beautiful harbor of New Amsterdam communities representing different nationalities and creeds living in peaceful intercourse. The Hollanders and Swedes at Manhattan, the Waldenses upon Staten Island, the Walloons and English upon Long Island, and the Huguenots upon the banks of the Hudson, found here a refuge from religious persecution....At a later day the persecuted Germans from the Palatinate were settled on the Mohawk. A colony of Scotch Highlanders, banished for their attachment to the Catholic religion and to the romantic fortunes of Charles Edward, found a home not unlike their native hills and lakes in the northern part of Montgomery County. The Protestant Irish established themselves in Otsego County, and there were settlements of French in Northern and Western New York. A small colony of Spaniards once existed near Onondaga Lake, but were destroyed by the Indians. The Welsh came to this country soon after the Revolution....Nine names prominent in the early history of New York and the Union represent the same number of nationalities: Schuyler was of Holland, Herkimer of German, Jay of French, Livingston of Scotch, Clinton of Irish, Morris of Welsh, and Hoffman of Swedish, descent; Hamilton was born in one of the English West India Islands, and Baron Steuben, who became a citizen of New York, was a Prussian."

This very interesting letter of ex-Governor Seymour's having traced the broad lines of the foun-

dation upon which the State was built, Mr. Depew, in his oration, set forth the circumstances and the political character of the State organization, vividly contrasting the obscure and threatening fortunes of that hour with the far-stretching opulence and splendor of New York to-day. General Sharpe drew in detail a fine picture of George Clinton, the first Governor, and the scene of his inauguration—"a bronzed and manly person, carefully dressed in the costume of the day, with short breeches and buckles, and with ruffles in the bosom and at the cuffs." General Sharpe ascribed an important part in achieving the crowning mercy of Saratoga "to the magnificent ability with which Governor Clinton performed his part of the work" upon the Hudson; and eloquently alluding to the great men who were associated with the town and the day, and who appeared to the imagination in the watches of the summer night, he said: "But if you descry their forms, the most resolute and authoritative figure of them all will be that of George Clinton of Ulster, seven times Governor of the Empire State and twice Vice-President of the Union."

WHILE we are peacefully celebrating the battles of a hundred years ago, Russia and Turkey are engaged in a struggle in which single battles bring almost more men into the field than were arrayed during all the seven years of our Revolution. But the miracles of time appear in a hundred more striking forms than this. A great battle is fought to-day upon the shores of the lower Danube, beyond Pesth, beyond Belgrade, in the vague Bulgarian regions, and to-morrow, across a continent and an ocean, thousands of miles away, we read a more detailed account of it than Englishmen had of Waterloo for many a week after the battle; and despite our civilization and progress, the story is like a chapter from the horrible Thirty Years' War. "Later, in the darkness, a baleful sort of Krankenträger swarmed over the battle-field in the shape of Bashi-bazouks, who spared not. Lingered there on the ridge till the moon rose, the staff could hear from below on the still night air cries of pain, and entreaties for mercy, and the yells of blood-thirsty, fanatical triumph. It was, indeed, an hour to wring the sternest heart. We staid there to learn, if it might be, what troops were coming out of the valley of the shadow of death below, were there, indeed, any at all to come." If the imagination broods over these words a little, all the cruelty and horror of the worst scenes of wars that belong to a time that we fondly fancy passed forever are vividly reproduced.

Out of such corruption springs life. For on one or the other side of the contest that shakes the historic Danube and echoes among the Caucasus and around the traditional cradle of the race, lies the true interest of civilization and humanity. The struggle is plainly regarded by Englishmen in a twofold aspect—as men, and as Englishmen. It is, perhaps, impossible for an intelligent Englishman really to suppose that the success of Turkey would be a gain for civilization, but he is often persuaded that the triumph of Russia would bring her into a mortal struggle with England for the control of the Mediterranean. As between Russia and Turkey, the intelligent Englishman would doubtless declare for Russia, as upon the whole having a civilizable, and therefore civilizing,

quality, which Turkey has not, and can not have. But he would also insist that, as between England and Russia, there was no doubt upon the subject whatever, and that it is therefore the duty of England to barricade the way of Russia to the Mediterranean, even by maintaining Turkey as an obstruction.

This is the most plausible and powerful ground that is taken against Mr. Gladstone's position. But he has never proposed, nor has he implied, that Russia is to possess Turkey, and advance unchallenged to the Mediterranean and Asia Minor. He substantially proposes that the territory of Turkey shall be held by Christian European consent and arrangement, and not by a brute and barbarous force that slaughters Christians. His first pamphlet on "Bulgarian Horrors" was conclusive upon this point, and should shield him from the charge of not seeing that in opposing the "interests" of his country he really opposes her "duty." This charge could be substantiated only by showing that he virtually advocated the expulsion of Turkey from Europe by Russia, and the surrender to Russia of all the Turkish territory. The other great states of Europe are equally with England opposed to the enormous territorial aggrandizement of Russia, and they may certainly be trusted to act in concert with her, both to protect Danubian Christians from Turkish tyranny, and Christian Europe from Russian preponderance.

These are high themes for the Easy Chair, and it is sometimes accused of taking a serious rather than a gay text. But an Easy Chair planted in the centre of human gossip must echo it as it comes. Like Great Anna, it must sometimes counsel cake and sometimes tea. If the public interest, whether on the piazza at Saratoga, on the sands at Newport or Long Branch, or on the health-teeming hills of Virginia or New Hampshire, turns to sober questions, a faithful Easy Chair can be sincere only by being serious. If the same vapid mind is bent upon a ribbon or a boat-race, the Easy Chair will remember Addison, and moralize upon a fan. Meanwhile, let not the reproachful reader forget that the same Addison, at whom the fierce Swift sneered, "Let him fair sex it to the world's end," sometimes strolled in Westminster Abbey, and that then his words were sober with its solemn magnificence.

In all Taine's sparkling and pleasant comments upon England it is easy to see that he suspects the polished Englishman to be only a veneered Berserker. To him the children of the mistress of the seas are still fierce vikings, and their half-derisive agricultural impersonation as John Bull shows instinctively how paramount the brute still is. With this scent once given, fancy nimbly follows the game. The coarse practical jokes in *Evelina* and the old novels, the stories of Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton, the hints of Hogarth's pictures, Emily Brontë's extraordinary tale of *Wuthering Heights*, the Smithfield and country wife-sellings, the horse-races and boxing matches, even the deification of brawn in the "muscular Christian" literature, and Carlyle's worship of mere bigness and weight and obstinacy and brute force, with a hundred other signs, point to the ground of Taine's feeling, and explain it. Not the least significant of these signs is the "fagging" at the English public schools, and the

curious arguments by which it is defended. Englishmen of refinement and education and humanity will gravely urge that this contemptible bullying is to be encouraged for its advantage to the national character, and with touching earnestness they contend that big boys must be allowed to fling boot-jacks at the heads of little boys, or British pluck will deteriorate; as Lord Eldon argued that not to hang a starving boy for stealing a leg of mutton was to disorganize society, and Lord St. Vincent insisted that to prohibit the slave-trade was to overthrow the British Constitution.

This general subject has been recently painfully thrust upon public attention by the suicide of a poor little fellow at the London school called, with unspeakable satire, Christ's Hospital. It was Lamb's school and Coleridge's, and the chill which always seizes the soul at the mention of the British charitable foundations is not relieved by this lamentable story. Little Gibbs had been flogged and disciplined, and was to be disciplined and flogged further the next day; so the friendless little fellow hung himself to be rid of his tormentors. There was an instant volley of letters to the *Times* and the other papers, and a great deal of sensible editorial discussion. Old Blue-coat boys, as the scholars of Christ's Hospital are called, recounted their experience of oppression; some deplored, some defended, the general severity and "persecution" of the school. The case of Gibbs, indeed, was not one of fagging: it was one of punishment by a monitor in one of the senior classes, and of general terrorism and tyranny.

It will probably be found that British opinion has seriously changed. Certainly no story of life in England could now contain accounts of such practical jokes as we have mentioned in *Evelina* without being condemned as extravagantly unnatural, and the Hogarth of to-day would draw very different pictures from those that were true to life a hundred years ago. The Berserker has been appreciably softened within the century, and much that was formerly accepted as of course is now equally of course rejected. The argument for fagging which still lingers is, after all, a tradition. It comes from a time when, as the London *Spectator* justly says, "canings, thumpings, beatings, duckings or 'flappings,' were . . . recognized by all classes and all ages as part of the roughnesses of life which could not be avoided; which must be put up with, like hail, or toothache, or accidents." There was, indeed, no reason in it, but, on the contrary, a ludicrous want of reason. The logic really was that as you must stand the pelting of hail which you can not help, therefore you must stand a flogging which you can help. Or, in the case of fagging, that as Hodge was ducked in the horse-pond by other plough-boys, and the national character was sturdy, and the British tar fought well under Nelson, therefore a large boy at school could properly force a shivering small boy to black his boots in the freezing morning, and flog him if he refused or sulked. It was held, and it is still gravely argued, that this business made boys manly and tough, and knocked the nonsense out of them. It was a system that bred no Miss Nancys, and abolished milksops. Perhaps it did, but it put mean and cruel little tyrants in their places equally odious to a fine feeling of manhood.

The reasoning was, and is, that it is good for a defenseless boy to be treated with whimsical brutality if he only knows that he can have his revenge upon other small boys when he grows larger himself. It seemed never to be suspected that to give a boy this irresponsible power of abusing and outraging another, against every instinct of manhood and justice, was to debase and imbrute his character. If we were asked to see, nevertheless, what kind of men the system produced, we should reply that the faults of the national character as shown in those men were, in their degree, the product of this system. The very qualities that make Englishmen disagreeable, not those that make England powerful, were carefully fostered and developed by the cultivation of the irresponsible authority of one boy over another.

Abuses slowly disappear in England. But the slowness is due to that spirit which, avoiding sudden and sweeping change, secures reform without revolution. English methods of change are well worthy our careful study. The British conservatism that seems to cherish an abuse and kindles the reformer's impatience to frenzy provides so ample and thorough an investigation and argument and exposure, that when it falls it falls never to rise again, and with the applauding consent of the country.

THERE is an amiable enthusiasm about Japan which has become a fashion, and which rose to a great height last year during the Centennial Exhibition. The neatness of Japanese mechanism is undeniable and attractive, but the rapture about Japanese "art" to those who know the Greek remains, the Medicean chapel, and the Madonnas of Raphael is simply inexplicable. The civilization of Japan is doubtless very old. But we remember the absent-minded boarder and his landlady. "Mr. Jones, I hope your tea is to your taste." "Thank you, it is very good, what there is of it." "Ah! perhaps there is not enough of it?" "Oh, thank you, there is plenty of it, such as it is." The superiority of the Japanese civilization it is not easy to see. Indeed, as soon as Japan was fairly opened to the access of the Western world the most intelligent Japanese apparently desired nothing less than a thorough change of the national life in harmony with Western civilization. During our recent intercourse with that country the Western world has received from it curious vases and screens and paper-hangings, attractive mainly for their oddity and novelty; while Japan has received from us not only sewing-machines and reapers and useful implements of every kind, but new ideas of government, new systems of education, new theories of morals and of social relations, the impulse of a new civilization.

Four or five years ago, the Japanese minister in this country, Mr. Arinori Mori, was one of the most interesting figures in Washington. He was a young man, and full of hope and enthusiasm for the renewal of his country upon the model of America. His eagerness to acquire information and the quickness of his mind made him an invaluable agent for young Japan. The most astounding propositions of change seemed to him very practicable, and he spoke of introducing the English tongue as the school language of Japan as quietly as if he had been discussing the introduc-

tion of an improved clothes-wringer. To Americanize Japan was evidently a very simple problem to him, and those who saw him could only wonder how many of his countrymen were like him, and how much influence they exercised upon the fate of Japan. Mr. Mori went home some four years ago, and we have heard of him since as somewhat chastened in the ardor of his expectations, holding a high position in the government, and now ambassador to China, the most distinguished of the diplomatic posts. The hope he cherished was unreasonable. It is only slowly that great national changes of any kind are accomplished, and the one he anticipated was scarcely more than a prophetic dream. Yet his faith was so great that in talking with him it was hard to make real the enormous differences between Japan and the West. It is much easier to feel it in contemplating the grotesqueness which is called Japanese art.

The facility of imitation which is peculiar to the Japanese as to the Chinese is unconsciously deceptive. They take so readily to little Western ways and costumes and details that we naturally suppose the change to be deeper than it is. "He uses his knife and fork," says the *London World*, "and relishes his food as if he had never known any other; he lifts his hat with a grace that would betoken he had worn one all his life; he sits on chairs, he sleeps in beds, and otherwise comports himself in a civilized way. There his house is a roof supported by four posts, with paper screens to inclose it, and without the proper means of privacy; it is devoid of furniture; he squats on mats, which also serve as his bed; his only food is rice, fish, and vegetables, which he devours with chopsticks; his dress is generally a gross caricature of European apparel, and his habits are such as almost prohibit the association with him of Europeans."

The *World* is speaking of the engagement of the Japanese envoy in Germany to a German lady of rank, and as this is a consequence of the glamour that has recently surrounded Japan, it is a timely word of warning. The difference between the Western and the Oriental civilizations is most plainly and decisively measured by the different position and estimate of women. The Chinese were of opinion that women had no souls, or very small ones, and it seems to be true, from the accounts of the most trustworthy observers, that the Japanese have little respect for women, in the Western sense. There is a law of the country that any foreign woman who marries a Japanese shall be regarded as naturalized, and be subject to the laws of the empire. But the laws of marriage, and the habits springing from the low regard in which women are held, are such that it would be almost impossible for a self-respecting Western woman not to suffer the most poignant unhappiness as a Japanese wife. A gentleman long resident in the country says that Japan is retrograding from its position toward Western civilization. Foreigners are being discharged from government employment, and he is of opinion that very soon none will be left. The Japanese feel themselves to be fully capable of doing all that the foreigners have done, and, alas! retaining some of the less beautiful habits of the West. Some of the reformers are as eager and unscrupulous in pursuit of office as people nearer the setting sun. This gentleman adds that among

the most ardent of the reactionaries who return to Japanese ways and modes of thought, with open denunciation of foreigners and foreign civilization, are some who have been educated abroad, and who have probably seen the folly of "hundred-year-old Constitution."

However cunningly finished Japanese boxes, screens, and tapestries may be, it is still a little early to deplore Western inferiority, or to engage any serious interest very deeply in a country

whose civilization seems to be only a highly lacquered barbarism. No one, indeed, can fail to regard with sympathy the admirable efforts of able and earnest men like Mr. Murray, the director of education, and to hope that their success may be equal to their noble purpose. But it is a missionary country; and it is that fact which gives the humorous point to the clever papers of the writer in the *North American Review*, who, as "Sionara," emulates Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE first volume of HERBERT SPENCER'S *Principles of Sociology* (D. Appleton and Co.) will only have the effect to whet the appetite of the student of social science for the remaining volumes. Especially will this impatience be increased by the reading of the twenty-seventh chapter, in which the author admirably describes the scope of sociology, and thus impliedly indicates the nature of the task which he proposes to himself. In the present volume he does but lay the foundation for this work. In the discussion of the social organisms he goes no farther than a consideration of the various forms of marriage. The great problems of the present day—labor and capital, strikes, trades-unions, the combination of capital, its despotic power, and the true remedy for it; the true relations of the church and the state; the development of political institutions; the final results to which the history of the past points as the probable consummation of the future; the inter-relations of the different classes of society, whether they are permanent as in the caste systems of the Old World, or temporary and interchangeable as in the New World; the international relations which past experience indicates as likely to be established when civilized methods have taken the place of this barbaric origin in the settlement of the apparently conflicting interests of different nations—these and kindred problems, all of which belong to sociology, are not even opened in this volume. For their discussion the student will wait with impatience till the present promise is fulfilled in the future completed work. Of this volume about one-half is devoted to a consideration of what Mr. Spencer calls the data of sociology. In these chapters he describes the primitive man, and undertakes to trace the genesis of those ideas which enter into and underlie all social organisms. It is, perhaps, needless to say that he follows out the logic of his opinions, careless whether they agree with the preconceived ideas of his readers, and perhaps it is equally needless to say that he is not always careful to secure their self-consistency or their accord with the apparent facts of consciousness. In estimating ancient opinions he falls into the same error which he criticises in others. "The interpreters of early conceptions err in the same way as do most teachers of the young. . . . Narrators of primitive legends and speculators about the superstitions of savages carry with them the ideas and sentiments generated by civilization." Like others of the same school, Mr. Spencer assumes in the savage mind a distinct conception of the difference between fact and imagination, and philosophizes as though all ancient beliefs were liv-

ing faiths, while in fact the mind of the savage, like that of the child, makes no such discrimination, and fact and fancy, savage science and savage imagination, are inextricably intermixed. If, however, in his treatment of Biblical history, Mr. Spencer does not recognize this fact, and accordingly confounds the poetry of the Hebrews with their science and history, he errs in company with a noble fellowship of theologians; and if in his treatment of the ancient myths—*e. g.*, in his discussion of the way in which the deification of nature came to pass—he curiously ignores his own principles in imputing to the savage mind a power of discrimination which is the attribute of culture, he is not the only critic who forgets his own principles when their application would prove too inconvenient. Making allowance for the now generally recognized fact that Mr. Spencer always writes in the interest of a creed, though a non-theological one, this part of the book is of great value, rather because it affords an accumulation of interesting and valuable information as to the habits and characteristics of man in his primitive state, than because of the deductions drawn from these facts. Apparently Mr. Spencer regards the reverence paid by mankind to their ancestors, enhanced by their superstitious reverence for disembodied spirits, as the origin of all worship. Faith in immortality he traces to the experience of savage tribes that men often return to their normal existence after a swoon, and always after a sleep, and all belief in God to the habit of attributing unexplained phenomena to an imaginary being who has passed from this to another and imaginary world. He thinks that the Lord to whom Abraham gave his allegiance was a superior chieftain, not the Almighty God; but whether he considers that this is the true meaning of the Scripture narrative, or whether he regards the Scripture narrative as only a legend which grew out of such a historical basis, is not very clear. In the second part Mr. Spencer discusses the question whether society can be properly regarded as an organism, and gives adequate reason for so regarding it. His elaborated parallelism between the social organism and that afforded by some forms of organic life is rather curious than necessary to the development of his fundamental idea. It may be skipped by the reader, provided he will read the summary in the closing chapter. Finally, at nearly the close of the volume, the author enters upon the discussion of his topic proper—the social relations. In this volume, however, he merely treats of the primitive relations of the sexes; the history of the processes by which they have grown from one of mere promiscuity

to that of monogamy completes this volume. We are rather disappointed not to find in this discussion some consideration of the facts of Mohammedanism and Mormonism, but perhaps this defect is to be supplied in succeeding volumes. Whether polygamy is consistent with the highest form of civilization is not to be settled except by a careful consideration of the civilization of the peoples and religion, which Dr. Draper has made the theme of his eulogy in his *Religion and Science*.

WILLIAM F. GILL, in his *Life of Edgar A. Poe* (W. F. Gill and Co.), gives a portrait not widely different from that afforded by the briefer but more graphic one drawn by R. H. Stoddard in the memoirs which preface the collected edition of Poe's poems published by Widdleton. There is no doubt that the reputation of Poe has suffered greatly from the gross injustice done to him by his biographer Dr. Griswold. Whether the faults of that biography are to be attributed to the fact that so essentially prosaic a man was absolutely incapable of comprehending the enigmatical character of Poe, or whether he was simply inexcusably careless, as he certainly was in some respects—as, for example, in misstating both the date and place of Poe's birth—or whether his carelessness and temperamental inability were aggravated by a malice born of Poe's literary criticisms on Griswold's books and on the works of some of his friends, as Mr. Gill believes, it is certain that Dr. Griswold has inexcusably misrepresented the life and character of one who possessed both great genius, and also, with all his weaknesses, a noble soul. Dr. Griswold's biography has not heretofore been allowed to pass uncontradicted, but the contradictions have been given, for the most part, in criticisms and transient articles, while the biography has remained as the standard to which American readers have gone for information, generally in ignorance of the subsequent corrections and contradictions which have perished in the papers and magazines which gave them birth. Except Mr. Stoddard's memoir, we do not know of any life of Poe, prior to this one of Mr. Gill's, which was at all likely to supplant the misleading one of Dr. Griswold. Ingram's is imperfect, and we are not aware that it ever has been republished in this country. Certainly the American public will be without excuse if it still continues to put on poor Poe the estimate which has been put on him hitherto. Mr. Gill has somewhat injured the forcefulness of his vindication by the harshness of his judgments concerning Dr. Griswold. If he had been more charitable to the defamer, he would have been more just to the defamed. But if his indignation sometimes gets the better of his judgment, his enthusiasm does not. He recognizes the faults of Poe, and while he looks upon them with a pitying rather than a severe eye, he does not conceal nor justify them. The story is that of one whose genius was akin to madness, and whom an unkind fate pursued not only throughout his life, but even after his death. Tardily does his country begin to do his memory justice. To-day we understand the effect of temperament on character as our fathers did not, and to-day, if Poe were living, he would find, not perhaps warmer friends, but probably more who could understand him, and therefore fewer to drive him into despair and excesses by their misunderstanding.

The reproduction of *Essays on Political Econo-*

my, by FREDERICK BASTIAT (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a public benefaction. Frederick Bastiat was one of the ablest writers on political economy that the present century has produced, and none the less so that he possessed the rare gift of being able to state the most fundamental principles in a form that makes them easily understood by minds not acquainted with the technicalities of a science which is at once the most simple and the most abstruse. Except *Robinson Crusoe's Money*, issued last year from the pen of David A. Wells, the writings of Frederick Bastiat are the only ones on political economy with which we are familiar which are really fundamental and thorough in their treatment of political subjects, and at the same time easy reading.

"Harper's Half-hour Series" continues to deserve the praise of its motto, *Μικρὸν βιβλίον μέγα ἀγαθόν*, "Little book much good." EUGENE LAWRENCE adds to the series two useful volumes, *A Primer of Latin Literature* and *A Primer of Greek Literature*. As concise summaries of ancient literature these are admirable. We wish that he could have presented pictorially the characteristics of the successive eras, so that the reader could easily carry away some general results: as it is, the English reader will be liable to be lost in overmuch detail. *Peter the Great*, by JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, is a timely republication from the pages of the *North American Review*, where the paper appeared some years ago. *University Life at Athens*, by W. M. CAPES, M.A., will especially interest students, whether in college or preparing for it. Of the novels which have recently been published in this series we can do little more than make mention of their names, except to say that to the busy man, to whom the long novel has terrors, these little stories, easily finished at a sitting, will have peculiar charms. *Percy and the Prophet* is one of WILKIE COLLINS's best short stories, with a flavor of the mesmeric, in which he delights. *The Mill of St. Herbot*, by KATHERINE S. MACQUOID, affords a wonderfully realistic picture of Breton life, but its tragic end casts a gloom over the whole otherwise charming tale. *The Jilt* is one of the most characteristic of CHARLES READE's stories, not a whit less entertaining because so delightfully impossible. *The Time of Roses* is the old, old love story in a new form.

"Gail Hamilton's" novel, *First Love is Best* (Estes and Lauriat), is one of such contradictory qualities that it is not easy to characterize it without doing injustice to either the reader or the writer. It has some notable excellences and some very glaring faults, and it is not strange that the judgments pronounced upon it by different critics should be of the most contradictory kind, for they depend on the standards by which it is judged, and by the aspects in which it is viewed. The plot is very simple, though somewhat original. There are but three characters in the book, the supernumeraries being of no account whatever. It is in more than one sense a pure love story. The interest of the story turns wholly on the development of love, and the love is of a pure and noble kind. The wife has married not for love, but has a husband who proves every way worthy of her highest affection; she allows herself no struggle between her wifely duty and her first inclination. In this respect the story is radically unlike the novel of the period. The husband is in no sense

a hero for a romance, but he admirably represents the true ideal of marital patience and gentleness with one who, until she is conquered by love, gives nothing in return for the heart's abundance. The conversation, too, is bright and even brilliant, and the whole book is highly spiced, but the condiments destroy the original flavor of the food. The author sacrifices truth to her love of brilliance; the dialogue, though rarely dull, is often stilted, and generally unnatural.

The admirers of *Helen's Babies* will not be disappointed in the sequel, *Other People's Children* (Putnam's Sons). The author shows the same peculiar power of portraying child life, and the same hearty sympathy with children in their pranks and mischief. He confines himself chiefly to one side of children—the vivacious and humorous. Children are poets and dreamers; this aspect of their experience, which Dickens has so beautifully illustrated in his "Child's Dream of a Star," Mr. HABBERTON does not attempt to portray. His children are not remarkable, except that they are doing every day what ordinary mortals do not attempt oftener than, say, once a week. He has an infinite resource of fancy, and childish sport and prank and folly succeed each other till we are forced to wonder whether Mr. Habberton has put into this book and its predecessor the studies of a lifetime in the child world, or whether he has in the brain of a man the unexhausted and inexhaustible fancies of a child.

We group together a number of other novels, the fruits of the summer, most of them of the midsummer. *Harry* (Scribners), a narrative poem by the author of *Mrs. Jerningham's Journal*, has the characteristics of its predecessor, which, however, it hardly equals. The plot turns upon the devotion of a wife to a weak and unworthy husband—a plot unhappily common in life as well as in fiction.—*Brief Honors* (Jansen, McClurg, and Co.) is a commercial story lightened up with a gleam of love. The author's object is to expose the frauds which, since it was written, the newspapers have exposed in the American system of life-insurance. The characters are odd without being unnatural, and the author shows considerable power and even more ingenuity, though it would be easy to point out literary defects.—*Mrs. Arthur* (Harpers) is the latest of Mrs. OLIPHANT'S novels. Mrs. Oliphant always succeeds in painting the lower and middle classes of English society. This is the chief value in this novel, the plot of which requires some credulity on the part of the reader, and involves a change in the character of the heroine more radical than is natural.—The moral of *Heaps of Money* (Harpers) is that heaps of money are not either necessary to or an assurance of true happiness. The moral is not a new one, but its constant repetition is needed, and the effect of the story is thoroughly good.—*Coronation*, by E. P. TENNEY (Noyes, Snow, and Co.), is a strange and almost mystical story. It does not depend for its interest upon the plot, which is but a thread on which to hang remarkable descriptions, sympathetic and rarely finished studies of nature, bits of religious philosophy, visions of philanthropy, and various ideas, moral and religious, which are always pure, often beautiful, sometimes even grand, but rarely practicable. It is less a story than a dream of life.—*Chedayne of Kotono*, by AUSBURN TOWNER (Dodd, Mead, and Co.), is a thoroughly original and a thoroughly

American story. It is laid in the good old colonial times. The strange adventures which succeed each other in it, and which keep up the interest of the reader to the end, are not unnatural to the era in which the scenes are laid. The love of Chedayne for Mrs. Dare, exemplified by the long life of service rendered to her and her family, and accompanied by the unbroken friendship maintained between him and the husband, is an original and well-executed conception.—Of Loring's "Tales of the Day" the two best are *Dot and Dime* and *In the Camargue*. The former is a story of Southern life in the last days of slavery and the first days of emancipation. The author has evidently studied the negro character and dialect to good purpose. It is rather a novelty to take up a book about the negro that is without a moral. The author of *Dot and Dime* has no theory to illustrate and no view to advocate. It is rather the mischievous and humorous side of negro character that she depicts. *In the Camargue* is a picture of Southern France. The scene is laid in the cattle-raising districts. The nature of the people has been carefully studied by the author; the descriptions are peculiarly life-like. The story ends in disappointed love, but the heart is not destroyed by the disappointment; turns its sorrows to good account in the work of practical philanthropy. It is essentially a love story of the better sort.

The Harpers publish the Latin text of *Four Books of Titus Livy*, viz., I., II., XXI., and XXII., with notes by the late CHARLES ANTHON, and HUGH CRAIG of Trinity College, Cambridge. The notes on the first two books and on the first twenty-five chapters of the twenty-first book were completed and ready for the press by Dr. Anthon before his death; they are published just as he left them. The notes on the rest of the twenty-first book and on the whole of the twenty-second are furnished by Mr. Craig, but are taken chiefly from the work of Weissenborn.

The readers of this Magazine will not need any introduction to Mr. PARTON'S volume on *Caricature and other Comic Art in all Times and many Lands* (Harper and Brothers). Enough of this work appeared in numbers of the Magazine to give a better idea of the spirit and character of the work than we can do by a description. It is, however, more than a mere republication of those articles. Many of the more curious and interesting of the pictures are given here for the first time, notably those exhibiting the present or recent caricature of Germany, Spain, Italy, China, and Japan. Mr. Parton has had predecessors in his field, and he gives due credit to them in his preface; but, so far as we know, he is the first American author to enter it, and his work is therefore the first one to give any considerable account of American caricature. The treatment of the subject which he has chosen is in two respects difficult. Much of ancient caricature both in literature and in art transgressed the bounds of what is now considered decency. Mr. Parton has rightly regarded observance of the modern rules of moral taste of greater importance than the complete representation of ancient art, and has wisely omitted what would shock the riper and better culture of the present age. Very much of caricature is in its very nature transient, and is, indeed, incomprehensible except in the light of the events which called it

forth. Mr. Parton's biographical and historical matter is interpretative as well as descriptive; indeed, the book does not require the pictures to render it an entertaining and instructive volume.

Perhaps it is impossible for an American to criticise without prejudice Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE's last novel, *The American Senator* (Harper and Brothers). The scene is English, so are the characters, except the one who gives the name to the book. With that exception, they are drawn with that fidelity to nature which is the chief charm in Mr. Trollope's writings. None of the personages of the simple drama are of a kind to awaken one's enthusiasm. They are just such as one might meet in any English hunting party or country parish. The satire on the national fox-hunting is all the more enjoyable that the satirist

has only pictured prosaically, and without the least participation in the exhilaration of its devotees, that extraordinary sport. But when he comes to the painting of the American Senator, his cunning deserts him, and he falls into the inevitable exaggerations of all Englishmen when they undertake to depict an American. If the portrait had been that of an Assemblyman, we should not have objected; we could even have borne with him as a member of the House of Representatives; but to make him a Senator! Surely the body which has given to the political world a Calhoun, a Webster, a Clay, a Sumner, and a Seward deserved some different typical man to represent it to the readers of English romance than Mr. Gotobed. The story is an entertaining one, and even the caricature is clever.

Editor's Scientific Record.

IN *Meteorology*, we note that Mr. G. W. Hill, of Nyack, New York, contributes to the July number of the *Analyst* a paper on an empirical formula for the volume of atmospheric air at any temperature and pressure. Starting with the fundamental assumptions (1) that under constant pressure the ratio of volume to temperature is constant, and (2) that the constant ratio is itself a function of the pressure, he shows that Regnault's observations of the volume and tension of air, intended as a test of the law of Boyle and Mariotte, lead to the conclusion that this law is exactly true only at the temperature of 130°C ., and that the co-efficient of expansion under a constant pressure is 0.0036445 at a pressure of zero, whence it increases up to 0.0038618 at a barometric pressure of 21.5 meters, or about twenty-eight atmospheres.

Winkelmann shows that observations lend probability to the theoretical conclusions of Von Obermayer that the co-efficients of conduction of heat for air and hydrogen have different and not the same ratios at different temperatures. Similarly Von Obermayer has shown that the co-efficients of friction for hydrogen increase with the temperature more slowly than does that for the air. These results are confirmed by a more recent investigation by Pulitz.

Lommel, after calling attention to the knowledge possessed by Biot, Brewster, Goethe, Arago, and Billet in reference to the polarization of the light of the rainbow, shows that the so-called Cartesian angle of incidence is that for which, for every substance and every color, according to Fresnel's theory, one-ninth of the light polarized perpendicular to the plane of incidence will be reflected. For the whole rainbow the effectual rays are those that possess the maximum polarization. For a single prism the angle of minimum deviation corresponds to that of minimum polarization.

K. Antolik, of Hungary, calls attention to the remarkable phenomena shown when frictional electricity is allowed to act upon quiescent clouds of tobacco smoke which flow down upon and spread over a horizontal table. In this cloud he is able to reproduce the appearance of the most delicate cirro-cumuli, the cumuli, the mares'-tails, and other modifications of the forms of

clouds. He would by these phenomena endeavor to explain the mode of formation of the ordinary clouds of the atmosphere; but however beautiful the analogy between the appearances may be, yet the physical explanations are not likely to be so similar.

Dr. Munk, of Marburg, quotes a sentence from the Talmud (Tosefta, Sabbath VII.) showing that in the fourth and fifth centuries before Christ the use of the lightning-rod was understood. Dr. Wiedemann adds that, according to Dumi-chen, the Egyptians gilded and coppered the highest projections, etc., "in order to protect from the celestial lightning."

Astronomy.—Hall has given in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* elements and an ephemeris of *Hyperion*, the faint satellite of Saturn, derived from his own observations. Although these elements are regarded only as provisional, the inclination in particular requiring further observations to determine it, they are very close approximations, as is shown by the accordance of the ephemeris with the Washington observations of 1877.

With regard to Hall's elements of *Hyperion*, Hind remarks that they lead to the following numbers, assuming the solar parallax as $8.86''$: mean distance, 914,000 miles; least distance, 800,000 miles; greatest distance, 1,028,000 miles.

The *Scientific American* has for some time contained an astronomical column, edited by Miss Mitchell, of Vassar College. From it we learn that sun spots are regularly observed at Vassar.

A new work of 113 pages quarto on the photometry of the fixed stars, by Wolff, is published at Leipsic.

It may be definitely stated that the new companions to *Polaris* reported by Boë do not exist, as Mr. Burnham, of Chicago, has examined this neighborhood with the 18-inch refractor at Chicago without finding them.

In the *Comptes Rendus* for July 2, Hugo has a note on a luminous column vertically extended above the moon, and some four degrees in length. In the Paris Memoirs, 1771, page 434, Messier describes a similar phenomenon, which has never yet been explained, and gives a wood-cut of its appearance.

Mr. S. W. Burnham, of Chicago, publishes in

the *American Journal of Science* for July an account of double-star discoveries with the 18½-inch Chicago refractor belonging to the Chicago Astronomical Society. It is gratifying to know that, after some unfortunate misunderstanding, this instrument has again been put at the disposal of Mr. Burnham.

In the *Comptes Rendus*, Tacchini has a note on a remarkable solar eruption in June last, and Secchi and himself give *résumés* of their work on the sun for the past year.

The astronomical columns of *Nature* contain notes on Variable Stars, Minor Planets and Comets of Short Period, Meteoric Fire-Balls, *Hyperion*, the Cape Observations for 1874, 72 *Ophiuchi*, an Occultation of Mars by Venus A.D. 368, De Vico's Comet, etc.

Trouvelot, of Cambridge, is still pursuing his observations of the planets. During the present year he has made fifty-two sketches of Jupiter, thirty-six sketches of Mars, and several of Saturn. The weather has been unfavorable for Mars, and a quiet atmosphere has not yet been obtained. A spot which appeared on Jupiter April 15 is still visible, and has been observed by Trouvelot twenty times. The adopted period of rotation does not agree with that indicated by the spot. If the adopted period be correct, the spot has a retrograde proper motion of great regularity, "almost too regular," as M. Trouvelot remarks.

The report of the Oxford University Observatory for the year 1876-77 records the taking of 426 lunar photographs (making 652 taken to date), which are to be measured micrometrically for the determination of the *libration*; 117 double-stars have been measured during the year (259 measures), and six satellites of Saturn observed; the chromosphere has been delineated on twenty-two days. The director describes a new micrometer, which appears to be similar to Alvan Clark's *double eye-piece* micrometer, described some twenty years since. One of these is now at the Naval Observatory, Washington.

The volume of the Cape Observations for 1874 is the thirteenth publication circulated by Mr. Stone, the director, since his accession in 1871. It contains the mean positions of 1246 stars, including all of Lacaille's stars in the *Cælum Australe Stelliferum* which now fall between 155° and 165° N. P. D., and some additional ones in the same zone. Lacaille's stars between 145° and 155° N. P. D. were similarly observed in 1875, and those between 135° and 145° in 1876. We shall soon, therefore, have accurate places of all Lacaille's stars.

Tempel, of Florence, sends to the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 2138, a long account of his observations of nebulae at Florence, which are prosecuted under many difficulties, and gives some account of the great variations which he has found to exist between drawings of the same nebula by various observers. He says: "As, according to a new hypothesis, nebulae are constituted of *glowing gases*, I hope to live long enough to see several burned up, or until they have changed in other ways."

M. Namur has published, under the patronage of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Belgium, tables of logarithms (?) for all numbers from 0 to 434,000,000,000 with twelve decimals. This volume is published by Gauthier-Villars, and costs three francs, according to *Nature*.

Sir Henry James, Lieutenant-General Royal Engineers, for many years (since 1854) director of the English Ordnance Survey, died at Southampton in June, 1877. During his long service as director of the survey his name has become well known through its admirable publications. He held also the directorship of the Geological Survey of Ireland from 1844.

Professor E. Heis, of Münster, died also in June. He was well known for his admirable uranometry, his long series of observations on the zodiacal light, his solar observations, and others, and as the editor of the *Wochenschrift für Astronomie*—a journal widely current in Germany.

Nature for July 5 contains an obituary notice of Santini, director of the observatory at Padua, who was the oldest living astronomer. He had nearly completed his ninety-first year, having been born 1786, June 30. His work has been of a varied character. His memoirs on Biela's comet are well known, as well as his catalogues of small stars near the equator, his determination of the mass of Jupiter from elongations of the fourth satellite, etc.

The Royal Astronomical Society appears to be torn by internal dissensions, which are set forth in the last number of the *Astronomical Register*, etc., and which are thought by Dunkin even to menace the very existence of the society. In the interests of astronomy, it is to be hoped that some settlement can be made.

In *Physics*, we note an improvement in the construction of the barometer, proposed by Kraevitch, which increases indefinitely the sensibility of this instrument. To the shorter leg of a siphon barometer is attached a long horizontal capillary tube terminating in an open cylinder, the space above the mercury and the capillary tube being filled with water free of air. Obviously, if the barometer rises or falls, a quantity of water is displaced by the mercury equal to the volume representing the change in height. If now a bubble of air be introduced into the capillary tube, it will be displaced by an amount equal to the change in the barometric height, multiplied by the ratio of the two sections; in Kraevitch's instrument, by 140; thus rendering it extraordinarily delicate. The bubble, when observed by a microscope of low power, is rarely in repose.

Lord Rayleigh has experimented to ascertain the maximum limit of the amplitude of sound waves, using for this purpose a whistle mounted on a Wolfe's bottle, furnished with a manometer. It was found that the most suitable pressure was 9½ centimeters of water, and that under these conditions the sound could be distinctly heard at 820 meters' distance. The amount of air passing through the whistle was found to be 196 cubic centimeters per second. From these data the required amplitude may be readily calculated. The result shows that the amplitude of vibration of the aerial particles was less than the ten-millionth of a centimeter. Indeed, the author is inclined to think that, on a still night, a sound of this pitch (f_{iv}), whose amplitude is only a hundred-millionth of a centimeter, would still be audible.

An Italian optician in Paris, says *Nature*, has constructed a very sensitive metallic thermometer on a new principle. The dilations of a small sheet of platinized silver are amplified by means of a system of levers, and the motion is communicated

to a needle on a dial on which degrees are marked. The motion of the needle is almost instantaneous.

In a paper read to the Royal Society, Stoney has discussed the method by which heat is transferred across the vacuous spaces in Crookes's radiometers. He considered the laws under which this transfer of heat takes place, and showed that they are different from the already known laws of radiation, convection, conduction, and contact. Hence he suggests that this newly discovered mode of conveying heat should be called penetration. Numerous observations made more than thirty years ago by De la Provostaye and Desains, but not then understood, as well as more recent ones of Dulong and Petit, and of Grove, are readily interpreted by means of these newly discovered laws of heat.

Hesehus has applied the electric current to the study of the spheroidal state of liquids. He finds (1) that this current is generally completely interrupted between the incandescent metal and the liquid spheroid, and that when it is not, this is due either to the fact that the liquid is in motion, and thus establishes momentary contacts, or that, the temperature of the metal being low, the drop is ready to burst; (2) that the interval separating the two—estimated by the galvanic deposition of copper—is about one-tenth of a millimeter, though it increases with the temperature; and (3) that the temperature of the liquid, as measured by a thermo-pile, does not vary much from 96° to 97° C.

De Waha has proposed a new and simple mode of measuring the index of refraction of liquids. In a rectangular glass tank a piece of silvered glass is supported at any convenient angle to one side, this side being also silvered to one-half its height. The tank being placed in the centre of a divided circle, a beam of light from a narrow slit is allowed to fall horizontally upon the side of the tank and normal to it, and then upon the piece of silvered glass, the circle being turned until this ray is also normal. The angle read off on the circle is the angle of the prism. The liquid to be examined is then poured into the tank, and the beam of light is so adjusted that its incidence in the liquid upon the silvered glass surface is normal. In this condition of things, the angle of refraction is the angle of the prism. Measuring then directly the angle of incidence, and dividing its sine by that of the angle of the prism, the refractive index is obtained.

Mascart has made an investigation of the refractive power of gases. A beam of light was sent through a collimator to two plates of plate-glass connected together at right angles, the halves of the beam being bent right and left by refraction through the glass. They then passed parallel through two copper tubes containing the gases, and after refraction by a second system of glass plates reversed, the halves were united again, and the beam passed through a slit to a system of prisms; then to a telescope. If the pressure in one copper tube were varied, the phases of the two parts of the beam were unlike, and from the number of the fringes displaced, the refraction of the gas could be determined. The absolute refractive power for hydrogen is 0.1387; for oxygen, 0.2706; for sulphurous oxide, 0.7036; and for cyanogen gas, 0.8216.

Henry Draper has discovered the remarkable fact that oxygen exists in the sun, and that it

and probably also the other metalloids show their presence in the sun-spectrum by bright instead of dark lines. By means of photography he has produced upon a single plate the solar spectrum from just above G to below H, and the spectrum of air ignited by a powerful spark between iron and aluminum terminals. Since the lines of iron in the latter spectrum coincide exactly with known iron lines in that of the sun, the non-shifting of the plate is proved. The oxygen lines in the air spectrum, to the number of a dozen or more, coincide accurately with bright solar lines, every peculiarity in the shading or grouping of the one being reproduced in the other. The demonstration is complete, and will materially modify existing views as to the solar constitution. The discovery is the most important made in solar physics since that of Kirchhoff in 1860.

Wild has examined the properties of a nickel-magnet made by Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, and given by him to Kotschubey, of the Russian commission. The magnet was 155 mm. long, 9.5 wide, and 2 thick, the ends being pointed. It weighed 25 grams. Its magnetic moment, determined in the usual way, was, per gram, 112,000 as received, and 186,000 after remagnetizing; while that of a nearly similar steel magnet was 245,000 and 368,000 respectively. On analysis by Butlerow, the only impurity was iron, of which there was present one-third of one per cent.; traces of cobalt were also detected. Wild concludes, 1st, pure nickel, unlike iron, takes considerable permanent magnetism, but the amount is only from one-half to one-third of that taken by different sorts of hardened steel; 2d, the magnetism remaining in nickel is less permanent than in hardened steel; 3d, the temperature-coefficient is less in the case of nickel than in that of hardened steel; and 4th, the temporary magnetism acquirable by nickel, though about twice its permanent magnetism, is only half that which hardened steel and only one-fourth of that which soft iron is capable of acquiring.

In *Chemistry*, a note has appeared by Böttlinger giving the results of his experiments with carbonous oxide and hydrogen cyanide, in a research upon gly-oxalic acid. He finds that when pure carbonous oxide is conducted over pure dry hydrogen cyanide, well cooled, it is actively absorbed. If the solution be mixed with a concentrated solution of hydrogen chloride and agitated, no evolution of gas takes place, even on agitation, the liquid separating, on standing, into two layers. If, however, the vessel be removed from the freezing mixture, a rapid stream of pure carbonous oxide is evolved. Pure hydrogen cyanide is left, showing that the CO was simply dissolved.

Berthelot has investigated more extensively the occurrence of benzene in coal gas. Its presence there is due to the high temperature of the carbonization as well as to the prolonged heat, during which an equilibrium is established between the various hydrocarbons. If the distillation be effected at a low red heat, the gas may differ in its composition. The author's experiments were directed to ascertain experimentally the reliability of the method used by him in his analysis, *i. e.*, absorbing the benzene vapor by fuming nitric acid. The results of direct tests and also of endiometric comparisons were favorable, and es-

established his assertion that in Paris gas benzene is the principal illuminant.

Mendelejeff has proposed a new hypothesis of the origin of petroleum. Starting with the nebular hypothesis, the author regards the interior of the earth as metallic, doubtless composed largely of iron and carbides of iron. Through rents made by earthquakes water gained access to these bodies at a high temperature and under great pressure; and by their mutual chemical action metallic oxides and saturated hydrocarbons resulted. These latter, carried by watery vapor, have spread themselves through the overlying rocks. He gives various geological and chemical facts which go to sustain his hypothesis.

Berthelot has given a description and an analysis of an ancient wine, fifteen or sixteen centuries old, obtained from a hermetically sealed earthenware vase in the Borely Museum at Marseilles. It came originally from Aliscamps, near Arles, in a vicinity used as a cemetery during the Roman epoch. It contained about twenty-five cubic centimeters of a yellowish liquid of a vinous aromatic odor and a hot, strong taste. On analysis it yielded, per liter, 45 c.c. of alcohol, 3.6 grams fixed acids (calculated as tartaric), 0.6 hydropotassium tartrate, 1.2 acetic acid, calcium tartrate and acetic ether, traces. The wine appears to have been buried with the dead.

Baudrimont has given a simple method for recognizing the presence of fuchsine (aniline-red) in wine. A drop is placed on the hand and allowed to remain there a few seconds. On removing the wine a mark is left which can not be washed out with water.

Zoology.—The commercial sponges of our Southern coast have been described and figured by Professor Hyatt in a lengthy memoir published by the Boston Society of Natural History, in which he describes the mode of fishing for them, as well as the manner in which they are prepared for the market. Hyatt also discusses the influence of the nature of the sea-bottom and the temperature of the water on variations of forms and their distribution. He claims that these animals are directly modified by changes in the physical surroundings, and he can not imagine the intervention of natural selection, since "the uniform action of a given temperature, depth, amount of sediment, sheltered locality, etc., have a corresponding uniformity in results, and are sufficient in themselves to account for the general modifications described."

A second memoir on scorpions by Dr. Thorell, published at Milan, is mainly descriptive, and contains full diagnoses of several Mexican, Californian, Central and South American scorpions.

The annual report of Hayden's United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories for 1875 contains a report of over 200 pages by A. S. Packard, Jun., on the Rocky Mountain locust and other insects either now or likely soon to be destructive in the extreme Western States and Territories. The report is fully illustrated, and contains maps showing the distribution of the locust, Hessian fly, wheat-midge, chinch-bug, army-worm of the North, the cotton army-worm, and the boll-worm.

In the *American Naturalist* for July there is a critical notice of a work in Russian by Ganin, on the metamorphosis of insects. The review has been prepared by Baron R. von Osten-Sacken.

The *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for May embraces an essay "On the final Stage in the Development of the Organs of Flight in the Homomorphic Insects," by Professor J. W. Mason. He describes the mode of growth of the wing in the larvæ of grasshoppers, etc., as well as in the white ant.

The variability of the species in the case of certain European fishes is discussed by Dr. Fatio in an article translated in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*. He considers, first, variability under abnormal, and secondly, variability under normal circumstances, especially as regards the air-bladder and the position of the mouth, which may vary under certain circumstances.

Observations on the brains of some fish-like vertebrates, and on the serrated appendages of the throat of amia and the tail of the same fish, have been published by Professor B. G. Wilder in the Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

A sixth edition of the *List of the Vertebrated Animals now or lately living in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London* forms a large octavo volume, with a number of wood-cuts.

An essay on the buffalo, condensed from a previous work, by Mr. J. A. Allen, appears in Hayden's Annual Report of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories for 1875.

Mr. R. Collett, of Christiania, has prepared an essay on the *Myodes lemmus* of Norway. His observations on the habits and economy of the lemming have extended over several years, and in 1876 he published these in the *Nyt Magazin for Naturvidenskaben*. But his attention had lately been called to Mr. Crotch's contributions in the *Linnean Journal*, and as in many particulars he differed from that author, the present notice resulted. The number of young at a birth vary from three to eight, and two sets are annually produced. Mr. Collett regards their wandering as a necessary consequence of their temporarily strong vitality, together with an inherent migratory instinct. The tendency at intervals to appear in unusually large numbers is not confined to the genus, but is common to all the species of the sub-family *Arvicolinæ*. The majority of the wanderers are young, and in one instance observed by himself were chiefly males. The migration closes with the death of the individuals, generally brought about by an epizootic disease, the result of overpopulation—the denser the masses, the higher the rate of mortality. The bare patch on the rump, considered by Mr. Crotch to be due to the habit of protecting themselves against stones in resisting attack, Mr. Collett states is due to a skin disease. He, however, supports Mr. Crotch's statement as to the number of winged and four-footed enemies which devour the lemming, and also that domestic cattle and reindeer destroy them. Their occasional enormous increase in numbers he holds to be owing to periodic prolific years, the facility of rearing their young, and the early procreative faculty of the latter. Parallel instances among other groups of animals—for instance, unusual swarms of butterflies and locusts—are well known, though as to the true reason of such departures in number, etc., much is only conjectural. Coincidentally with the notable years of the lemming migrations, the increase above the normal number of rats, mice, shrews, and even the grouse tribe, has

been recorded. Mr. Collett affirms that the lemmings travel chiefly in the direction of the valleys, and not constantly due west, as has been asserted; their great movements are chiefly nocturnal. He is inclined to question Mr. Crotch's notion of hereditary search for a "miocene Atlantis," and rather is of opinion that in accounting for the periodical excess of multiplication and migratory impulse, a physiological necessity impels them; the nature of this is at present beyond our power to explain rationally.

A further contribution to the natural history of swine, by Professor Rolleston, forms an appendix to that previously brought under the notice of the society. The additional information is in the main confirmatory of the views already expressed, but several important facts relative to the striping of the young of *Sus celebensis* and *S. verrucosus*, according to Dr. A. B. Meyer, with information from others, necessarily causes a modification of former conclusions.

In *Botany*, a number of pamphlets have appeared relating, for the most part, to fungi. Dr. Wilhelm has published an account of the genus *Aspergillus*, the result of his studies in the laboratory at Strasburg. "The *Myxomycetes* of Great Britain" is an arrangement of British species by M. C. Cooke from the Polish monograph of Roozafinski. Dr. Brefeld, of Berlin, stated in a paper before the Society of Naturalists that it is not true that fungi grow as well in the dark as in the light, but cites several instances in which the mycelium of certain species of *Hymenomycetes* does not fructify unless exposed for a time to the light. In an interesting paper before the same society, Dr. Brefeld presents a new scheme of classification of fungi, more especially considering the position which the *Basidiomycetes* should occupy.

In the Proceedings of the Natural History Society of Cherbourg are two papers by Janczeneski, one on the development of buds in the *Equisetaceæ*, the other on the development of the fruit in red sea-weeds, in which the writer gives an account of the procarp and cystocarp in several species studied at Cherbourg. In Berlin, Dr. King gave an account of the mode of thickening of the woody fibres in roots and young shoots. In Pringsheim's *Jahrbuch*, Pfitzer, of Heidelberg, has an article on the rapidity of the movement of water in plants; and in the same journal is a paper by Dr. Ludwig Koch, on the development of the seeds of *Orobanchææ*.

Engineering and Mechanics.—As indicating the extending interest which the use of steam motors on city railways is attracting, it may be worthy of notice to state that the Baldwin Works have lately delivered some of their street railway motors to the following roads: New Haven and West Haven Railroad, Newark and Irvington Railroad, Forest Home Railroad of Milwaukee, and Hill and West Dubuque Street Railroad of Dubuque. These machines are all reported to be doing regular service. These motors are not of the combined engine and car class in use in Philadelphia and elsewhere, but are independent. The following extract from a letter received at the Baldwin Works will be read with interest: "I may inform you that steam traction for tram-ways is making a great advance both in England and France. At the present time, here in Paris, thirty-five machines are in daily use, and they are now about

to open another line of six miles, coming right into the heart of the city, also to be worked by steam. In several provincial towns, likewise, tram-ways are being constructed to be worked by steam-power."

The last month witnessed the completion and opening for traffic of a narrow-gauge railroad from Camden to Atlantic City, New Jersey. The length of the road is fifty-four miles; gauge, three feet six inches. The rails are of Bessemer steel, forty pounds to the yard, and the rolling stock and equipment are proportionately light.

The Westinghouse air brake has won another triumph abroad, a committee of the Belgian government having, after an extended trial of a number of continuous train brakes and a full investigation of their respective merits, recommended the adoption of the Westinghouse automatic apparatus upon all the Belgian state railways. This recommendation has just been adopted by the Belgian government. A similar competitive trial of continuous brakes is about to be made in Germany.

A late report by Captain Eads to the South Pass Jetty Company contains the following statement of results: "Our works were begun two years ago in an unused inlet of the Mississippi River, and have necessarily disturbed the regimen governing the overflow to the sea by an enormous volume of water; but theories upon which they were based have been fully vindicated by the results produced, and it is now manifest that entire and complete success will reward our labors." He claims in his report, likewise, that across the bar at the mouth of the pass the channel is twenty feet deep and 200 feet wide, where previously the maximum depth was eight feet; that over the shoal at the head of the pass the channel is twenty feet deep and 400 feet wide, where it was previously but fourteen to fifteen feet deep; that for 2000 feet there is a depth of twenty-eight feet and a width of 300 feet; and that the Gulf current will prevent the formation of a bar beyond the jetties. He remarks, in conclusion: "Finally, I may add with absolute certainty that this entire system of works is now so far completed that no financial difficulties can intervene to arrest the processes of nature, which are constantly operating to enlarge and perfect the desired channel through them."

The project of letting in the sea to the Algerian Sahara has lately been the subject of some strong adverse criticism before the French Academy. M. Naudin, for example, expressed the belief that the proposed interior sea would very likely turn out to be an immense pestilential focus made by human hands at great cost. The borders of the lake would necessarily be a long stretch of shallows, which, being left dry in the hot season, would present all the conditions of insalubrity. The only feasible plan for regenerating the bad Saharan region, according to this gentleman, resides in the culture of such arborescent vegetation as experience may show to be suited to the soil and climate, to prepare it for a more permanent vegetation which may follow.

The project of a tunnel through the Simplon Pass, which failed of becoming a national enterprise in France some years ago, appears to have been again revived, as a private enterprise. The *Annales du Génie Civil* affirms that the scheme has advanced so far that preliminary surveys for

the tunnel work and for the construction of the approaches are now in course of execution.

The *Journal of the Telegraph* is authority for the statement that an attempt is now being made to raise and repair the 1865 cable belonging to the Anglo-American Company, which has not been in operation for some years. This, if successful, will add another cable to those now in use, and at comparatively small expense.

Experiments are now being made in Germany with the view of determining the applicability and economy of iron telegraph posts in place of those of wood, which latter are there, as every where else, a constant source of expense to the companies for maintenance and repairs.

Wire ropes of phosphor-bronze are successfully used in Belgian mines for pit ropes. They are

said to offer great resistance to strains of traction, and to be very pliable, and indifferent to oxidation and corrosion.

Coal-cutting machinery of American invention is now being experimented on in the mines at New Straitsville, Ohio.

Valuable discoveries of anthracite coal are reported from Arizona and New Brunswick.

Another new metal, called by its discoverer (M. Sergius Kern, of St. Petersburg) davyum, in honor of Sir Humphry Davy, is announced in the scientific journals. It is reported to have been found in platinum ores, and to occupy a place between molybdenum and ruthenium.

Important discoveries of nitre deposits in Chili are announced by Señor Vadilla, government agent, at a place called Cachinal de la Sierra.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of August. —The Ohio Democratic Convention, at Columbus, July 25, nominated R. M. Bishop for Governor, and passed resolutions demanding the repeal of the Resumption Act, the remonetization of silver, and the retention of paper money.

The Ohio Republican Convention, at Cleveland, August 1, nominated William H. West for Governor. The platform of resolutions re-affirmed the national platform of 1876, expressed unfaltering confidence in President Hayes, approving his Southern policy and his efforts to reform the civil service; favored the remonetization of silver; opposed subsidies and the renewal of oppressive patents; and demanded that Congress should create a National Bureau of Industry, regulate railroads, and provide for the arbitration of disputes between employers and employés.

The Mississippi Democratic Convention, at Jackson, August 1, renominated Governor Stone.

The Maine Republican Convention, at Augusta, August 9, renominated Governor Connor. Resolutions commending and denouncing the President's Southern policy were tabled.

The Maine Democratic Convention, at Portland, August 14, nominated Joseph F. Williams for Governor.

The New Jersey Independent Greenback Convention, at Trenton, August 14, nominated General Thomas D. Hoxsey for Governor.

The Pennsylvania Democratic Convention, at Harrisburg, August 22, nominated Colonel O. C. Noyes for State Treasurer, and John Trunkey for Supreme Judge. The platform of resolutions supported the President's Southern policy and civil service reform measures as properly Democratic proceedings, opposed further legislation for the special benefit of capital at the expense of other interests, opposed the increase of the Federal army, and re-affirmed the financial resolutions of the St. Louis Convention of 1876.

The Virginia Democratic Convention, at Richmond, August 10, after a contest lasting two days, nominated Colonel F. W. M. Holliday for Governor.

The Georgia Constitutional Convention, July 23, adopted a Bill of Rights. The bill recognizes all races of citizens, and pledges protection to all.

Imprisonment for debt and whipping for crime are prohibited. The Convention, August 9, by a vote of 166 to 16, adopted a section declaring the disputed State bonds illegal, null, and void.

The centennial anniversary of the battle of Oriskany was celebrated on the battle-field, August 6, by over 50,000 people. The centennial anniversary of the battle of Bennington was celebrated at Bennington, Vermont, August 16. President Hayes was present.

The British Parliament was prorogued, August 14, by order of the Queen, until August 30.

The Russians have met with a severe check in their advance. At Plevna, on the 30th and 31st of July, three Russian corps attacked an equal force of the Turkish army, occupying a strongly intrenched position, and were routed with great loss of men and material. The Turks estimate the Russian loss as 8000 killed and 16,000 wounded. The Russians were obliged to retreat, and have been put on the defensive in the Balkan passes. Up to August 9 the Russians admit a loss of 14,459 men killed and wounded. The latest advices indicate that severe fighting is going on at Shipka Pass.

The new convention concluded between Great Britain and Egypt for the suppression of the slave-trade is published. It is very stringent, and entirely prohibits the export or import of negro slaves. Egyptian slave-traders will be tried by court-martial as assassins. Foreigners will be handed over to their own tribunals. British cruisers are authorized to capture slavers hoisting the Egyptian flag. The Khedive engages to abolish all private traffic in slaves in Egypt within seven years, and within twelve years in the Soudan and frontier provinces.

DISASTERS.

August 3.—Burning of a box manufactory in Cincinnati, Ohio. Eight or ten of the girls employed in the factory were burned to death.

August 9.—Accident on the Long Branch Division of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The train was plunged from a bridge between Long Branch and Red Bank. Many passengers were injured, two of them, it was reported, mortally.

July 15.—Wreck of the British steamer *Elen*

off the coast of Chili. Over one hundred lives lost.

August 5.—Burning of a poor-house in the county of Norfolk, Canada. Seventeen lives lost.

OBITUARY.

July 28.—At Schenectady, New York, Professor Isaac W. Jackson, M.D., of Union College, in his seventy-third year.

August 3.—At Fordham Heights, New York, William B. Ogden, so prominently associated with the commercial development of the Northwest, in his seventy-second year.

August 9.—At Hanover, New Hampshire, Dr. Alpheus Benning Crosby, Professor of Surgical Anatomy at Bellevue College, New York city, aged forty-five years.

August 16.—At Hanover, New Hampshire, Rev. Dr. Asa D. Smith, President of Dartmouth College.

August 4.—At Landeck, in Silesia, Field-Marshal Charles Frederic von Steinmetz, aged eighty-one years.

August 15.—In England, William Longman, of Longmans, Green, and Co., the celebrated London publishing house, aged seventy-eight years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE prattling of children is often very amusing. As Emerson says, "They individualize every thing, and generalize nothing." A few instances may not be out of place for the Drawer.

A teacher of a Sunday-school in the interior of New York was impressing upon the scholars a lesson in connection with the death of one of their number. She told them that little Amy was now a saint in heaven. Whereupon one of the girls spoke up and said, "She will get plenty of preserves there." Astonished to hear her make such a strange statement, the teacher questioned her to ascertain what could have put the idea in her mind. It was finally traced to the following question and answer in the catechism:

"*Question.* Why ought the saints to love God?"

"*Answer.* Because He makes, preserves, and keeps them."

LITTLE Emma, from Washington, was sent on a visit to her cousin, who was an officer at Fort Monroe. She became homesick at last, and said, "Cousin A——, please put a postage-stamp on my forehead, and send me home in the cars."

CHILDREN who have been the pets of the house are almost invariably afflicted with jealousy at the advent of a new baby. A lady asked a little boy under these circumstances how he liked his little sister.

"I don't think she agrees with me," he replied.

"Why don't she agree with you?"

"I don't know," he said; "but I couldn't bear to see mother kiss her."

THE writer of the above says:

I was showing my watch to my nephew, who was about six years old. He pointed to the face of the dial and said, "Why, there is another little watch!"

I said, "That is called the second-hand."

He tossed his head contemptuously, and walked off, saying, "I wouldn't own a *second-hand* watch." He had heard of second-hand watches, and thought this was one of them.

ANOTHER nephew, named Ward, was playing with a Mexican sixpence, and put it up his nose. He attempted to get it out again, but it worked its way farther in, and gave him a great deal of pain. He went and complained to his father, who held him firmly and extracted the coin with a pair of pincers. The boy was indignant because

his nostril was lacerated, and ran to his mother to tell her of his sufferings. He said, "Mother, father is getting to be awful mean."

"Mean, child! What are you talking about?"

"Yes, I say mean, and I stick to it. He tore my nose all to pieces *because he was afraid he would lose that sixpence*. I wouldn't be so mean for any thing."

THE following story came from Spain:

A Spanish sentinel one dark night was posted at the entrance of a fort outside of Malaga. About midnight he heard some one approaching, and gave the usual challenge, equivalent to our "Who comes there?" To his amazement the answer was, "Jesus of Nazareth!" He at once called the sergeant of the guard and reported the facts to him. The sergeant went forward, challenged the intruder in his turn, and received the same answer. Infuriated at what he considered was an attempt to trifle with him, he knocked the man down with his musket, and beat him severely. He then sent for a lantern to ascertain who it was. When the light came, he saw that it was a gentleman of high standing who lived in the neighborhood, but who was out of his mind. The sergeant, deeply regretting his hasty action, said to the man, "I am very sorry I hurt you; but hereafter when I challenge you, remember to give your own name."

The poor victim replied, "I am not such a fool as to do that. If this is the kind of reception you give Jesus of Nazareth, you would have killed me outright if I had given my own name."

A WEDDING occurred recently in Arizona, the surroundings of which are thus pleasantly described by a correspondent: "The bride in white, the happy groom, the solemn minister, the smiling parents, and from twenty-five to thirty shot-guns standing against the wall ready for use, made up a panorama not soon to be forgotten. No Indians admitted. No cards."

APROPOS of the most exalted of our High-Church brethren, the ritualists, and a book which has set all clerical England by the ears, entitled *The Priest in Absolution*, we find this capital little hit in a late number of the London *Examiner*: "An invalid lady living at the West End was greatly disturbed the other evening by uproarious mirth in the servants' hall. Having in vain rung repeatedly for her maid, she at last



COUNTRY CHURCH—WHEN THERE WAS NO ORGAN.

made her way to the basement. Here is the spectacle that presented itself to her horrified eyes. Cook, with *The Priest in Absolution* in her fat hand, was catechising the page-boy from that delectable manual, and the shrieks of laughter the lady had overheard upstairs proceeded from the remainder of the household, male and female. On inquiry, she discovered that each servant had to play the part of penitent in turn, except the cook, who always discharged the duties of father confessor. Why this exception? Because 'cook knows what the book means better than any of us.' It seems from this that there must be some connection between ritualism and cookery; perhaps the link of sympathy joining the two may be traced to the fact that both dabble a good deal in hot water."

THE late John C. Rives, for many years the partner of Francis P. Blair in the *Washington Globe*, was a remarkable man in various ways. To uncommon common-sense and

admirable business and executive ability he added such personal qualities, especially as a *raconteur*, as rendered him a highly prized and always welcome guest at the tables of Presidents, cabinet ministers, and clever men of all sorts at the capital. He used to tell the following story (sent to the Drawer by a former high functionary at Washington) of Major Selah R. Hobbie, who from 1827 to 1829 was a member of Congress from this State, and who on the accession of General Jackson to the Presidency was made Assistant Postmaster-General, which position he held until 1850:

Major Hobbie, like many of our present high officials, was ever ready with the fatal answer, "No vacancy," to all applicants for office. Mr. Rives said the major had promised to appoint a friend of his to the first

vacancy, and he had called on him repeatedly to fulfill that promise; but the invariable answer, "No vacancy," was the excuse, until he had about concluded to relinquish the matter as a



COUNTRY CHURCH—AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE ORGAN.

bad job. At length one day his friend called on him, out of breath from running, and told him that Mr. Paine, a Post-office clerk, had just been drowned in the canal, at the same time begging that he would go with him to secure his place from Major Hobbie. Thinking he had a sure thing this time, Mr. Rives said they both hastened to the major's office and confidently renewed their application.

"No vacancy," said the major.

"Yes, there is," said the applicant; "Paine is dead, drowned in the canal, and I have just seen his body on the banks awaiting the coroner's inquest."

Whereupon Major Hobbie sent immediately for his miscellaneous clerk, Mr. Marr, and, to the astonishment of all present, Marr confirmed the stereotyped reply of "No vacancy."

"But yes, there is," the applicant insisted. "Paine is drowned; I just saw his dead body fished out of the canal."

Said the major, "How is this? is poor Paine really gone?"

"Certainly," said Marr—"drowned in the canal; and his place was filled an hour ago by the appointment of *the man who saw him fall in.*"

THE theological students of the Episcopal Seminary in Twenty-first Street are frequently called upon to officiate at the burial of paupers who die in the vicinity of New York. On one occasion the minister was very late. He came in great haste, put on his surplice, and commenced reading the funeral service: "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, in His wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased"—brother, he was about to say, but stopped, for the body was nailed up in the coffin, and he did not know whether it was that of a male or female. He leaned over and whispered to the Irishman who was in charge of the interment, "Shall I say brother, or sister?"

The man thought the question was personal to himself, and replied, "*It's naither, yer riverince; it's only an acquaintance.*"

A YOUNG lady of Wright's Grove, Illinois, sends us these bright little verses:

SUPPOSING!

Suppose that a man, avaricious and old,
Should come to me jingling his silver and gold,
And offer a share of his Mammon to me,
If I to the sale of myself would agree—
I wouldn't—would you?

Supposing a hero, all bristling with fame,
And big with the weight of a wonderful name,
Proposed in a moment of bland condescension
To give me his hand and a little attention—
I wouldn't—would you?

Supposing a youth, with his heart in his eyes,
That shone like the light of the beautiful skies,
Should promise to love me through all his glad life,
And begged that I'd be his own dear little wife—
Guess I *would*—wouldn't you?

FROM a Staten Island rectory come these:

Sunday-school teachers have amusing experiences. In explaining the Gospel for the day, not long since, the subject being the "tares and wheat," the children were much interested therein. In closing, I said, "Now remember, the tares represent the bad people, and the wheat the good."

Tommy, who had been an intent listener, opened his great blue eyes and said, "Miss Jenkins,

you say the tares are the bad and the wheat are the good?"

"Yes."

"Why," replied the practical Tommy, "it's the wheat that gets *thrashed*; the tares don't."

WE all know how apt children are to jump at conclusions in regard to the sound of a word and associate it with others, especially if there is any affinity to the word or idea conveyed. I was hearing George, a bright seven-year-old, recite his geography lesson. In answer to the question, "How are cataracts and water-falls formed?" he promptly replied,

"By water pouring over a *Presbyterian.*"

A COUPLE of years ago, at one of the goings-down of Atlantic steamers, an American lady and her two daughters honored the ceremony with their presence. The mother was drowned; the daughters were saved. The younger one recounts the event by saying that "mother and we did the splash together; sister and I bubbled up again; mother didn't."

ODD things are sometimes done by the publishers. A firm quite eminent in this line in England is accustomed to write checks to its authors (for convenience of reference), payable to the work instead of the writer. On one occasion it wrote, "Pay *The Disgrace to the Household*, or bearer," etc., etc. The banker's clerk smiled sardonically on the poor novelist when this check was presented. A year after, they bought another work of the same writer, called *Dead and Gone*. Again he presented the check in person. "Pay *Dead and Gone*, or bearer," read the clerk aloud. "Well, Sir, it is fortunate that this is not payable to 'order,' or it would have to be indorsed by your executors." The novelist, who is sensitive to ridicule, now disposes of his works to another firm.

THIS from rural gent.:

Being in the country where there was no good school, my little friend Harry was sent to a boarding-school in an adjacent town. At the close of the first week he came home suffering from a slight bilious attack and a severe attack of homesickness. His mother asked, "How do you like boarding-school, Harry?"

"Don't like it at all," was the reply.

"Why?"

"Because they make us eat liver three times a week."

"But why didn't you complain?"

"Complain!" said the lad. "Why, I've got the liver complaint already."

Harry got a brief vacation.

THIS from an old and always welcome contributor:

In days not long past there flourished in "notional" Boston a feminine advocate of woman's rights and other radicalisms, well known as Abby Folsom. She was often before the Municipal Court as a disturber of the peace, but was as often let off as a harmless though persistent preacher of false doctrines in the streets. On one occasion Abby was brought before the court, lifted on the arms of a couple of policemen, being a non-resistant, though not refraining from the full

use of a singularly active tongue. The justice, a person of peculiarly solemn demeanor, rebuked her frequent interruptions of the judicial proceedings. "Woman!" demanded he, with his most awe-inspiring accents—"woman, be silent!"

"Woman!" cried Abby, at the pitch of her voice; "no more woman than you, you hoary-headed old villain!"

At this point Tom P——, the clerk of the court, a person of literary pretensions, and of considerably dignified demeanor, thought proper to interfere. "Woman!" said he, echoing the Court, "be silent!" His visage, perhaps, indicated some of the marks of good living.

"Woman!" cried Abby. "You red-nosed old scoundrel! *cold water never did that.*"

It is needless to say that Abby, for the moment, was mistress of the situation.

How unconsciously we yield to laughter at an odd expression, even though there's not much in it! as when a man came into a doctor's office and was asked by the doctor, "How do you do to-day?"

"Pretty well, *for me.*"

"And how are the old folks?"

"Pretty well, *considering.*"

"Any thing new in your section?"

"Well, no—nothing very. I s'pose you heard old aunty was dead?"

"No, I did not. She must have died suddenly."

"Well, yes, rather sudden, *for her.*"

In a certain Methodist Episcopal congregation in Ohio was a class-leader named P——. In his every-day talks he had the habit of using the phrase "best known to myself," or "ourselves." One Sabbath morning, the minister being absent, Brother P—— opened the meeting by prayer, beginning, "O Lord, we have assembled here for purposes best known to ourselves," etc., etc. Alas! too true. How many the purposes for which people go to church on Sunday!

THE Drawer has contained many curious inscriptions copied from grave-stones, but none combining so much of affection and humor as the following, taken *verbatim* from a head-stone in Pine Grove Cemetery, Lynn, Massachusetts:

James was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife—
Fresh as if touched by fairy wand
With beauty grace and life.
He almost thought it spoke; he gazed—
Upon the treasure still,
Absorbed, delighted and amazed,
To view the artists skill.

"This picture is yourself dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true:
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kissed you back my dear,
Why—no—my love?" said he.
"Then James, it is very clear,
'Tis not at all like me!"

A FRESH anecdote has just been told of the late George E. Badger, of North Carolina, who, by-the-way, had an exceptionally successful public career. He graduated from Yale at eighteen, was elected to the North Carolina Legislature at twenty-one, elected judge of the Supreme Court at twenty-five, appointed Secretary of the Navy by Harrison at forty-six, and at fifty-two was

elected United States Senator, and re-elected in 1849. One of his peculiarities was his exceeding fondness for clean linen. A gentleman who knew him well described him as "*the most profuse shirt-er of our public men.*"

As every sensible man is fond of a good horse, the following quotation from an old English publication on "White-stockinged Horses" will be read with interest:

If you have a horse with four white legs,
Keep him not a day;
If you have a horse with three white legs,
Send him far away;
If you have a horse with two white legs,
Sell him to a friend;
And if you have a horse with one white leg,
Keep him to his end.

WE have received from Mr. Wolfe Londoner, of the firm of "Londoner and Brother, Grocers and Commission Merchants, Denver, Colorado," the following copy of a letter received by them from a party in the Black Hills. For perfection of "cheek" and imperfection of spelling, it is, in commercial phrase, A1.

BEDWUD, Aprile 21th, 1877.

Mr. Londoner & Bro.

DEAR SUR,—Withe the intenshun of oppeninge a Line in Groserries sune we are instructed by yure Price list, in the *Rockey Mounting News* to write unto you. we trust you wille give us as gude inducemeants as possabel we wood dezire a circular containin yurefulle Prise list of alle Kinds Goods and whiskey and so 4th. our capital wase limetid but intend to open withe caush un, which wille win the favure of boath our creditores and consumers (Please turn over) we are running a bere salon hear, in this luvly place now, and wille fore one yeare moure if the hole dam humbug ain't ex-posed befoare then. we wishe to adde a groserrey departmeant to our bizzinus. we wishe to gain the confi dence of a fare deling and honest furm of witch we have chuzen you as sutch, and we trust you wille trust us fore about 3 munths. we are determined to suckseed our motto is onwarde and upwarde. we used to live in pueblow but was starved oute thear you can Rite to Jno thatcher about uss we owe him a bill yet, but we will pay sune. they are a gude menny Pueblow peaple hear, but they doant do nuthin but drink Whisky and playe frease oaut Poker. if you will trust us we wille paye sum money down whean the goods git hear hoaping sune to hear from you we remaine your frends.

THIS is not bad, considering that it comes from London:

"With regard to these gentlemen helps," said a respectable maiden lady to a very witty matron (with daughters), "you may depend upon it that they will never stoop to low menial work."

"My dear madam," was the reply, "it is the hymeneal work that I am afraid of their rising to."

THIS also has just come from London:

A certain aged peer, Lord N——, who will not wear a wig, is yet very solicitous to be considered in the prime of life, and brings the few brown hairs that he yet possesses into as great prominence as possible. The other day, his friend A——, at the club, observed to him in all simplicity, upon perceiving certain indications upon his vest and coat collar, "Why, N——, you have been sitting behind your grays this morning."

"No, Sir, I have not. I—I—I have been having my hair cut."

This atrocity took place in the whist-room, in the presence of several persons, all of whom have a sympathy for N——, and indeed for any peer. One of them took prompt occasion to observe,

on A——'s withdrawal from the table, after having lost three tricks by a renounce (which was generally looked upon as a judgment), that the man had no heart.

"And a deuced good thing too," observed his lordship; "there is at least one suit in which he can not revoke."

THIS, from an editorial friend in Philadelphia, should be filed away among the archives of General Myer's weather office:

Scene—a Sunday-school; the lesson—about Elisha; the class—little girls; the teacher—trying to impress upon them that Elisha was a

the other day, and I couldn't understand a word he said."

"How's that?" inquired Robertson.

"Well, all his teeth are gone, you know, so that he only mumbles. I assure you, it was all Greek to me."

"Greek? Nonsense. If the man has lost all his teeth, he was probably talking Gum-Arabic."

COLONEL WICKHAM HOFFMAN, whose sparkling *Camp, Court, and Siege* has just been published, has been appointed secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, having already served in the same capacity, with the highest credit, at Paris and

London. It is to be hoped he may get a little higher grade of rations, at less pecuniary outlay, than those he enjoyed while secretary at Paris during the siege. "Very late in the siege," he says, "a man brought to the legation a *plêt de bœuf* of six pounds, for which he asked four dollars a pound. Mr. Washburne and I did not indulge in such luxuries, living principally upon our national pork and beans and the poetic fish-ball. A young American happened to be in the office, however, who took it at once, and paid his twenty-four dollars."

Another, somewhat in the same way:

"When making an exchange at one of the German outposts," says the colonel, "I met a young American, who was living not far from Versailles, and who was known to Count Bismarck. I gave him a couple of morning papers. That evening he dined with Bismarck, and offered to sell him the papers for a quart bottle of Champagne for the big one, and a pint bottle for the little one. Bismarck offered a

quart bottle for both, but my American indignantly rejected the terms; so Bismarck accepted his, and paid the bottle and a half. I record this as perhaps the only diplomatic triumph ever scored against Count de Bismarck."

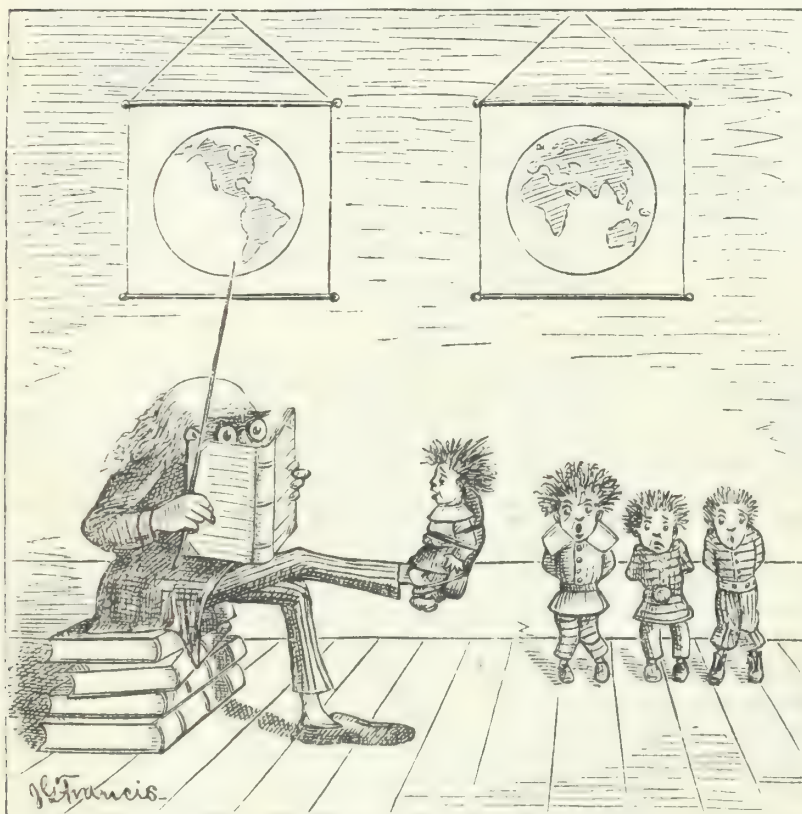
ONE hundred and one years ago was written from a little village in this State, by a gentleman whose name is part and parcel of the honorable history of this State, the following letter:

GERMAN FLATS, August 2, 1776.

SIR,—You are to proceed with all convenient speed to Fort Stanwix. As soon after your arrival as you conveniently can, you are to send down Captain Paterson and Corporal Ross to this place, together with such witnesses, if any there be at Fort Stanwix, who can give any information to a general court-martial respecting the effects of Sir William Johnson at Johnstown.

I am, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,
PH. SCHUYLER.

Any one who looks up Sir William will find that he was quite a naughty party. After the death of his wife he lived in an exceptionally irregular way, and finally took to himself, informally, as it were, "Molly Brant," a sister of the great Indian chief Joseph Brant, by whom he had eight children.



SCHOOL EXAMINATION—THE TERRIBLE DREAM WHICH HAUNTED LITTLE JOHNNY THE LAST NIGHTS OF HIS SUMMER VACATION.

prophet. "What did they call wise men who could read the future—foretell events—tell what was going to happen?"

"I know," said a bright little girl, all eagerness to show off her superior knowledge.

"Well, what is it?"

"Old Probabilities!" was the wise, or weather-wise, reply.

SPEAKING of matrimony, and the culpable indifference of naughty husbands who, instead of taking out their wives to see things, leave them at home to fix and mend things, the following, by an old Irish author, will be understood by the ordinary mind:

If such is the tie between women and men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf,
For he takes to his tail like an idiot again,
And thus makes a deplorable ape of himself.

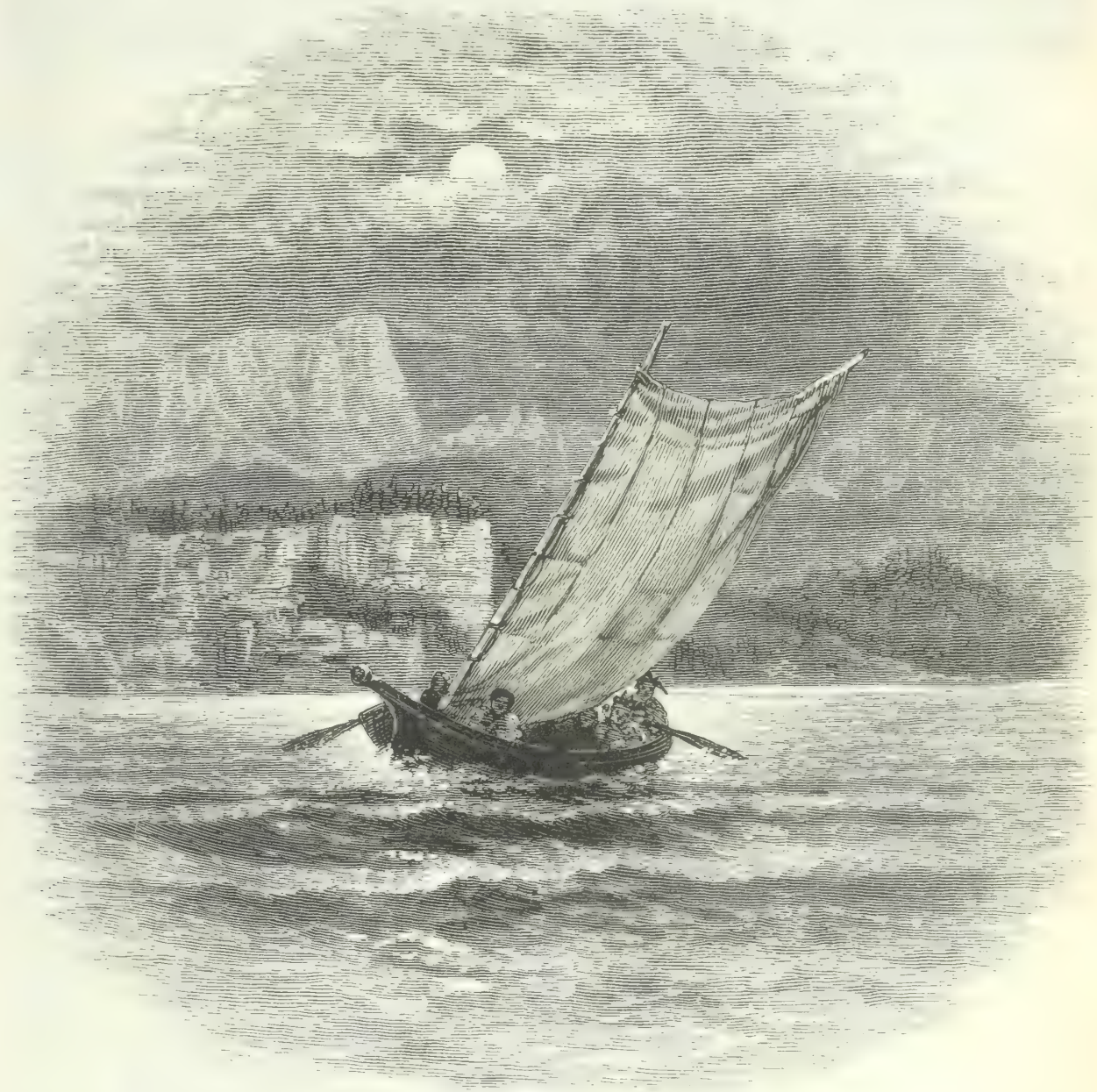
Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers th' original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why, he—leaves her behind him as much as he can."

"It is a most extraordinary thing," said a friend one day to T. W. Robertson, the dramatist, "that old Watson talked for half an hour to me,

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TEN YEARS' ACQUAINTANCE WITH ALASKA: 1867-1877.



ALASKA COAST NEAR MOUTH OF STICKINE RIVER—HAIDAH INDIANS AND CANOE.

A DECADE has elapsed since the double-crested eagle flew from the dreary length and chilly breadth of Alaska, and during that time the intense materialistic eyes of our fellow-citizens have been keenly scrutinizing the rugged land, the timber thickets, the furry beasts, and finny visitants that are purely and essentially Alaskan, with the undisguised determination to strike in at

once where it would pay. They have struck thus far once, and only once.

Few understand, or understood, the underlying motives which prompted the purchase of Russian America; for the truth is that the idea was a suggestion at first on the part of Seward to divert the general feeling of opposition arising over "my policy," indorsed and advocated so energetical-

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SITKA AND EDGECOMBE, FROM THE EAST.

ly by his chief, and the purpose arose within the distinguished Secretary's mind by a sudden cognizance of the following facts. The charter of the old Russian American Company expired in 1862. The company was deeply in debt, and the government was hesitating over the advisability of renewing the lease to the same company and under the same terms; and while hesitating in this way from year to year, a company of American merchants in San Francisco made, through the Russian consul there, overtures for the purchase of the exclusive right of trade in Alaska for a stated term of years. Baron Stoeckel, Russian minister at Wash-

ington, found a willing coadjutor in the form of the Russian minister; and we all know how, in a storm of mingled approbation and lively opposition, the treaty was finally ratified.

And so we took Alaska ten years ago, just as a big boy takes a strange toy, full of great satisfaction, and fired with an intense desire to investigate its inner workings, and, like the boy, we have made the examination, and we have laid the toy aside. How we pitied the ignorance of our Russian friends who declared, in response to our call for information regarding its natural resources, that they had been so engrossed in the one idea of getting furs that they really "did not know of any thing else;" and after ten seasons of careful inquiry, we find, too, that we to-day "don't know of any thing else."

However, though we have lost the wild apples at Sitka, and have failed to see the shimmer of golden fields of corn at Kodiak, yet we have much to please and far more to interest us in Alaska. It is a paradise for the naturalist, a happy hunting ground for the ethnologist, a new and boundless field for the geologist, and the physical phenomena of its climate are something wonderful to contemplate. It is, and will be for years to come, a perfect treasure-trove for these gentlemen; but, alas! it bids fair, from what we now know, never to be a treasure-trove for the miner or the agriculturist.

In presenting these sketches of Alaskan life and scenery, the author does not attempt to give a digest of all that has been done in or is now known of that region, but rather to offer a view, informally, of certain salient features belonging to it—points and objects which have impressed themselves upon his mind, and which will rise to the vision of future travellers, unchanged and unmoved, if we may judge by the Russian tradition, for a century to come, at least. Yes, the cold rugged mountains and bold precipitous sea-cliffs, veiled and unveiled, at the sport of the hour or day, in rifts and banks of heavy fog swayed hither and thither by impetuous gales, were painfully



CREOLE GIRL—TYPE OF CHRISTIAN NATIVE OF ALASKA.

ington, had occasion soon to call Seward's attention to this matter, and then the idea entered the Secretary's mind of purchasing the country out and out; for, he reasoned, if a few of our traders find the enterprise of practically owning and controlling that vast area one so simple and profitable, why should not the United States government at once possess itself of Russian America, since it evidently begs for an owner? And acting on this logic, Mr. Seward moved promptly with negotiation, and

characteristic of the Aleutian chain over one hundred years ago, and they are none the less so now. But scant as is the welcome given by Nature to man, yet she calls together here at stated annual intervals immense herds of mammalian life unparalleled in America, and the breeding millions upon millions of water-fowl within Alaskan limits defy adequate mention.

In the first place, it is not generally known how small the white population is of our new Territory; the general impression, sustained by the erroneous statements made in the several cyclopedias, census reports, etc., recognizes a number between ten and twenty-nine thousand "whites and half-breeds," when in fact there are not over one hundred white residents, and less than two thousand half-breeds; and instead of there being from sixty to seventy-five thousand "Indians," there are not over twenty thousand in the length and breadth of Alaska. In speaking of the white residents, no notice is taken of those men who pass up and down the Stickine River to the British Columbian gold mines of Cassiar, wintering either at Sitka or Wrangell and Tongas. They have no interest in the country.

The hundred or so white residents mentioned above are scattered principally as traders between Norton Sound, of Behring Sea, and Sitka, and, naturally enough, they are not making much demand for a Territorial government; and Congress has wisely turned the entire charge of the interests of the government and the natives over to the Secretary of the Treasury, who is abundantly able, with a revenue steamer, two or three special agents, and a collector of customs with his four or five deputies, to en-



LUKA MANDRIGAN—TYPE OF ALEUTIAN FACE.

force all needful law and order. Several "patriots," however, living on Puget Sound and in Oregon, have been urging some legislation by Congress which would result in creating a few offices up there, but they have met with deserved failure thus far.

We have learned enough of the country and climate by this time to know that the lands and fishing waters now occupied by the natives of Alaska will never be objects for the cupidity of our people; therefore it is plainly to be seen that as the Indians there are undisturbed, they in turn are not going to disturb us, and the subject of maintaining law and order there thus becomes a very simple one indeed, and inexpensive. In order that the natives may continue self-supporting, it is the duty of the government to suppress all agencies which tend to debauch and ruin them and their hunting industries. It is gratifying to be able to state that effectual action in this direction has been ordered this year by the Secretary of the Treasury, for the first time since the transfer.

Through the efforts of other writers, the public have gained the impression that Sitka is the principal town of Alaska, both with regard to population and trade. Now this is not correct, while it was true during the time of Russian possession; then Sitka had from 800 to 1000 Christian inhabitants, now she has in her own right but little over 200; then the trade between Fort Simpson (British Columbia) and Cross Sound was concentrated within her borders, now she absolutely has none to mention. It is carried on by independent traders, every where up and down the coast, right from the decks of their little vessels, and is largely contraband. These native people now living in Sitka are, with five or six exceptions, Rus-



ALEUTIAN BOY.

sian half-breeds, quarter-breeds, octoroons, etc., and as there is nothing whatever for them to engage in of a profitable nature, they exist in a state of supreme poverty; but the great abundance of fish, game, and fuel renders them comfortably independent of physical misery. Blank as is this outlook for them, yet it is only fair to say that they are, perhaps, better off situated as they are than they would be were they transported to Oregon or California, for as a class they are not distinguished by industry or energy; they are fairly letting the buildings in which they live rot above their heads.

Seven hundred miles to the westward, as the crow flies, over the unbroken expanse of the North Pacific Ocean, lies the larger

parison with the incessant rain and steamy fog which are so eminently characteristic of Sitka. The vast reach of coast and country between Sitka and Kodiak, including Cook Inlet and Prince William Sound, is not marked by a single civilized settlement—not a single one—only two or three small trading-posts on the eastern shore of the inlet, and all the rest is as wild as the bear or the grouse found in its dreary solitudes. The Indians sojourning here at wide intervals in small bands are but slightly modified from their condition and habit when first seen by white men a century and a half ago; through the instrumentality of the traders, they have fire-arms and blankets, lead, powder, beads, iron, and tobacco; otherwise,



OONALASKA.

village of St. Paul, on Kodiak Island, which has a native population of some four hundred Christian souls. Indeed, there are no Indians living there, as they do at Sitka. The white population is limited, however, to eight or twelve traders, principally our countrymen. Prior to 1825 this place was the head-quarters of the old Russian American Company, and was well chosen with reference to the comfort of living, for it is the most favored section as to climate in the whole Territory. But the Russians saw with jealous eyes that their ancient and powerful enemy, the Hudson Bay Company, was encroaching upon their boundary north of Fort Simpson, and reaping a rich booty by so doing. Then they resolved to locate somewhere near the British line of entrance to their domain, so the site of Sitka was selected and occupied as the Russian head-quarters, solely as a standing menace to the Englishmen, should further attempt be made in robbing them of their furs.

The abandonment of Kodiak was bitterly bewailed by the Russians, who found the tolerably pleasant weather there experienced delightful indeed when brought into com-

the descriptions of Cook, Vancouver, Portlock, and Dixon are as true and vivid of them as our own notes are, taken to-day.

The next village that we meet is that of Unga, on one of the Shumagin Islands, just south of the Alaskan peninsula, with a population of about one hundred and sixty half-breeds and Aleutians, with three or four white traders. Then a short distance to the westward is the village of Belcovskie, perched upon a bluff head of the peninsula, with two hundred and forty or fifty people like those of Unga, and eight or ten traders of our race. Then we pass on again to the westward and southward, a hundred miles or so, to Oonalaska Island, in Captain's Harbor, to the village of Iliuliuk, or commonly known to us as Oonalaska, which boasts of over four hundred Christian natives, Aleuts and half-breeds, and, as usual, four or five of our white traders. The list of civilized villages in Alaska is completed by adding Atka, Oomnak, and Borka, on the respective Aleutian islands of the same name, with an average population of about one hundred each, and two little towns just worthy of the name, in Bristol Bay.



VILLAGE OF ST. PAUL, SEAL ISLANDS.

Here we have located the whole Christian population of 560,000 square miles of territory! And now, when so many of our folks are feeling blue over the great shrinkage of value in real estate, it may be well, on the strength of an old saying, to call attention to these devoted Alaskans, who are certainly "land poor" in every sense of the phrase: not an acre of their vast domain has been or can be successfully cultivated, and is not touched in any manner whatever; not a road made or travelled over by wheels in the whole length and breadth of the land, beyond the short water-cart track made by the soldiers at Sitka; not a mill running; not a single branch of any mining or mechanical industry open any where here for them to engage in; nothing but their fur trade and their fish to live upon; and therefore who shall blame them for living as they do, even though they have been Chris-

tians for over one hundred years, and many of them read and write? No; we must in all candor pronounce them fearfully and fearfully well made for the rude country which fate has decreed for them.

The inhabitants of these villages which have just been enumerated are the only people in Alaska that ask for or need the least governmental supervision; they ask, with abundant reason, that their hunting of the sea-otter shall not be ruined by the action of a few reckless and wanton whites, for upon the successful chase of this shy animal they depend entirely for the means of living as they do in a state of advanced semi-civilization. The fact that, among all the savage races found on the northwest coast by Christian pioneers, the Aleutians are the only practical converts to Christianity, clearly sets them apart as very different in mind and disposition from the Esquimaux



BELCOVSKIE.

to the north of them, or the Indians of Alaska living to the eastward. They adopted the Christian faith with very little opposition, willingly exchanging their barbarous customs and wild superstitions for the agreeable rites of the Greek Catholic Church and its refined myths and legends. At the time of their first discovery by the Russian sea-otter "promishly-nicks" (hunters) they were living as savages in every sense of the word, bold and hardy; but now, to all outward signs and professions of Christianity, these people of Belcovskie and Oonalaska respond as sincerely as our own church-going folks.

The typical Aleutian stock has been so much mixed with Russian, Indian, and Kamshadale blood that it is difficult to find any pure-blooded men or women in the settlements. The predominant features among them to-day are small wide-set dark eyes; broad and high cheek-bones, causing the jaw, which is full and square, to often appear peaked; coarse straight black hair; small neatly shaped feet and hands, together with a brownish-yellow complexion. Some few of the half-breeds or "creoles" are handsome physical examples of the human race. The average stature of the men will not go above five feet four to five inches, the women smaller in proportion, although there are notable exceptions among them, some being over six feet in height, and others again dwarfs.

The number of these people, including

ered by the Russians, they could boast of four and five times as great a number. At least twenty thousand were living on the



ALEUTIAN BARRABKIE.

islands of the Aleutian archipelago and the peninsula in 1760. From that time, however, in obedience to the natural law which causes an inferior class to succumb to its superior when brought into opposition, the unhappy Aleuts were steadily diminished in numbers, until it became an object of care and solicitude on the part of the Russians to save them for the prosecution of the fur trade. In 1834 they numbered only about four thousand, Kodiak included, and therefore they have not diminished, nor have they increased to any noteworthy degree, during the last forty years.

When first discovered, these people were living in large yourts, or "oolagha-muh"—dirt houses, partially under-ground, resembling those structures which our farmers build for the reception of vegetables, commonly known as "root-cellars," with the difference only of having the entrance through a hole in the top and centre, going in and out on a rude ladder or notched timber post. Several of these ancient yourts were very

large, as shown by the ruins, being from fifty to eighty yards long, and twenty to forty in width. One at Koshegan, Oonalaska Island, has its old foundations in plain relief, being eighty-seven yards in length and forty wide; and here an old woman was living, only three years ago, who remembered when her people dwelt there, and called it a "handsome house."

In these large yourts the primitive Aleuts lived by



SEAL ISLANDER'S HOME, BUILT BY ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY.

their kinsmen on the seal islands, and all the small outlying settlements on the peninsula, Kodiak, and the Aleutian Islands, is about five thousand; but when first discov-

forties, fifties, and hundreds, with the double object of protection and warmth, fuel being exceedingly scarce, for there is neither timber nor coal on the Aleutian Islands.

As they are living at this date, nearly every family is in possession of a hut or "bar-rabkie," built partly under-ground, walled up on the sides, and roofed over with dirt and sods and thatched with grass, a small window placed at one end and a small door at the other, which opens first into a low dark alley, which in turn communicates with the living-room by another small door. This living-room is not large, seldom over ten or twelve feet square, and generally has a hard earthen floor, though the use of boards has become quite general since the transfer; the walls are neatly boarded up, and sometimes papered and embellished with pictures of the Church and patron saints of the families. In this room the Aleut spends the major portion of his time when at home and not engaged in hunting; he shuts himself up in it with his family, and builds at irregular intervals a brief hot

of Oonalaska and the other Aleutian towns in the Territory.

The manners and customs of these natives to-day possess in themselves nothing of a barbarous or remarkable character, aside from what belongs naturally enough to a condition of advanced semi-civilization; but the temper or disposition of the Aleutian is one of improvidence and shiftlessness, and all exist, with few exceptions, in a state of decided ignorance, though quite a number read and write in the Russian, in consequence of the relationship of the Church to the people, the services of which are daily recited in the Russian as well as the Aleutian tongue, and most all of the sub-priests, deacons, etc., are recruited from the ranks of the natives themselves, the males only, however, being educated for this purpose.

They are exceedingly polite and civil, not only to their trading agents, but one to the



SEA-OTTER HUNTER'S CAMP AT SAANACK.

fire in the little iron stove or the Russian oven, as the case may be, and either drinks cup after cup of tea all day, or else he stupefies himself with "quass," or native beer, and lies back on his bed in dull, stupid enjoyment for hours, and even days. Many of these huts are dry and cleanly, but the greater number are damp and filthy, reeking necessarily with strong smells.

A few of the natives at Oonalaska, Borka, Belcovskie, and Unga have been, by the generosity of the Alaska Commercial Company, put into snug frame cottages, and the whole population of the seal or Pribylov Islands, some four hundred people, have been all housed with a frame dwelling for each family by the same corporation, hoping in this creditable manner to make better hunters and workmen of the natives by improving their sanitary condition. The Aleuts on the seal islands are so much better off than the great mass of their kind that they are designated as the "rich Aleuts" by the people

other, and visit among themselves freely and pleasantly, the women being great gossips; but, on the whole, their intercourse is very quiet indeed, for the topics of conversation are few, and, judging from their silent but unconstrained meetings, they seem to have a mutual knowledge, as if by sympathy, as to what may be running at the time in each other's minds, rendering speech superfluous. It is only when under the influence of beer or liquor that they lose their naturally amiable disposition and fall into bad repute.

Having been so long under the control and influence of the Russians, they have adopted many of the every-day customs of the latter, in salutation, birthday dinners, naming their children, etc., etc. They are great tea-drinkers, but seldom use coffee. On account of the scarcity of fuel, they use a large amount of hard bread, soda and sweet crackers, instead of buying flour and baking. With tea, sugar, and hard bread

on the one hand, with an unfailing supply of fish and an occasional brace of ducks or other water-fowl on the other, it will be seen that the Aleutian has a substantial diet. They do not use any more grease or oil than we do.

As parents they are very indulgent while their children are infants or under the age of eight or nine years; but when this period is attained by their offspring the parent changes abruptly, and becomes a harsh disciplinarian and task-master, putting burdens upon young shoulders that are heavy enough for adults, always exacting implicit obedience. Though many children are born, the mothers are not successful in rearing

where they have physicians provided for them by the Alaska Company. They submit to such treatment as they may get with the utmost patience and resignation. Their knowledge of surgery or physic is very limited; a general faith exists among them in the efficacy of a mild form of Shamanism, or the laying on of hands, practiced usually by the old women of each settlement.

They are, as a people, not long-lived, owing to their utter disregard of the laws of health. The Aleutian children are as merry and hearty a set of youngsters as can be found, playing like ours with rude toys, and at hide-and-seek, tag, etc. They are all more or less tainted with scrofula, and



SHISHALPIN (8000 FEET), FROM OONEMAK PASS.

them, for they are extremely negligent in regard to air and diet, irregular in their meals and hours, shiftless and unclean, and frequently indulge in intoxication while nursing their infants: these vices cause an excessive mortality among the children. The Aleuts depend entirely upon themselves in case of illness, except at the seal islands,

many of the brightest-looking children are rendered positively repulsive by the appearance of this disease in eruption.

They marry young, and with the slightest possible evidence of sentimentality; and after marriage the average Aleut becomes a bold, hardy trapper, as he needs must be for success in the only industry that is open to

him in his country, *i. e.*, sea-otter hunting. Competition in this business he has no occasion to fear from the white man, who would never knowingly consent to spend the same

but, like some other species of wild animals, they seem to be so deeply imbued with fear of man, they invariably perish by self-imposed starvation.



SEA-OTTER HUNTERS AND BIDARKIE SOUDDING IN A GALE AT SEA.

amount of time, skill, and energy for the returns which satisfy the native hunter. The indifference with which the Aleuts venture far out to sea in their skin kyacks or "bidarkies," and there risk the approach of gales that are as apt to be against them as not, with a mere handful of food and less water, is remarkable. They are certainly as hardy a set of hunters, patient and energetic, as can be found in the world.

The sea-otter, which constitutes the sole means by which these, the only civilized people of our new Territory, manage to clothe themselves as we do and maintain their Church, may be appropriately mentioned in detail. It is an animal when full grown that will measure from three and a half to four feet at most from the tip of its short tail to its nose. The general contour of the body is much like that of the beaver, with the skin lying in loose folds, so that when taken hold of in lifting the body out from the water it draws up like the hide on the nape of a young puppy-dog. This skin is covered with the richest of all fine deep fur, a jet-black, with silver-tipped hairs here and there scattered, as is so well known to our ladies of fashion.

The sea-otter mother sleeps in the water on her back, with her young one clasped between her tiny fore-paws. Frequent attempts have been made to rear the young sea-otters, as they are often captured alive;

The Saanack islets and reefs constitute the great sea-otter ground of Alaska, and hither come native hunting parties from Oonalaska on the west, and Belcovskie to the north, where they camp on the main island, and venture out in their bidarkies fifteen and twenty miles in every direction to sea. Fires are never built here unless the wind is from the south, and food refuse is never scattered on the beaches. The sufferings to which the native hunters subject themselves every winter on this island, going for many weeks without fires, even for cooking, with the thermometer down to zero in a northerly gale of wind, are better imagined than described; while the various shrewd and skillful artifices by which they outwit the otter in capturing it, would make a lengthy chapter, if fully enumerated, for this animal, of all wild animals, seems to be possessed of the greatest aversion to or dread of the presence, or even the proximity, of man.

The natives, when they go from Oonalaska to Saanack on a hunting trip of this character, usually make up a party of from forty to fifty men. They travel in their light skin bidarkies, two men in each, and are gone usually three to four months at a time before returning to their families; they haul their kyacks out from the water every night as they bivouac along the coast, and sleep in gales of wind, which are always loaded

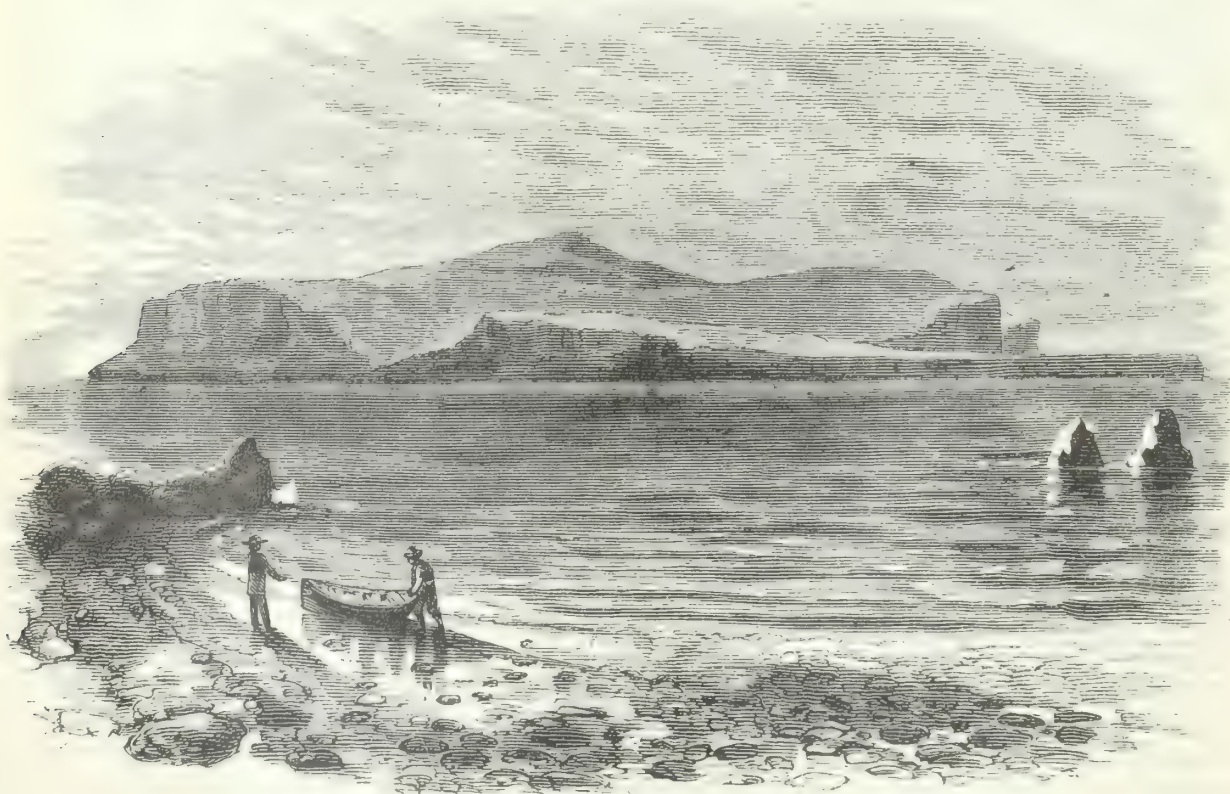
with rain, sleet, and fog, without the least covering, and almost invariably without a fire. Ah! rude indeed is the country of the Aleut, but he is as rugged, and the bleak precipitous islands stamped with his name are all the world to him. He wants no other, and he is happy where we would be supremely miserable.

When the chronic fog and tempest cease long enough to let a clear sky and a bright sun look down upon this great chain of bluffy, mountainous masses stretching out in almost direct continuity from America to Asia, the appearance of any of these islands seen from an approaching vessel is exceedingly attractive. A rich dark coat of glistening vivid green moss and other circum-polar vegetation clothes the valleys, hills, and mountains quite to the snow-line. In the narrow defiles and limited areas of bottom-land the grass is most luxuriant, growing waist-high, with low stunted willow bushes here and there, and when we stroll about on such a day it does not seem at first sight that the country is utterly worthless for agricultural pursuits or stock-raising.

If a little more sunlight could only fall upon these cold moist places where vegetation now springs up every year in such quantity, but of such inferior quality, hay might be cured, barley might be grown, potatoes matured year after year in fair quantity, and, in fact, a good kitchen-garden established in the more favored sections of the Aleutian archipelago, the peninsula, and Kodiak; but the perpetual fog and steaming mists hang like palls over the land of the coast from Sitka to the Arctic, and render it of no value for cultivation.

The most interesting feature of the Aleutian chain is the string of smoking, grumbling volcanoes which stretch from the head of Cook Inlet to the westward over fifteen hundred miles. Mount Shishaldin, on Oonemak Island, is a magnificent cone, rearing its perfectly modeled head over eight thousand feet above the breakers which thunder and roar on its flanks as they fall into the North Pacific on one side and Behring Sea on the other. A steamy jet of vapor was curling up lazily from its summit when the writer last saw it, in October, 1876, but it has not been troublesome at all within the memory of the Russians, while "Pogromnia," Akootan, Macroshinskie, and Iliamna have all been in eruption, and are still belching fire, ashes, and stones, none of them ejecting lava at present, although in time not remote lava has been poured out on Oonemak in immense streams. The seared, rugged courses of the once liquid rock, together with the showered rock *débris*, make travelling on that island excessively fatiguing. Akootan, on Akootan Island, and Makooshin, on Oonalaska, are perhaps the most active of any in the Territory to-day. There has been no disturbance on their account of an extraordinary character for the last thirty years, but previous to that time many severe earthquake shocks had been recorded, and the growth of a new island, Bogaslov, from the sea, has been seen by the present generation. The phenomena attending the appearance of this island far out at sea and alone must have been coincident with the whole history of the Aleutian chain, and occurred in this way:

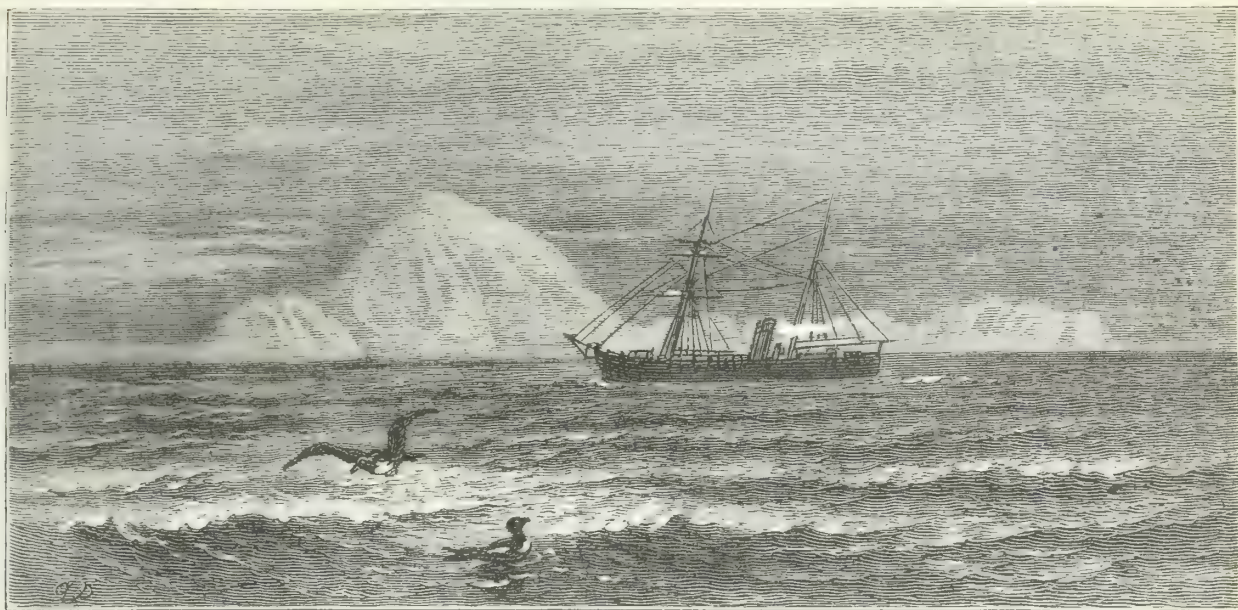
In the fall of 1796 the residents of Oone-



HALL'S ISLAND, NEAR ST. MATTHEW'S.

mak and Oonalaska were surprised by a series of loud reports and tremblings of the earth, followed by the appearance of a dense dark cloud full of gas and ashes, which came

in North America. Mount Fairweather has an elevation of 17,000 feet, and Crillon about the same. Their vast forms are clothed in perpetual snow and ice. A glacier rises in



MOUNT FAIRWEATHER, 120 MILES DISTANT, S.S.W., LOOMING IN A SOUTHEASTERN HAZE.

down upon them from the sea to the northward, and after the lapse of a week or ten days, during which time the cloud hung steadily over them, accompanied by earthquakes and subterranean thunder, it cleared away somewhat, so that they distinctly saw, some twenty miles out at sea, in the north, a bright red light burning above the water; and upon closer inspection in their boats, the people subsequently found that a small island had been elevated above sea-level about one hundred feet, had been forced up, and was still in process of elevation and enlargement, formed of lava and scoria. This volcanic action did not cease on this island until 1825, when the Russians landed for the first time on the rocks, which were still warm. The island as it now stands is an oval peak, almost inaccessible, four to five hundred feet in height, and four or five miles in circumference. The natives visit it quite often, now finding there sea-lions and vast flocks of water-fowl.

In this way, and recently, geologically speaking, were the Aleutian Islands formed from the peninsula west, including the Pribylov group of seal islands and St. Matthew's, their appearance marking a line of least resistance in the earth's crust.

But though the Aleutian district monopolizes the volcanoes of Alaska, yet it can not claim the grandest mountains found within its boundaries. The towering crests of Mounts St. Elias, Fairweather, and Crillon are distinctly visible to the mariner's eye from eighty to a hundred and eighty miles distant, as the weather is relatively clear. The former has been found, by careful triangulation in the summer of 1874, to be 19,000 feet in altitude—the highest peak

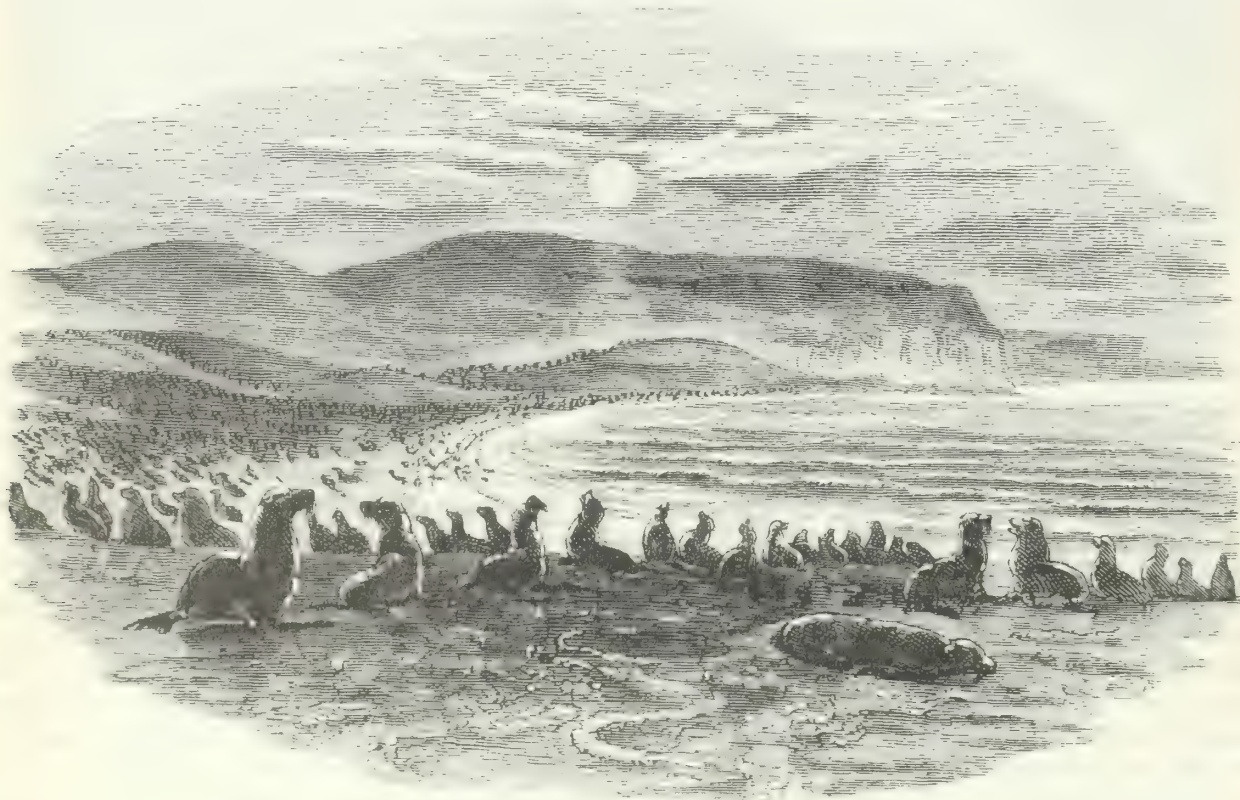
the flanks of Fairweather, and flows down to the Lynn Canal, southeast fifty miles, where it breaks off into the sea—a bold solid wall of blue-green ice eight miles wide and over three hundred feet in thickness, seamed with deep crevasses and undermined by a thousand little streams. This is a glacier beside which the ice streams of the Alps shrink into insignificance. While Crillon discharges its frozen currents into the Pacific at Litnya Bay, nothing is known at present of the probable large glaciers that must belong to St. Elias, since that mountain stands over thirty miles inland, and has never been as yet approached nearer than the sea-coast by white men. St. Elias rears its immense bulk abruptly from a low rolling country, with no ranges of lofty foothills to diminish the imposing height of its storm-capped summit.

When the Russians first came into this country, in 1760-65, the abundance of sea-otter skins, and their far greater value than all others found, caused but little attention to be paid to the skins of fur seals or those of other animals; but the great diminution of sea-otter supply in 1777-78 raised anew the question, often asked in vain, as to where the fur seal bred, such numbers of them being seen every year, in the spring passing north, and in the autumn going south through the narrow channels between the Aleutian Islands. This regular routine of travel followed by these animals every year pointed to some unknown breeding ground in Behring Sea, and search was finally made for it, which resulted in its discovery, in 1786-87, by Lehrman Pribylov, commanding a small schooner. The islands now known to us as the seal islands were without pop-

ulation or the traces of human habitation; they were simply unknown to the natives.

When the cession of the territory was made and the money paid, it is a somewhat singular fact that the Pribylov group of seal islands, which now constitute the only real source of wealth and income to the government in all Alaska, should never have been alluded to by the eloquent advocates of the measure, who sketched the country as the "New England of the Pacific," peopled it with farmers, and covered its bleak hills with flocks. The great speech of Sumner in favor of the treaty, and which, in the universal ignorance of the subject prevail-

miles between Japan and Oregon, so that not a single vessel of the hundreds which used to successfully cruise here is now seen. The smoke of the whalers' "try fires" arose day and night from every section of the sea. But the skillful and unrelenting crusade has eliminated them, and now their place is supplied by the "fin-backs" and the "sulphur-bottoms," which are too lean and active for the whaler to strike, however, though the latter are the longest and the largest of the whale family; but their power of running with a harpoon is such that not one in ten attacked is ever secured, so that the loss of time and whaling gear is too great for



FUR SEALS AT ENGLISH BAY, ST. PAUL'S ISLAND.

ing in the American mind at the time it was delivered, was hailed as a masterly and truthful presentation of the case, is, in fact, as rich a burlesque upon the country as was Proctor Knott's "Duluth." Sumner, however, doubtless meant well, but he was easily deceived by the cunning advocates of the purchase. No, no mention was made of these islands and their fur seal millions, but infinite stress was laid upon the commerce which would spring up in ice and fish, when in fact not a single ice ship has sailed from Alaska for the last seven years, and the fishing fleet and its whole year's work would be considered unworthy of notice in a New England sea-port town.

The North Pacific and Behring Sea twenty years ago were the scene of an immense whaling industry, which has now become a mere matter of history, for the "right" whales have been exterminated, have been driven from the whole vast expanse of water which rolls unbroken for five thousand

the profitable prosecution of the business, although off Akoon Head and in all the passes of the Aleutian Islands herds of fifties and hundreds of these cetaceans are always in sight as they lazily rise to breathe when feeding.

The Aleuts hunt these animals in a somewhat singular manner. They tip a large number of spear handles with glass heads deeply notched (in primitive days they used slate), and paddling out quietly into a herd unconsciously feeding, they drive these weapons into forty or fifty of the whales, if the day is a favorable one. The glass head works in the course of a day or two into the vitals of the creature, causing first inflammation, then death; and after a certain lapse of time the carcass floats, and the currents carry the burden either to the beach or else far out to sea, where it is never heard of again. If the natives manage to secure one whale in this way, even though they strike hundreds, they feel well repaid for



WHALES FEEDING OFF AKOON HEAD.

their labor. They never make any attempt to follow a wounded animal, but after a successful day's work in striking whales, they keep a vigilant look-out along the coast for many miles in each direction from the place where they operated. Then in the course of three or four days, if the wind is favorable, with the currents, they are always hopeful, and frequently succeed in getting one or two bodies.

The appearance of several gentlemen at Washington, one of whom, H. M. Hutchinson, had visited the seal islands, during the session of Congress in the winter of 1868-69, soon aroused the attention of the government to the importance and value of these interests, and, to the great credit of the government, in spite of intense opposition from a score of freebooters who shouted "Monopoly" as their only argument, legislation was enacted which will serve to preserve these wonderful rookeries for all time to come in their original integrity. The writer has given in a previous number of the *Monthly** a full history of the life and behavior of the fur seal on these famous islands.

Passing from the brief mention which has just been made of the civilized people of Alaska, we beg to turn the attention of the reader to the Esquimaux, who inhabit the coast of all that region north of the Alaskan peninsula, and occupy the large islands of St. Lawrence and Nunivak, in Behring Sea.

Although the Esquimaux is an Indian in one sense of the word, yet he is a very different fellow in most respects from the savage with whom we are all pretty well acquainted, for the Indian at Sitka is the same as the Indian at Puget Sound, and so on over to Omaha, to all intents and purposes.

In the first place, the country inhabited by the Esquimaux and small scattered bands of Indians in the far interior is widely different in character from that lying to the southward of the peninsula, for, instead of rising abruptly from the sea into peaked

ridges and lofty mountains, it is flat and low, with only here and there a rounded granite knob, *butté*, or mountain rising from the monotonous moor, which is destitute entirely of timber, until a line from a hundred to two hundred miles beyond the coast is reached, when the general elevation of the land rapidly increases; ranges of mountains become well defined, and a hardy growth of spruce, poplar, and birch is found in all the valleys, and fades out on the uplands. A mighty river, the Yukon, drains it, and bears down to the sea on its vast yellow flood every June the drift-wood that the Aleuts of the Aleutian archipelago used to hunt for with as much vigilance as they did the sea-otter. A small book might be written descriptive alone of the changing moods of this magnificent stream, which has, as the Mississippi did, barred out all approach by vessels to its bosom; for through its deltoid mouths it has carried out such a quantity of sand and silt as to have formed a great bar there, over sixty miles in length by thirty seaward, on which there is less than twelve feet of water at high tide, and not much over eight at low ebb.

The Yukon is the one great river of Alaska; the others are small in comparison; with the exception of the Kuskauim, they are insignificant, and against its rapid current, toward the end of June, the largest and most delicious of all the salmon tribe run in shoals of millions upon millions.

This portion of Alaska, north of the peninsula, of which the Esquimaux occupy the coast, comprises nearly five-sixths of the whole superficial area of the Territory, and it is safe to say that it will never be—can never be—the home of civilized humanity. The tundra which fronts the whole coast line is, indeed, cheerless and repellent at any season. In the summer it is a great flat swale, full of bog-holes, decaying peat, innumerable shallow stagnant lakes, and from all places swarm mosquitoes of the most malignant type; so bad are these pests that the shaggy dogs on the Kuskauim River are frequently worried to death by

* "The Fur Seal Millions on the Pribylov Islands," May, 1874.

them, while in winter it is a wide snow plain, over which wild gales of wind, loaded with snow and hail, sweep in constant succession, making travel there and then as painful and dangerous as it is impracticable and disagreeable in the summer.

The whole Esquimaux population of Alaska will not exceed eight thousand. These people are living in a loose and irregular manner in small bands along the coast, from the head of Bristol Bay, away up and around, to the end of our arctic line, where they are joined to their own people again, inhabiting in the same fashion the coast of British North America, Labrador, and Greenland.

The Esquimaux of Alaska are a much better race of men, physically viewed, than their relatives of Greenland and the East generally, for they are larger in stature, and many of them are models of muscular beauty; they have better faces and are less stolid, being exceedingly vivacious and jolly; they have fixed places for winter residence, but roam about in the summer, camping in huts covered with walrus hides; they have a decided and independent bearing, and are remarkably free and unconstrained in their meeting with white men; but in spite of



ESQUIMAU NEWACK, ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND.

all this, they have proved utterly intractable in the hands of the missionaries, who have not been able, after years of persistent effort, to convert even a single family of them to enduring Christianity.

They have a Mongolian cast of countenance and complexion; the men and boys

shave the crowns of their scalps, leaving a fringe of hair to fall over their foreheads like the "bangs" of our women of the period, while the females gather their long straight black tresses into two twists or braids behind, and wrap them up in copper wire or threads of sinew strung with beads.

Unlike the Indians at Sitka, who have thrown aside, for years past, their skin garments for blankets, or the Aleuts, who have adopted our own costume, these Esquimaux still wear their old-time dresses of bird and reindeer skins. The latter is very skillfully tanned, and usually worn as a coat-frock, or "parki," and breeches, with the hair next to the wearer's body; a collar and cuffs of white dog-skin, or the shanks of the reindeer. They have been but little, if any, changed by intercourse with the Russians, while they have seen very little indeed of our people; they sew with primitive bristle needles, and they cook in primitive wooden vessels, into which they toss heated stones when they desire to boil or stew their fish or walrus meat.

The diet of the Esquimaux is, as a regular thing, walrus meat, varied with whale's blubber, of strong, rancid odor, during the long winter months, which begin in November and do not end until June; then they change off to mullets from the fresh-water lakes and sloughs, salmon, and trout, interlarded with hair-seal meat, geese, ducks, auks, and their eggs. Seal and whale oil they always preserve in skins, and store it either above or under ground until wanted; this oil is the most offensive thing about their domestic economy, for they make it a point to never use it fresh if they can help it, but wait until it is fairly rotten in its skin bags before it is poured out on their meat and mixed with their berries.

They have but little to tempt the visit of traders—only a few fox-skins, a small amount of walrus ivory, and some whalebone. They have a general supply of old flint-lock muskets, which they seldom use, because they are too poor to buy ammunition. They spear the walrus and seal, shoot birds and fish with bone and ivory tipped arrows, though they catch most of the former in large nets, which are stretched over the brows of cliffs, or across the numerous inland lagoons; these nets are very neatly made of walrus hide.

There is a wide-spread impression among our people that the fur trade of Alaska must be an extensive business; but it is quite the contrary, for, leaving out the seal islands and the sea-otter hunting of the Aleutians, the gross value of the business annually, from Fort Simpson to the Arctic, will not exceed \$80,000 to \$100,000, or, in other words, it really amounts to nothing in a national way. The main-land of Alaska north of the peninsula yields beaver of the best quality,



ESQUIMAUX BIRD NET AND SUMMER-HOUSE AT POOHILA, ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND.

and an immense number of musk-rat skins, and many red foxes. The precious black fox, the skin of which is almost worth its weight in gold, is exceedingly rare; not more than three or four are taken, on an average, during the year. A small number of silver-gray foxes are caught, with a fair quantity of marten and mink, of a very fine quality north of the Kuskauim, but deteriorating rapidly to the southward of this point. A fair catch is made of land-otter, with black and brown bear. Reindeer-skins are taken in considerable quantity, and sent East, where they are converted into superior leather.

This is all that is doing in a Territory one-sixth the size of the whole United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But it may be said that the salmon which run up its rivers every spring and summer will yet be utilized as a source of productive industry. The number of spawning fish that ascend the Yukon every June and July is something fabulous, but the practical fisherman says that the "run" is of too short a duration to warrant the employment of capital in canning them; but yet a means of rapid treatment may be devised by which these splendid salmon shall be secured, with profit to the captors and credit to the country. The subject of canning salmon has not been agitated long on the Pacific coast, but, short as is the life of this new industry out there, it has grown already into a colossal trade, and the demand seems to always exceed the supply. It would appear reasonable to anticipate, therefore, the adoption by our fishermen of some machinery by which they can visit the Yukon when the salmon begin to run, and

while they ascend the river catch and can a million pounds a day; for the raw material is there, of the largest size, the finest flavor, and in the greatest number known to any stream in the world.

At present, however, beyond the fur trade, which we have sketched, there is nothing doing whatever in Alaska—no settlers, no mines, no mills. If we ever utilize the spruce and fir timber on the Sitka coast, we must encourage and foster the effort in the line of ship-building, for this timber is too gummy and resinous for the ordinary use of house-building and furniture-making. If gold or silver is discovered in Alaska, it must be of unusual richness, or it will never support any considerable body of men up there, so far away from the sources of necessary supply. The reputed Alaska gold mines are not in Alaska at all, but on the Stickine River, in British Columbia, being over one hundred and eighty miles to the eastward of the boundary between the two districts; but as the Stickine River, to reach the Pacific with its rapid flood, has to pass through thirty miles of Alaskan soil and rock, so the miners visit Alaska in this way only, as they go up and down the river from Cassiar to Victoria, the Sound, and California every spring and fall.

Though we know now that Alaska will never be, in all human probability, the land for us, yet we have one great comfort in its contemplation, for we shall never be obliged to maintain costly mail-routes or appoint the ubiquitous postmaster there. We shall never be asked by its people for a Territorial form of government, with its attendant Federal expenses; and much as the coast looms up on the map, we shall never have

to provide light-houses for its vacant harbors. No; the revenue annually derived from the seal islands alone is in itself six times greater every year than the sole outlay required at the hands of the government in the regular employment of a revenue steamer for the protection of the seal islands, the sea-otter hunters, and the prohibition of whiskey, which tends to debauch and demoralize the Christian natives espe-

cially. And so, though Alaska makes no offer of any art or industry or invitation suited to our people, yet she annually pays into the Treasury far more than she asks in return for her protection and support; and in this respect she gives us less ground for fault-finding than do many of our long-settled States that have natural advantages which this unhappy country never has had, and never can have, in our day at least.



THE SEA-OTTER.

PALINGENESIS.

WHEN silent mystery of night
Had folded earthly sound and sight,
Then dimly was this vision shown,
And faint and far I heard a moan:

"The world is empty, dark, and drear;
Why, Soul, reluctant, tarry here?
Unsought by thee the gift of Life,
Bid Death glad welcome: end the strife."

In speechless wonder and amaze
Upon that joyless one I gaze;
Unknowing hope, or fear, or pain,
Oblivion her only gain.

Thick darkness shrouds her like a pall,
And conscious Silence broods o'er all,
While mute and cold grow heart and breath,
For Life has given way to Death.

Around her flowed on every side,
Of want and sin an endless tide:
Starved children near the dead knees crept,
And women wailed and strong men wept;

While many a hungry, sin-sick soul
Entreated vainly to be whole,
And vainly looked for God's dear grace
In that sad, silent, stony face.

Within her lap was shining gold,
And in her heart was wealth untold;
But unto none the gold she gave,
Nor stretched her hand to help or save.

"O God!" I cried, "must such things be?
She will not hear! she will not see!
In self and silence slumber still,
Nor know one warm responsive thrill?"

"Truth-seeker, wake! stretch out thy hand;
Give help to those who waiting stand;
Ask not the whither, whence, nor why;
Nor seek to live, nor seek to die!"

But only silence answered me,
Nor pulse nor motion could I see:
More hard than adamant or steel,
She only *knew*. She could not *feel*.

Then one with sunny eyes and hair,
That brightened all the presence there,
Unto the silent one drew near,
And spake in accents soft and clear:

"The world is dark to blinded eyes;
He liveth not who Life denies;
Who *will* not hear, himself is dumb,
And selfish hearts grow cold and numb.

"Forget thyself; for others live;
Thyself to others freely give;
Bid joy from pain and sorrow spring;
Bid those that wept rejoice and sing.

"In healing pain and want and woe,
Fresh life through thy dead heart will flow;
Thy life's dark discord, harsh and strange,
To heavenly harmony will change."

Like baby hands on mother breast
The angel wings above her rest;
The surging sea of human pain
Before his voice was hushed again.

Beneath his touch the Dead awoke,
And Light through all the Darkness broke;
The dead eyes lost their stony stare,
And she arose—a Presence fair.

No longer children wept and wailed,
Nor waiting hearts of comfort failed;
But high to heaven, and clear and strong,
Arose a glad, exultant song.

"Thy name," I cried, "O angel bright,
Who to the Dead gives Life and Light?"
"My name is *Love*," he softly said.
"Who lives in me is never dead."

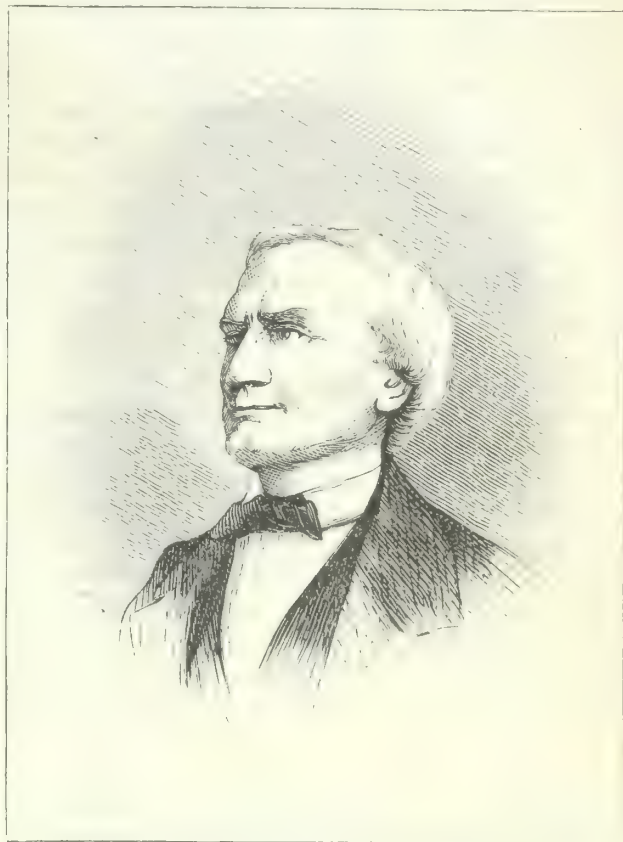
THE KING OF CONJURERS.

IN the year 1843 a French nobleman, whose name and title were, according to the usual mode of French address, Monsieur le Comte de l'Escalopier, left the portal of his magnificent private residence in the Place Royale in Paris, and, strolling leisurely into a neighboring street, stopped before the shop window of an unpretending clock-maker. The object therein displayed, and which had attracted the attention of the count, was a clock of somewhat intricate construction, which was labeled a "*pendule de précision*." The count was a great lover of art in all its forms, but especially of that fascinating branch of art wherein it is wedded to scientific mechanism; and when he entered this humble shop and ordered the clock to be sent to his residence, he made the first step toward introducing to the world a man who, as an artist and a mechanic, has done much to amuse his fellow-men and something to instruct them. For the obscure clock-maker from whom the Comte de l'Escalopier bought his *pendule de précision* was no other than the subsequently world-renowned juggler Robert Houdin.

Count and conjurer alike are dead, but the pleasure-seeker in Paris to-day, like his predecessor of a generation ago, has the opportunity of attending the "Theatre of the Fantastic Evenings of Robert Houdin" exactly the same as if the juggler were alive and tricking. Ordinary jugglers are born, marry, juggle, and die; but Robert Houdin is a vital and imperishable principle, whose personality the actual performing juggler in the Theatre of the Fantastic Evenings is only too glad to assume. To "go and see Robert Houdin" is a standard enjoyment in Paris, the name being hired with the hall, and every wandering juggler invested with it when he assumes lesseeship.

For a long time previous to the day when the Comte de l'Escalopier bought his clock, Robert Houdin had entertained the desire to appear in public as a sleight-of-hand performer. In such leisure moments as were only too numerous from the narrow circle of his clientage as a small clock-maker, Houdin had busied himself in constructing various mechanical contrivances, which he proposed should figure, and which ultimately did figure, in his fantastic evenings. The count, being highly pleased with the movements of his precision clock, became interested in its maker, and frequently dropped in at the small shop in his daily promenades, to see what the expert mechanic was doing. Encouraged by the sincere appreciation his labors received from his wealthy patron, Houdin confided his projects for the future to De l'Escalopier, who enthusiastically approved of them, and urged him to imme-

diately put them in execution. To give the future prestidigitateur an opportunity to break the ice in the matter of facing an audience—always a trying ordeal to every beginner who appears upon the boards in any capacity—he frequently invited Houdin



ROBERT HOUDIN.

to come to his house after he had been entertaining a numerous company at dinner, and before these assemblages try the amusing tricks through whose performance he hoped one day to win fame and fortune. More than a generation of men has come and gone since then, and naturally many of the feats performed by Houdin at that time have now become by force of repetition as familiar as a twice-told tale; but Houdin "created" them, and to the audiences of his day they were as startlingly novel as any thing now presented on the stage of modern jugglery, and were, indeed, quite as inexplicable to those who beheld them as are to us any of the physical marvels of what is known as spiritualism. On one of these occasions the unfortunate Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, who was shot on the barricades in the bloody days of 1849, witnessed Houdin's performance in the count's drawing-room, and left in the hands of the juggler a written compliment, to which his signature was appended, and of which any performer might be proud, so cordial was it. Houdin, indeed, had devised a most entertaining series of sleight-of-hand tricks for the diversion of so great a person-

age as the Archbishop of Paris, the honored guest of his kind friend the count; and at the conclusion of the performance he handed around to the audience (that all present might carefully examine it) a large envelope, sealed with a number of seals in the manner of an express money letter of the present day. When the envelope had passed through all hands, and all had testified that it was sealed and the seals stamped with an impression, Houdin carefully laid it on his table in full view of the audience. Then taking a sheet of paper and a pencil, he handed them to the archbishop, and begged monseigneur to write a phrase of any sort—a thought, a quotation, what he liked. After the priest had complied, the juggler took the paper, folded it, and ostensibly burned it in the flame of a candle before their very noses. When the paper was burned and the ashes scattered, the juggler returned to his table, took up the large sealed envelope, and handing it to the archbishop, begged him to open it. The seals broken, there was found to be another envelope underneath, sealed in the same way, and under that another, and so on until a dozen sealed envelopes had been broken open and cast aside, when within the last was found the paper upon which the archbishop had written the following, and which was supposed to have been burned:

"Without being a prophet, I predict for you, Sir, very great success in your future career.
AFFRE."

From this evening out Monsieur De l'Escalopier urged his adroit friend to launch at once into public life, and repeat before an almost limitless world of auditors the tricks which had so highly diverted the frequenters of the count's own house. But under pretense that he had other contrivances in hand which were not yet ready, Houdin managed for some time to avoid the humiliation of confessing that he had no capital with which to make the venture. Like an honest but self-appreciating workman, he hoped that his trade would increase, and permit him to save enough to enter upon the speculation, and if it failed, to compromise the funds of no one but himself. The truth came out one day, and De l'Escalopier warmly pressed him to accept ten thousand francs as a loan, and for an indefinite time. Houdin refused, and so positively that the nobleman was vexed at his obstinacy, and left the shop in anger. For some time he remained away, but one afternoon, just as Houdin had resolved to go to the house and try to bring about a reconciliation, the count himself entered the shop, with features so agitated as to show that he was suffering from some great annoyance.

"Friend Houdin," he said, "though you

will not accept a favor from me, I am not too proud to come here and ask one of you. For the last year I have been fully aware that I am being robbed. A dozen times I have changed my servants, in the hope of, in this manner, getting rid of the thief. Still the robberies continue to be committed, and I have come to you to ask you to help me find the delinquent."

Houdin's reply was that his magic power, such as it was, only extended to the end of his own fingers. How, then, could he be of use to the count?

"Mechanism!" answered De l'Escalopier.

The hint was sufficient to the clock-maker. Summoning two of his workmen, they instantly set to the task of getting up the invention which had flashed across Houdin's brain. By working all night the mechanism was ready by daybreak, and Houdin, secretly admitted to the house by the count himself, brought his machine, and explained his device. The thefts of money had all taken place from the count's secretary, the door of which was, nevertheless, always kept locked, and the key carried by De l'Escalopier; therefore to this secretary the invention was to be fitted. Houdin in handling it wore a stuffed glove, like that used by boxers—a circumstance which naturally excited De l'Escalopier's curiosity. Houdin explained:

"Suppose, now," he said, "that I am the thief. The door of the secretary is shut and locked. I have a false key; I put it cautiously into the lock, I turn the key, I pull, and scarcely has the door opened an inch before a pistol-shot goes off, and on the back of my hand (or this glove) is indelibly stamped the word THIEF."

"Explain the working of it."

"The pistol-shot is only to give you warning, in whatever part of the house you may be. But scarcely will the secretary door have opened, when this claw, mounted on a wire and working with a spring, will fly out and clutch the hand of the person who has inserted the key. This claw is simply a tattooing machine; these little short sharp needles are placed in such a way as to form the word THIEF. They pass through a pad impregnated with nitrate of silver, which the blow causes to inject itself into the needle pricks, and leave ineffaceable marks for life."

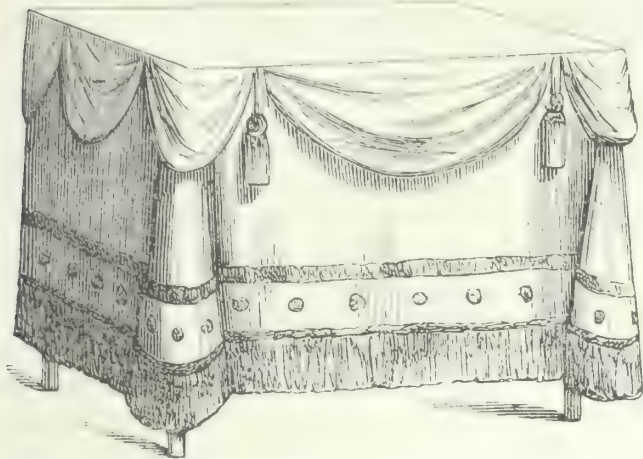
The count looked grave.

"We have no right to brand a man in this way. That belongs to the law. Or even if we had, would it be Christian-like to stamp upon the flesh of a fellow-being a horrible and criminating mutilation which would forever class him among the enemies of society? He may not be a hardened criminal. Youth—its follies—the temptations of the gay life of Paris—"

The count had young sons.

"Say no more," answered Houdin. "Your view is the proper one. It will only take me a few hours to make such changes in the instrument as will be entirely satisfactory."

Before dusk Houdin came back with the instrument, modified in such a way that the claw, instead of tattooing, merely gave a



THE OLD STYLE OF TRICK TABLE.

sharp cat's scratch to the hand which inserted the key. This being a wound which would readily heal and leave no scar, De l'Escalopier found no objection to it.

The next day the count sent for his man of business, and ordered him to bring to the house certain large sums in gold. These were counted, and duly locked up in the secretary. Intent on his scheme, De l'Escalopier called in debts and other outstanding matters, in order that the movement of money in the house should whet the cupidity of the thief. These manœuvres continued sixteen days, during which time the clock-maker and the count had many significant interviews. The time lagged so that they began to be afraid they would never be robbed any more; but on the sixteenth day the pistol-shot was heard, and De l'Escalopier rushed into the room. There he found his man of business looking rather wild, and holding his right hand behind his back.

"What is this?" asked the count.

"I had just come in to see you," stammered the other, "when I saw a man here working at the secretary door. A pistol-shot went off, and he jumped out of the window, and escaped by the little back gate."

De l'Escalopier went to the little back gate, found it locked, with the key inside—a positive proof of the falsity of the statement—and then, returning to the room, he pulled his agent's hand from behind his back, and found it bleeding freely from the scratch.

"How long have you been robbing me, Mr. Bertrand?" he asked, coolly.

"About two years," was the business-like reply.

"And how much money have you taken altogether?"

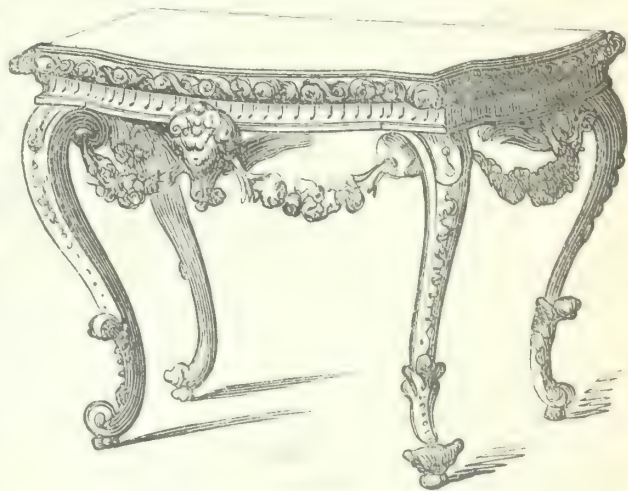
"About fifteen thousand francs."

"What have you done with it?"

"Bought state bonds, the titles of which are in my desk at home."

On condition of returning these bonds and of signing a paper acknowledging his guilt, to be used in case he again infringed the law, De l'Escalopier took no further steps to resent the treachery of his unworthy agent. The money rescued from the thief he forced upon Houdin as a loan, and before the year was out the successful juggler was amply able to repay it, and did so. From his very first performances to his last he met the highest appreciation from his Parisian audiences.

Houdin's first Fantastic Evenings took place in a small hall he caused to be fitted up in the Palais Royal, then even more than now a centre of attraction to the gay crowds of Paris. Recent architectural changes of great splendor have made the vicinity of the Nouvel Opéra the chosen promenade night and day for all the loungers in the capital; but in Houdin's time the Palais Royal, its shops, its restaurants, its green park, its music, its colonnades, were attractions of irresistible potency, and every evening persons numerous enough to fill the hall over and over



HOUDIN'S TRICK TABLE.

again gathered around the doors of Robert Houdin. The little auditorium would only seat two hundred; but the prices of admission were rather high, the front seats being let at a dollar, or five francs, and no places being obtainable under forty sous. The stage set was pretty and bright, representing a drawing-room in white and gold in the Louis XV. style. No furniture was used except that which was necessary to the performance. The floor was covered with a handsome carpet. On the right of the stage was a room which was, of course, very useful at night, and wherein during the day, and all day, Houdin sat and worked at his inventions. Houdin was the first juggler

ever seen by an audience who contrived to dispense with the cumbrous and suggestive table with which one might say any fool could do tricks, and many did. To a juggler tables are what heavy artillery was to the first Napoleon; nevertheless the little table Houdin used looked extremely innocent when viewed from the front. All articles too large and cumbersome to be hidden in the hands or the pockets (of which his clothing is full) of a juggler, are disposed of on the tables, of course out of sight of the

pretense of merely handing this article and that as required, in reality aided the accomplishment of many tricks when his assistance was not suspected.

The *alter ego* of all jugglers is the invisible hand whose action the audience is totally unconscious of, while feeling its strange power; whose eye and ear are forever on the alert; whose attention never swerves for an instant; whose sleight of hand nearly equals the juggler's; whose rapidity of action is almost marvelous. This is the confederate behind the scenes. In

Houdin's opinion, women are vastly superior to men for this work, and he had experience enough during many years to know.

Great numbers of amusing little tricks with handkerchiefs were invented and performed by Houdin. One of them was very effective, though, like all these things, absurd in its simplicity when you had the clew. He spoke of the heat of the evening, and put his hand in his coat-tail pocket to get his handkerchief; wiped his forehead with it, fanned himself with it, and



THE CONJURER'S PARLOR.

audience. For this purpose all the tables on the stage are provided with what is technically called (by French jugglers, at least) a "servant," which is a shelf at the back of the table, upon which are placed such articles as will be required to mysteriously appear in the course of the experiments; and also with a box lined and padded with cotton batting, into which things desired to be got rid of are dextrously thrown. "Pedals" are also fixed into the inner side of the table underneath. These pedals are the wires and strings by which many mechanical contrivances are made to operate, and they are worked by a confederate off the stage. Houdin perfected this pedal play in an astonishing way, and in the interior of his centre table there was an extensive key-board, like that of a piano, upon which his assistant played dextrously, and by means of the pedals accomplished the most ghastly effects. The side wings or walls of Houdin's little inclosed box scene were perforated with traps of all sizes and shapes, and articles which the juggler thrust through fell noiselessly outside into receptacles lined with cotton like that on the "servant" of the centre table. Houdin's son, a boy of thirteen when his father first appeared in 1844, acted as page, and under

then, slapping it between his hands, told it to go. It went. He informed his audience it had gone back to his coat-tail pocket, and putting his hand back there, pulled it out again; and again, on command, it disappeared before the eyes of the audience. The explanation may seem clumsy, but to do this trick in a small room, right within fire of eyes and opera-glasses, required great rapidity and neatness of hand. A cord being sewed to the centre of a pocket-handkerchief, was passed up the right sleeve of his coat and down the left to his left wrist, around which the other end of the cord was tied, the handkerchief being pulled up the right arm out of sight. The arms extended, the cord taut, the handkerchief out of sight, is the first stage of preparation. Equipped in this way before coming in sight of the audience, the juggler is ready to put his hands behind his back as if to take his handkerchief out of his pocket, but in reality to pull it down from his right sleeve with the aid of the left hand. The string being taut when the arms were extended, of course it is slack when they are held up by the breast or the back, and the handkerchief easily comes out some distance from the sleeve; but stretching the two arms straight out tightens the string, and the handkerchief

flies up the arm like lightning. All this with the hey! presto! and the hand-clapping and finger-snapping which always lend their aid to the amusing illusions of the juggler.

Houdin was the inventor of that trick by which a box is made to be either light enough to be lifted by a child, or so heavy the most robust man can not drag it from its place. Houdin knew before the information became very general that an artificial magnet can be made of a piece of iron by the aid of electricity. As long as the electric current circulates around it, the iron will retain its power of attraction; but as soon as the electric current is cut off, the iron loses all capability of playing the part of loadstone. In this manner iron may be charged to so great an extent that it will hold another piece of iron so strongly that no human power can loosen it. This was, of course, the principle of Houdin's *coffre lourd*, or heavy box. In the centre of the little platform running down among his audience, which all jugglers use, Houdin had an opening made, in which was placed a powerful electro-magnet concealed by the light stuff which covered the boarding. Electric wires communicated with the room behind the scenes, and from there at the proper moment was sent the current. The bottom of the box was covered with a wall-paper, which made it look like wood; but it was in reality a strong iron plate. He requested his auditors to lift the little box, that they might see how light it was. They did so; its weight was trifling; it was apparently a wooden box. "Nevertheless," said he, "if I want to put bank-notes in it for safe-keeping—they are not heavy, bank-notes are not—I just pass my wand over it, and I make the box so heavy that no thief can run off with it." This was the cue for the electric current to be turned on, and no man in the audience could pull the box from the unsuspected magnet beneath, unless, indeed, the tricky Houdin gave another cue, by which the box became light, and the sweating tugger was sent rolling backward with the box in his arms. When the principle of the electro-magnet became better known, Houdin varied this trick by the following introduction. After the electro-magnetic business just described was over, the juggler informed his hearers that to show them he was not aided by any recent inventions of science, but that the box really became either light or heavy as he desired, he would hang the box to one end of a rope on a pulley, and by taking hold of the other end of the rope, they could judge of its weight. Whereupon he fastened on the box, and begged a spectator to be kind enough to hold it up by the other end of the rope, so that he could easily feel how heavy it was. "Just now the box is so light that

the gentleman holds it up in the air without any trouble; but as it will become very heavy the instant I command it, I must ask five or six persons to come and help this gentleman to hang on to the rope, so that the box may not draw him up or carry him off." As soon as his spectators yielded to this request, the box came down, hoisting all the people that were hanging on to it, and swinging them about in the air, to

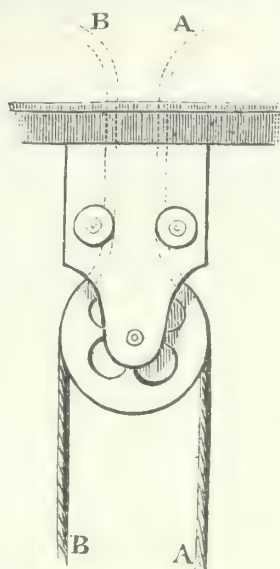


FIG. 1.

the great amusement of the audience. Fig. 1 shows the aid Houdin summoned in this manœuvre. The block and pulley seem to be of the ordinary sort when viewed by the spectator below; he can even pull the rope backward and forward, and it will seem to run over the pulley; but the interrupted lines show that the rope did not pass over the pulley at all, but went up into the ceiling, and there worked over a double pulley on the

floor above. When the spectator pulled the rope, it rolled over the double pulley above and unrolled on the opposite side in the same quantity. It requires little enough knowledge of the laws of mechanics to see that the strength of one man who has got hold of the handle is thus enormously increased, and that he can hold his own against the united power of five or six spectators.

"One hundred candles lighted by a pistol-shot!" was a seeming marvel that drew all Paris to Houdin's hall for a time. This was an application of the old principle of the electric spark, and though only one hundred candles were modestly mentioned by Houdin, he might have lit more than that with his pistol-shot, and so he informed his hearers. Look at Fig. 2. A is the end of a gas-pipe leading to a reservoir of hydrogen gas; B and C, two little metallic stems, very fine and delicate, whose ends are quite close together. One of these stems, B, is isolated on a glass shank; the other, C, is fixed upon a copper shaft communicating with the ground. When the gas issues from the jet A, it strikes directly on the candle-wick D, passing between the points B and C; and if

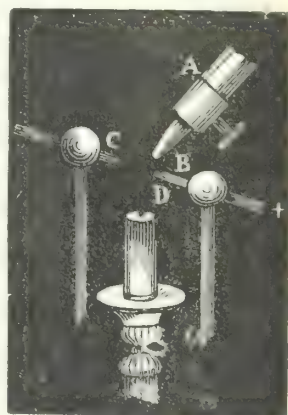


FIG. 2.

at this moment an electric spark is introduced at the point B, it will spring to the other point, passing through the gas and setting it on fire. This tongue of flame will light the candle-wick.

Houdin's arrangement of this principle may be seen in Fig. 3. The points marked S are isolating bodies (except the last one), and may be of any number. All the jets, G, are fixed on the same pipe which supplies them with gas. The letters B indicate candles. Exactly as just described the gas is turned on at the main, and escapes at all the jets. At that instant the spark is made to pass in at the isolated end of one of the shafts, and the electricity, instantaneously springing from point to point, ignites the gas jets, and consequently also the candle-wicks, which, however, to insure their inflammation, have previously been dipped into spirits of turpentine. The greater number of breaks there are in the shafts, so much greater power is necessary in the spark to overcome the resistance it encounters to its course. At one time the spark was sent from a powerful electric machine; but however strong this instrument might be, it often happened, when the weather was wet, that the electricity generated was not sufficient, and the performance missed fire. Houdin was the first to make use of the Ruhmkorf coil, which, to the great joy of the juggler,

rendered his trick safe against wind and weather.

There is nothing a juggler's patrons are fonder of than ghosts, and Robert Houdin

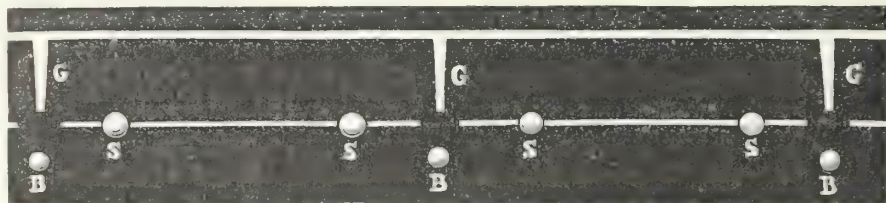
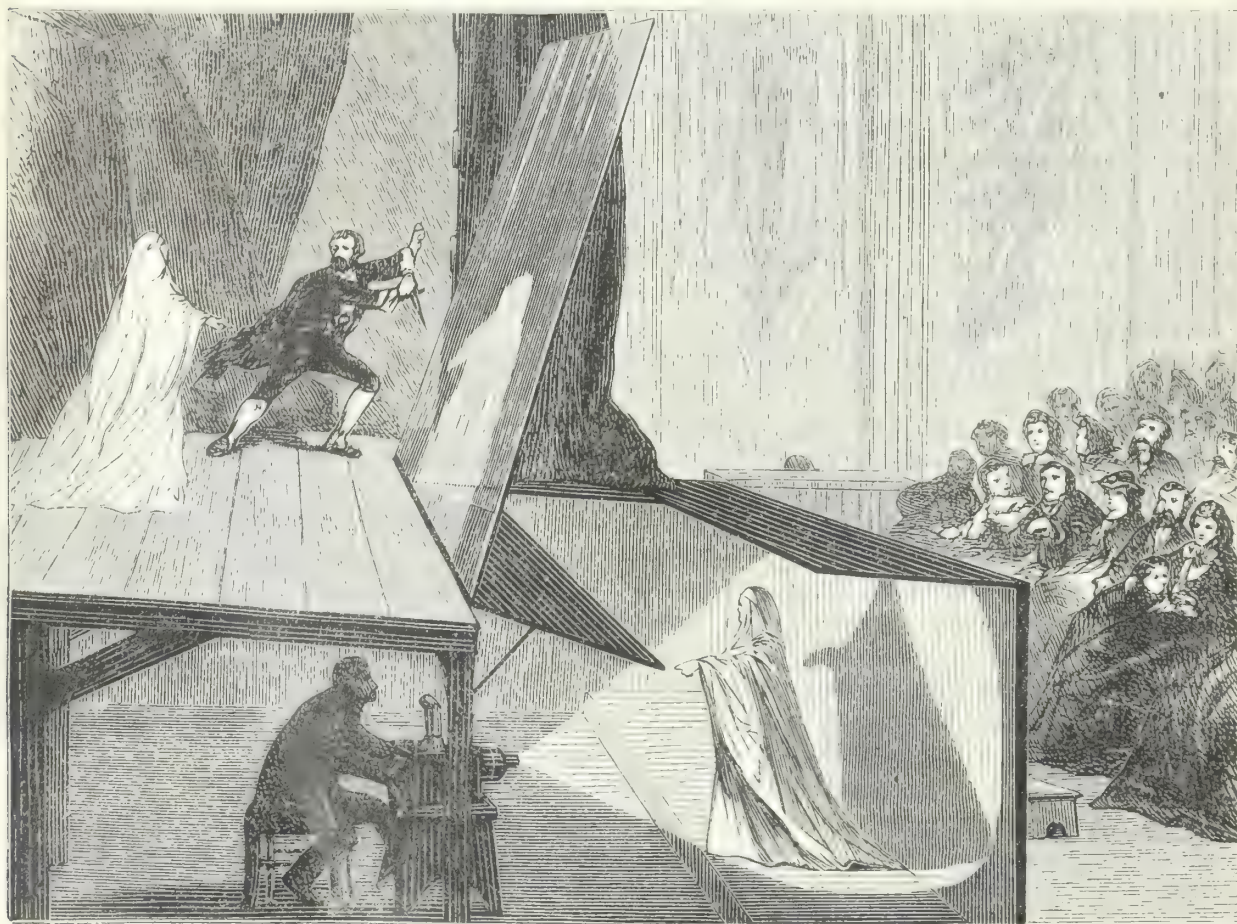


FIG. 3.

had quite a number of these phantoms at command. The strange deceptions brought about by optical illusion are practically limitless, and one of the most startling produced by Houdin is shown below. In this scene two persons are, or are supposed to be, walking about the stage. They rush from side to side; they gesticulate; they are heard to speak to each other; the dramatic movement they go through is actually blood-curdling. For one is a creature, like ourselves, of flesh and blood, and the other is a phantom, an impalpable spectre. The living being vainly tries to seize the phantom. He thrusts his sword through and through it; he even himself passes through it as the sunshine penetrates a rain-cloud. In spite of this the spectre does not lose its human shape. It remains seemingly quite intact; it continues to gesticulate, and appears to haughtily defy its mortal assailant. Finally it vanishes, and the living man, with sweating brow and horror-



THE CONJURER'S GHOST.

stricken features, remains alone upon the stage. The principle of this entertaining illusion, which is well known in America, where it is technically known as "Pepper's Ghost," may be explained by a few strokes of pen and pencil. Just stand upon a table

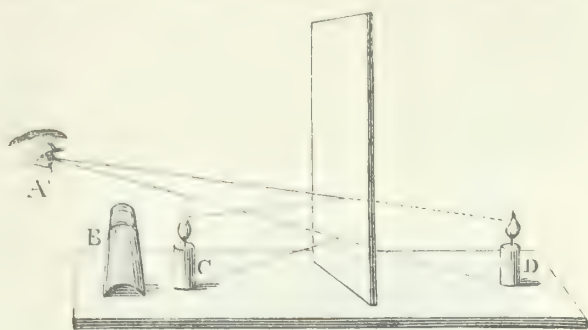


FIG. 4.

a sheet of glass about twelve or fifteen inches high, and about as wide. It is strictly important that the glass should be of fine quality, free from flaws, and transparent. Put a lighted candle at a distance of five or six inches in front of the glass, and behind the candle a book to serve as a screen. (Fig. 4.) In looking over the book B and into the glass, you will see reflected there the candle C, which the screen hides from your direct vision, and the candle will virtually appear to be at D, behind the glass, and at exactly the same distance from it that the real candle C is. Still looking through the glass, you will find that you may put your hand around there and pass it apparently through the flame again and again, and though the candle still seems an opaque substance, your being able to pass your fingers through it shows clearly that it is airy and impalpable.

Now if in the place of the candle C you substitute a white body strongly illuminated, you will have the precise explanation of the ghost effect as used by Houdin, and later by Pepper. It is scarcely necessary to mention that all lights in the hall are turned off with the exception of that used for the production of the spectre. If a sheet of transparent glass is placed in a room, with light falling equally on all sides of it, it will give no reflection at all, any more than the panes of a window do when the interior and the exterior of the room receive the same amount of light. But if one of the faces of the sheet of glass is more strongly lighted than the other, the one which is in shadow loses in the matter of transparence, and gains in that of reflection, the darkness performing the office of a quicksilver plating of more or less density.

In the scene represented on page 822 between a living man and a spectre, a large unplated glass, placed at the requisite incline, noiselessly arises or descends between the spectators and the actors. Underneath the stage, and in front of the glass, is a person

dressed in a white shroud, whose whole form is lit up by the rays of an electric or Drummond light. The exact representation of the spectre, reflected by the glass, then appears in sight of the audience, and seems to those who behold it to be upon the stage. This spectre, unmistakably palpable as it is to the audience, is not apparent to the actor who is on the stage. He can not see the least gleam of it, his point of vision being different from that of those who sit in front; and in order to guide his movements so that when the spectre is on the stage he shall make no mistake as to where it is, a whole system of chalk marks and other signs is prepared beforehand, that his dramatic action may be intelligibly guided.

To insure the success of this optical illusion, it is necessary, first, that the glass should be of the finest quality, as the slightest defect in it may reveal its presence to the spectators; next, that the stage should be dimly lighted, while the spectre itself is bathed with the strong illumination from below. Only by the use of a very powerful light below and comparative darkness elsewhere can sufficient reflecting power be given to a sheet of unplated glass. It is imperative, too, that the place below the stage where the spectre is playing his (or her) part should be heavily draped with lustreless black stuff, black velvet being the material which absorbs most luminous rays, though cloth or even any ordinary black woolen goods will serve the purpose pretty well.

Ever since the capture of the strange empire of India by the English, or for more than a hundred years, the civilized peoples have been hearing of the marvelous feats performed by the native jugglers. Naturally, Houdin's announcement of the Indian basket trick made a great sensation. The curtain arose and disclosed a wicker basket of oblong shape standing upon what appeared to be a light table, without any cloth cover upon it. The juggler entered, dragging a beautiful youth, dressed as an Indian prince, wearing a robe of white cashmere embroidered with gold, while upon his head waved a peacock's plume held by a diamond star.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the child.

"No—no mercy. You are an Indian and a prince, and must die," was the savage response.

"I am only a child," cried the innocent boy.

"That will not prevent my killing you."

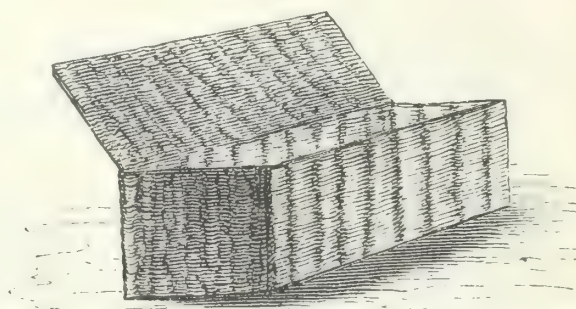
With piercing shrieks the child broke away and rushed to the side wing, only to be seized there by his executioner, who, lifting him in his arms, plunged him into the basket, which he closed, strapping down the cover. Then he drew his sword, and having tested its sharpness by striking it

in the floor, he thrust it in the basket again and again, while the victim inside gave the most heart-rending cries of pain and agony. Each time the sword was pulled out it was seen to be covered with blood, while the sobs and groans from the inside of the basket grew fainter and fainter, till at length they ceased, and a ghostly silence ensued. During this scene the excitement among the audience was intense. Ladies hid their faces behind their fans; some wept aloud; men shouted hoarsely, "Enough!" The smiling juggler bowed, and proceeded to unstrap the basket, which he turned, mouth upward, to the audience, showing it to be entirely empty. In the midst of the applause which followed from the amused and relieved audience, the little Indian prince was seen to be seated in a box in the centre of the auditorium, kissing his tiny hand to those about him, as well as to his friend the executioner on the stage.

This trick was performed with the aid of looking-glasses inserted between the table legs—a contrivance now commonly used in pantomimes and other show pieces upon our stage, as described by me in a former article in this Magazine.* But it was a new thing then, and the scene was remarkably well played by Houdin and the child. As soon as the boy got in the basket he opened a trap-door in the bottom of it, which was placed over a corresponding opening in the table. Hidden by the looking-glass, he crouched below between the table legs, and shrieked and sobbed until the proper moment came for him to descend through a trap in the stage, and so pass around to the box in the front of the theatre. A sponge full of a red liquid was placed at a certain spot inside the basket, and the sword, passing through this, seemed to be dripping with blood. It was imperative that the juggler should not pass in front of the table, else his legs would have been reflected there, and that would have disclosed the entire secret. Houdin became dissatisfied with this trick, and made many improvements in it, which the jugglers of our day have still further perfected. It is palpable that this can not be the way in which Indian jugglers perform the trick in the market-places or other public squares in broad daylight. They have no looking-glass table, no traps through the earth.

Houdin's theory concerning them was that their basket had an opening in it either at its front or its back, and that, while buckling and strapping down the cover, with the knee lifted up and pressed on the basket as if to tighten the leather strap more securely, the child crept out under the bent knee, and hid beneath the voluminous robes

of the juggler. Then, while the sword is piercing the basket, and the child's sobs are most heart-rending, the crowd gathers in a compact mass about it, and into the crowd the child easily escapes without being seen, and runs away. At the proper moment he comes running back as if from a distance, and of course the astonishment of the crowd is unparalleled, for the basket has in the mean time been opened and shown to be empty. Houdin's second edition of the basket trick dispensed with the looking-glass



THE MAGIC BASKET.

table. The basket was merely stood up on a couple of trestles, which had no part in the deception. That matter lay with the basket. In the above cut the basket is seen open, ready to receive the child. Fig. 5 shows the interior of the same basket when it is closed and the

child is in it. At A and B is seen a double movable bottom, whose movement centre is at C. This double bottom is represented better in the cut below; but then it has changed its place, as will be explained. To make the child disappear, the top of the basket is pressed

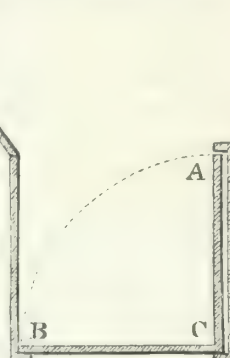
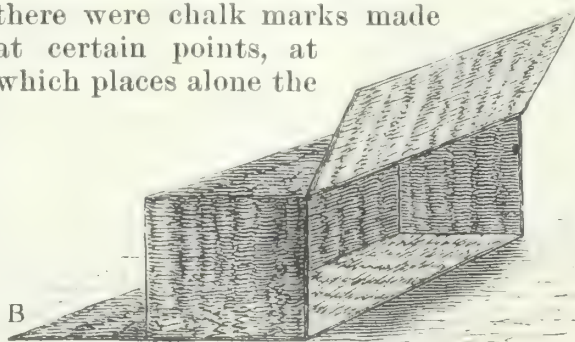


FIG. 5.

down, and it is turned toward the public. But the bottom of the basket, A, and the part B, which belongs to it, take no part in this forward motion. The weight of the child pressing on the bottom A forces that to remain stationary, and in consequence of this the part marked B, following the dotted line in Fig. 5, closes the bottom of the basket. To pass the sword through the basket without danger to the child, there were chalk marks made at certain points, at which places alone the

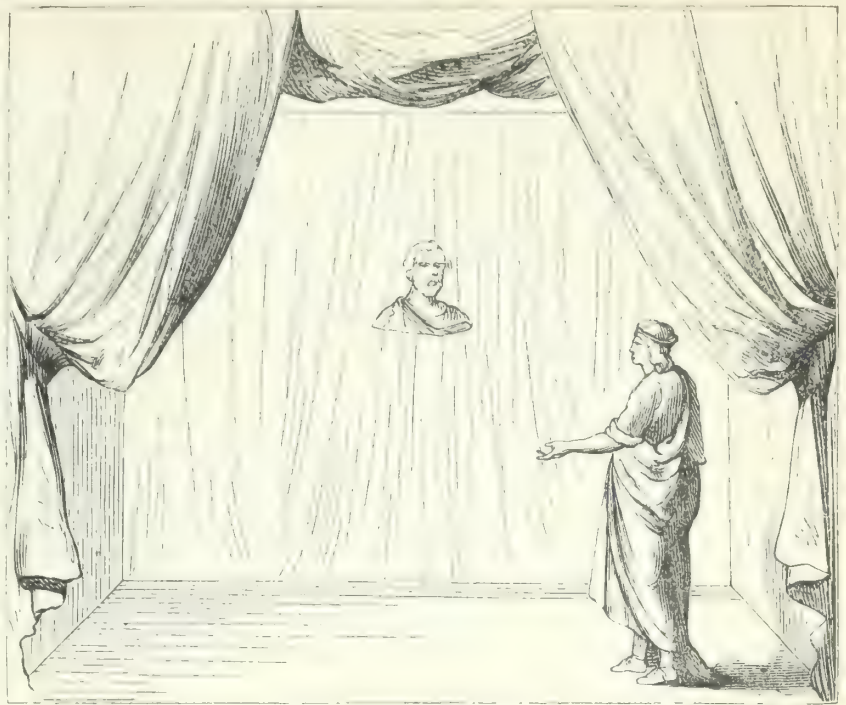


THE DOUBLE BOTTOM.

* "Secret Regions of the Stage," in *Harper's Monthly* for April, 1874.

sword was thrust; and to still further guard against accident, it was arranged that the sword was only to be pushed in a little by the juggler, when the child himself caught hold of it, and directed its course inside. There was room enough in the basket for the boy to crouch either at one side or the other to avoid the sword. It now remains to be explained how it is that, without the aid of traps, the child can still appear among the audience after he has been seen to be strapped in the basket, the basket standing on trestles. This is merely a matter of a "double." The juggler, among his other villainous preparations before proceeding to murder the child, is about to bandage his eyes, when the boy escapes, and rushes to the wing. This is the instant when the change is effected. Another boy, dressed exactly like the first one, is standing there, and he it is who is seized, his eyes bandaged (concealing the most of his face), and dragged back to the basket and strapped in, while boy No. 1 proceeds to make his way to the front of the theatre. It seems impossible, when you read these matter-of-fact details, that a spectator should be deceived by them; but natural aptitude for sleight-of-hand performances, combined with unceasing practice for many years, made Houdin so wonderfully expert that every muscle of his body was a trained and educated servant, and did his bidding in such a way as to cause his auditors to doubt the testimony of their own eyes.

Lights, shadows, and looking-glasses! Houdin was never tired of forming new



THE BUST OF SOCRATES.

combinations with these, by the aid of which he received the enthusiastic plaudits of crowds of auditors, long laudatory notices in the newspapers, and, as a corollary, the substantial returns of his treasurer's box.

Pray observe the "bust of Socrates" hanging suspended in space, while from its mouth issue learned replies to the questions of the Athenian sage who is anxious to discover how Socrates likes it as far as he has got. Then cast your eyes on Fig. 6, which is an answer to the riddle, and shows you that though it is wonderful how they do it, still they do. A B C D is a side view of the stage where the bust of Socrates shows itself. A looking-glass, G G, stretching the entire width of the stage, is placed diagonally from the topmost point of the rear or ceiling, B, nearly down to the foot-lights, C, thus forming an angle of forty-five degrees with the stage. In the centre of this glass is a hole through which the actor passes his head. You can see the exact position in the cut. The ceiling and both sides of the stage are hung with draperies alike, and are strongly lit up either by the foot-lights, C, or the border-lights above at A. In this way it will be at once seen that the ceiling A B is reflected in the glass, and this reflection seems to the audience to be the hangings of the back of the stage, B D, while in reality the back of the stage is hidden by the looking-glass. Being quite unaware that this is the reflection of the ceiling, the persons in the audience naturally suppose that they see the three sides of the stage, and no notion of a look-

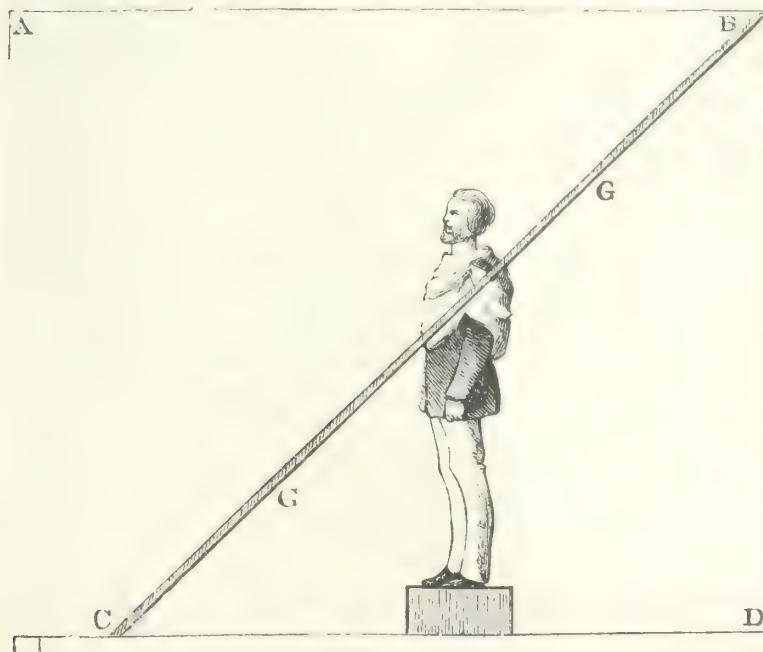


FIG. 6.

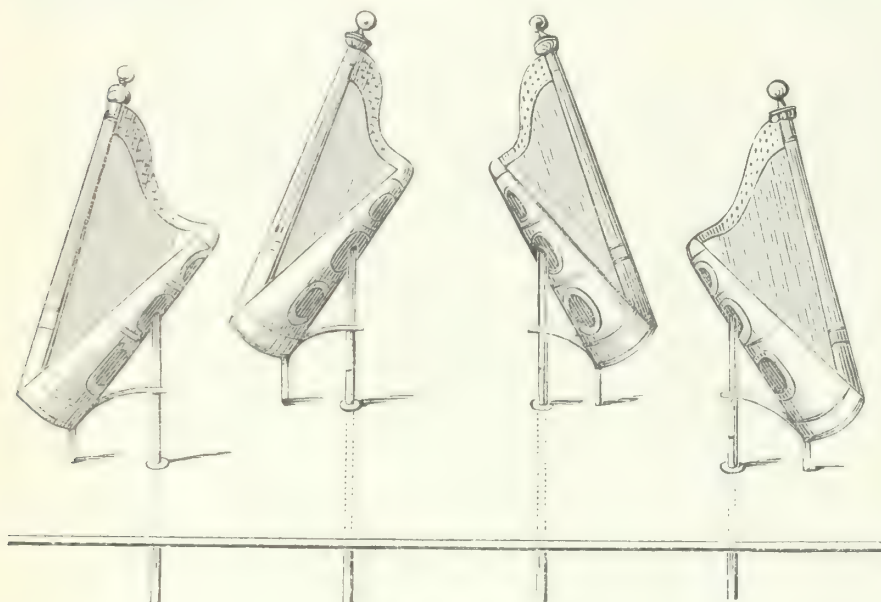
ing-glass being in their minds, the bust seems to be suspended in space without any thing to support it. If the audience are all seated on the floor of the hall, the actor who plays the part of the Athenian sage may stand quite near the mirror, for its inclined position will prevent the auditors seeing his reflection. But in a theatre or a hall where there are galleries the actor would be obliged to either speak from the outside, or else have a shelf built for him to stand on lower than the stage.

Houdin sometimes employed acoustic deceptions with good effect. As good a one as any was that of the four harps, which played singly and in quartette not only without hands to touch the strings, but also not harp music at all, for one harp gave the strains of a piano, another of a violoncello, another of a violin, and another

low, each wooden triangle was sawed in two about an inch above the level of the stage. This division made no difference in the matter of communicating the music so long as the two sawed ends of the triangle were placed together; but when the harps were swung around and the triangles separated, the vibrations from below ceased to be transmitted, and you could not hear a sound, no matter how lustily the musicians in the cellar were sawing and blaring away.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy that the contents of any given receptacle must be smaller than the receptacle. No juggler ever seemed to defy this physical law more amazingly than Robert Houdin. His "fantastic portfolio" has never been surpassed, though its principles are well known now to every mountebank. Houdin's quickness of hand was so wonderful, his flow of small-

talk so unceasing, that he could force your attention in any direction he chose, and in this way make you look at one thing although you had made up your mind that, this time, you would certainly keep your eyes fixed on another. He came upon his little stage carrying under his arm what seemed to be the usual large flat portfolio in which sketches and engravings are kept. He placed this portfolio on a sort of camp-stool by the foot-lights, and out of this flat portfolio, barely an inch thick, he



THE FOUR HARPS.

of a clarionet. The spectator saw on the stage four large harps, each supported by a small, upright, triangular piece of pine wood; that was all. Houdin appeared and touched the strings of one of the harps, whereupon it started of its own accord, and played an intricate piece with the exact quality of the piano. Each other harp was touched in turn, and each proved itself first a harp, and then not a harp, but the violin, the clarionet, and the violoncello respectively; then they all played together, and the orchestral effect was superb. Houdin had but to swing them around on their pivots, and the music ceased. The secret of the trick was that there were four musicians down in the cellar with the four instruments named. The triangular piece of pine, which was not more than about an inch in diameter, was attached to the harp strings, and then descending through the stage, was attached in the cellar below to the divers instruments. But to enable the juggler to shut off the music when he liked without the clumsiness of communicating with those be-

took the following objects, closing the portfolio together with a slam, to show its thin dimensions, between the withdrawal of each article. To enumerate: first, several engravings; second, two beautiful bonnets, one made of black velvet and trimmed with a long white feather, the other pink satin with a wreath of flowers on it. (In Houdin's time ladies' bonnets were worn extremely large, with capes, long strings, and voluminous face trimming, which, of course, added to the wonder of this trick.) Thirdly, he took out four live doves; fourthly, three large brass saucepans, one full of water, the second of beans, the third of fire and flames; fifthly, a bird-cage, in which canaries were jumping about on perches; sixthly, a boy about six years old!

When he had placed the portfolio on the trestles, and untied the strings which held it together, he first took out a picture which represented the head and shoulders of a young woman with her dark hair in ringlets. He closed the portfolio. Then turning to the audience he held up the colored

print and said, "This is a very pretty young girl, as you see; but she has come out of the portfolio without her bonnet. No doubt she has left it in there. Exactly so. Here it is." Out came the bonnet, and slap together went the covers of the portfolio.

"But this is a winter bonnet, isn't it, ladies?" cried the juggler. "The poor dear must have a summer bonnet somewhere. Yes, here it is!"

Portfolio opened, the bonnet is taken out, and the portfolio closed again. When it is again opened, it is for the purpose of taking out the picture of a bird.

"Ah! here is a bird—I mean the picture of a bird. No real bird could ever get into such a narrow space as this portfolio. Why, upon my word, here is a real bird which has crept in. But in what a sad state, poor dove!"

He brought forth a stuffed and almost flattened dove.

"It is dead; but I see one which has held its own against the pressure. Yes, this one is alive."

Out he drew a living dove; then another; in fact, four live plump doves, which one after another he perched upon the edge of the portfolio until all were out, when he carried them over to a side table. Doves are so gentle, especially at night, that not only will they not fly away, but they stay precisely where they are placed without attempting to stir.

After the doves came another picture, representing two cooks fighting.

"Two cooks having a slight misunderstanding. Being cooks, of course their kitchen utensils can not be far away. Ah, yes! here is a large saucepan filled with beans."

Out comes this saucepan, which is placed on a side table; then returning to the portfolio, another saucepan, filled with water, is discovered.

"The water to boil the beans, of course. It is boiling."

It was not boiling at all, but the juggler feigned to have burned his finger when he put it in.

"Boiling, of course. Here is the fire that made it boil."

The third saucepan, full of flames, is brought out and stood aside with the others; then the portfolio is closed. Presently the juggler says, "Oh, there is something in there I forgot to take out."

He now draws out the bird-cage full of birds, which he walks out with among the audience, that they may examine it for themselves. Then he returns to the stage, and striking the cover of the portfolio—which this time has remained open—he says, "This time there is positively nothing and nobody in it."

"Yes, there is somebody," cries a boy,

lifting his head up out of the portfolio. "Let me out, won't you? I'm stifling in here."

The boy is brought out, and then the inside of the portfolio is shown to the audience that they may see it is one of the usual kind. This feat requires immense skill and rapidity; but perhaps some mute, inglorious Houdin may like to try to master it. Let him carefully read how it is done.

To begin, then: some of the articles taken out of the portfolio are placed there beforehand, and some get put there while the trick is going on. The things that are already in the portfolio when the juggler brings it on the stage are the pictures, the bonnets, the stuffed dove, the cover or false bottom of the saucepan full of beans, and the bird-cage. What are put in are the living doves, the three brass saucepans, and the child. The two leaves of the portfolio are made of thin plates of sheet-iron, covered with paper, and with leather edges to make them look like pasteboard. There is about an inch of space to spare when the portfolio is tied together. Inside, fastened at one of the outer edges, but loose inside, is a green cloth such as is often used by artists in these portfolios to protect engravings. On one side of the portfolio is a hinged shank, which serves to keep the portfolio open at an angle of forty-five or fifty degrees when desired. The principal use of the pictures is to conceal the motions of the juggler while he takes out articles from beneath his clothing. They are mounted on thin pasteboard to give them the requisite stiffness. The frames of the ladies' bonnets are constructed of watch springs, and are split up the entire back, so that they may be laid flat in the portfolio. They spring in shape when lifted up by the juggler, who (while the portfolio is open, but before the bonnets are shown) hastily arranges the trimming, and joins the split back with a hook and eye concealed by a fall of lace. The saucepans seem to be all of the same size when they are brought out of the portfolio, but they fit into each other, the handles clasping together, and are lighter than those used in the kitchen. To explain how water, beans, and flames get into the saucepans, we will call the largest of them No. 1, the second size No. 2, the third No. 3. No. 3 is the one which contains water; and Houdin's plan was to cover it over, when full, with a piece of water-proof cloth, which was tied on as an old-fashioned housewife ties a sheet of paper or a piece of white muslin over her preserve pots when full. Jugglers nowadays use India-rubber covers for such things as this, which are very easily slipped off and on. Houdin was obliged to have a round little brass wire soldered around the saucepans to keep the string on by, the wire stopping for about an inch on one side near the handle, which was the place

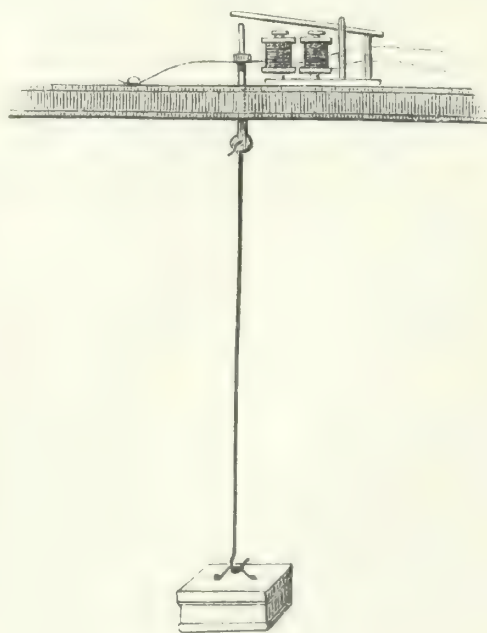
where he pulled off the cover when the moment came. Saucepan No. 2 has a false top piece which fits in it about an inch in depth. When this shallow pan is full of beans, it seems to the spectator as if the entire saucepan was full. Saucepan No. 1 has no particular arrangement. It is to hold the fire and flame generated there by an inflammable powder such as all theatrical "property men" know how to make. A match is also put in it, and the juggler strikes it and lights the fire between the covers of the portfolio at the proper moment. The four living doves are placed in a linen bag with compartments like those bags you sometimes see inside a lady's cupboard, in which she places her slippers, etc. The heads of the doves are uncovered, but their bodies are in the bag, which has a great hook sewed on the top of it, by which it is hung up under the juggler's coat. The bird-cage is little else than a collection of springs and hinges, which is hastily shaken out when it is drawn from the portfolio. The canaries are very small birds, and are forced into a drawer of the cage until it springs in place, when naturally the birds fly about. At a pre-arranged moment the boy gets into the portfolio, or rather is tossed into it, in the following manner: A small trap-door on hinges is arranged to open in the floor of the stage directly under where the portfolio stands, and up against this trap-door there is a box with a movable bottom; in this box the boy is crouched. Here he remains until the bird-cage full of canaries is brought out from the portfolio. Then the juggler, walking out among the audience, says, "Who'll have one of these canaries?" The audience, thinking this is the end of the trick, and anxious to get a gift of a canary, keep their eyes fixed on the cage and the movements of the juggler. At this moment the green cloth falls out of the portfolio as if by accident, and conceals the legs of the trestle-work stand. An assistant under the stage moves a lever, and the movable bottom of the box shoots the boy up into the portfolio. The whole operation only lasts four seconds, and as soon as the child is safely lodged in the portfolio the juggler's page lifts up the green cloth and places it back, as if its having fallen was quite unexpected and accidental.

Now when Robert Houdin came on the stage to perform his portfolio trick in such a careless, easy manner, how was he equipped? Why, he had the saucepans hung on a hook under his coat tails; in the hollow space of the saucepans the bag of turtle-doves hung. Under his arm was the portfolio. In taking the pictures out of the portfolio, his body was hidden for an instant, and this time he utilized to pull out from behind his coat the doves and the saucepans.

Houdin looked upon this performance as

one of the most startling that could possibly be presented to an audience, and during the day he practiced it for hours at a time, in order to perfect his rapidity of action in it.

The great French juggler lived to see the day when some men from America should come to the brilliant French capital, and divert attention for a time from himself in the pursuit (as he thought) of his own line of business. In 1857 the self-called spirit medium Daniel Home arrived in Paris, and brought introductions to circles the most exclusive and aristocratic, including the court. Although Home did not condescend to appear in public, in any hall or theatre where the desire to see his performances might be gratified by the payment of so much per head, the news of his astonishing exploits spread from mouth to mouth, and his feats gained in miraculous character as the recital of them passed from one gossip to another. Naturally, Houdin was very anxious to meet Home and hear the wonderful raps and see the curious table-tippings; but though the juggler was not unprovided with aristocratic friends who suggested the meeting to Home, the latter persistently declined to receive a visit from the juggler—a circumstance which Houdin not unnaturally attributed to fear of discovery. But as the rage was for spirit raps, Houdin got up some very satisfactory things of the kind of his own, without obligations to any one, spiritual or mortal. The group chosen to sit around the table having gathered, Houdin took a wire about a yard and a half in length, at each of the ends of which



HOUDIN'S SPIRIT RAPPER.

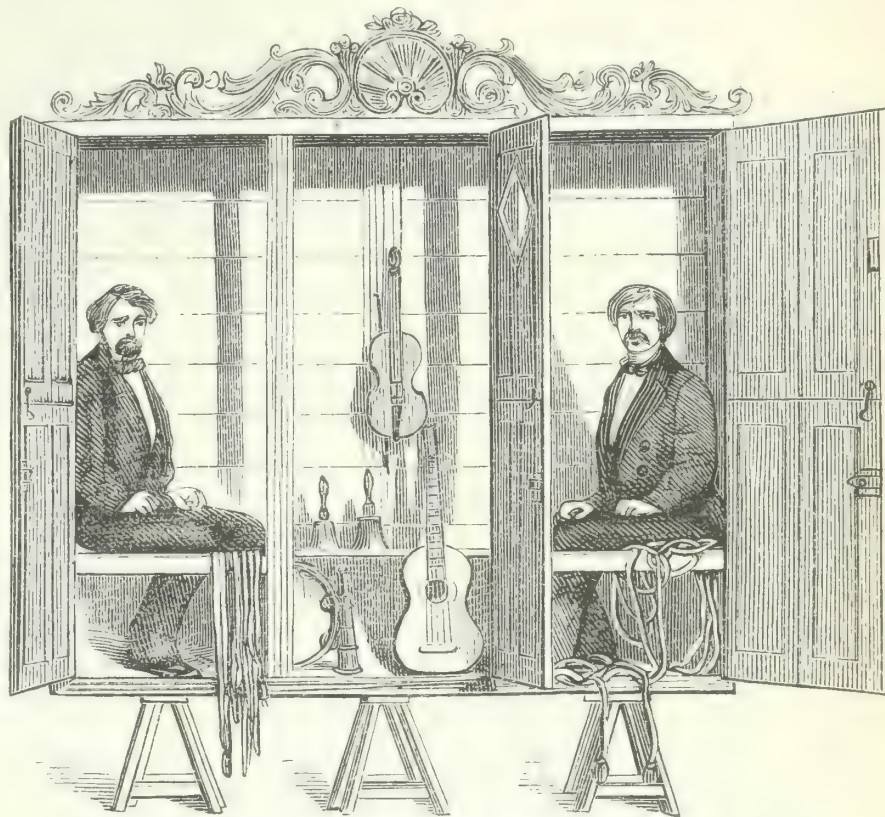
was a hook, and fastened one hook into an iron ring which hung in the ceiling. On the lower hook he fastened the handle of a small box, which hung about five or six inches above the table. Houdin announced that the spirit was present and in the box, and by way of proof put the ques-

tion point-blank to the box, which answered by raps. In this manner all sorts of answers were spelled out by the obliging spirit, and when it regretfully announced its departure, great was the astonishment upon Houdin unhooking the box and passing it around the assembly, that all might see it was quite empty.

The management of this trick was similar to the transmission of musical sounds of other instruments to the four harps, except that the communication was held with the floor above instead of the cellar below. The ring was held in the ceiling by a thick wire which pierced the ceiling, and terminated in a small pine board in the room above. This pine board was laid on small rubber supports, which prevented the vibrations resounding on the floor of the room above. An electric button (like the bell-button of modern hotels) was placed near the juggler's foot, and enabled him to strike such number of raps as was necessary to form the required answer. The noise of the percussion produced by the electro-magnet gathered on the sounding-board, and the vibrations were sent down through the metallic wire into the box from which they were heard to issue.

Eight years later the Davenport brothers came to the French capital, whither the news of their wonderful exploits had preceded them. Houdin considered their claims as spiritual mediums only a matter of skillful advertising, and hastened to attend the first of their *séances*. He pronounced their performances a series of jugglers' tricks from first to last, and in justice to Houdin it must be confessed that if the Davenports did not do their trick as he said, it is quite possible to do something entirely similar by means of Houdin's explanations. The accompanying engraving represents the famous cabinet of the Davenports, in which the brothers are seated ready to perform what seem to be miracles. Houdin acknowledged that there was no deception in the cabinet, the tambourine, the guitar, the benches, or any thing of that sort; the article wherein lay all the deception was the rope. They could do their trick as well with two chairs behind a screen as with their cabinet, so long as you tied them with their own rope. This rope, the juggler

maintained, was made of cotton, not hemp, and was of the same texture as the heavy cords with which window-curtains are hung, and on which they run easily back and forward. The surface of this rope is flat; it slips easily. Gentlemen are called from the audience to tie the brothers up. Is it an easy task for an amateur to tie a man up off-hand with a rope three yards long, in a very secure way? Houdin thought not. The amateur is flurried, self-conscious,



THE CABINET TRICK.

anxious to acquit himself well of the business, but he is a gentleman, not a brute, and if one of the brothers sees the rope getting into a dangerous tangle, he gives a slight groan as if he were being injured, and the instantaneous impulse of the other man is to loosen the cord a trifle. A fraction of an inch is an invaluable gain in the after-business of loosening the ropes. Sometimes the stiffening of a muscle, the raising of a shoulder, the crooking of a knee, gives all the play required by the brothers in ridding themselves of their bonds. Their muscles and joints are wonderfully supple, too; the thumbs can be laid flat in the palm of the hand, the hand itself rounded until it is no broader than the wrist, and then it is easy to pull through. Violent wrenches send the ropes up toward the shoulders, vigorous shakings get the legs free; the first hand untied is thrust through the hole in the door of the cabinet, and then returns to give aid in more serious knots on his own or his brother's person. In tying themselves up Houdin's notion was that the Davenports used the slip-knot (Fig. 7), a sort of bow, the ends of which, A and B, have only to be pulled to be tightened or loosened.

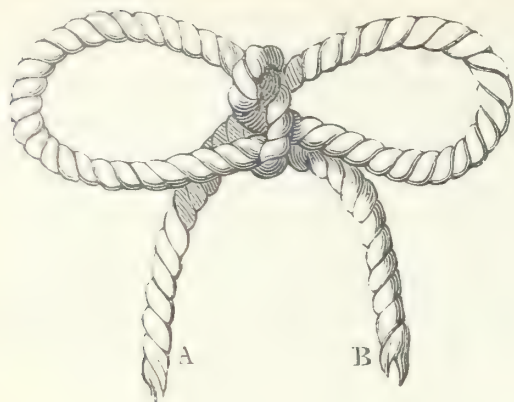


FIG. 7.

Houdin shrugged his shoulders at that so-called test which seems so strange, namely, that after the brothers are tied, flour is placed in their hands, which are fastened behind their backs, and that after being made free from their bonds and secured in them again, the flour is still found in their hands, apparently undisturbed. Houdin laughed at this trick, which he said was as simple as A B C, perhaps simpler than some of the A B C's of our illustrations. The brothers rid their hands of the flour by emptying it into a convenient pocket, and when the proper moment came they filled them with their own flour, a small paper cornucopiaful of which they had provided themselves with previously. It is related in Paris by those who remember the Davenport *séances* there, that on one occasion Houdin's view was fully sustained, for flour was found in the brothers' hands tied behind their backs, when it happened that the wag who had prepared them for the test had slyly placed snuff there and not flour at all.

Robert Houdin acquired a comfortable competence by the exercise of his amusing arts, and was able to build himself a handsome country-house in the pleasant village of Saint Gervais, near Blois, where he was born. Into this house he introduced a number of curious inventions, which were not only of great service in the every-day work of his home, but were matters of never-ending wonderment to the peasantry round about. The garden gate was situated at full four hundred yards from the house, which was hidden behind towering trees, and could only be reached by a winding path. Nevertheless, the amazed peasant who came to the house found that he had only to raise a little brass hand, not as big as a baby's, and let it fall on the forehead of a fantastic brass head, the rap making but a faint sound, when a real musketry of bell-pulling was heard to take place in the remote house, and the garden gate swung open of itself. Instantly the brass plate on the gate, which bore the conjurer's name, "Robert Houdin," disappeared, and another took its place whereon was engraved the word "*Entrez.*" When the postman came,

and inserted his mail in the box made to receive it at the gate, he also set an electric bell to ringing. He was requested to put in what he brought in the following order: first newspapers, then circulars, finally letters, one by one. Each insertion set a bell off. Thus Houdin, lying in bed in the morning, with his door locked and his blinds down, knew that his morning's mail would consist of one package (or more, or none) of newspapers, ditto of circulars, and exactly so many letters. When he wanted to post letters himself he was not obliged to go to the village with them. As soon as he heard the postman's electric bell ringing, he set another ringing up by the mail-box, and the letter-carrier knew then that he was to come down to the house to get letters. He rang for himself, so to speak. These simple little contrivances created the greatest astonishment in the rural neighborhood where they were employed, and though no one was disposed to be in the least disagreeable to the juggler, their neighbor, their curiosity concerning them was sometimes rather annoying. One day the bell was heard to ring at the gate, the door-plate changed as usual, and the entire electric performance was gone through satisfactorily; the family of Houdin expected to see a visitor coming down the path. But no; the bell began as before, the door-plate changed, etc., and so on again and again, until at last the gardener walked down to the gate to see what was the matter. To his surprise he found one of the inhabitants of the village who was amusing himself by going in at the gate and out of it over and over again, quite regardless of the racket the electric bell was keeping up in the house.

"Why, what are you doing?" asked the astonished gardener.

"Oh yes; I know the bells are ringing down at the house. I wanted to see how it worked. Don't mind me."

The gardener was a man fond of his joke. That night, at midnight, armed with a dark lantern, he stood at the door of the inquisitive neighbor, pulling the bell till it pealed like the belfry of Notre Dame sounding the massacre of the Huguenots. The night-capped head of the neighbor issued from an upper window, his features aghast with dismay.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, "what is the matter? Has any thing dreadful happened?"

"Oh no," coolly replied the gardener. "The bell rings up in your room, I know. I want to see how it works. Don't mind me."

The gate and the letter-box were not the only parts of Houdin's house whose functions were facilitated by the aid of electricity. Sitting in his study, with his stable situated fifty yards away, the juggler nevertheless was able to feed his horse himself, and to

be sure that an exact portion of rations fell into the manger. All the clocks on the place were regulated by the mysterious current the master had under his hand at his writing-desk. The breath of the lightning flash hissed out of the iron back-log of his fire-place and whispered in his ear that his distant conservatory was heated too much for the geraniums, or that the thermometer had now been allowed to fall too low for the orange-trees. A little bench placed by

the side of a ravine at a remote part of his grounds was endowed with the fairy-like power of transporting any passenger who merely sat down upon it across the gorge, when it travelled back of its own accord to take another person over free of charge. When Houdin applied electricity to these things ten years ago he seemed to be performing miracles. Who can tell what the Houdin of ten years hence may be able to perform by means of electricity?

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR.

"FROM Maine to Mexico" was an old phrase expressive of infinite distance before steam had annihilated distance. To-day it is but a single link of the girdle that clasps the earth in forty seconds, and means no more than a brief jaunt in a palace-car, where, as you lie on your sofa among pillows, the great pageant of the land in its length and breadth unrolls before you.

It is March. Ice is coming down the St. Croix; snow lies on the meadows of the Merrimac; the Atlantic spray breaks and freezes yet on the Beverly beaches; your furs defy the Boston blast; you shiver still as night settles, and New York recedes behind you; the dawn smites with rose and gold the azure distances of the last mountaintops of Pennsylvania; you slide through Pittsburgh, that city in a dream; you cross the turbid Ohio; you ride all day through the yet unsown corn fields of Ohio, of Indiana, of Illinois; great cities rise and sink along your way; morning gilds the mighty Mississippi for you; you leave St. Louis behind you. Southward then through the wonderful beauty of the Ozarks, dark, perhaps, with mist and rain, past the great black glacis of the Iron Mountain, past Pilot Knob. With what caution Spring has been advancing on her northern way to meet you! how warily she has pushed her parallels! Here the bough is bare; here it buds, and for hundreds of miles waits the signal; here some daring bush has wrapped itself in a cloud of snowy blossom; here a single tree shivers in callow green; here a redbud blushes. Night falls in rain upon the swamps of Arkansas. It is not yet full spring as you drop asleep; and when you wake it is morning and sunshine and summer and Texas.

The primitive world reigned in Arkansas

as you swept through; you return to civilization in Texas. Thrift and industry, neatness and order, meet you at every station as day and night and day go by, and you ride between Texarkana, quaintly named in courtesy to the three States on which it corners, and San Antonio, named for that hoary saint who, if he chose his retreat in any such paradise of old, cunningly excluded women only lest they should tell of it. It is only when you leave Houston



THE BURRO BOY.

behind you, with its rose gardens, and its bayou, white with the tall magnolia forests of its banks, that your progress into Texas really begins. For delightful as the greenery and blossoming of the long pine-barrens of the northeast portion seem to another's eyes, the Texans themselves think but little of that section comparatively, and realize that their wealth and grandeur lie in the great empire of Western Texas, and the land itself there seems to open to your view with a sort of still enjoyment of your amazement as you look over its mighty stretch

under the dome of an immense sky, and threaded by rivers whose flow is a thousand and fifteen hundred miles from their fountains to the sea. These rivers, when in their banks, are but narrow. You are disappointed to find the Brazos, the Colorado, and the Guadalupe small and muddy currents; but let the rise come—for the floods are sudden and furious—and the torrent rolls along broadly rivaling the Missouri. Thus the Colorado is liable to a rise of eighty feet in a few hours, and the Cibolo, although where the road meets it it is a dry bed, has been known to rise so rapidly as to drown a battery that was crossing it dry-shod. On this account many of the bridges run a long way on stout mason-work across the bottoms before they reach the streams. That

tum. When the San Antonio gentlemen who came out to view the road into their Happy Valley reached this place, although some of them had not been afraid to face the stampede of cattle and the inroads of Apaches, they hesitated, and the officers of the road went over and returned alone, after which, gingerly mounting, they made the passage, and were so well pleased that they repeated it some half a dozen times with all the enthusiasm of school-boys sliding down hill.

At the moment that you start westward on the "Sunset Route," the landscape salutes you in all the loveliness of a blossoming prairie in its first luxuriance of green under the tender early sun. The flowers are numberless. When you have counted a couple of dozen varieties, you find you have only begun. Here the painted-cup makes the great reaches gay; here yellow indigo stars them, and presently lends them its color, leading away into the boundless horizon a Field of the Cloth of Gold; here it is scarlet with the scarlet phlox, here blue with the verbenas; here the lilies, with their long snowy filaments wondrously alive, whiten all the windings of an unseen brook; here, clothed in the priceless small clover, and greener than Dante's freshly broken emeralds, beneath vast and hollow heavens, and "moulded in colossal calm," the naked prairie rolls away, league after league, unbroken to the Gulf.

Oh, the glory of a Texas prairie under a vertical sun! the light, the color,

the distance, the vast solitude and silence, the limitless level, the everlasting rest! A flock of white cranes rise flashing in the light and soar away; a mirage lifts the lofty timber that outlines a distant river, and shows you the stream shining beneath, shaking silver vapor at its feet; in the



A SAN ANTONIO GARDEN.

across the Brazos it was found necessary to suspend fifty feet above the river; that across the Guadalupe replaces, by a straight line of over one thousand feet, one that was a remarkable feat of engineering, where the train, descending a steep grade, was carried up the opposite incline by its own momen-

creek beside you, fearless blue ducks dip and dive and skim away, scattering the water-drops; a drove of horses, rising from beds of sunflowers, with flying manes and tails, go bounding into space; vast herds of cattle crop the clover without lifting their heads as you sweep by; riders are rounding up their droves, hawks are hovering, birds are singing, winds are blowing, and what seemed only solitude and silence is full of life and action and music. Now the forests of the Brazos begin to rustle; cypress and magnolia, linden and locust, ash and beech and elm, hickory and black-jack, dense to darkness, yet trembling with dew and sun, laced with gay vines of trumpet and passion flowers, and with huge ropes of blossoming grape slung from tree to tree, thick with undergrowth of dogwood and redbud, wild peach and cane, and their great dark live-oaks wrapped in the fantastic shadows of a thousand gray swaying cobwebs, and standing weird and awful in their Druidical beards. And out on what bottomlands you come—the Nile-rich bottoms of the Brazos and of the Colorado; the black mould and the chocolate of an unmeasured depth; the cotton springing in endless rows of opening, bean-like leaves; the delicate sugar-cane just shaking out its ribbons! Here in the Brazos we dash by a sugar plantation, the low house with its broad verandas and wide-open doors under huge trees, in the distance the great sugar mills, and all around it the two thousand acres that make it a yearly return of one hundred thousand dollars. In the old times it was worked by a couple of hundred slaves; now seventy convicts under an armed and mounted guard do as well.

There is, however, let us say in passing, no trouble about work in Texas. Political difficulties were over there sooner than elsewhere in the South, and the affairs of labor equalized themselves to the laws of supply and demand. Throughout the State the freedmen are industrious and quiet, securing good livelihood and laying up money.

Not far away, and still in the Brazos bottoms, by Oyster Lake, a Massachusetts colony is setting up its tents; and here land may be had for five dollars an acre, better than lands on the Illinois alluvial for fifty dollars an acre, and quite as healthy.

Still we roll on, slowly mounting the eight hundred feet of altitude at which San An-

tonio lies above the sea, out upon other prairies, where a single pasture of one hundred thousand acres fences in its tremendous herds. Flocks of birds darken the air like clouds of leaves, and vanish; a deer.



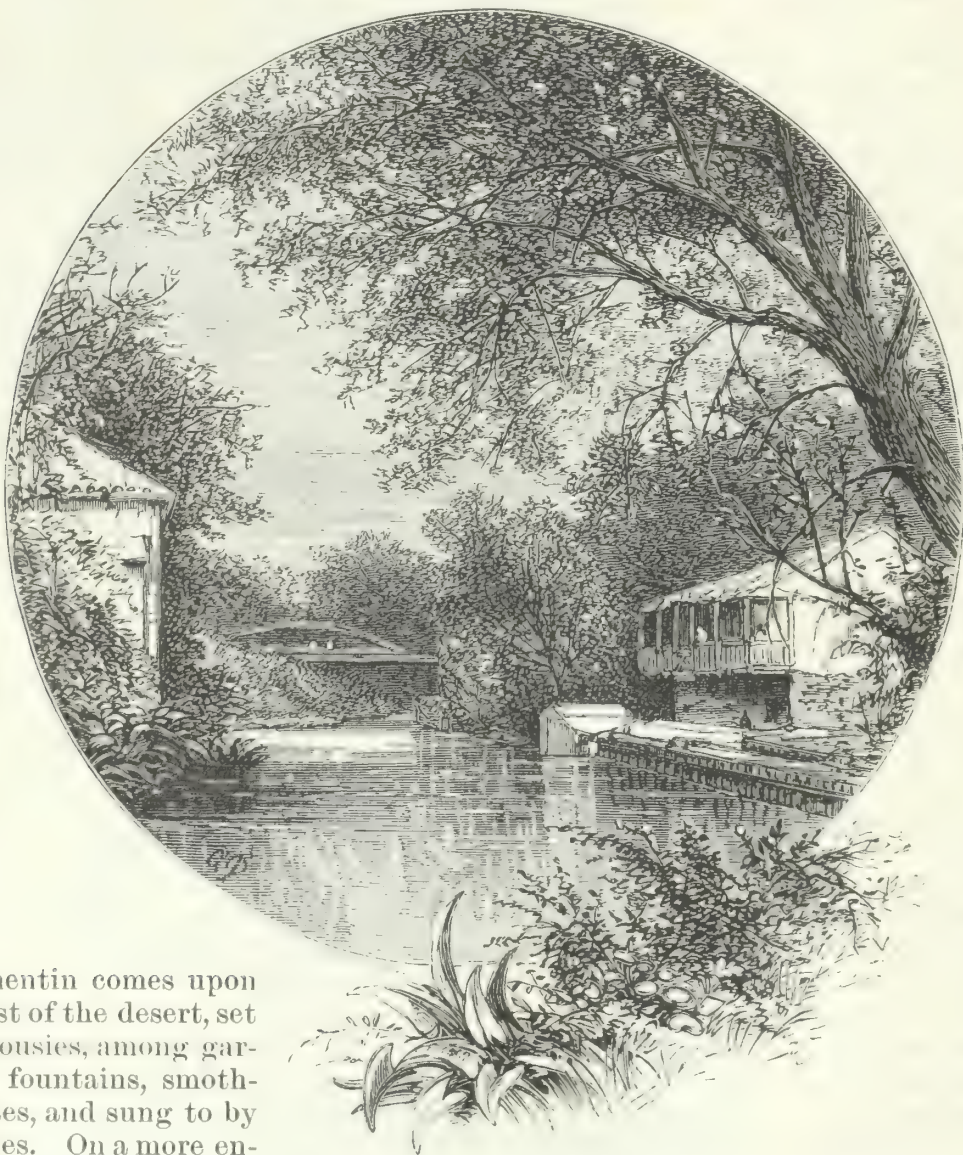
CATHEDRAL DE SAN FERNANDO.

perhaps, bounds by; a great buzzard is spreading his ragged wings over his unseen quarry; a carriage and pair go gently along the springing sod—strange anomaly, so far it seems just then from usual life. We roll past Bernard, whence, with but one house in sight, nearly ten thousand bales of cotton are dispatched; past the lovely Eagle Lake, with its fish and game; past Schulenberg, whose former owner, annoyed by the approach of civilization with the railroad, refused to sell a right of way, but disposed of his whole estate, and moved on where no one could elbow him—six years ago a homestead, to-day a town with mills and workshops and daily paper; past the uplands of New Philadelphia; past Luling, with its neighboring Sour Springs, working cures by repute wonderful as the Pool of Bethesda's, the gate to the San Marcos, whose fairy-like beauty has been so fitly sung by Mrs. Davis, the sweetest singer of the South; past a score of neat villages, under their live-oaks and pecans; and so on and up and out on the great grain region of the world, where the tender wheat is springing in long stretches vanishing from sight, the rye is already high, the corn is up two feet—a vast rolling region of plains and sun-bathed slopes, before which Mesopotamia is a fable, and the wealth of Odessa is but dust. Over the Guadalupe then, the three Santa Claras, the Cibolo, the Salado, straight into the sunset that casts out its long beams and reddens

sky and prairie, and wells up in a flood of lustre suddenly extinguished by the quick-descending night. Lights begin to twinkle below, and you descend into San Antonio. There is a crowd of dark faces at the station, a confusion of strange tongues. As the carriage goes along, soft wafts of balmy fragrance salute you; you are conscious of being in a world of flowers. As you alight at the Menger, enter a narrow, unevenly-stoned passage, and come out upon a broad flagged court-yard, surrounded on three sides by open galleries, with the stars overhead, and the lamp-light flaring on a big mulberry-tree growing in it below, you feel that you are in the heart of Old Spain.

San Antonio is like nothing so much as the little African town of Blidah that Eu-

the heavy-headed Persian rose itself—they hedge gardens by the quarter of a mile together, lattice every veranda, climb and lie in masses of bud and blossom on every roof. It is a long red roof usually, that, bending slightly, forms also the roof of the veranda. Most of the houses beneath it are long and low and narrow, of a single story, and but one step from the ground, built of a cream-colored stone that works easily and hardens in the air, and so placed that the south wind or the east shall blow in every room—the wind that blows all day long from the Gulf, and makes the fervent heat itself a joy. There is no vestibule; you enter the saloon from the door, and the other rooms open on either side of that, and as they all open on the veranda, that is used



SAN ANTONIO RIVER IN THE HEART OF THE TOWN.

gène Fromentin comes upon in the midst of the desert, set behind jalousies, among gardens and fountains, smothered in roses, and sung to by nightingales. On a more enchanting spot the eye of poet never rested. There is probably nothing like it in America. Four days ago you left snow under the windows at home, now your room is full of roses; and as you go out and about, you find the town one wilderness of roses, a very Vale of Cashmere. Blush and creamy and blood-red; the delicate little Scotch rose; the superb Marshal Niel; the shining Lamarque; the beautiful great tea-rose, hundred-leaved and full, spotless, waxen-white, and damask;

as a hall. Over them rise the tall cottonwoods and the huge spreading pecans, and before them or behind them, almost invariably, flows a swift, clear, artificial stream of water some four or five feet wide, the banks now stoned in, now covered with a lush growth of the blooming cannas and immense arrow-headed leaves the size of an African warrior's shield, and now bridged beneath honeysuckle arbors.

These charming dwellings stand with little regularity or uniformity, but here and there, facing this way and that, just as the winding roads wind with the winding river, and always half buried in a sweet seclusion of leaf and blossom. Not roses only, but all the other flowers under heaven: lilies and myrtles and geraniums make the air a bliss to breathe; aloes sit drawing in the sunshine, suddenly to shoot it out in one long spike of yellow bloom higher than the house itself; the Spanish-dagger lifts its thick palm-like trunk, and bristles at a thousand points around its great cone of creamy bells; the euphorbia clothes its strange and lofty stem with a downy green, and then flowers with a blossom like a red-

bird just alit; in every vacant space the acacia "waves her yellow hair"—the very acacia, it is said, with whose long scarlet silken stamens tumbling out of their yellow hood Moore has taken such poetic license. There are groups of bananas, too, the arch of whose huge leaves reminds you only of Paul and Virginia's home; there are walls of the scarlet pomegranate, one blaze of glory; lanes lined with the lovely-leaved fig-tree, where the fig is already large; and the comely mulberry-tree, grown to an enormous size, is dripping with its blackening and delicious fruit. Sometimes there are summer-houses at the gate almost half the size of the dwelling, entirely covered with vines, and the whole spot so sequestered behind mimosa and cacti and huge-leaved plants that it seems only a tropical tangle that you might hesitate to enter; but, pushing your way through which, you will find, behind broad porches, lofty rooms with polished floors and rugs, books and pictures and vases and costly furniture, inhabited by lovely white-clad women whose manners have peculiar grace.

In and out among these houses slips the San Antonio River, clear as crystal, swifter than a mill-race; now narrow and foaming along between steep banks rich with luxuriant semi-tropical growth, and with the tall pecans on either side meeting above them in vaulting shadow; now spreading in sunny shallows between long grassy swards starred with flowers, twisting and turning and doubling on itself, so tortuous that the three miles of the straight line from its head to the market-place it makes only in fourteen miles of caprices and surprises, rapids



A MEXICAN ADOBE HOUSE, SAN ANTONIO.

and eddies and falls and arrowy curves, reach after reach of soft green gloom and flickering sunshine, each more exquisitely beautiful than the other. Around every lane it takes a loop; here it is just a pebbly ford, there, although so perfectly transparent that you can see every flint in its bed, it is of a profound depth, and every where it is of a color whose loveliness is past belief. It flows by the Mexican jacal, and through the wealthy garden, around the churches, across the business streets with its delightful glimpses. You can not escape it; you think you have left it behind you, and there it is before you, hurrying along to the forests on its two hundred miles to the Gulf. It is a happy course this river runs, but a hard fate is in store for the lovely San Antonio. All its pretty boisterous play is presently to become the groaning labor of a slave, for the sixty feet of its fall, if it is something to delight the heart of the poet, is something also to dilate the bank account of the manufacturer. But they must build well who set up their water-wheels on the San Antonio. It is a tricky stream; behind its sparkling fords it holds a vast reserve, and it is pretty sure to take its revenges. As treacherous as it is beautiful, all at once it will call on its legions, and rise in its might and sweep all opposition out of its way, as it has been known to do before, when it flooded basements, washed away stone houses, and drowned a man in the high public street before he knew what had happened, or when it rose in a water-spout and carried off a Mexican woman, who never came back to render an account.

The San Antonio is joined in the valley by the San Pedro, another limpid stream, that pours from the rock and winds through some pretty public gardens before making itself more useful. Danger of overflow of the river, thus swollen, is, however, lessened by the fact that both of these streams are tapped by broad and deep ditches—acequias, they are called—which conduct a portion of the water around almost every garden lot in the town, no overflow worth noting having taken place since the cutting of the last great ditch. These acequias were made at a time when there was a less certain rainfall than at present; for during the last twenty-five years a rich woodland growth has sprung up on the adjacent hills and prairies, and rains have become more abundant than formerly, whether owing to that fact or themselves occasioning it.

The sun is strong here, but it is tempered by as strong a wind blowing gratefully, the mean temperature being less than eighty-five degrees. Yet few but the ruder Mexicans think of encountering the noon heat; almost all take siesta then, and enjoy life in the cool of the day, at morning and evening—the average San Antonian rising at four, indeed the market being open yet earlier, when the sharpening of the butchers' cleavers at the meat market on the Alamo Plaza is like the clashing of an army of sabres, and suggests to the dreamers the apparition of the heroic ghosts of the Alamo hard by, and their onset and shock of battle. This habit of early rising affords an ideal sort of life to the wealthier here—breakfast over at sunrise, the horses at the door for a drive in the blossoming lanes and out upon the delicious hills, with all the dewy world ablush; seclusion then, and the mid-day siesta, and the long cool evenings on the galleries with friends and flowers and stars. Yet the temperature, with all the sun's power, is not tropical enough to allow oranges and oleanders and palms to endure the first half of the year, although they are seen round many of the houses and on the open galleries in tubs, and now and then there even comes a norther severe enough to frost the bananas to the ground. The northers blow frequently, through the winter and spring, with tremendous violence, sweeping down over the hills and gathering volume on the prairie. Nothing, it would seem, but this stone and adobe with walls three feet thick could stand against them; they uproot the largest trees, and throw the rain in a horizontal line of many feet; but the stick and straw jacal leaning against the fence never shivers in them. One seldom lasts more than three days, but they are said to come in a multiple of three; that is, if one lasts more than one day, it will be three; if more than three, it will be six. A term of unusual heat is a

sure precursor of a norther, and it is certainly a powerful purifying agent, stirring up the whole atmosphere, and blowing every thing noxious and unclean far into the Gulf.

It needs something as powerful as a norther to push through all the sinuosities of the countless streets of San Antonio, which are a complete maze, and among which one may wander a year and yet find intricacies unknown before. The town lies in its valley in the broad basin of the great hills, and upon both sides of the river, and the serpentine course of the river, crossed by a score of bridges and as many fords, is such a confusion and a snare that you never know upon which side of it you are. The streets in the old part of the city are exceedingly narrow, and by no means clean, and the sidewalks are narrower yet, and worn in ruts by the tread of many feet. Many of the buildings on these streets are of adobe, all of them a single story in height, most of them with galleries, as the veranda and piazza and porch are called. Some of them have a curious front, the wall projecting a couple of feet above the line where eaves should be, and pierced by rain-spouts, forming a breastwork behind which the defender lay protected, while through the rain-spouts firing down into the streets, which, in the furious old times that this town has known, with now one master and now another, were wont to run with blood.

Narrow as the streets are, they are incumbered in every way and made still narrower. Here the incumbrance is carts full of huge blocks of unhewn stone, which are handled by brawny Mexicans and negroes, without derricks, and which the citizens patiently submit to see cut in the streets day by day instead of in the stone-cutter's yard; here it is trains of clumsy Mexican wagons covered with canvas and drawn by oxen whose yokes are bound upon their horns, thus occasioning every jolt to jar the brain, and shortening the term of service of the stoutest beast. Often the main plaza is entirely covered with these teams, the great oxen lying all day in the sun there, and from under the canvas of the wagons protrude a crowd of little dark faces that make one fancy all Mexico is on the move. Sometimes the incumbrance is a string of donkeys that trot through the streets, each one with a single fagot on his back, oddly contrasted by another where each one is so hidden by his load of straw, hay, fresh grass, sugar-cane, or corn, according to the season, whose long blades and stems trail upon the ground, that only his head and ears show how the bundle moves. Now it is a Mexican family transferring their altar—the Lares and Penates—on a cart, the father leading it, the mother and grandmother totally obscured by the things

they lug along, an infinity of children round their heels, dirty and ragged and with tangled hair, but with the blackest eyes and whitest teeth, the ruddiest dark cheek and most roguish smile ever seen, and with the baby all but bare, strapped on a blanket on a mule's back, sound asleep in the sun, as sweet a little morsel as the first baby ever born in paradise. If it is a Mexican family in a cart encountered thus, the mother is always on the front seat, while the father sits behind and holds the baby. Here it is an army train that stops the way, and makes a prominent feature of the streets—huge covered wagons drawn by mules four abreast, with an armed and mounted escort, whose rifles and broad cartridge belts mean business—on its way to the yet distant frontier, between which and the town a train is almost always moving, as supplies are being dispatched, or officers' families are taking their long ambulance journeys. These streets afford a good deal

of interest, and add much variety and vivacity to life for the invalids who visit San Antonio seeking health, the number of whom is large, since the air there and in the surrounding region seems to have peculiar properties that render it almost a specific for consumption and diseases of the throat; and the invalids who have come down there simply to prolong life have in uncounted cases gone away entirely cured. You will see these reborn people, themselves a sight, strolling and driving about in all the pleased surprise of their return to life, and that in a town of such strange and foreign sights to them. Here comes a gay Mexican rider, too, who, if he is in full dress, wears his dark trousers buttoned up the outside of his leg with silver bells, his jacket rich with dollars, and his belt, his great light felt sombrero stiff with embroidery of gold and silver, and his bridle and saddle, stirrup and spurs, shining and clattering again with silver. Or perhaps it is a party of ladies bounding along, for every woman in San Antonio is a fine and fearless rider; or some heavy cavalry riders, superb in blue and gold; or else it is a mounted beggar, who, if he does not have a servant to carry his bag, as the Fayal beggar does, yet rejoices in a stout little *burro* of his own. Here on the sidewalks, beneath an umbrella-tree that sheds abroad

powerful fragrance, little tables are spread, where the market people get their roll and chocolate and bit of pastry, sitting where the gutter would run if there was one. Here, too, are the vendors of strange dark candies, from which the flies are brushed with a cow's tail; of porcupine-work; of bunches of magnolias, and great, ineffably sweet Cape jasmines from the coast; and Mexican women crouch upon the hot stones, their dark sad faces half veiled by their ragged ribosas, surrounded by wicker cages full of mocking-birds, vivid cardinals with their red crests, and lively little canarios on whose plumage every color under the sun glistens, making the tiny creatures marvels of emerald and gold and ruby and turquoise. These Mexican faces are a great part of the little town; there are portions of it, called Chihuahua and Laredo, where you see nothing else. There, tumbling in the dirt, are the Mexican babies, than whom



MEXICAN BIRD-SELLERS.

nothing can be lovelier; there, too, are the Mexican grandmothers, than whom nothing can be uglier. Here you can buy skins of leopards and ocelots, which the Indian women dress with the brains of the beast till they are supple as silk; here are the little Chihuahua dogs that can nestle in the sleeve of your coat; here is wonderful Mexican needle-work, made on the drawn thread, rivaling the Old-World laces; here are earthen pipkins or *jarritos* prettily ornamented, with their *molinillos*, or curious wooden sticks, set in many rings, which, rolled upright between the palms, make the chocolate foam in the pipkin. Whatever you



A MEXICAN CABALLERO.

buy, *pelon* will be given you; and whatever the Mexican buys himself, be it but five cents' worth, he expects *pelon*, or something thrown into the bargain, which renders him not too profitable a customer. Here, in these old regions of the town, you can still see the women patiently crushing the corn on the *matata*; and here, at almost any hut, you can get Mexican refreshment, if you wish it, that will make you odorous for days.

Every where about the outskirts of the town are innumerable low huts built of sticks and mud and straw and any old drift, roofed with thatch coming almost to the ground, and presenting an appearance of the utmost squalor. These are the Mexican *jacals*. The chimney and its ovens are usually in a cone of baked and blackened mud a little removed, and under a rude awning or a tree the whole family is usually to be seen, with mules, donkeys, chickens, and a horde of dogs, among the latter a hideous, hairless animal, promiscuously intermixed. Dogs are largely in the majority of the population in San Antonio, and their baying divides the noises of the night with

the cock-crowing that resounds from house to *jacal*, from farm to ranch, and rises on the ear in broad surges of sound like the waves of the sea. If you should glance into one of these *jacals*, you would find an earthen floor cleanly swept, a bed neatly made and brightly covered, and the place garnished after its sort; and although the general idea is that it is a nest of filth, to the casual eye it seems clean and orderly, but poor to the last degree of poverty. Yet the Mexican here can live on less than any. In the summer the corn and onion and peppers of his garden patch meet his needs; in the winter, even when he owns his bit of land, a fivepenny soup bone and one sweet-potato comprise his usual marketing. But poor as he may be, his daughters do not go out to service; his mother wraps her *ribosa*—that remnant of the Spanish *mantilla*—about her with the grand air; and he himself, although in rags, salutes you on the street with the grave courtesy of a Spanish don. Making exception of the proud old Mexican fam-

ilies of lineage and repute, who live in seclusion, it is not possible to feel that these people who are known as Mexicans have any claim to the name as we use it. They are simply a gentler Indian, accepting a sort of civilization, now and then with a fairer tint, now and then with a wave in the hair that tells of darker blood, and always with a high cheek-bone, following them to the tenth generation. The proud Castilian has but small part in them, the gentle Montezuma race perhaps has less. One having those two strains in his veins—the Spaniard, with his hemisphere of poetry behind him; the Montezuman, representing ancient and rightful empire of the continent—should wear, it would seem, other than these low-browed faces stamped in their dumb and sullen ignorance, whether you see them on the women squatting on the brick floor of the cathedral, or on the men lounging in the plazas against any thing which will uphold them, darker and more sullen for the shadow of their huge *sombreros*.

San Antonio is, in fact, a Spanish town to-day, and the only one where any considerable remnant of Spanish life exists in the

United States. In its old archives much interesting information is held concerning the early Spanish rule in this country, and here also, by-the-way, are some papers going very far to prove the utter innocence of Aaron Burr of the treason under the charge of which he suffered. Many of the people proudly call themselves Spanish, and most of the Americans of the region find it necessary to speak their tongue easily; a lawyer, indeed, could hardly practice his profession without knowledge of the language, which he needs in examining witnesses, in pleading, and in recourse to the documents in the matter of land titles, many of which are in the Spanish, while most of the local laws are founded on old Spanish usage. Land is still measured here by the vara, and the town has its alameda, its plazas, its acequias, the houses have their jalousies, and the stranger never loses a foreign feeling while he stays. It is true that there are large numbers of Germans, French, and Poles here, that no shop-keeper employs a clerk who can not deal with at least two of these nationalities besides his own, and the place is in a manner cosmopolitan; but Spain is at the foundation of the whole of it. The secular buildings are such as those which the earthquakes had forced on the Spaniard

in Mexico, and which, from habit, he brought with him—and wherever the modern builder varies the design, he ornaments the galleries with a light wood-work, cut, doubtless unconsciously, in a Moorish pattern—and the church buildings are such as those which the Spaniard venerated in his mother-land. The Cathedral of San Fernando has, indeed, been rebuilt, retaining only a small fragment of the old building at the back; but the other ancient church buildings, quaint and more picturesque, known as missions, although in ruins, have endured no alteration of design.

San Antonio was itself a mission. A poor little village called San Fernandez in 1698, it was deemed best to remove thither from the Rio Grande the mission of San Antonio de Valero, in execution of a plan still further to settle and civilize Texas, and thus to repress the encroachments of the French, who, under the pretensions of La Salle's

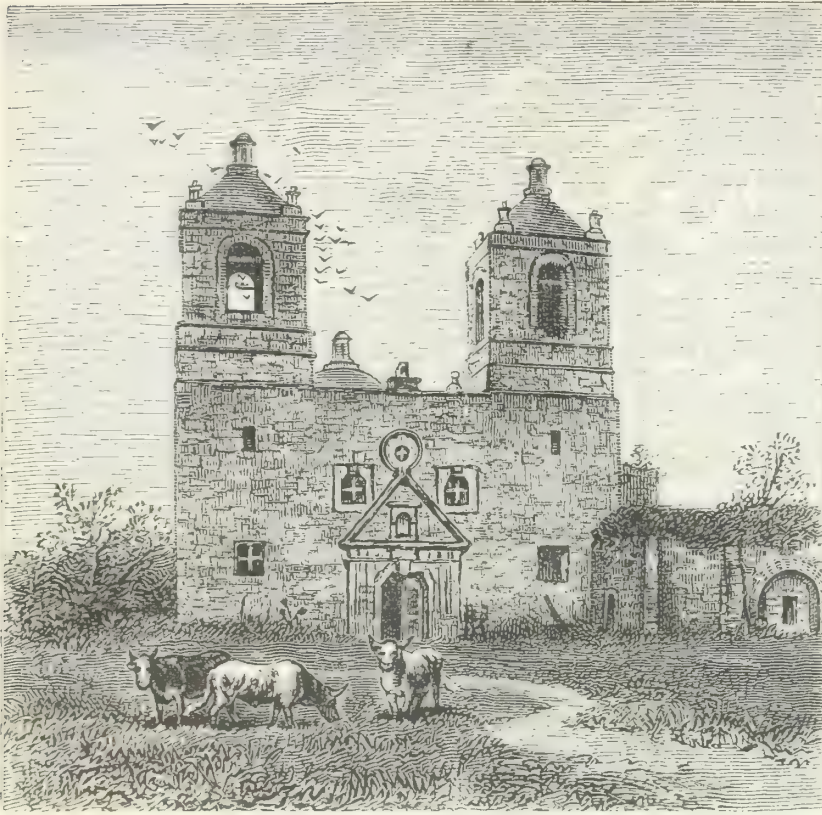
brief occupancy, were always laying claim to it. Thenceforth the mission was known as that of San Antonio de Bexar, from the name of the province, Bexar being an immense section of territory then comprising nearly all of Southwestern Texas, attached to the Intendancy of San Luis Potosi. The population of the town was increased by a royal importation of families from the Canary Islands and from Tlaxcala, and during the following half century the missions of La Purisima Concepcion, of San José, San Juan, and La Espada were built down the river, each a few miles from the other, and the Alamo was begun on the left bank just behind the town. These were posts partly religious, partly defensive, founded by the Franciscans, to whom some five square leagues were given for the purpose, and who induced the milder Indians to cultivate the rich lands, improve their own con-



CATHEDRAL DE SAN FERNANDO AS IT WAS—BACK VIEW.

dition, and enlarge the revenues of the Church, without any doubt performing a great work of civilization. The buildings of the missions usually consisted of a noble church at one end of the square, a fort at the other, the apartments of the friars, the huts of the laborers, the granaries and store-houses distributed between, all of massive stone, and inclosed behind a high wall completing the whole as a fortress, which was, indeed, necessary, subject as it was to the incursions of the fierce northern Indians.

These missions have an interest for us quite apart from their beauty, for they stand up in their solitude and decay, still giving silent testimony to the immense debt that we, as a people, owe to-day to the old conquistadores of Spain. They are a part of the visible romance of our country, too; for they met the line of that chain of forts which followed in the adventurous path of the Sieur de la Salle and the intrepid Father



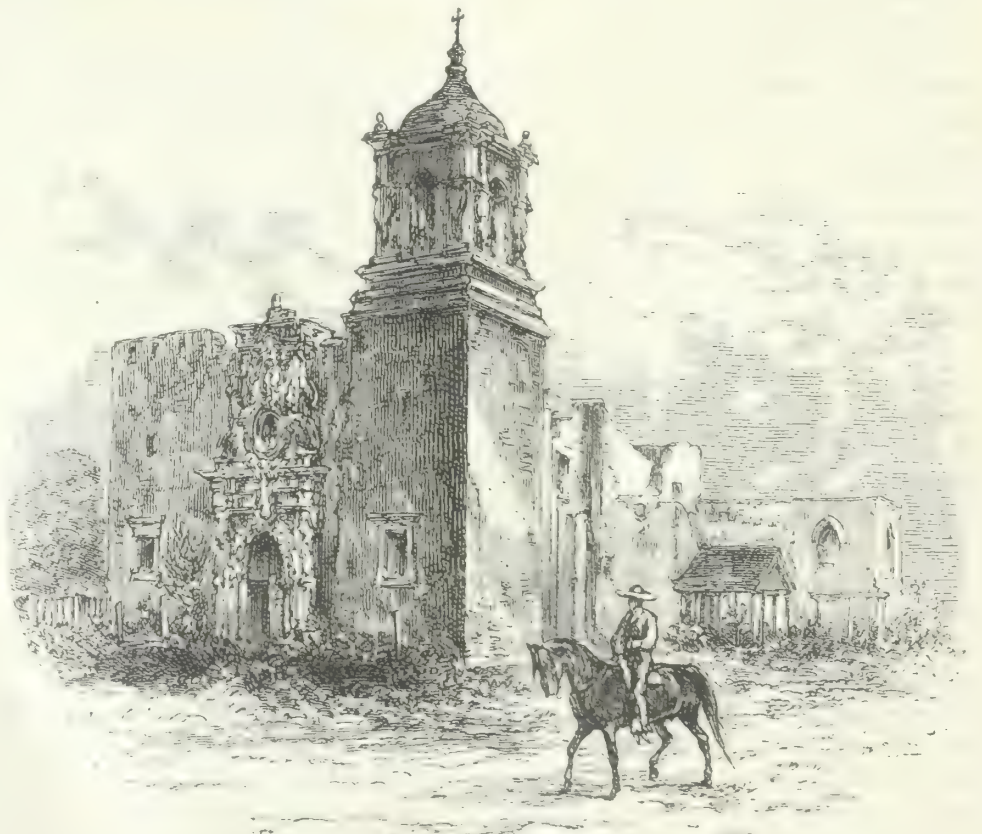
MISSION LA CONCEPCION.

Hennepin from the Great Lakes to the Red River, and they also were the outposts of civilization in the wilderness. The monks of these missions, moreover, were those who opened to the world the resources of this great empire of the West; with their patience and labor, they were the first pioneers of the region, and but for the riches which the soil displayed at their touch, the colonist might not have been tempted here for a century later. They cleared the way for a new power among the peoples of the earth, and in the annexation of that power to our own in the war that followed, and the consequent acquisition of all the northern half of Mexican territory, and the great train of circumstances resulting, one sees that, like all the other conscientious workers of the world, they "built better than they knew."

Every one of these missions is now a ruin; the grass grows on so much of the roof as is left, the mesquite starts up in the long cloisters

where the fathers used to pace, the cactus sprouts and blossoms in the crannies of the outer wall, the wild thyme hangs in bunches there, and sweetens all the lonesome summer air. Nothing can describe the solitary grandeur and beauty of the Concepcion, and the marvelous piece of color that it makes, as you drive over the prairie, first approaching it when, a mile and a half from the town, its twin towers and dome darkly rise on the luminous sky. It is the first religious ruin you have seen in America—indeed, these ruins are, we think, the only thing of the sort in the country; its existence is a romance, its condition a mystery, and a vague pathos haunts its broken arches and disused cells. The mission of San José, some

four miles below the first, is, however, both finer and more interesting. This is really, it is said, the mission of San Juan, but through a transmutation of names peculiar to Texas, in which, for instance, the original Brazos became the Colorado, and the Colorado the Brazos, the place is now always known as the San José. The buildings of this, the second mission, were not only of finer design and workmanship, but they were those of a scholastic as well as of a religious in-



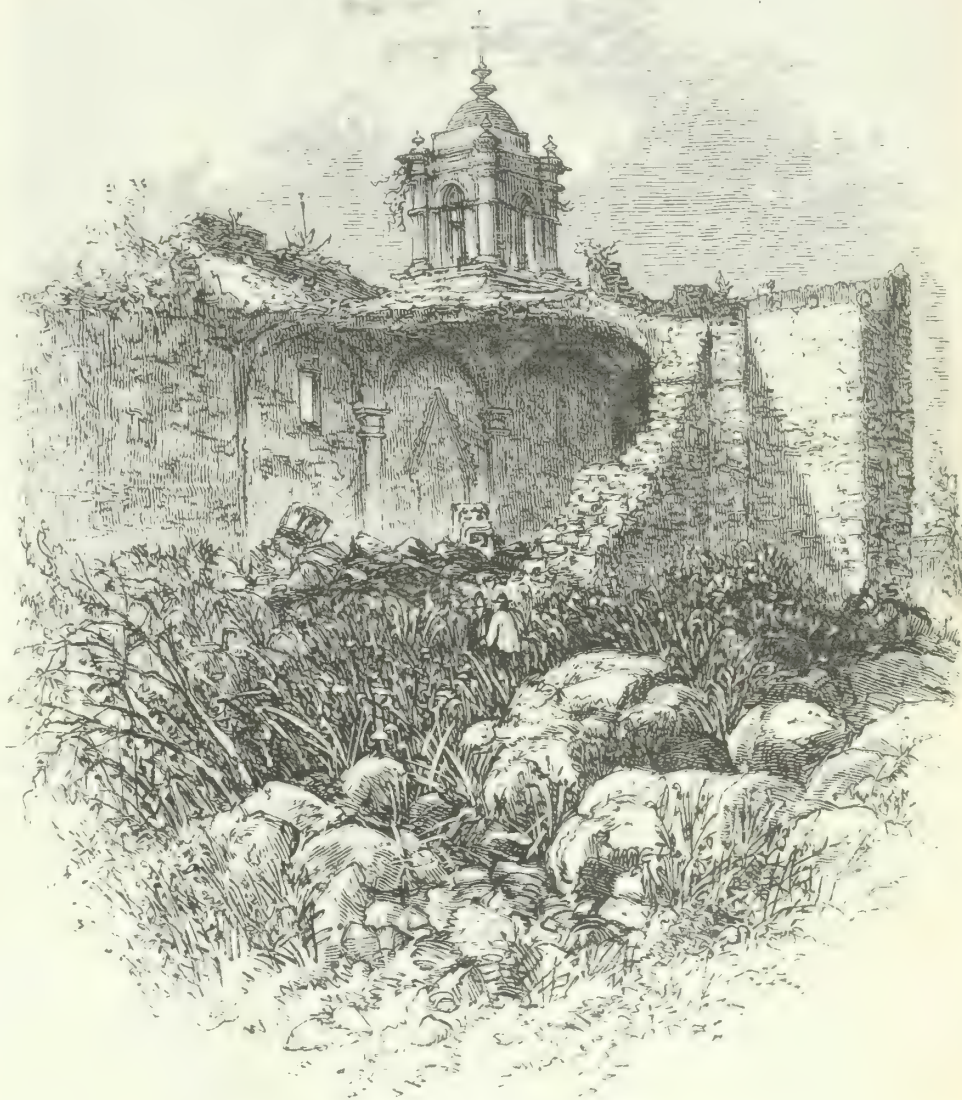
SECOND MISSION—SAN JOSE.

stitution, inclosed a much larger space, and are left in much more detail. The church was built in the style introduced in Europe by the Jesuits when the Renaissance had become wearying—the style from which subsequently the Louis Quatorze developed itself. But al-

though a meretricious style, its effect, judging from these ruins, must have been very fine, particularly in the dazzling light of this latitude, and the execution of its details was of the best. The stone, although now lichen-eaten and weather-stained, is the soft cream-colored stone of the district, which is easily wrought, the surface walls frescoed with a diaper of vermillion and blue, of which only faint lines remain. All the lofty façade is a mass of superb sculpture of colossal figures, with cherubs, scrolls, and flowers; similar noble work surrounds one of the exquisitely beautiful windows; but for the rest, the great halls are roofless, the

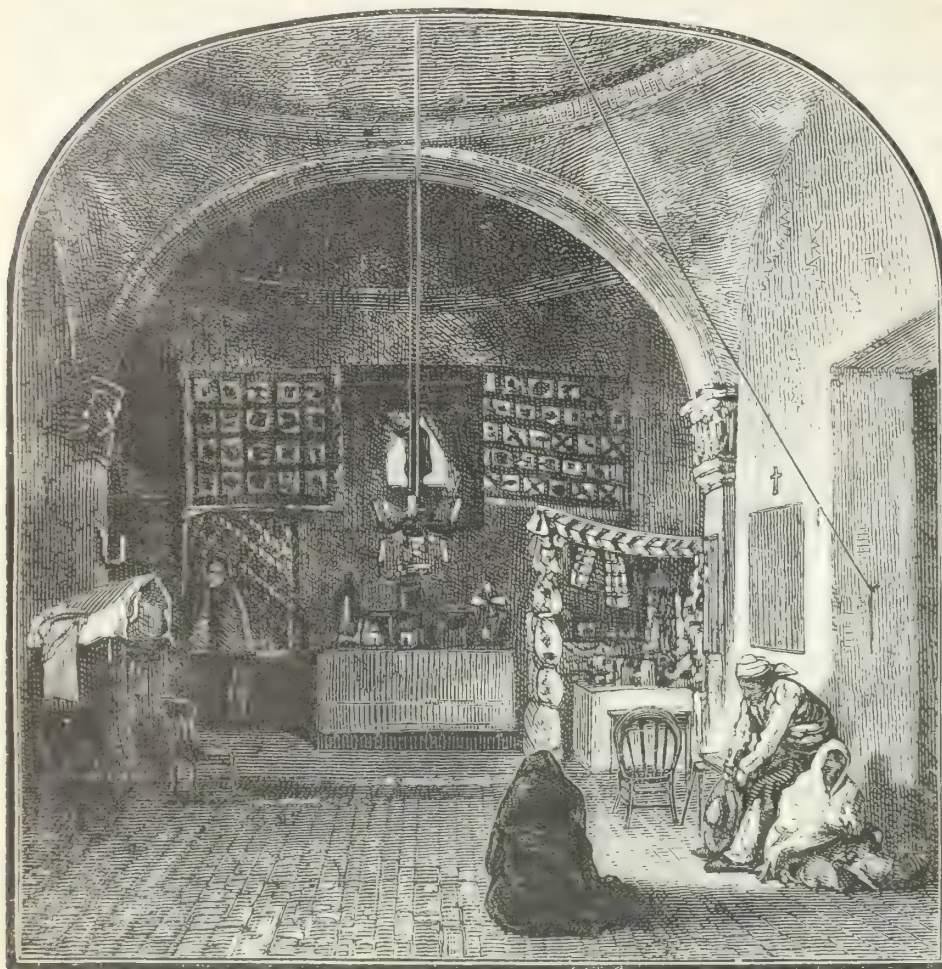
long arcades are crumbling into mounds of dust, and even the fine statuary has been defaced by wanton wretches who have enriched themselves with the hand of a St. Joseph or the head of an infant Jesus. Such as the carving is, it is regarded with superstitious idolatry by the simple Mexicans whose village surrounds the ruin, and the priesthood itself would not dare to take any measures for its preservation that should remove it from their daily sight. The chapel attached to the mission is still in use, a weekly service being held there. In spite of its pretty font, and of the groined arches of its vaulted roof, it is a sad spot. Two or three old paintings adorn it, a sacred image stands in the lofty niche of the only window, which, lined with scarlet, surrounds the image in a blazing aureole, while the walls all about the altars are strung with the votive offerings of the poor worshipers, who, since they

can not give lace and jewels and gold-wrought altar cloths, give curious patchwork hangings which are inexpressibly touching to see. There are said to be great under-ground chambers attached to this mission building, capable of holding two



ANOTHER VIEW OF SAN JOSÉ.

years' provision of wheat, together with secret passages to the river, so that the water supply could never be cut off; and owing to this, the mission was able once to endure triumphantly, according to tradition, a siege of eighteen months' duration from those warlike Indians who never ceased their hostility to the undertaking of the Spaniard and the Franciscan. Of the other missions, down the river, there is scarcely enough left to mention; but take them by moonlight, the effulgent moonlight of San Antonio, and they are worth a journey to see, the front of La Espada towering above the dark foliage, a melancholy haunt of poetry and dreams. Why all these buildings have been allowed to fall into such a condition it is not easy to say. Whether it was that the secularization of the missions crippled them beyond their strength, whether the Indian service was no longer able to maintain them, whether the



A VOTIVE OFFERING, SAN JOSE.

dry climate had any particularly injurious effect upon them, whether the depredations of marauders have been equal to such destruction, or whether it is judged that they are most effective as they are—whatever the reason, the lover of the picturesque may well be thankful for the result.

The drive to these missions, in deep woods, across all the fords at all the windings of the rivers, through the forsaken avenues of pecans that the good friars planted, and up the open prairie-side, is as wide and delightful a contrast with the ruins as it is possible to imagine, and accents a great deal of their charm. Here is no decay, no disrepair. Nature is alive and throbbing through every leaf and blade; the mesquite is waving all light and feathery grace on every ripple of the air, a thing of beauty, half sunshine and half verdure; the mustang grape, with a stem the size of a baby's waist, twists itself in long loose ropes and festoons from tree to tree, and spices the wood; the great ratamama, with its yellow primrose flower set in a radiation of slender green spike-like leaves, shines with all its lamps against the dark masses of the magnificent pecan; and earlier in the year the wisache, each spray of which, strung with downy golden balls, is precious in the Northern conservatory, soars like an illumination beside the way, and the thickets of the lovely frijo-lío clothe themselves in purple with the narcissus at their feet. All around the Concepcion mission,

where one of the deadliest fights of the Texan revolution once reddened the grass, sheets of the white prickly-poppy wave in the wind, the Texas star sprinkles the sod, and the delicate little white rain-lilies that spring after a shower scatter their delicious odor; every where over the broad slopes the prickly-pear blazes up in the sun with its big red and yellow cups full of flame; in the same colors, native to the soil, scarlet and orange lantanas and abutilons grow beside the slender swaying mountain heliotrope with its white blossom and vanilla scent, while violet and verberna, morning-glory, ma-

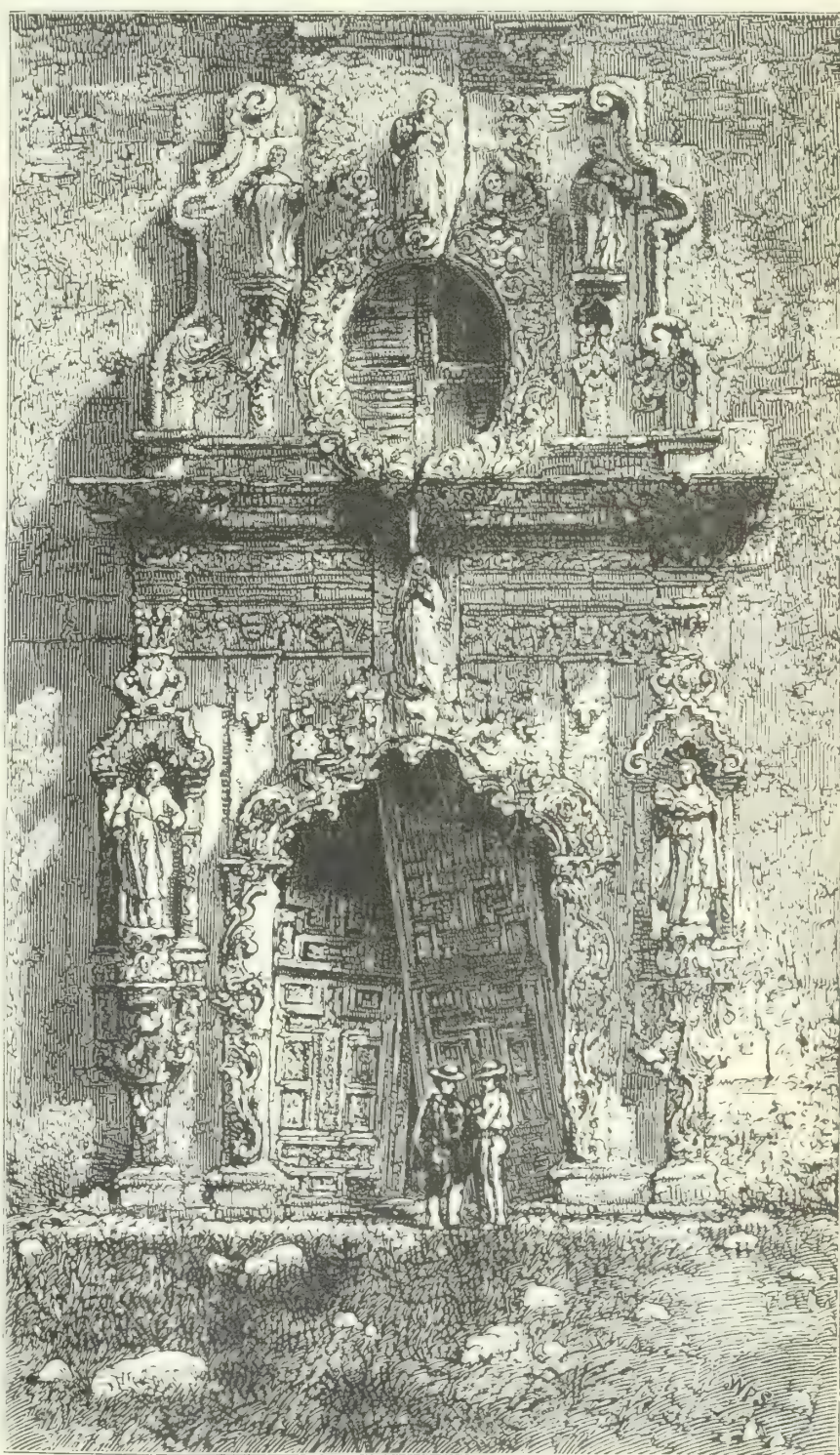
randia, convolvulus, and clematis, greet the familiar eye, and unknown blossoms flaunt in every copse. The music of the mocking-bird, which tilts on countless topmost boughs, is pouring over you in floods of ecstasy; the cardinal-bird's note pipes clear as he darts from the shadow of one bush to another like a winged coal of fire; the little finches warble and trill; the turtle-doves coo on the low boughs, or go skipping together across the grass; the scissors-tail and the chacalaca skim over the tops of the thorny chaparral; a flock of blackbirds that seem to have lit on the knoll in a patch of yellow blossoms fly away at your approach, and take the blossoms with them; the rabbits bound along the ground; the splendid wings of butterflies brush your face. Just below the second mission you come to the falls of the San Antonio. Although the falls themselves, divided into many, are of no great height, yet the volume of tumbling foam, the wondrous color of the waters, and all the harmony of the world of verdure that in every shade of mighty oak, dipping willow, and feathery fern swings over the stream which slips so smoothly to the fall, and with such jewel-like polish that its very swiftness seems stillness, make a picture of green and silver that it would take a West Indian wilderness to rival.

The Alamo, the last of the missions, and one never quite completed, is but a few steps from your inn, on a dusty plaza that is

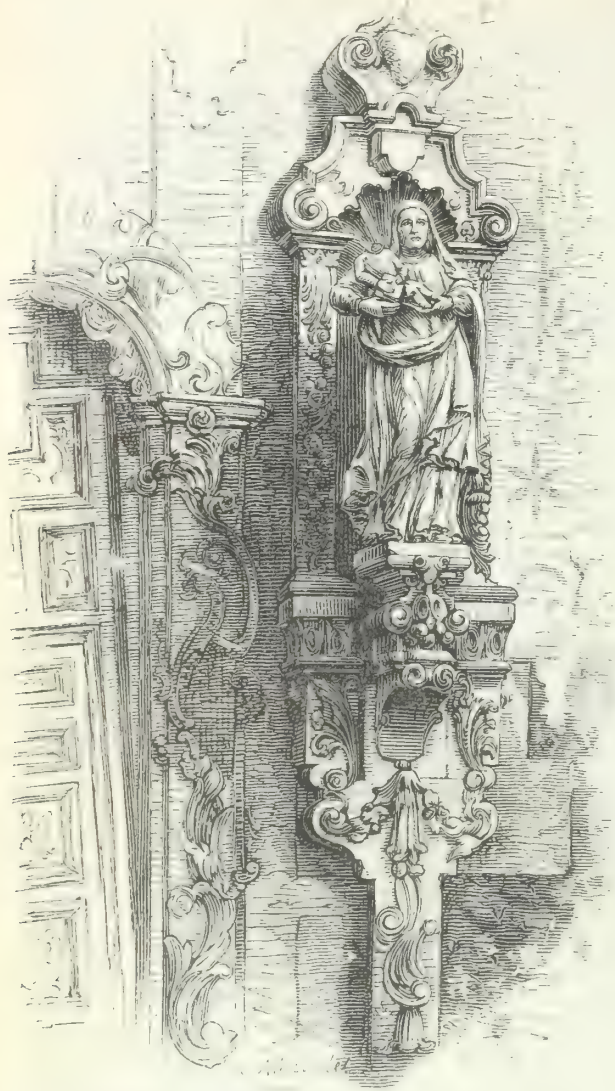
a reproach to all San Antonio. Its wall is overthrown and removed, its dormitories are piled with military stores, its battle-scarred front has been revamped and repainted, and market-carts roll to and fro on the spot where the flames ascended at the touch of the torch of an insolent foe over the funeral pyre of heroes. But yet the Texan visits it as a shrine, and thrills with pride in a history that is more to him than all the Monmouths and Lexingtons and Cowpens and Yorktowns of the Revolution; for, after all, Texas is a domain by itself, with a past of its own, and although long a voluntary member of our federation, yet, like Hungary or like Scotland, it is hardly to be absorbed.

The sword years since usurped the gown in men's thoughts when they spoke of the church of the Alamo, that fortress of the church militant. Yet many a stout contest, to be sure, was waged in and around the little town of Bexar before the walls of the Alamo were ready for the banner poles from which such various flags have tossed defiance: to-day the French, under St. Denis and La Harpe, driving back into it all the Spaniards of the outlying country, to-morrow the Comanches and the Tahuacanos harrying it, and even after it was garrisoned, the Apache riding boldly in and bidding the soldier there tether his horses. But with the building of the Alamo the struggles for its possession became fierce and frequent, and all the peaceful nestling beauty of the town was, until within the last thirty years, only the background for successive scenes of bloodshed. Now Salcedo and Herrera surrender it to the Americans—that Salcedo whose keen insight saw the ruin of Spain in her colonies, and would have forbidden the birds to fly across our border and bring back any whisper of liberty; now Elisondo threatens it, one sunrise, from the distant heights of the Alazan; out of it eagerly marches a band to meet

Arredondo at the Medina, and lay their bones to bleach on the old San Antonio road; now, again, a raw army of 500 men hold Perfecto de Cos, the brother-in-law of Santa Anna, and his force of nearly three times their number, prisoners within the walls for two months, till the assault is ordered, when, while one party divert attention by an attack on the Alamo, from which, as well as from the cathedral, waves the merciless black and red flag, two columns march up Soledad and Acequia streets, the one pushing through De la Garza's house, the other through Veramendi's—each house, with its walls three and four feet in thickness, being a little fort—push slowly on day by day through the houses, not through the streets, which were raked by Mexican guns, through Navarro's house, into the



DOORWAY AND SCULPTURE AT SAN JOSÉ.

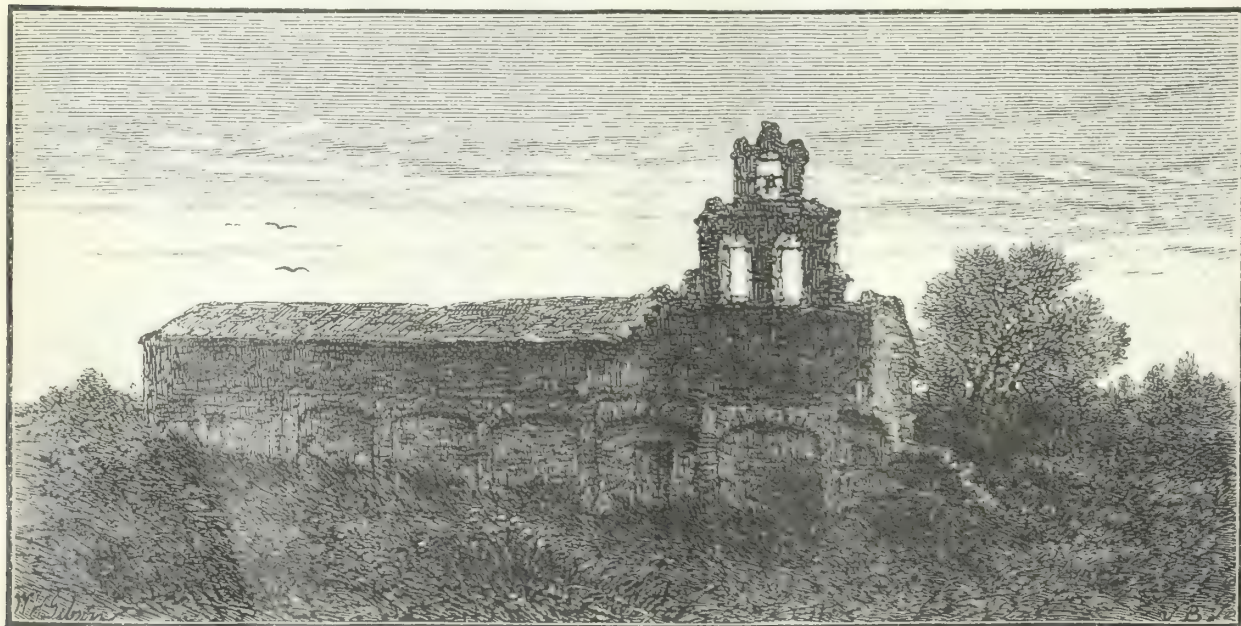


SCULPTURED FIGURE, DOORWAY OF SAN JOSÉ.

priest's house, into the square, when the black and red flags come down and a white one goes up—a bitterly contested fight, where on the second day the magnificent Milan fell, long lying buried where he fell. Although, some years afterward, the ashes of this hero were removed to a cemetery, yet the scarcity of land in Texas recently cre-

ated the necessity of running a highway through the cemetery; and while he has his monument in the Capitol, yet Milan, who so loved Liberty for Liberty's sake—lay in canebrakes, slept in dungeons, starved and bled and died for her—lies to-day in an unmarked grave where every hoof insults him.

But the great fight of the Alamo, that which has immortalized it with the battles of the world, took place when Santa Anna advanced upon it with all the machinery of war at Mexico's command. From the outset there was no hope within the walls, and the little garrison there made up their minds to their fate; indeed, one of them, Colonel Bonham, sent out to seek re-enforcements, came back alone, although he knew it was to die, heroically as Regulus returned to Carthage. There were 144 men in the Alamo; Santa Anna's troops, at first estimated at 1500, were presently increased to 4000; they were the flower of the Mexican soldiery, commanded by officers of matchless skill and daring, many of whom loathed the work required of them. But Santa Anna, who styled himself the Napoleon of the West, left no foes to rise behind him: his policy was the policy of extermination. The town of San Antonio was already his; the blood-red flag flapped from the cathedral, and the fortress was summoned to surrender and throw itself upon Mexican mercy. What that mercy was can be imagined from the subsequent fate of those who capitulated with the brave, impetuous Fannin at Goliad under all the forms and articles of war, and with promise of speedy release, only to receive orders, one Sunday when they were singing "Sweet Home," to march out in double file under guard, suddenly halted when half a mile from the fort, the guard wheeling and firing upon them till they fell, betrayed and butchered in cold blood. "This day, Palm-Sunday," writes a



RUINS OF THIRD MISSION—SAN JUAN.

Mexican officer of the massacre, "has been to me a day of most heart-felt sorrow. At six in the morning the execution of 412 American prisoners was commenced, and continued till eight, when the last of the number was shot. At eleven commenced the operation of burning their bodies. But what an awful scene did the field present, when the prisoners were executed and fell dead in heaps, and what spectator could view it without horror! They were all young, the oldest not more than thirty, and of fine florid complexions. When the unfortunate youths were brought to the place of death, their lamentations, and the appeals which they uttered

to Heaven in their own language, with extended arms, kneeling or prostrate on the earth, were such as might have caused the very stones to cry out in compassion."

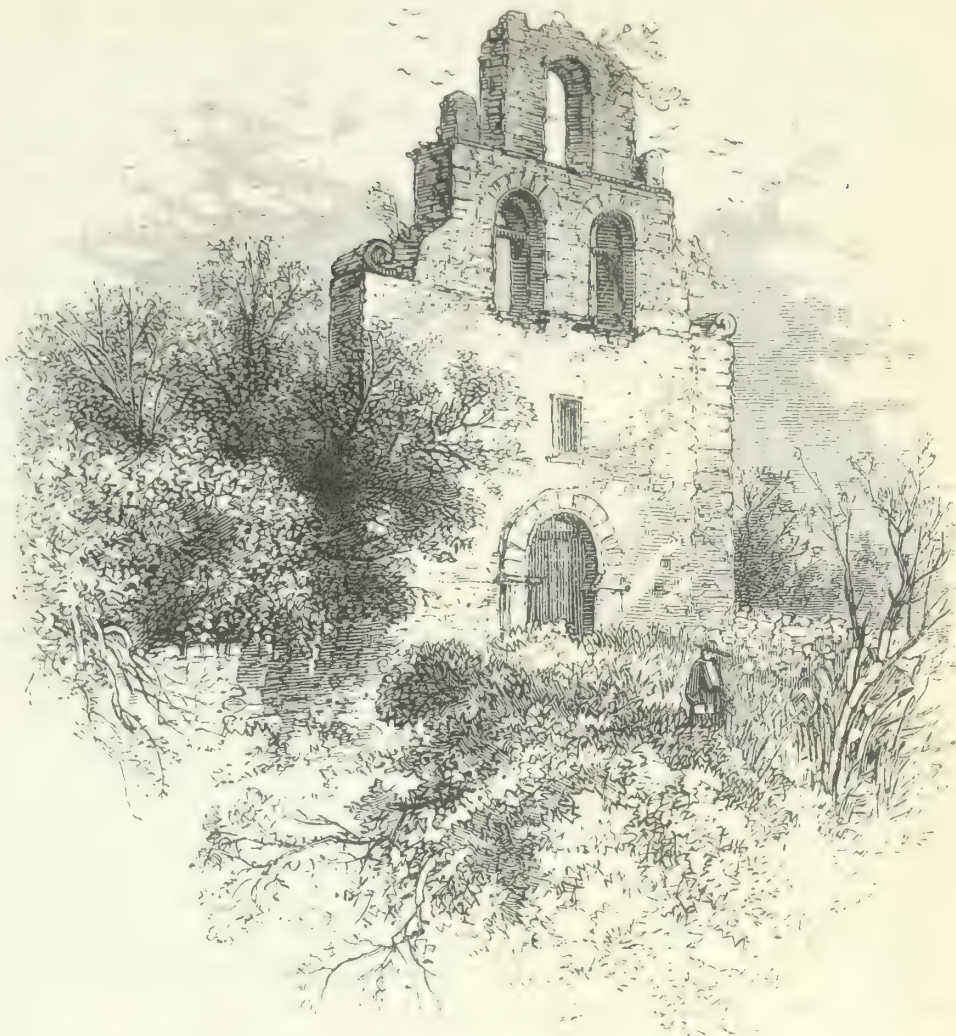
Travis and his men had no mind for such mercy. Shut up in the Alamo, this was the proclamation that superb leader made and addressed to the people of Texas and all Americans in the world:

"COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO.
BEJAR, February 24, 1836.

"FELLOW-CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS,—I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans, under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment and cannonade for twenty-four hours, and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the fort is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon-shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender nor retreat. Then I call on you, in the name of liberty, patriotism, and every thing dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy are receiving re-enforcements daily, and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death!

"W. BARRETT TRAVIS."

This splendid death-cry was unheard. The call was neglected. No help came. Santa Anna surrounded the place on all



RUINS OF FOURTH MISSION—DE ESPADA.

sides with intrenched encampments, and kept up a cannonade for ten days, many times attempting to scale the walls, but always repulsed with slaughter—1500 of his men, it is said, falling before the unerring Texas rifle. At midnight of the thirteenth day the storming party was ordered to the assault for the last time, the reluctant infantry, pricked on by cavalry in the rear, amidst the roar of artillery and the volleys of musketry, the trumpet sounding the dreadful notes of the *dequelo*, signifying no quarter. Twice they made the attempt in vain, and recoiled only to be urged on for the third time by the irresistible cordon behind them; the third time they mounted the walls and fell to their bloody work. It was short and terrible. As Travis stood on an angle of the northern wall, cheering the fearless spirits behind him, a ball struck his forehead, and he fell; a Mexican officer rushed forward to dispatch him, but he died on the point of Travis's sword as that hero breathed his last. And with that the indiscriminate slaughter began, man to man, of the little force that, worn out with the task of repelling attacks and manning works that required five times their number, with sleeplessness and thirst, and without time to reload their pieces, fought with their

knives and the stocks of their rifles till no soul of the desperate band was left alive. Death and Santa Anna held the place. The Alcalde of San Antonio, summoned before the conqueror, pointed out to him Travis on the wall with the bullet in his forehead, Bowie butchered in the cell where he lay on his sick-bed, Evans shot in the act of blowing up the magazine, and David Crockett lying dead with a circle of his slaughtered foes around him. On the shaft erected to the heroes runs a legend whose eloquence makes the heart stand still: "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none."

But how swiftly vengeance fell! Not seven weeks afterward, Houston, slowly retreating and drawing the enemy after him, burned the bridge behind them, fell upon them as they lay in their afternoon siesta on the banks of the San Jacinto, and with the battle-cry of "Remember the Alamo! remember Goliad!" charged their breastworks before they could form in line, turned their own cannon upon them, and in eighteen minutes had taken their colors, their equipage, their arms, their specie, had laid half their force dead on the field, had made the other half prisoners, with all their officers, and presently with Santa Anna himself, and had destroyed forever the power of Mexico across the Rio Grande. There is no other such victory in all the annals of war; one's pulses leap to read of it; and one feels, in fact, throughout the whole of those early Texan days, with their rude per-

Cervantes called a second description of valor, and with a noble equipoise and large comprehension, towered above dust and clamor in the stature of the mighty men that moulded empires.

San Antonio has always had more or less to do with warlike operations. For many years it was the head-quarters of the southern division of the United States army, and here, in 1861, General Twiggs turned over the post to the Confederate authorities, with stores valued largely over a million dollars, and a new flag was added to the number of those that had already waved above the place. It is now again a military department, under the command of General Ord, a brave and accomplished soldier, who from this station directs the frontier movements between those forts that constitute our wall against the Mexican and the Apache; and in the event of a new Mexican war, it will be, as it is now, owing both to its situation and to its railway connection with the coast, the base of military operations. It has an arsenal, with picturesque grounds and buildings, on Flores Street, and a military dépôt on one of the side-hills, whose stone walls inclose sufficient accommodation for all the stores needed in time of war, while its tower overlooks the country for many miles. This dépôt was built under the direction of Captain George W. Davis, and is considered a marvel of construction. There are several regiments permanently stationed here, while officers of other regiments are frequently going and coming to and from oth-



THE ALAMO MISSION.

sonages and their splendid courage, their wise movements and their simple and solemn state utterances, that the story is epic and the heroes are Homeric. It would be difficult in any history to find a parallel for so august a character as that of Stephen Austin, who, with that fine patience which

er posts; and there is almost a pathetic contrast between the young officer with his unfledged sword, who arrives smooth and fresh and fine in San Antonio, and the bronzed and roughened fellow who rides back from the frontier after a couple of years of service there. San Antonio is held

to be quite a desirable post in the army, and the army life adds a great deal to the pleasure of society in the place, with the high tone of its brilliant men and lovely women of varied experience and graceful manners. But the society proper to the place itself is of a superior order, having something of the old Spanish base of courtesy and gravity with the polish born of contact with the world. For the San Antonians are by no means a stay-at-home people, nor do they confine their rambles to Mexico and the South; you will find many of those in comfortable circumstances who have made the European tour, and several who have crossed the ocean half a dozen times. Besides the school of the convent, there are several fine private schools, and there has long been a system of free schools in operation there, and those for whom these facilities are insufficient send their children sometimes to the North and sometimes to Europe. Of the young ladies there—who, by-the-way, are rather remarkable for their beauty—there are many who speak Spanish or German, and many are mistresses of four tongues; while several of the matrons have an acquaintance with the dead languages which would allow them to fit their own boys for college, are well read in general literature too, and proud of the fact that Texas has no lack of literature of her own. Mr. Thrall, one of her most conscientious and creditable historians, is a resident of the town, and the work of Mrs. Young, the State botanist, has largely aided in making the gardens of San Antonio the charming things they are. A good deal of the quality of this society is owing to the fact that its members depend so largely for entertainment upon themselves, and while dancing and music have received great attention, the art of conversation has had an unconscious cultivation that it does not so generally receive where opera and concert and theatre spare the trouble. Public entertainments have until now been nearly impossible; the church has been the principal amusement; there are nearly a score of religious buildings in the place, of almost every denomination, all built of stone, one of them an exceedingly pretty diocesan Episcopal church, and one or the other of the bells is always to be heard. Yet this society is a growth of the present century. When the first American lady went to San Antonio, the Mexican women would beg permission to come in and admire her, and after sitting in silence a space, would go away lisping many thanks in their sweet syllables, and saying that she was very white and very lovely.

This soft lisp of the Mexican, we may say, has somewhat infected the speech of the average San Antonian, who calls the acequias isakers, and speaks of the Salado and

the Cibolo as the Slough and the Seewiller. Perhaps also he has been infected by something more than the Mexican lisp, in a certain enervation and lack of public spirit which cause him to allow his lovely town still to retain its fantastic charm instead of joining the march of improvement: he does not wish to see things other than they always have been; it is no paradox for him to say that although they be better, they are not so good. This is the square where the Baron de Bastrop met Moses Austin turning away in disgrace and despair, and changed the fortunes of Texas; here is the public crossing of the river where old Delgado's head was set up on a pole; there is the brook that once ran red with the blood of Salcedo, Herrera, and twelve other good knights and true to pay for that head; and yonder is the plaza where the famous Comanche fight took place not forty years ago, when threescore Indian warriors, squaws, and papooses came into San Antonio by appointment to surrender their white prisoners, and, failing to keep faith, were told they should be held as hostages, upon which, in an instant, bows were strung and knives unsheathed, and in the fearful struggle that followed, the squaws themselves fighting like tiger-cats, not one of the warriors was left alive. The old San Antonian wishes to keep these places unaltered, nor would he have the honored names of Manchaca, Navarro, Zavala, Sequin, and their sort, superseded by those of enterprising emigrants. From the point of view of the picturesque he is certainly right; but otherwise one is reminded of the saying, now become a proverb, that the enemy of Texas is the old Texan. In spite of him, though, certain changes will be wrought by time; enterprise has already crept into the place. It has a Historical Society and a Board of Trade; it is talking of a new system of sewerage; it has a gas-house, much of whose gas is made of cotton seed; it has a railroad that has already improved its market, and it is bound to have others yet.

There is a sort of romance attaching to the road that brings into daily communication with the world this city, one of that lonely trio, San Antonio, Nacogdoches, and Santa Fé, that for nearly two centuries have stood on their long untravelled trails, unknown and remote in their silent solitudes upon the outposts. This road was built, single-handed, by its owner, Mr. Peirce, who is said to be the largest land-holder in the world. The bed in all its length is broad and firm, much of it made of the solid concrete deposits which are found on the line, the ties are laid with an exact precision, the rails are steel, and the bridges are of iron, with piers of solid masonry that defy the floods. On the occasion of its opening the San Antonians displayed a unique hos-

pitality. To every guest that came over the road they gave literally the freedom of the city—the best they had to offer. Bed and board and fruit and flower were his; any garden where he wished to stroll was his; any carriage that he chose to stop upon the street and enter was his; any bar across which he wished to drink—and their name is legion—any cigar he chose to take. For three days the three hundred guests were entertained as kings and princes entertain,

catching the sidelong sunlight, make an unintermitting dazzle of prismatic lustre. Or perhaps he is on the fortunate party that unearths the skeleton in armor of one of those Spanish knights sent out by Cortez to find the seven treasure cities and never returning—wonderful bronze armor, finished in the perfection of art. Within the town he sees the long emigrant train threading the streets, with homesick women and determined men; he sees the great supply



URSULINE CONVENT, SAN ANTONIO.

and were dismissed without having been allowed to pay a bill. It has always been a long and fatiguing stage-coach ride thither; but now the Texan is pouring in to visit its sanctuaries. He calls it almost invariably "Santone," and it is as full of novelty and delight to him as to the rest of the world. He goes to the Alamo and is weighed, congratulating himself on those that were weighed in the balance and not found wanting there once before; he climbs to the top of the mission tower, and recalls yet earlier days; he visits the springs; and he spends his evening at Wolfram's Garden, where the cups of colored light, among all the greenery reflected in the river, make an elfin place of strange contrast to those rude earlier scenes. He goes to the bee caves outside the city, to the bat caves some twenty miles away, where the scent of ammonia is stifling, the accumulations of guano are tremendous, and where the bats flying out just at sunset in long streams, like the never-ceasing smoke of a volcano, darken all the air, while the transparent membranes of their outstretched wings,

trains going out full and heavy to the markets of Saltillo, Monterey, and Chihuahua, and returning with hides and silver and wool; he sees the hunters coming home laden with game, and the gay party of young roughs pushing forth, with their six-shooters on the saddle, to seek for the lost mines of San Saba, or for those of Uvalde and the remoter west. He sees, too, the group of Mexican officers meeting here, perhaps for refuge, perhaps for safer conspiracy, perhaps to act with that Escobedo who put an end to Maximilian's pretty romance, and served notice on Europe to send no more kings to America; he sees the old banker who, an American prisoner, has cleaned the streets of Mexico with ball and chain on his foot, the old physician who holds the diploma of all the learned societies in Europe, and who came to this country with that scion of royalty, the prince who colonized New Braunfels, bringing with him letters from Humboldt; or possibly he may meet a still stately dame who wears the diamonds given to her by her old partner in the dance, the pirate Lafitte, hero of By-

ron's "Corsair." He sees, with these, this and that veteran of Houston's men, still full of the old fire, as interesting to him, and almost as ancient, as if just stepped out of Joshua's army before Jericho; or, as possibly, one of the "bean men," a sort of sacred character, being the survivor of the famous Mier expedition.

This expedition was a part of the desultory warfare resulting from Mexico's long maintenance of a shadowy claim on Texas, in which claim, as late as 1842, Vasquez took San Antonio, remodeled its government, and left it, and in the next year General Adrian Woll, with 2000 men, repeated the operation, to revenge all which a campaign was undertaken. The campaign came to grief, but some 300 volunteers remained upon the Rio Grande, and made Mier their point of attack, only in the end, after much slaughter of their number, to surrender as prisoners of war. Finding, however, that the promises to them were not to be kept, and fearing worse, one day, led by a fearless fellow, a Highlander known as the Black Cameron, they leaped out of their pen in single file, overpowered their guard, seized the stacked arms, and made off. Losing their way among the mountains, fearing treachery, and acting unwisely, after days of intolerable thirst and torment they were recaptured, and it was ordered by Santa Anna that every tenth man among them should be shot, the lot to be decided by the drawing of a black bean from a given number of white ones. They were all young and had loved life; but so wretched and weary were they that it was hardly a matter of moment to them whether they drew black or white. Those who drew black were shot without benefit of clergy, and the remainder, after a year and a half in dungeons, were set free upon the death of the wife of the arch-butcher. These things, sounding like stories of the Middle Ages rather than of a modern lifetime, when brought so near, kindle the blood with a heat not often felt, and the rugged old heroes of such adventure rank with the Texan almost as Biblical personages. In all these sights and scenes Texas appeals to him and swells his heart with pride over the future of his land. The vaquero, who, on his way northward with his bunch of cattle, has stopped in "Santone" for a frolic, unkempt and unshorn, filthy and ragged and very drunk, staggers up to him, exclaiming, with an oath, "Do you take me for a fool? Let me recite to you a page of Cæsar!" and straightway launches out on a famous passage. "And now," he adds, "perhaps you would like a Greek verb," with which he proceeds to conjugate one, somewhat assisted by hiccoughs, and reels away again. "There's been a big rise on this creek," said one of

these fellows, seeing the Gulf of Mexico for the first time. The Texan makes no such mistake as to regard these vaqueros, in their big boots and old blouses and rough beards, as mere vagabonds at loose ends; he knows that it is ten to one that the shabbiest on the plaza will draw his check for \$100,000 to-day to pay for the cattle he has just bought to improve his stock.

There are ranches, he knows, whose owners bank at San Antonio, that inclose hundreds of thousands of cattle; when the yearly increase is sold only at ten dollars a head, one can hardly estimate the income of the owners. Except for branding and gathering, the beeves, hogs, goats, and horses are neither care nor expense to the owner; but the sheep are a great care, and need constant attention—that guaranteed, they also are a steady source of wealth, and their clip makes San Antonio one of the leading wool markets of the world, while the amazing increase renders it probable that she will soon become the chief. Her trade in hides, also, is immense, and she has merchants who do a business in general merchandise running largely into the millions every year. She is now the natural entrepôt of a vast trade not only with the State, but with that great and rich region of country lying farther to the west, that region just beyond the frontier where Evarista Madeiro sows 3000 bushels of wheat in one field, and rides twenty-two miles before reaching the end of his fences, and where, although the floor of another man's house is earthen, his chandeliers are of solid silver—a region where the cotton needs replanting but once in seven years. And, more than this, he knows that with the extension of her railways to the "baths of all the western stars," San Antonio gathers into her lap and distributes again the treasures of the Indies themselves.

But her own surrounding hills and prairies are wealth enough for her as it is. The yield of the cereals there is simply enormous. The corn is twice as high as your head in May, and the grass has twice been cut by that; every known vegetable has long been in the market then. The sweet and luscious figs are ripe, and pears and apples, apricots, plums, and peaches, are ready to gather; while, later in the year, bananas, pomegranates, and persimmons come in, and the pecans drop big and sweet as one finds them nowhere else. There are fields about San Antonio where four hundred dollars an acre have been realized out of sugar-cane, although that is an extremely exceptional yield, the proceeds being partly due to the sale of cane in the streets, it being a choice morsel in its season. Large quantities of it are fed to cattle also; and for them, as another delicacy, the prickly-pear is raked into heaps, and scorched of its thorns by

fire. The Spanish moss is found in immense quantities on the trees in certain portions of country round San Antonio, as well as all the way to the coast. It is an epiphyte, not a parasite, drawing its sustenance from the air, and not the tree, to which it does no injury; and it is already forming a good branch of commerce, as, being well rotted and dried, it makes a valuable substitute for curled hair in upholstery. Cotton, too, is almost equally prolific with every thing else. In fact, there is nothing which the rich earth does not seem capable of producing, and producing at its best. As you see it freshly turned up, clean, dark, and glistening as though it held hidden sunbeams, it seems, according to the old saying, fairly good enough to eat. It would excuse the clay-eaters themselves if it were on such substance that they fed; and one would well wish that, having the traditional peck of dirt to eat, it might be eaten in San Antonio. One does not wonder to see this sod break into blossom the day after it is cut.

"A footfall there
Suffices to upturn to the warm air
Half-germinating spices; mere decay
Produces richer life; and day by day
New pollen on the lily petal grows,
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose."

And San Antonio in this matter is but the type of all Western Texas—a land of promise and of plenty; a land flowing in milk and honey (if, with the cattle roaming in multitudes, one were not obliged to use condensed milk in one's coffee); a land where the vagrant can sleep in comfort under a tent in open air all his lifetime, and may live in luxury, scarcely lifting his hands to labor, and where the energetic and intelligent bind fortune hand and foot and compel her to their service. Nearly three hundred thousand people entered it in the last year, and sought permanent homes; many more, we understand, contemplate the same movement in the coming year. And their success is entirely in the measure of their endeavor; for with eggs selling from six to ten cents a dozen, and with beef from five to eight cents a pound, the cost of living is at its minimum. Rents are the only expensive item, and the climate, as we have said, makes a tent sufficient shelter till a house can be built. And never was any place more full of opportunity to those that can seize occasion by the forelock—opportunity, too, quite outside of the farming industries. Wonderful water-powers that could spin and weave all the cotton on earth compass the cotton belt there, while the machinery of woolen mills could run without steam beside the ranch where the wool is shorn: the huge heaps of bones, gathered from the prairies where the cattle of two hundred years have laid them, and that are transported at great cost, could be ground into

dust or made into combs and buttons on the spot; acres of blooming wild white poppies tell what is yet to be done there in opium; tons of indigo are ready to the hand; and the mesquite is able to tan the hides that travel some five thousand miles before they come back in saddles and harnesses and shoes. This mesquite, by-the-way, could be to the Texan almost as much as the palm is to the Arab—an object of pleasure to the eye of man. Cattle browse upon its foliage, sheep eagerly eat its beans; its gnarled wood, when grown to any size, is as fine as old mahogany for furniture; its abundant gum is the gum-arabic of the East, and its bark tans leather as quickly and thoroughly as any other substance known. Forbidden by Spain, in that narrow policy which has reacted in ruin on herself, to grow flax, hemp, saffron, olives, grapes, and mulberries, the country blossoms with them all to-day. And, in truth, there is nothing which she does not bring forth, from the wines of El Paso to the camels raised and sold to travelling menageries, for confiding parents to exhibit to marveling children as the ship of the desert and the product of the Scriptural East.

It is the Scriptural East that the region round about San Antonio, and all this Western Texas indeed, constantly presents to the mind in the lay of the land and all its characteristics. The irrigating ditches, the shepherd and their flocks, the cattle on a thousand hills, the wild asses snuffing the breeze, the wheat, the vineyard, the lilies of the field, the smell of the grape, the voice of the turtle-dove, the fig and the pomegranate—they are all there; the very atmosphere and the high clear heavens recall the skies of Palestine; one feels what the burden and heat of the day means, and recalls the Lord walking in His garden in the cool of the evening. At every step some memory or association concerning the Holy Land arrives; and the dweller, sitting on his gallery and overlooking his green pastures, as the sweet and sudden dusk follows sunset without twilight there, can well give thanks, saying, "For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."

CONTENTMENT.

FROM "MIRZA SHAFFY."

ALL the Winter I laugh and sing
For joy that the Spring is near.
I make the Spring with my singing ring,
Rejoicing that she is here!

MADELENA.

"Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto."



WE lived near the Church of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte, in Rome, and we were in the habit of stopping every day for half an hour to listen to the vespers at Ave Maria. We had not been there many times when our attention was attracted to a Capuchin monk who came day after day at the same hour, and entered a small side chapel, where he fell on his knees before the altar, and, with bowed head and clasped hands, remained as motionless as a statue until the service was finished. Only those near him saw the suppressed heavings of emotion under his serge robe and the silent tears that coursed down the channels worn in his pale cheeks. He was not old, not more than forty; but his brow was furrowed as if the plough of time had

THE CAPUCHIN MONK.

passed heavily over it, and the few locks that fell from under his hood were gray and thin. On his face was an expression that told of more than the weariness and hopelessness of age—the unmistakable marks of the sharp and sudden stroke of a great sorrow. One day he arose and went away before the service was ended. We then entered the chapel and examined it curiously to see if we could discover any inscription which would explain to us the cause of his grief. On the spot where he had knelt we found a small marble slab let into the pavement, upon which were engraved the words:

MADELENA

CHIUSE I BEGLI OCCHI ALL' ETÀ DI 20 ANNI.

This touching inscription increased our interest in the poor monk, for we felt sure that his sorrow was connected with the Madelena who had closed her beautiful eyes at the age of twenty years; and we agreed, from his refined air and manner, that he must be of superior birth and culture to the clods that form the uninteresting fraternity to which he belonged. Although he wore their coarse brown robe, it was scrupulously neat, and the knotted cord that encircled his waist was white and clean; while his small hands and carefully dressed feet showed that he had not been accustomed to the rough ways of life, and that he abjured the distinctive feature that renders the Capuchin offensive. When young and happy he must have been singularly handsome; now he seemed but the mournful shadow of ruined perfection. One day while we were there as usual, listening to the music and regarding him, we were joined by an old Roman count whose acquaintance we had recently made, and who was esteemed as a sort of living cyclopedia; for one had only to mention a name, and straightway the book of his memory opened, and there was written the history of the joys and sorrows, the successes and defeats, of a life.

"Can you tell us any thing of that man?" directing his attention to the kneeling figure of the monk as we asked the question.

"Oh yes, I can tell you all about him, for in his youth we were friends," replied the old Roman. "He is the last of the Counts of Castiglione, and in the chapel where he is kneeling is the family tomb. *Oimè!*" sighed the old count, laying his finger against his nose, thereby preventing a tear from falling, while he nodded mysteriously in the direction of the monk—"oimè! there is a most pathetic story connected with that poor man and the girl who sleeps beneath the slab where he kneels. She was not a Castiglione, nor even of gentle blood; she was a girl of the people, yet she rests in the same tomb with the haughty old counts and their wives. But this evening, if you have nothing better to do, while you take your

coffee on the balcony you shall hear from me the story of Madelena."

The moon rose behind the Propaganda, and threw long shadows across the Piazza and over the little balcony where we sat listening to the old count's story of a gentle life.

Madelena was a Roman. She was born in a little villa on the Palatine that overlooked the ruined palaces of the Cæsars, the Via Sacra, and the Forum. The first impressions of her childhood were sombre and poetic. She was surrounded by the half-effaced grandeur and sublimity of a past whose vanished glory left its traces every where about her simple home. She pulled with baby fingers the trailing ivy from the frescoed walls of the banquet chambers where Roman emperors once held their gilded revels. She gathered laurel and brier roses from the terraces of Nero's gardens. She listened to the nightingales that sang in the acacias, nodding and waving high above her on the summit of broken arches. In the moon-lit summer evenings, sitting on the balcony at her father's feet, she heard the mournful coo of the doves, mingled with the long plaint of the owl, and wondered how the world that was so old could be so lovely, and why her life was so calm and happy amid all this ruin and decay.

Madelena's mother died when she was a babe, and she only knew of her from her father's constant and loving description of her youth, beauty, and holy character. In his bedroom hung a picture that she had looked upon with reverence from her earliest childhood: a dark, tender face, soft eyes, and smiling mouth, a lithe girlish figure in the Ciociara costume—the dress of a Roman peasant.

Madelena's father was an artist, and his father had been a pupil of the great Carlo Marratti. She remembered once wandering with her father through the dusky galleries when a very little child, and as they paused before a graceful Madonna, with tapering fingers meekly clasped, he would say, "Carlo Marratti, your grandfather's master, painted this, my child. He was a great artist, and my father was his best imitator." Then he would sigh, and turn away with a discouraged look on his wan face, for he had striven for, and missed, what the great master of his father had gained. He was already an old man, worn out and disheartened by an unsuccessful career, before Madelena was born. He had dreamed away his youth amid these solemn ruins—dreamed, I say, for his hand lacked the power to portray what struggled for existence within his strange soul. Suddenly, when he was over forty, he was aroused from his lethargy by the potent spell of love. For the first time

he now lived, and felt that life was of value, for at last he had found perfection in something. That something was a beautiful but ignorant girl. He loved her with the fervor of a first passion, and married her. Then followed a period of ideal happiness, when he was contented to throw aside his pencils and his colors. His confusion of ideas, too often developed on innumerable unfinished canvases, no longer disturbed him. He now found form and color in his idol.

A picture warm and living, fresh from the hand of God, never wearied him with imperfect detail or feeble tone. But suddenly, in the midst of its brightness, it faded away. Madelena was born, a pale copy in miniature of a glorious masterpiece. The masterpiece was gone, but the copy remained, and the old painter cherished it for the resemblance it bore to the original.

From that day he ceased to create, and was contented to copy. He closed his studio and haunted the galleries.

Strangers wandering through the palaces often regarded curiously this grave old man, seeming to be unmindful of the little child standing by his side, watching with earnest eyes every touch and stroke of his pencil.

Madelena passed most of her days in the different palaces, and before she knew how to read, Raphael's "Transfiguration," Correggio's "Danae," Domenichino's beautiful "Sibyl," were all as familiar to her as illustrations of nursery books to little children of other countries. In the morning she went with her father, lingered near him, silent and interested, scarce ever showing impatience or weariness. When his day's labor was done, she returned with him to their home, and sat by his side, amusing him with her innocent prattle, while he took his evening meal, which Tita, their faithful servant, always had in readiness. On *festas*, when the galleries were closed, her father taught her to read, write, and draw; and in the evening she sat at his feet, with her head on his knee, and his hand clasped in hers; and while he smoked and mused, she listened to the nightingales singing sweetly among the wind-stirred branches, and wondered why her father was so silent and sad, when the world was so lovely and life was so sweet. And thus her childhood passed, with no more variety than I have described, until her fifteenth year. Then a great and sudden change came.

One *festa*, when Madelena had nothing to do—for she now copied with her father, and was already displaying wonderful talent—she dressed herself in her holiday dress, and taking a favorite romance from the little book-shelf in her room, she went down the garden walk, crossed the little vineyard to the brow of the hill, passed over the ravine spanned by Nero's Bridge to the lofty arcades built by Severus. There she loved to

sit and read, sending a glance from time to time over the plain between the Palatine and Aventine to the Arch of Titus, the Coliseum, the long line of the Claudian Aqueduct, and, far beyond, the level Campagna, bounded by the purple line of the Alban Hills.

Her retreat, as she called a broken column under a thick clump of ilex on the very brow of the highest terrace, she found already occupied. A young man sat there, with his elbows resting on his knees, his chin pressed hard into his palms, and his eyes gazing straight before him, an earnest enthusiasm lighting up their shadowy depths.

Madelena started, but she made no sound; stepping behind a ruined pillar, she stood wondering at the impersonation of youth and beauty before her.

"Who can he be?" she thought. "*Dio mio!* his face looks like the Apollo Belvedere, or Guido's San Sebastiano; but I do not know that he is mortal," pressing her finger to her rosy lip while she thought of all the beautiful myths her father had told her. "If I should breathe aloud or make a sound, I think he would disappear. But what has brought him to this spot? Perhaps the *Santa Madre* has sent him to protect me from harm, or he may be a temptation from Satan in this beautiful form. They come to us in this way sometimes, Padre Ignazio says. However, I will speak, and see if he is flesh and blood."

Softly she crept forward. The intruder did not hear a sound until a little hand was laid on his shoulder, and a clear voice demanded, "Who are you, and why are you here?"

The youth sprang to his feet, and tossing back his locks of dark hair, he said, "*Madonna mia!* I was just dreaming of angels. Where did you come from so suddenly?"

Madelena blushed intensely, but she said, saucily, while her mouth dimpled in an arch smile, "That is the question I just asked you, and I am waiting for you to tell me."

"I," he said, proudly, "am Ettore, Count Castiglione. Look toward the Quirinal, and you will see our palace beyond that line of poplars. My father is director of the excavations. He has come here to inspect them, and has brought me with him. I climbed up here, and taking in the magnificent view, I quite forgot where I was, till your voice recalled me. Now tell me who *you* are."

"I am called Madelena," she replied; "and we live in yonder little villa. My father is an artist, and his father was a pupil of the great Carlo Marratti."

"Never mind your father, nor the great Carlo Marratti," he interrupted, impatiently. "I want you to tell me only of yourself. Do you know you are very pretty, Madelena?" he continued, drawing her hand within

his; "and has any one ever told you so before?"

"No," she said, blushing crimson under his ardent gaze; "no one has ever told me so."

"Well, then, sit here," said he, drawing her down beside him with an air of authority. "I will tell you so."

She did not hesitate. Seeming to have no will of her own, she dropped down into the seat. There was a strange fluttering at her heart. She could not turn away from the admiring glance of his bold black eyes; neither could she withdraw her trembling hand from his tight clasp; she felt like weeping, and yet she had never been so happy in her life. Then she remembered that her father would not be pleased to know that she had spoken with a stranger, and so she said, hesitatingly and with many blushes, that she must return home. But she did not go. Even after she had thought to go, she still lingered at the side of her enchanter willingly, till the Claudian Aqueduct threw long shadows across the Campagna, and the sun was sinking beyond the line of level light into the bosom of the sea.

Then the youth started up, and dropping the little hand from his clasp, said, "It is late, *bella mia*. My father must be waiting for me. But remember, now, what you have promised me—to love no one but me, to love me always, to meet me here twice a week, and," placing his finger on his lips, "not to say one word to your father."

Then kissing her hurriedly, he sprang down the broken steps, looking back and smiling as he went, until he had disappeared from her sight.

Madelena picked up the neglected romance—the romance of another's life. What was this to her now, when she had just begun the earnest, living, first chapter of her own? Slowly she walked across the terrace and down the hill-side into the valley. She glanced back, and the last beams of the sun lay warm and bright on the spot she had just left, while all was dull below. A strange chill passed over her. She felt as though she had left all the warmth and light of life behind her. Shadows startled her. The caves and silent chambers seemed haunted with moving forms. An owl's sudden plaints drove the color from her cheek, and caused her to quicken her steps. "How timid I am!" she thought. "What has made me so?" She did not know that with one sudden bound she had crossed that narrow stream that separates the fearless, ignorant, innocent nature of the child from the passion-haunted heart of woman. As she walked up the narrow path between the shining rows of myrtle, her father, who was in his usual seat on the balcony, said to her,

"Why art thou so late, my child?"

Madelena panted under the burden of her first secret, but the fascination of the dark

eyes was upon her, so she only pointed to the book, saying, "I did not know it was so late."

Often during that summer the old painter looked at his child, as she walked up that same path at the same hour, and wondered why she had so changed, and why she preferred to wander among the ruins with only a book for her companion, instead of sitting at his feet as she had always done. "But she is no longer a child," he would say to Tita; "her blessed mother was married at her age. And she is more like my dear angel every day: she has her mother's eyes and smile, and her sweet, gentle ways. Ah! if Carlo Marratti could have painted from such a face, what holy Madonnas he would have made!"

Madelena copied as usual in the galleries with her father, but there was a restlessness about her and a haste to finish her labor; there was a fitful uncertainty in her touch, and a sort of hectic in her colors. If her Madonnas had smiling mouths, they wept with their eyes, and her Magdalens had a look of conscious guilt. Sometimes she fell into musings, and her hands would drop on her lap, while the colors dried on her palette; with her lips parted, her eyes soft and dreamy, she seemed to be gazing on the glorious old picture before her. But a lithe, straight figure, eyes of shadowy sweetness, waves of blue-black hair, and lips that smiled and sneered at the same time—this living picture was oftener before her than the dead saint of Fra Angelico which she was transferring to her canvas.

Twice a week all through the summer the young Count Ettore, with his drawing-book under his arm, entered the gate on the Palatine. He smiled a little mysteriously when the custodian touched his hat, saying, respectfully, "You are an industrious artist, signore," and passed on to the terrace without replying.

The autumn and winter glided away, and spring spread again over all nature her mantle of green. Madelena thought the earth had never before been so beautifully decked, nor the sky so tenderly tinted, nor the south winds so soft and gracious. She seemed to float like a bird on the air, and her songs were one continual gush of thanksgiving. The chilly days of winter had not chilled their love, nor darkened their hopes. Their young hearts felt nothing in those secret meetings but the tender rapture of first affection, of a fragrance as sweet as that of the tangled roses that scattered their petals around them, as unfettered and pure as the breeze that swept over them.

On the anniversary of that day in June when Madelena had awakened from the dreams of a child to the life of a woman, she hurried breathless up the broken steps, and found her lover waiting for her with undisguised impatience.

"Oh, Ettore!" she exclaimed, as she threw herself into his arms, "I fear I can come here no more. I am sure my father suspects me of deception, and I can conceal our meetings no longer."

"Have you confessed? have you betrayed me?" he said, kissing her passionately, while he frowned angrily. "Say, have you betrayed me?" he repeated, clasping her arm with force, and looking sternly into her tearful eyes.

"No, Ettore, I have not betrayed you. I promised you I would not; but my father will follow me and discover you."

He did not reply, but looked at her gloomily, and as if he were rather annoyed than grieved.

Madelena's color all faded from her face, and leaning her head timidly against his shoulder, she said, in a low, trembling voice, "Ettore, you love me, do you not?"

"As my life," he replied, clasping her almost fiercely.

"Then let us go together to my father and tell him all. He loves me so that he will forgive me for deceiving him so long; and he will speak to your father, and then we will be publicly affianced. It will be better than this deception, and I shall be happier."

A flush passed over the handsome face of Ettore as he interrupted her with a mocking laugh. "Little fool, you do not know what you are saying. My father consent to my marriage with you? Why, you are mad! The only heir of a Castiglione can not marry a girl of the people. I shall always love you, but I can never marry you. It is not my fault if I must obey my father, and marry the person he prefers, but I can love whom I please, and that will always be you, Madelena. My love is all you want, is it not? You don't care for my title? I keep that to sell; but my love I give away, and I have given it to you. Therefore I have given you all; so be happy, *bella mia*, and if your inquisitive old father discovers our retreat, we must find another that he will not discover. So cheer up, my flower. You love me, don't you?"

All through this cruel speech the poor girl stood motionless before him, her eyes fixed on his face, her lips white and quivering. Now he waited for an answer, but she seemed to have lost all power of speech.

"Why don't you say something?" he cried, with passion. "You don't want my love?" and he turned as though he were about to leave her.

Then Madelena found voice and motion, and clasping his hands in hers, she cried, with anguish, "Oh, do not leave me! I will do what you desire. You know it is your love, only your love, I want. I was indeed mad to believe I could be your wife, Ettore, and I will speak of it no more. It

was only because I was so simple, and did not understand that we are not all alike. But I will be contented with your love, and nothing shall separate us." Here her voice failed her, and she wept silently for a few moments. Then she looked up with sudden resolution, and said, firmly, "If my father discovers these meetings and forbids them, I will dare to disobey him."

"There! you are my brave girl again, my good Madelena. Perhaps I never shall marry; but if I do, it will be because my father forces me to marry. In any case, you must remain as you are, to be my friend, my love. My wife will have my name, my title, but you shall have my heart." Now his voice had changed from severity to tenderness, and he looked into her face with sympathetic anxiety as he said, "And you will be happy? You don't wish to marry, do you, Madelena?"

She could not resist those tones and looks of love, so she almost deluded herself into believing that she was happy, when she replied, in a low but even voice, "I am happy, Ettore. I shall never wish to marry. But we will speak of that no more." Then a sudden conviction flashed across her mind, and her heart ached with a dull, heavy pain, a choking sensation in her throat seemed to stifle her, and a dimness of sight almost hid from her the smiling, triumphant face of her lover. But she concealed her suffering bravely. When they parted, he kissed her tenderly, saying, "Remember, I shall love you always," and she repeated, "I shall love *you* always."

She watched him, as she had a year before, springing down the broken steps, kissing his hand, and smiling back gayly as he went.

When he had disappeared, Madelena threw herself on the grass among the tangled vines, covering her face with her hands. Sobs of anguish burst from her full heart, mingled with broken expressions of disappointment, distrust, and fear.

"It is all over. We are parted forever. O my God! I can not live, for I love him better than life, better than myself, better even than my dear father, and I would endure suffering, even death, for him. And yet he does not understand me, for he does not love me. He has never loved me. He has deceived me, and deceived himself also. Poor soul! I am unjust to him. He thought he loved me. I will not reproach him. My misery shall not make me unjust. All that is now left for me is to hide my pain from him."

Then she remained silent for a long time. After a solemn deliberation, she decided that she must see him no more. It was true, she had promised to see him, but that promise was made in a moment of excitement, under his powerful influence, and perhaps, also, to

spare him pain. But now, calmly and freely, she resolved that she would meet him no more alone. Perhaps sometimes in the churches or in the public walks with her father she might look upon him and worship him in silence, but he would never know it. Once in the early dawn of their love he had spoken of marriage, believing such a thing possible; now all was changed. He did not believe marriage possible, because he no longer wished it.

The twilight was gathering solemn shadows over broken arches and crumbling towers as she turned drearily away from her paradise, the only paradise she had ever known, the only one she ever would know in the flesh. She was wounded, sorely wounded; but, like a bird with broken wing, she must live confined to earth, never to soar heavenward again. She dreaded to meet her father's eye. She feared his loving heart would discover the first signs of blight, and she wished to spare him the knowledge of her deception and of her consequent suffering. Thinking of all this, she walked slowly along. Her feet felt like leaden weights, her heart throbbed with a suffocating pressure; the air was filled with sighs; the leaves of the trees shivered and moaned like restless souls; a bird escaped from the fowler's net, fluttered through the misty air, and fell in her path with a cry of pain.

"Every thing suffers," she said, as she took it up tenderly. When she entered the gate, holding the wounded bird to her bosom, she met her father, with anxiety and displeasure plainly depicted on his face.

"Where have you been so late, my child?" he said, more sternly than he had ever spoken to her before.

Madelena turned away her head, that he might not see her face, and she said, between her sighs, "Oh, papa, do not ask me. I can not tell you—indeed I can not. But I shall never go out again alone." Then placing the bird in his hands, without another word, she left him and entered the house.

The old painter looked after her, surprised and bewildered. "But I will not question her," he thought; "only, if there is any more mystery, I must have it explained."

There was no more mystery. Days and weeks passed away, and Madelena went no more to her trysting-place, neither did she go to the galleries to copy, for her father had not been well for some time, and he seemed to prefer to remain quiet in his studio. Sometimes he would look anxiously at his child. She was now pale, silent, and languid. She rarely smiled, and when she did she wiped away at the same time a fugitive tear. Could it be that she was concealing some secret from him? Then a dim suspicion formed itself into the thought that it might be love. She was no longer a

child, and was now old enough to love. But she had always seemed a little displeased at any attention shown her by the young artists who frequented the galleries, and besides them she had met no one. "Perhaps, after all, I am mistaken," he would say to himself; "it may be the need of some one to love her beside her silent old father. Young hearts need young love. A woman's heart, too, is not like the heart of a child. I must prepare myself to see her love another better than she loves her father, who worships her. But it is woman's nature, for my blessed angel loved me better than she loved father or mother." So the patient-waiting old man thought of the possible events that might separate his child from him, without including an event the most certain and the most lasting of all.

A few months after Madelena's first stroke of grief, one morning she knocked at her father's door, but receiving no answer, she entered unbidden. He was kneeling before her mother's picture, with a crucifix and the coral necklace which she had always worn clasped in his hand, and his head bent forward upon his breast. She spoke to him, but he made no reply. Then she knew at once that his voice must be silent forever.

To hours of frantic weeping succeeded hours of dull despair, from which Padre Ignazio and poor old Tita used every effort to arouse her. Suffering from this terrible bereavement, and in the half delirium of fever, her mind seemed to dwell constantly on Count Ettore. She repeated his name over and over, imploring Tita to bring him to her. But the old servant, having never heard of such a person, in her dilemma consulted the priest, who, during one of Madelena's lucid hours, drew from her a full confession of her love, her deception, and her disappointment. Then Padre Ignazio implored her to tear the count from her heart, and turn her thoughts to heaven and her blessed inheritance there.

At another time these words might have been listened to, but now Madelena's whole desire seemed to be for the absent one, and she prayed more earnestly than ever that she might see him, if but for once. The old priest merely wept when he told her that Count Castiglione was absent from Rome, that he had been in Paris for some months, and that no one could tell when he would return.

This seemed a double stroke to her. "If I had not refused to meet him," she would repeat again and again, "I should not now be left to bear my sorrow alone."

Padre Ignazio and Tita watched her with anxious faces, for they said she seemed to be fading from their sight. Indeed, she looked almost spectral as she moved slowly about in her mourning robes. The silence of her life was disturbed only by the chatter

of Tita or the visits of Padre Ignazio. She never entered her father's studio: she went no more to the terrace of Severus, where she had first seen the face that had since haunted every hour of her life. One evening, nearly six months after her father's death, she stood at her window watching the red sun as it sank slowly behind Monte Mario. A new hope dawned in her heart as she listened to a sound below. Some one was mounting the steps. She sprang forward and met Tita at the door, who cried, eagerly, "He is come! Count Ettore is come, and wishes to see you!"

Without a word to Tita, Madelena turned, and, throwing herself on her knees before her crucifix, thanked God for His goodness, and implored Him for strength to enable her to meet without emotion him whom she loved so deeply, for she feared to reveal to him the strength of the love she still cherished toward him. Then she went down to him pale and calm, but she started back in confusion when an elegant man, who seemed years older than Ettore, came forward to meet her.

"Ah, Madelena, is it possible that I am so changed?" he cried, clasping her thin hands, and pressing them to his lips. "Then how we both are changed, for you are but the shadow of yourself! Oh, my poor darling, how you must have suffered, to wear such traces of sorrow!"

She could not speak. Overcome by her rising emotion, she sank into a chair weeping. In a moment he was on his knees beside her, and she was sobbing on his shoulder, forgetful of her resolve to meet him calmly and only as a friend.

After the first burst of mingled grief and joy, they talked of all that had happened since they had parted. Her wan face and mourning dress touched the heart of the young man, and he spared her all reproaches, telling her only of his love, and how he had hastened to her when he had learned through a friend of Padre Ignazio of her father's death and of her illness and sorrow. "And now," he said, looking her earnestly in the face, "we have met, we will never part again. You will not forbid my coming here to see you if you love me."

"Oh, Ettore," she cried, "do not say 'if I love you.' But you must not come here. I am alone, with only Tita; and you know my reputation would be ruined forever if it should be known that I received visits from a young noble. My father is dead now, and I have no protection but my virtue and my good name. If you rob me of that, Ettore, I should be indeed poorer than though you robbed me of your love. I will love you, I will pray for you, and if I may sometimes see you in the churches I shall be contented."

Count Ettore remained silent, for the good and the evil in his nature were struggling

together. But it was only for a moment. The selfishness of his heart then gained the supremacy, and he said, sternly, "Madelena, the only proof you can give me of your love is to allow me to visit you. I need your society, your words of tenderness and interest, your deeds of love, not your professions. Do not depend on seeing me in the churches; for if I am not to come here, I will leave Rome at once and go to Paris, and there I shall wreck myself in the whirlpool of folly. Madelena, do not drive me to destruction."

He clasped his hands and looked at her so imploringly that her heart was touched with tender pity, and she thought, "My God! if I should be the cause of his ruin! No; he shall stay here; he shall not go to Paris. If I can save him, I will. After all, if I love him, am I not wrong to consider any thing of more value than his safety?"

Then she said, "You are right, Ettore. If I love you, I must try to make you happier and better, and my father, now blessed in heaven, will look down into my heart and understand why I do this. Then the opinion of the world is of no importance, if we are acting from a good motive. Yes, Ettore, you shall come to me. I shall no longer be obliged to deceive my dear father, for he will know all in heaven; and there can be no wrong in our meetings if your hand is not promised to another."

Count Ettore was disturbed by this remark, for he thought of a marriage that his father was at that very time arranging between his only son and the daughter of a rich noble. But he said, with joyful eagerness, "Ah, my angel, you are indeed good. Now I know you love me."

Several months went by, and Madelena was very happy, for scarce a day passed that she did not see Count Ettore. It was not long, however, before she discovered that she was paying the penalty of her indiscretion; for Tita began to tell her, with tears of anger, what the people said of her blessed mistress, and Padre Ignazio lectured Madelena severely on the imprudence of her conduct.

One day, after some unusually harsh remarks from the priest, Madelena took his hand in hers, and said, gently, "My father, I have confessed to you ever since I could speak, and have you ever known me to deceive you? You are certain that what these wicked people say is false. Then why do you make me weep at your harsh words, when in your heart you know I do not deserve them? Should all the world abandon me, I shall still have my God, the blessed Virgin, my father now in heaven, and the love of my Ettore. It is best that you should never speak of this to me again. I know neither you nor Tita will ever abandon me, for my father's sake, as well as for the confidence and love you have for me. I am



"BUT THE LITTLE CHILDREN SMILED ON HER."

right, am I not, in judging you so?" said she, kissing his hand tenderly.

Padre Ignazio assured her, in a broken voice, that he believed her, and that he would never abandon her, though all the world condemned her. Then she kissed the old priest's hand again, and thanked him, telling him she was very happy, and quite able to endure the commiseration of the miserable.

By degrees all her father's friends and the few friends she had made after her bereavement dropped off and seemed to forget the inmate of the lonely little villa. If by chance they met her in her short walks with Tita, they pretended not to see her, because she was so closely veiled. But the little children smiled on her, and caught her by the dress, and looked up into the sweet pale face, and lisped, "Madonna!" Their innocent hearts taught them what was good and pure, while the tainted drew back in virtuous contempt. But it was not little children alone that discovered something divine in Madelena. Through suffering, she became an angel of pity to others. She went every

where among the poor and fever-stricken, soothing and calming them, and wiping away tears from eyes that had wept much in penitent sorrow for many sins. They often said of her, "She eats with publicans and sinners." And then she remembered that her blessed Master never soiled His divine purity from such companionship. So she refused aid and pity to none, and the wandering sheep became her special care. Sometimes Count Ettore would reproach her, telling her her charities left her little time for him. Then she would say, tenderly, "My darling, if I did not do something for others, I could do nothing for thee. My love for thee makes me more pitiful to every thing that suffers."

"Good angel!" he would reply, moved by a sudden impulse to noble admiration, "why are you not my equal in birth, so that I might take you to my father, and say, 'Here is the wife I have chosen?'"

The only reply Madelena would make to these remarks was, "Don't speak of it, Ettore; I was not born to be your wife."

Once Tita said to her mistress, "My blessed lady, if Count Ettore does not make you his countess when the old count dies, I hope demons will torture him forever in *inferno*. You are wasting your youth and your beauty for him, and all he gives you in return is a lost reputation and the contempt of the *canaglia*, who are not fit to touch the hem of your robe."

The expression of Madelena's face, her deadly pallor, and the strange flash of her eye startled the old woman, as she said, "Tita, if you do not wish me to send you away from me, never speak of this matter again."

And Tita never did speak of this to her mistress again, though she often said to Padre Ignazio, "If the dear angel knew what

these *birboni* say, her heart would burn all up within her."

Nearly a year passed away, after the return of Count Ettore, in a dream of happiness to both that Madelena was unwilling to disturb with any fears for the future. But for some reason she did not see him as often as formerly, and he now seemed anxious and restless, or was preoccupied and dreamy, with here and there a long silence,

ness and almost angelic sweetness, he would burst into tears, and say, "Oh, my Madelena, I am so weary of the fever and anxiety of life! would that I could find happiness with thee in some quiet spot far from here! My father is ambitious, and he will sacrifice me to his ambition. I am miserable, and yet what can I do?"

After such a scene, Madelena would weep and pray for him far into the night, forget-



MADELENA AND TITA.

which Madelena respected, never annoying him with questions or reproaches. His face, pale almost to haggardness, and his red swollen eyes and compressed lips, betrayed mental inquietude, sleepless nights, and irregular habits.

The poor girl regarded him with yearning pity, but never urged his confidence, saying often to herself, "After all, he is not even happy. I have not saved him from sorrow; neither will he open his heart to me, though my soul yearns over him. But perhaps when he needs me he will come to me and confess his troubles. One can receive no real consolation unless the confession is voluntary."

Sometimes, touched by her great gentle-

ting her own sorrows and disappointments in the earnest desire that he at least might be happy.

In the arena of the Villa Borghese the young men of Rome were playing at *palla*, and all the people were there to witness a trial of skill. It was one of those bright and soft days in May when nature seems to rejoice in her new birth, pouring forth her joy in an exuberance of song and of greenness. Carriages filled with lovely women and children rolled slowly through the shady avenues. Young nobles in faultless attire chatted in groups around the fountains, bowing and displaying their white teeth in brilliant smiles as a favorite belle

or reigning *donna* glided by. Groups of *contadini* in their gay costumes danced the *salterello* to the twinkling of a tambourine, while their children rolled and tumbled upon the soft grass, or glided about gathering the delicate anemones and meek-eyed daisies.

On a moss-covered bench of stone, under the shade of a granite-tree, sat Madelena and Tita. The old servant had lured her mistress there with the hope that she might see Count Ettore; for some days had passed since he came to her, and she was anxious, fearing he was ill. She sat there quite motionless, her hands folded, and her eyes fixed earnestly on the passers-by, in the hope that she might discover the one only form she cared to see. The sunlight flickered through the leaves and scarlet blossoms, throwing streaks of dusky bronze over the black gauze veil that enveloped her like a cloud. There was something in the graceful languor of the figure, in the earnest look of the eyes, and in the patient sweetness of the face that attracted the notice of those passing by, and many heads were turned to take another glance at the lovely girl who sat there regardless of their scrutiny.

Suddenly some children who were playing near started and ran toward the edge of the avenue, as a carriage with rich-liveried servants and prancing horses turned a curve in the road and came in sight. It was an open landau, and in it sat a charming girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, dressed in the spotless white of a bride. On her left, leaning toward her and smiling in her face, sat Count Ettore Castiglione. He never turned his eyes toward the quiet figure in black. But Madelena with one glance understood all. He sat on the left of the lady, he was her husband; and the children's cries of "*Viva il conte! viva la contessa!*" fell on deaf ears; for she had sunk back fainting in the arms of Tita. Tita tore away her veil, and fanned her. Some of the children knew Madelena, and gathered around her, kissing her hands, while others ran to the fountain and brought cool water in fresh acanthus leaves. After a few moments she revived and looked up into the beautiful blue of the sky, and then over the smiling green of the earth, saying, drearily, to Tita, "It is all changed now; every thing has become black to me. My heart is wounded, and it will bleed till I die. Take me home, Tita; this is my last *festa*."

During the days that followed, nothing seemed to rouse Madelena from her stupor but the muttered maledictions and threats of Tita against the destroyer of her child's happiness.

Then she would say, with imploring love in her eyes, "Oh, Tita, have pity on me, and do not speak so of him. It is his father who has done this. He is not to blame. He is

now the husband of another, and we are indeed parted forever. Oh, Tita, do not reproach him, but help me pray for him that he may be happy." Then she would burst into tears, and say, "Oh, my darling! my darling! we are parted forever on earth, but I will be faithful to thee that I may be thine in heaven."

One day Tita came, pale and trembling, into her chamber, and said, "Count Ettore is below, and wishes to see you."

A flush of crimson passed over her face, and clasping her hands, she turned her eyes upward while she prayed silently for a moment. Then she said, calmly, "I can not see him, Tita. At the sight of his beloved face, I may throw myself into his arms, forgetting that he belongs to another. But say to him kindly, Tita, remember, *kindly*, that I wish him every happiness, that in my heart there is nothing but love and tenderness for him, and that it is because I love him now, as I always have done, that I can not see him. Tell him that, Tita, and give him this," drawing from her finger, as she said this, a little band of gold that he had placed there in the first happy days of their love. Then she sank back in her chair, pale and faint.

In a few moments Tita returned, weeping. "Oh, signorina, I pity him!" said she; "he is very unhappy. He begs you to forgive him, and says the wrong was not his; that his father made this marriage to save himself from ruin. His wife is lovely, and scarce more than a child, and so he pities her, and will try to be kind and gentle to her; but it is you he loves, my child, it is you he loves," repeated the old woman, joyfully, while she clasped Madelena in her arms and kissed her with fondness. Then she subdued her delight, and said, soberly, "He is gone, and he has promised me to trouble you no more; but he asks you to forgive him, to be faithful to him, and to pray for him."

After that Madelena grew calm, if not cheerful. She went about her work of charity with more earnestness than before, and devoted herself to her painting with such good results that Padre Ignazio said he was sure she would be a second Elisabetta Sirani.

About six months after the marriage of the young count, his father died suddenly, leaving his estate burdened with a heavy mortgage, and his affairs in general in a very unsatisfactory condition. Madelena heard all this from Padre Ignazio, who was thankful that at length she was free, as he cruelly said. Then came to her rumors of a life of dissipation and folly, of a succession of mortgages and sales of property, even to pictures and family jewels, until it was said that the Count Castiglione had squandered his patrimony and was on the very brink of ruin. At this crisis his wife's money did him no service, for it was settled upon her-

self, and her father watched over her expenditures jealously. And again Padre Ignazio said, "They are not even happy; for rumor says she loves a young cousin better than her husband, and she lives most of the time apart from her husband in her father's palace."

Madelena wept alone, and prayed fervently for the wretched count. She still considered him in some sort as belonging to her. But for some reason, in spite of these unfavorable rumors, her spirits seemed to rise, her face beamed with an inward light, her step became almost as elastic as in childhood, and one day Tita cried out, in the greatest astonishment, "*Dio mio!* she is singing!" She worked with marvelous zeal and constancy, selling her pictures and hoarding the money with the eagerness of a miser, while she practiced such little economies as Tita had never heard of before. "Is she becoming insane about saving money, or does she intend to build a chapel to the Blessed Virgin?" she said. "Yes, I am sure that is what she intends, the sweet angel, and I will help her in this good work."

It was Madelena's nineteenth birthday, and rather more than a year after the marriage of Count Ettore. She had worked steadily in her studio since early morning, and now, weary in brain and body, she paced slowly back and forth in the gathering twilight between the rows of laurel in her little garden, grave and absorbed in the contemplation of her interior life. She contrasted her sombre and silent present with the bright but transient joys she had known during the time when she believed her happiness complete. How insufficient for the needs of her soul she had found that love to be! The memory of those hours had given her no strength to perform the serious duties of life, but through her love for him she had become weak and ungrateful. Now, through faith in a nobler and purer love, she was becoming strong and thankful. God does well for us when He refines us with the white heat of suffering.

A grating step on the gravel near her startled her from this reverie, and she turned and found Padre Ignazio at her side. It was an unusual hour for his visit. After some remarks on the beauty of the evening and the loneliness of the hour, he said, "I almost envy you, my daughter, you are so peaceful here. I believe quiet to be the first requisite for happiness; and although I try to find and cultivate it, I am constantly disturbed with the sorrows of others." He hesitated a moment, and then continued: "I have just had a most painful interview with Count Castiglione. Poor young man, I pity him, he has made such a wreck of life."

Madelena's cheeks whitened, and a spasm wrrenched her heart, but she asked, calmly, "Is it any new trouble?"

"No, it is but a repetition of old troubles, or rather the result of all the folly of the last two years. He is ruined, utterly ruined, unless some one comes forward to help him, and that is not likely to happen. He has exhausted the patience of his friends. His father-in-law some time ago refusing to aid him, he resorted to the Jews, and they soon swallow one up. Unless a large sum is paid in a few days, the Palazzo Castiglione will be sold by public auction."

Madelena reflected a moment, and then said, "How much money is required to save him?"

"Oh, more than any one is willing to lend him without security, and security he can not give. He told me that three thousand scudi would satisfy his most exacting creditor and leave him free to arrange matters to meet other demands."

"Three thousand scudi! That is a great sum," said Madelena, slowly. Then she changed the conversation adroitly to another subject.

"Women are strange creatures," thought Padre Ignazio. "How soon they forget their love, and lose their interest in a person when he is out of sight! They seem to need the presence of the object to feed their affection and keep it alive. It is only a little more than a year since she last saw this unhappy young man, and already she ceases to feel either pity for him or interest in him. I thought she was an exception to this, but they are all alike."

Scarcely had Padre Ignazio gone, when Madelena called Tita to her and said, "Tita, can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, signorina," replied the old woman, proudly, "I have always kept yours."

"Well, in a few days I must get three thousand scudi, and you must help me."

"Three thousand scudi!" exclaimed the old woman, holding up her hands in amazement.

"Listen, and I will tell you how I propose to do it. First, I have nearly half the amount in Pontifical bonds; for a thousand scudi my father invested for my *dot*, which I shall never need, Tita, and five hundred more I have earned by the sale of my pictures. The fifteen hundred remaining scudi I am sure I can get by the sale of my father's pictures."

"My blessed master's pictures!" cried Tita, in astonishment.

Here Madelena's eyes filled with tears, and her voice choked with a sob. Every one of those pictures was almost as dear to her as life. But she composed herself, and explained briefly to Tita the need that forced her to such a sacrifice. "My dear father will understand why I do it, and he will forgive me," she said. "It is indeed a trial to part with them, but I would do more than that to save my poor darling; I would

give my life for him. Now, Tita, I will tell you how you can help me. I wish you to go directly to Signor Barrelli, the picture dealer in the Babuino, and ask him to come to me early to-morrow morning."

Tita departed on her errand, and Madelena entered her father's studio. It was twilight, and the room was filled with shadows that made the beautiful faces looking at her from their canvases seem more real than they had ever seemed in the full light of day. These pictures had been her dear silent companions from childhood. Facing the door hung a copy of one of Raphael's lovely Madonnas; near it hung the inspired Santa Cecilia of Domenichino; opposite, Carlo Dolce's Holy Mother smiled on the sacred child in her arms, and Guido's impassioned Magdalen raised her eyes to the divine face of her Lord and Master. Which way soever she looked, soft and tearful eyes that seemed filled with reproaches turned upon her. There were many faithful copies, but more precious than they all were her father's compositions, every one of which bore the face of her mother, and was also sacred as the work of beloved hands now quiet forever. Closing the door, she threw herself on her knees before her father's easel, on which stood the half-finished picture he had worked upon the day before his death. It glowed with exquisite color that still seemed fresh from his pencil, although the dear hand that wrought the charm had forgotten its cunning for more than two long years. "My dear treasures, my precious friends, silent but faithful, with looks of love that never have grown cold or strange, how can I give you up? How can I tear you from my heart? Father," she sobbed, "you will forgive me. Mother, do not you blame your child. You will know how great my love is for my darling, when I can part with these dear companions to save him from suffering." She arose from her knees with tears glistening in her eyes, but with her face irradiated with a light of heroic self-denial. And she went from picture to picture, addressing them with words of love, wiping away gently a particle of dust, or pressing her lips to them as reverently as one would on some dear dead face, leaving often a tear upon cheek or brow. After she had touched them all separately, and addressed them by some loving diminutive she had given them in her childhood, bidding them again and again *addio*, just as though they understood her, she turned away from her treasures, leaving them alone in the darkness.

The next morning Signor Barrelli came. His eyes sparkled with delight when he found so beautiful a collection. But he began to depreciate the pictures, saying there was little merit in the originals, and that the market was now flooded with copies.

Madelena interrupted him impatiently: "I did not send for you to criticise the pictures. I wish you to buy them if you want them. I know their value, and your disparaging remarks can make no difference to me in our matter of business. I wish you to say at once whether you will buy them, and at what price."

The little man put on an air of overwhelming importance while he surveyed them with a deliberation that was agony to the impatient girl. Then he changed his *pose* from important to indifferent, looking at them languidly, with an expression of indecision. From this discouraging inspection Madelena startled him by demanding again, in a tone that would admit of no further trifling, "What will you give for the pictures?"

Signor Barrelli crossed his hands behind him as he turned square upon her, and said, in a voice that contradicted his assertion, "I don't want them at any price."

"Very well," replied Madelena, calmly; then turning to her servant, she said, "Tita, open the door for Signor Barrelli."

He turned as if to leave the studio. He stopped on the threshold, and, as though prompted by a sudden impulse of generosity, said, "I really don't want the pictures, but I do not like to disappoint the signorina; for her sake I will pay five hundred scudi for the lot."

Madelena could scarcely refrain from smiling at this offer; nevertheless she said, seriously, "I appreciate your generosity, signor, but you must be aware that the pictures are worth more than three thousand scudi. I now need fifteen hundred scudi. You may have the collection at that price, or I will send for another dealer. I leave you half an hour to decide, and Tita may bring me your decision." Then, bowing a little haughtily to Signor Barrelli, she left the room.

A few moments after, Tita brought Madelena a check for fifteen hundred scudi, and that same afternoon the pictures were carted away.

Count Ettore Castiglione was sitting alone in the library of his palace, soon to be his no more. It was long after his hour for dining, and the meal still lay untasted in the adjoining room. He was indeed alone in the home where his happy childhood had passed like a summer holiday. His father and mother were dead; he was deserted by his wife, separated forever from the only one he loved; his inheritance was squandered, his youth wasted; his present was miserable, and his future hopeless. To-morrow the palace that had belonged for centuries to the Counts of Castiglione must pass into strange hands. This thought tortured him, because he knew that for no very

great sum this sacrifice might be prevented; but alas! among the many who in the days of his prosperity had professed so much, he had no friend to assist him in his hour of need. His gloomy reflections were interrupted by the entrance of his servant, who at this time laid a package on the table, and, bowing respectfully, withdrew.

Count Ettore tore open the paper with eager haste. It contained a roll of bank-notes, and these few lines in a strange hand:

"Use this to relieve you from your present embarrassments. May your unhappy past teach you wisdom for the future!"

There was no name, no date, nothing by which he could tell from what generous source this gift had come. He unrolled the notes, counting them over in a bewildered manner, which increased when he found three thousand scudi, the exact sum he needed.

After a few days it was known in Rome that the Palazzo Castiglione was not to be sold; that some friend had stepped in at the last moment, and generously prevented the sacrifice.

The pale Madelena, old Tita, and the empty studio on the Palatine alone could have explained the mystery that often perplexed Count Ettore.

For many days after the loss of her treasures Madelena avoided the desolate room, but at last necessity compelled her to enter. She must work, and work constantly; for now she had nothing but the income from her labor wherewith to pay the rent of the villa and to feed and clothe Tita and herself. The months that followed were months of wearisome toil, varied and relieved only by her visits to the poor and suffering. She had little to give them, but she shared cheerfully with them her coarse bread, her poor wine, and the few vegetables that Tita raised in their little inclosure. In spite of the greatest industry and the strictest economy, she could scarce keep want from their door. But neither of them complained. Madelena had her reward in her peaceful heart, and Tita in the happiness of her mistress.

The spring of 1848 walked with tearful face and streaming garments over the Roman Campagna, leaving every where in her trail sodden fields and swollen streams. The shepherds and peasants, disheartened by the long-continued rains, and weakened by famine and fever, abandoned their flocks and huts, and crept into the city to die in the streets or in overcrowded hospitals. The rivulets increased to brawling torrents, and the heavy snows of the winter melted on the mountain-sides and rushed impetuously down to join the overflowing rivers. The Tiber rose with white, angry face, and shook its yellow waves over the desolate land, spreading ruin and devastation every where.

The neglected flocks were swept away with the wrecks of the deserted huts. The vineyards were stripped bare of vines, the olives were torn up by the roots, and the grain washed from the half-tilled fields. Misery and want reigned over the wasted country, and emaciated forms and ghastly faces crowded the melancholy city. In the midst of all these horrors there arose on the heavy air the cry of cholera. The Asiatic plague had pounced upon its defenseless victims with all its fury, and the stricken were dropping down in the public thoroughfares like autumn leaves before a fierce blast. The rich and cowardly fled from the doomed city, leaving the dying to die unaided. Only a few heroic souls, priests and pitying women, ministered to suffering with a devotion that merited a martyr's crown.

Among these gentle souls was Madelena. Day after day, night after night, found her in the dismal abodes where Death often came, like an angel of mercy to those in the last agonies of this dreadful disease. Many poor souls welcomed Madelena with looks of unutterable love, and died with their suffering heads upon her gentle bosom, and her name mingled in blessings with that of the Madonna. Sometimes she would throw herself, exhausted, into the arms of Tita, saying, with tearful eyes, "I am so weary that I can do no more now. If my Heavenly Father wished me to do more, He would not allow my strength to fail. So I will sleep till I am refreshed." Then, after a few hours' rest, she would start up again and say, "Our Blessed Lady tells me some one needs me. I must go." So she would set forth, with feeble step but heroic heart, to continue her labor of love. One morning she returned home after a night of dreadful exertion, worn out and weary. Tita sat in her little kitchen, her apron over her head, weeping bitterly. Madelena laid her hand on her shoulder and said, gently, "Why do you weep, *mama mia*? I have good news to tell you. The plague is abating; there are but few sick now. My poor sufferers are at rest this morning; after such a night of agony, their painless sleep must be very sweet. Then cheer up, dear Tita. God will let the sun shine again. Now get me some breakfast, for I have eaten nothing since yesterday."

"Ah, *figlia mia*!" cried the old woman, with another burst of weeping, "we have escaped the plague to die of hunger. There is not a drop of wine, not a crust of bread, in the house. And, my sweet lamb, so faint and weary, I have said nothing to you all these weeks, but I have sold every thing for bread and wine, and you have given it away."

Madelena stifled a sob as she said, "There is my mother's coral necklace, Tita. Sell that, and get us some bread. My father

indeed held it in his dead hands, but in this our extreme need it is no sacrilege to sell it."

"Oh, signorina!" sighed the old woman, "that is gone. I sold it weeks ago."

Madelena said nothing, but raised her eyes upward in a mute appeal to Him who hears our most silent petition, while the great tears rolled over her pale cheeks. It was not for herself she wept; it was because she could no longer provide for her poor old servant, who had been so faithful to her.

At that moment the door opened and Padre Ignazio entered. He was pale and haggard. "My child," he said, hurriedly, "I have come to you for aid. The Count Castiglione is stricken, and he is dying alone. His servants have fled to his wife at Albano, and there is no one to nurse him."

"O my God!" she cried, pressing her hand to her heart. "Quick, Tita, bring me my shawl. I will go to him."

"Not yet," implored Tita. "Not until you have eaten something. You will die of exhaustion."

The poor weak girl seemed possessed with new strength. She tore off the clinging hands of the old servant, and throwing her shawl around her, she darted through the door, and flew down the garden path.

The Palazzo Castiglione was deserted; not a footstep was heard on the broad marble stairs, nor through the long corridors, nor in the room where the Count Ettore lay unconscious. The curtains were open, and the morning sunlight streamed in across the silken cover of his bed, touching with a mockery of life the wan lips and pallid brow of the count.

When Madelena looked upon him she could scarce believe him to be her Ettore, whom she had last seen beautiful with youth and health. Throwing herself on her knees beside him, she clasped him in her arms, calling him by every endearing name. "My Ettore, your Madelena is here to save you. Look at me; let me hear your voice again after this long silence. Smile on me once again. Oh, misery! death has deafened his ears to my cry. O God! why hast Thou given him up to the destroyer? Since Thou hast taken him, take me also." Weeping and praying over him, she heard no sound without, nor was she even aware that Tita had entered the chamber, followed by a physician, until she was at her side, imploring her to be calm, that they might do something to save her dying friend.

"It is not too late," said the doctor; "his pulse still beats feebly. If we can force him to swallow a stimulant, he may survive the crisis."

At the sound of these words Madelena roused herself. With a face like marble, and a feeling of death at her heart, hope

urged her to almost superhuman efforts. Through the long hours of the day and the slow hours of the night, she stood over him, forgetting her own weakness and weariness in ministering to him. When the pale dawn of day stole into the room, she still sat by his side, with his hand clasped in hers, her finger on his pulse, and her hollow eyes fixed on his face. He slept. She knew that the crisis was now passed, and that he was saved. But she was now overcome by a weariness too profound to admit of joy. A sort of stupor settled upon her; a great silence inclosed her like a wall. The sounds of awakening nature were dull and remote. A cloud came between her and the dear face she watched, for Tita heard her say, "My darling, I can not see you."

The old servant had slept at times through the night, and now, rested and refreshed herself, she prayed her mistress to seek a little repose, while she took her place by the sick-bed. But Madelena only replied, "No, no; let me remain near him until he awakes." Then she continued, in a voice which Tita afterward said sounded like an angel speaking out of a cloud: "I think I am dying, Tita. My strength is gone; my ear is dull; darkness is surrounding me. I hear afar off the roaring of the river of death, and my feet will soon touch its waters. But my Ettore will live, and Madelena will never be forgotten. If he would but awake and speak my name once more, so that I might enter the dark valley with his voice sounding in my ears!"

She stooped over him to touch his lips for the last time, when, with a long-drawn sigh, he unclosed his eyes and looked her full in the face. He knew her, and clasping her in his arms with a sudden strength, he cried, "My Madelena! am I, then, already in heaven with thee?"

For a few moments there was silence in the room, broken only by a murmured prayer. Then Madelena arose, white and trembling; with one hand she made the sign of the cross, while she stretched out the other toward Tita, saying, "I am weak; I can not see. Let me lie down, dear Tita. Addio, Ettore. I am happy now, and now I will rest."

His eyes followed her. She looked back at him from the door, making once more the sign of the cross.

That night on the bridal bed, in the state chamber of the Palazzo Castiglione, lay a white-robed sleeper, with hands folded like a tired child, and a smile of sweetness and peace on her gentle face.

Dear Madelena! Her self-immolation over, her last noble sacrifice ended, her young heart, that had throbbed so much with pain, was still at last and forever.

Before the Count Castiglione arose from his bed of sickness, the cholera had follow-

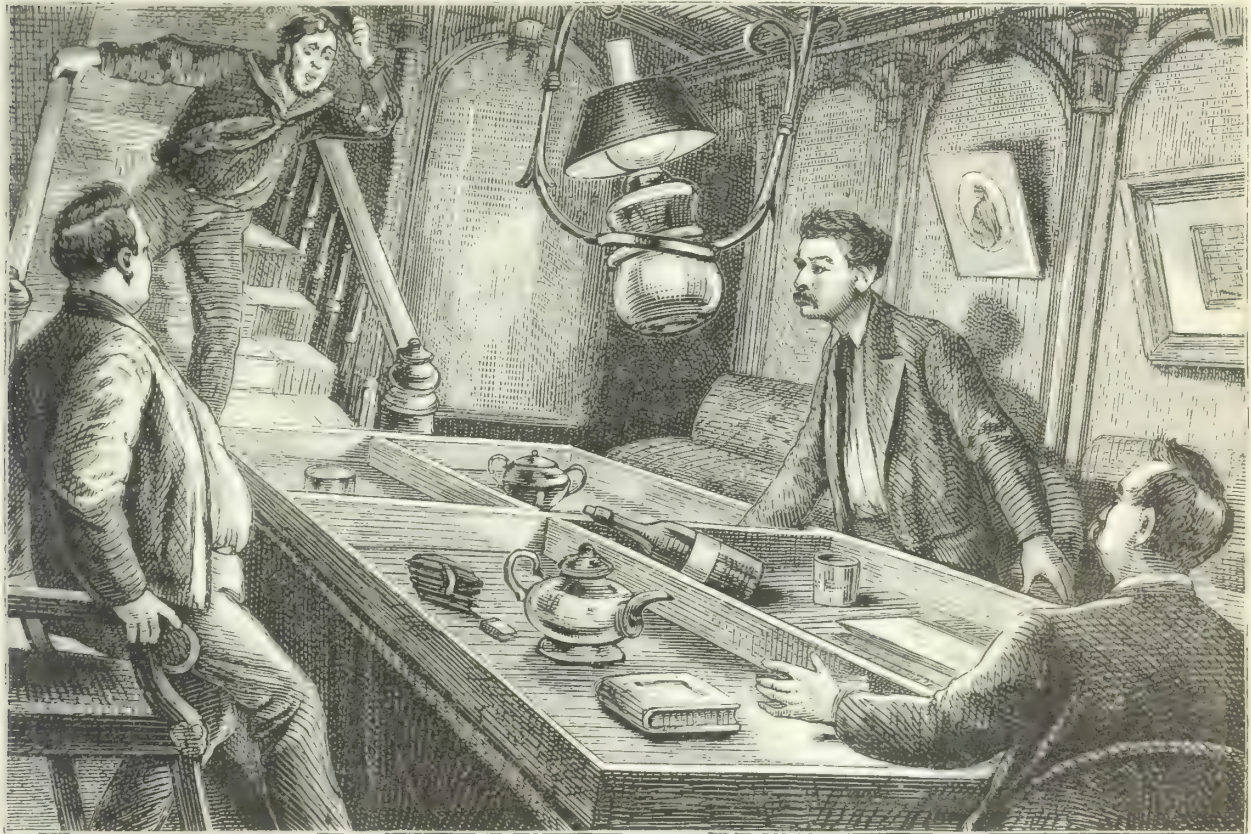
ed the fugitives to Albano, and there its ravages were even greater than in Rome. Among its first victims were the Countess of Castiglione and her infant child.

Bereaved of all at a stroke, Count Ettore left the world forever, seeking refuge in that fraternity which, from its austere exclusion of all the pleasures of life, leaves nothing for the desires of man to fix upon. For more than twenty years he has lived separated from the world, passing his days

in ministering to suffering, or in penance and prayer in his lonely cell. Every day during one month, the month in which Madelena died, he comes and prays and weeps over the spot where all he loves lies sleeping.

Madelena is buried with the countess the mother of Ettore, and with the countess his wife; and although but a girl of the people, she is loved and revered even as a saint by the sorrowing monk.

YACHTING IN BLUE WATERS.



A PANIC ON THE "HENRIETTA."

SPORT without a spice of danger with it has no charms for the Anglo-Saxon. Speed has doubtless its attractions for him, and a successful horse-race or a regatta gratifies, but does not always satisfy, his craving for excitement, in quest of which he naturally turns to the hunting field or to ocean cruising, as his taste may incline him.

To her national predilection for the turf England owes her incomparable breed of horses, while both England and America are largely indebted for the constant improvement in the models of their merchant marine to the sport of yachting, which both governments have so liberally fostered by the concession of privileges to yacht owners, which place them almost on an equality with men-of-war's men, and insure them almost the same consideration as is accorded to vessels bearing a national commission.

Yachting has been in vogue in English waters since early in the present century, but it was not adopted as a distinctive sport

on this side of the Atlantic until within the past thirty years; indeed, until within that period we had neither the leisure nor the wealth to enable us to indulge in it.

A quarter of a century ago, the fog lifting from Cowes Harbor discovered to the astonished gaze of yachtsmen there assembled "a long, low, black schooner" with towering spars quietly riding at anchor. No one knew her, or had seen her like before. So fragile, so fairy-like, did she look through the morning mist that she might have been a "phantom ship;" nor could any movement be observed about her decks until, simultaneously with a wreath of white smoke from her port-hole, the American colors floated from her ensign staff, and a signal was run up to her fore which none among all the curious, ashore or afloat, had ever seen before. A few weeks later, however, this little schooner had gained for herself, and for the club whose signal she flew, a world-wide renown, and English yachtsmen were scarcely

more surprised at the easy victory of the yacht *America* than at the temerity of her owner in sailing her across the ocean, inasmuch as her model, rig, and build all did violence to their preconceived notions as to the requisites for sea-going craft; indeed, it was well-nigh impossible for them to believe that those lofty spars, sustained by shrouds scarce thicker than a man's thumb, could resist even the first blast of an Atlantic gale, or that the low, wedge-like hull could for a moment live in a heavy seaway.

The victory of the *America* over English yachts greatly stimulated the sport on this side of the Atlantic, which had until then been mainly confined to smooth waters, and from that time regattas were often sailed on ocean courses, while individual cruises were made to the West Indies and even to Europe, until nowadays the appearance of a Yankee yacht in a foreign port scarce excites a comment.

The most notable exploit ever performed by yachtsmen of any country was the great ocean regatta, sailed in the year 1866, from New York to Cowes, and participated in by the three yachts *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*, resulting in the victory of the first-named yacht.

The season purposely selected was the most boisterous of the whole year, when the longest and most violent gales prevailed; but no thought of danger seemingly entered into the calculations of those plucky yachtsmen as on a magnificent afternoon in December they cast off from their moorings, and, like three great white-winged birds, took flight for the other shore.

It was a hazardous undertaking, that of driving at their highest rate of speed three such seemingly delicately constructed craft across three thousand miles of stormy ocean in midwinter, on a voyage on which so many great stanch ships had before set forth never to return; but these men were surfeited with the easy victories of smooth water, and, as if to prove their manhood, they chose the most perilous phase of sport that man could well devise.

The affair is of too recent occurrence to warrant any detailed account. Suffice it to say, however, that the weather encountered was such as to call forth the very highest qualities of seamanship and the exercise of the greatest amount of pluck, for there were moments during the voyage when those daring men held their lives upon a most uncertain tenure.

It is related that on one cold, tempestuous night, when a terrific sea was running, and they were driving the *Henrietta* into it with all the sail she could possibly lug, and even the crew stood aghast with blanched faces at the temerity of their commander, the carpenter burst unceremoniously into the cabin, and shouted, "We must heave her to,

Mr. B——, for her forward seams are opening, and the water is rushing in!" Such an announcement from one who, by virtue of his position on board, would naturally be looked upon as an expert, must have sounded very like a death-knell. Nor does it require very vivid imaginings to conjure up the pale though determined faces of those who, for the moment at least, must have felt that their hour had come. It fortunately turned out, however, upon a critical examination being made, that the carpenter's fears had exaggerated the danger, and that the little *Henrietta* was as stanch as ever. Then the apprehended tragedy merged into a farce, and we can easily conceive the look of mingled relief and disgust depicted upon the countenance of that unhappy carpenter when he found that the "opened seams" were in the *skin* instead of the *hull* of the vessel. Poor "Chips!" he must have passed a *mauvais quart d'heure* under the running fire of chaff from those rollicking yachtsmen.

Yachting is undeniably looked upon by the mass of the community in the light not only of a slothful and luxurious pastime, but as an actual waste of time; yet it is none the less true that the larger number of those who cruise upon blue water are men of positive character, who, becoming impatient of the humdrum conventionalities of society, prefer to assert their manhood in contention with the elements. And these men, who may have previously been skirmishers on the outposts of science, are not infrequently, by the very nature of their new pursuit, drawn within its charmed circle, and by their observations and experiments become important contributors to it.

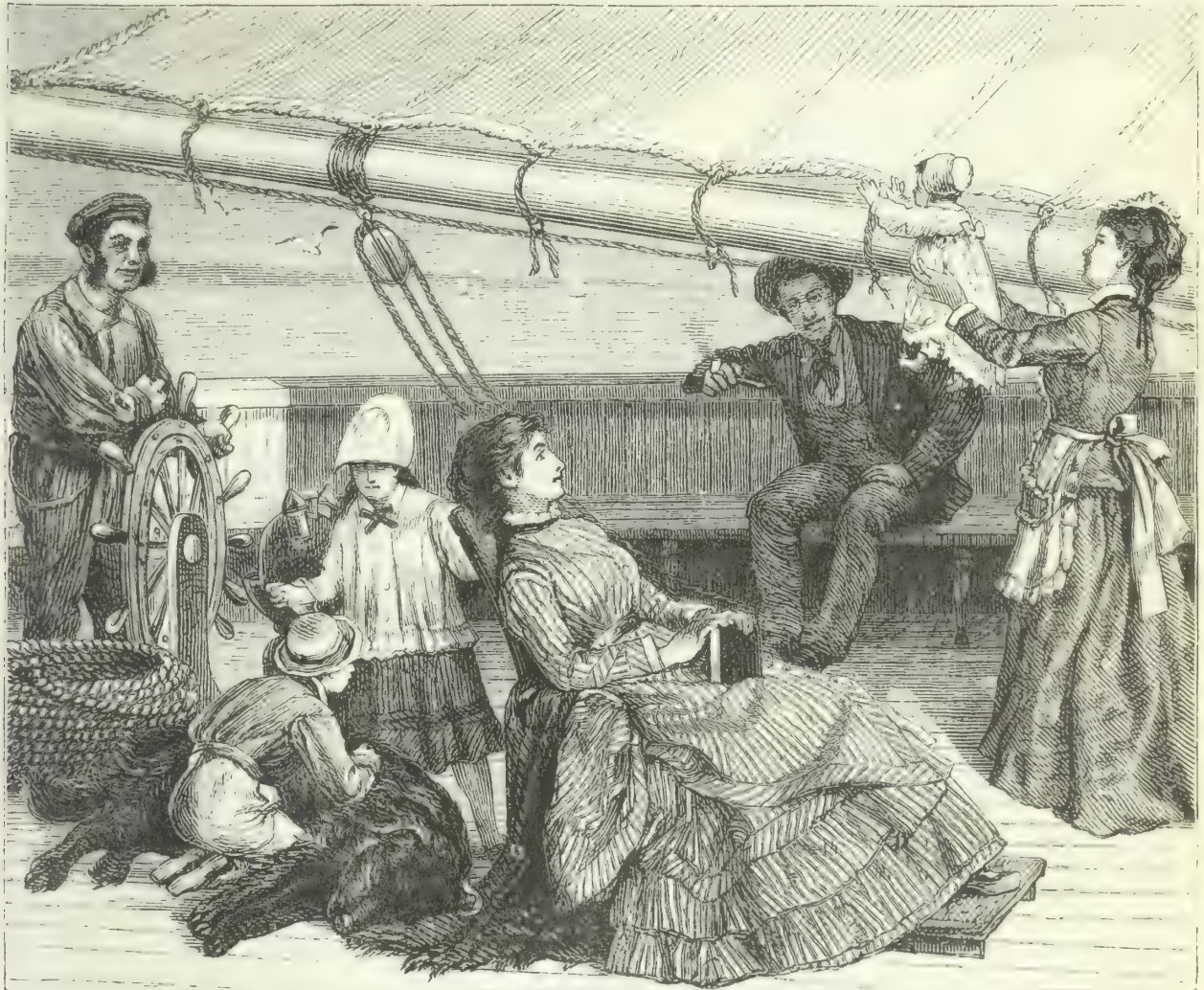
The enthusiastic yachtsman can not sail his vessel for ever so short a time without discovering certain peculiarities in her build which he flatters himself he could improve upon, and his active mind at once institutes intelligent inquiries into the laws of force and resistance, examining critically the various theories, principles, and formulas held to by the ship-builder, informing himself as to the varieties of ship timbers, their tenacity, density, etc., etc., until he almost unconsciously finds himself drawn within the labyrinth of marine architectural disputation, and what at first was a diversion, soon becomes an absorbing passion. Having ample leisure and means usually at his command, he dives *con amore* into the most difficult paths of applied mechanics, creates, destroys, and recreates, until he finally effects radical and startling improvements in the art. Indeed, it is to this restless spirit that we owe the success of the yacht *America*, which, after thirty years of vicissitude uncommon to even the sea-going vessel, is probably to-day as stanch and fast as any vessel afloat, for her owner, Mr. Stevens, built three large yachts, the

Ware, the *Onkahye*, and the *Maria*, before he was satisfied that he had discovered the lines which would insure speed and seaworthiness.

No yachtsman who has the energy and pluck to cruise on blue water would be willing to remain an hour longer than necessary a supernumerary aboard of his own yacht, or to give up control of her to his sailing-master. That would be all very well for the smooth-water yachtsman, who finds sufficient excitement in the click of a Champagne cork or the admiration of his lady guests; but once on blue water, a man would feel like a prisoner in charge of a jailer if

give such results, and is thus led to investigate the foundation of the theorems, and familiarize himself with the movements of the heavenly bodies, and calling to his aid his half-forgotten mathematical training, finds himself engaged in an intensely interesting pursuit.

Meteorology, which is essentially a science kindred to that of navigation, ranks among its students the practical philosophers of our times, and they rely to a very large extent upon the notes entered on the "log-book" for data for the confirmation of their theories. The flight of a bird, the floating mass of sea-weed, the barnacle-cov-



THE YACHTSMAN AT HOME.

he were not in supreme command. Hence he feels that he must at once tackle what has always seemed to him the intricate science of navigation; but he soon discovers that, so far as its ordinary practice goes aboard ship, it has been reduced to a simply mechanical operation, by which men with the merest rudimentary education may with ease solve its problems. This only incites him. He is not satisfied to work "by rule of thumb." It is all very well for his sailing-master to take his sextant and measure an altitude of sun, moon, or star, or a lunar distance, and define his position by means of tables computed for him, but *he* must know why such angles and such distances

ered log, the unusual drift of a current, the varying temperature of sea or air, the nebulous condition of the sky, are all incidents of seemingly little import, but which serve as important data for scientific deduction; hence the observant navigator becomes a co-laborer with them, for upon his familiarity with the laws governing atmospheric changes as affecting the movement and force of wind and the course of storms largely depends the safety of his vessel.

Agassiz, Darwin, Lardner, and Scoresby have all attested their appreciation of the value of "messages from the sea" by unwearying research through marine records and by undertaking long voyages, and have

reaped rich harvests therefrom, which is an incentive sufficient to the intelligent seafarer to make him an enthusiastic co-worker. Nor do yachtsmen cut a mean figure as natural historians or explorers; indeed, no one can read Lord Dufferin's charming narrative of a cruise to Iceland in his little eighty-ton yacht *Foam* without feeling a pride in his ability and his pluck, or Boyd's ten years' cruise in the South Pacific, or Talbot's cruise in the *Josephine*. And we all remember how another yachtsman, Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, gained great renown for his discoveries in Borneo, as well as the ascendancy which he acquired over the natives, who made him their chief, to the very great satisfaction of his government; while numerous other yachtsmen have instructed us by their contributions to natural history and charmed us with descriptions of far-off lands.

Ennui aboard ship, which is even more dreaded than seasickness by landsmen, has no place in the yachting vocabulary. It is natural to suppose that a host who invites guests to spend weeks or months in close contact with him will see to it that they are in every way congenial, and the freedom of a yacht's cabin is so unrestricted that each

credulous, let us endeavor to picture the routine aboard a well-appointed yacht for a single day. She is running down the northeast trades, and is now well within the tropics. The commodore being a little shaky in regard to his chronometer, determines to get a "lunar," and glancing at his nautical almanac, finds that there will be a star in "distance" about dawn on the morrow. Accordingly, he gives the order to be called at that time.

Just before day he appears on deck, sextant in hand, and arrayed in that peculiarly airy costume so appropriate to the hour and to the latitude, and, just to brush the cobwebs out of his eyes, he orders the deck hose to be turned upon him—and, by way of digression, let us here state that there is no such eye-opener as a stream of the briny directed against one's back through the medium of a force-pump, which effectually sets in motion the sluggish circulation.

The bath administered, the "distances" and altitudes measured, by that time coffee is served, which supplements the bath as a tonic; then a couple of hours or so intervene—the most delicious of the tropic sea day.

The cool trade-wind, relieved from the ef-



YACHTING IN THE TROPICS.

member of the little society establishes a code of procedure as to hours and mode of life to suit himself; be he literary, scientific, or artistic, he can pursue his studies and investigations to the top of his bent, being only expected on certain occasions to contribute his quota to the general entertainment.

For the benefit of the uninitiated or in-

fect of a torrid sun for twelve hours, plays about us most refreshingly after having emerged from our heated cabins, and the moon, attended by a single star, shines high in the clear and placid sky. Presently the eastern edge of the horizon is illumined with an orange brilliance, while above, the pale blue sky, unstreaked by cloud to mar it, is infused with the coming splendor.



THE YACHTSMAN'S STATE-ROOM.

Silently the great golden orb thrusts its fiery head above the water line, gilding sea, sky, and vessel, and transforming a silvery dream into a golden vision, moon and star paling before it; and as our little craft gracefully dips into the long swells, "bevi-ies" of flying-fish break water, their dripping wings glittering in the sunshine. At nine, breakfast is served, and being an informal meal, is long drawn out. It is then that the business of the day is talked over, the weather probabilities, the vessel's run, the results of yesterday's dredging examined, and the particular scientific researches then engaging the attention fully discussed.

Seven bells (eleven and a half o'clock) brings all on deck again for the meridian altitude; for then the position of the yacht is accurately defined, and not impossibly there are bets pending thereon. And when the first officer reports, "Eight bells, Sir," and the commodore replies, "Make it so, Sir," then the "main brace" is spliced, and the yachtsmen unceremoniously stretch themselves under the awnings for a siesta.

Half an hour before the three-o'clock dinner, another bath is in order, together with a slight change of toilet. Five o'clock finds them on deck again, with *demi-tasse* and cigar, when mayhap a vessel hoves in sight, and as the yacht draws up upon her, the commodore's gig is lowered away, and they

go merrily skipping over the long Atlantic swells to have a "gam" with the stranger; and if he be homeward bound, they hurry back to seal up their correspondence to forward by him.

This recalls a funny experience. A dapper legal friend, a devoted yachtsman of literary and scientific proclivities, had prepared a large amount of MS. notes for transmission. A vessel was sighted, and, as usual, boarded, and was found to be homeward bound. Of course every man and boy aboard the yacht was at once busied getting his letters ready, and our legal friend had a score of portentous-looking packages, sealed with great dabs of wax. As usual, however, he was the last to be ready, and the mail-bag being inadvertently closed, he hastily handed his mail to the black steward (who was going off to the ship in the "dingy" to fetch some fruit), with many injunctions as to their value, etc. Now the "dingy" was a perfectly reliable boat if well handled and the occupants sat still, otherwise decidedly ticklish; and on this occasion, the air being light and the sea smooth, the boy having her in charge, instead of pulling her, set a light sail, and off they went. Barely, however, had she got well clear of the yacht when, a flaw striking her, she careened, and the steward, who, by-the-way, couldn't swim, suddenly changed

his position, when over she went. Watching the operation through a glass, we readily took in the rapid changes that came over the countenance of that unfortunate darky, intense astonishment, succeeded by most agonizing fear, accompanying a change of color from deep copper to a slaty ashen hue. Meanwhile, with a death-grip, he clung to the gunwale of the boat, and the young monkey who was with him, seeing that there was no absolute danger, was chaffing him, asking him if he had any thing to confess, if he would leave his widow comfortable, etc. In a few moments, however, he was relieved, and hauled, dripping, aboard the yacht. Happening to glance at our literary friend, we all simultaneously burst into a roar of laughter. The look of concentrated disgust and horror depicted upon *his* face far exceeded in intensity that of the steward. He was stunned, dumfounded; but recovering himself, he made one plunge at the luckless negro, and collaring him, fairly screamed, "What has become of my mail?" "Here dey is, Sah, in my coat-tail pocket." "In your coat-tail pocket?" (the man had only been wet below his waist)—"in your *coat-tail pocket!* You blasted nigger! and what, in the name of Heaven, did you put them there for? Hand them out at once, Sir." And the poor darky, his teeth chattering with fear and cold, produced the scientific records, which were to give final confirmation to the "Darwinian" or some other theory, in a state of humidity which would have caused a shudder through the scientific world.

Slowly and sadly did the correspondent of fifteen learned societies extract from their envelopes the precious documents, and all hands were piped to "dry papers."

Meanwhile the ship was put under shortened sail, the yacht put about to follow her, and her skipper came aboard to pass the evening; a jollification, of course, ensued, dampened somewhat by the acute anguish of our learned friend, who refused to participate until the papers were dried.

Yachtsmen are only too glad to have an opportunity to exercise their hospitality, and are not celebrated for too strict adherence to the tenets of the teetotaler. The mere fact of meeting a stranger on the high seas is exhilarating, not to speak of the effect of the Champagne, in which it appears incumbent upon them, each and all and repeatedly, to drink their guest's health.

No pen can describe the loveliness of a tropic evening as, fanned by the gentle trade-winds, the yacht gracefully dips into the phosphorescent sea, and the moon, throwing a broad silvery path across it, floods the great white sails, which seem like the wings of some mammoth bird hovering over the long black hull. It is then that the yachtsmen, yielding to the softening influences of

the hour, give themselves up to visions of home and loved ones there, until at length silently they steal away to their cabins for the night.

Let us reverse the picture. The yachtsman is lying snug in his cabin, dreaming, mayhap, of the "maid he left behind him." Tap, tap, at his door. "Yes, yes; what is it?" "The weather has an ugly look about it, Sir, and there is getting up a nasty cross-sea from all quarters, and it's misty, and lightens to windward, Sir." Half a minute finds him on deck, and one look to windward and another at the falling barometer confirm the fears expressed by the officer.

"Turn up all hands, Mr. Smith, and let's get the sail off her as quick as possible." "Ay, ay, Sir." And in a moment the sleepy watch below are on deck. "In fore and main gaff top-sails, and send them down on deck; down flying-jib. Now, then, lay aft here, some of you, and get three reefs in the main-sail; and a couple of you stand by your fore-throat and peak halyards." The wind now comes down in violent and rapidly increasing blasts, accompanied by sleet and foam driven from the crests of the rising sea, which apparently comes from every quarter. "Now, then, Sir, lower away your foresail, stow it snug, and secure the boom; and, Mr. Smith, we will get the bonnet off the jib, and rig in the flying jib-boom."

"Ay, ay, Sir!" and away go the watch forward into a cloud of spray which completely hides them from view, while the others are housing fore and main topmast, securing the boats in board, and making things snug about decks and below.

Still the glass falls, and the commodore knows that he has not yet got the full force of the hurricane by a jugful. The sea is still increasing in size and irregularity, and all hands are ordered to secure themselves against being washed overboard, and officers and men look anxiously into the face of the yachtsman to catch an idea of what he thinks of the situation.

He is cool and collected, and apparently master of the situation, and feels a sense of exaltation such as he never before experienced, and a glow of pride and satisfaction thrills through him which no previous triumph ashore has ever brought him, for upon his sole judgment and self-control hang the safety of his vessel and the lives of all on board.

Just then a head protrudes through the companion hatch. "I say, old fellow, what do you think of our chances?" pipes up an irreverent voice.

"God only knows, my dear boy, for He holdeth the winds in the hollow of His hand."

At this instant a heavier blast than has yet been felt strikes her; she careens almost to her beam ends, and a heavy sea boards her.

"We must stow the mainsail, Mr. Smith, and bend the storm try-sail," he shouts, hoarsely. "Mind your helm, my man, mind your helm! We must reef that jib somehow, Sir! Don't let over three of you go forrard, and look out for yourselves; and then we must get her on the other tack, for we are heading now for the centre of the gale."

Now comes the most delicate and dangerous of all marine manœuvres, that of wearing a small vessel under short sail in a hur-

about as cozy a place as one can find, for it is a strong point to make it as home-like in appearance as possible, and divest it of all likeness to the ordinary ship's cabin. A well-selected library may be seen arranged round its sides, a centre table with papers, periodicals, etc., an open fire-place with clock ticking on the mantel above it, and a tea-pot singing on the hob, and lounges and easy-chairs scattered about.

All the tinsel and gingerbread work of the smooth-water yacht is tabooed; indeed,



IN A TYPHOON.

ricane with such a sea as only a cyclone can get up.

It is a short operation, occupying but a brief space of time, but the suspense of a whole life seems concentrated in it. Still good judgment demands it, and it must be attempted, and luckily the manœuvre on this occasion is successful.

Then follow hours and hours of alternate hope and fear; every thing that seaman-ship can suggest has been done; all hands, except the officer of the deck and the man at the wheel, are ordered below. The hurricane howls, and tons upon tons of water burst upon the deck; still the stanch little craft is not overwhelmed, but rises to it like a duck.

The guests of the yachtsman, who take no part in the management of the vessel, keep close in the snug cabin awaiting developments, and a cruising yacht's cabin is

the cruiser is quite different from the show yacht or gimcrack racing machines which flaunt about in our regattas, or which, if they enter for an outside race, and there is a capful of wind or a bit of a sea running, come back crippled, all splattered and torn, with flying rags and splintered spars. Of course we do not mean thus to characterize the many beautiful stanch vessels of our squadrons. But those monsters, a hundred feet in the air and six feet in the water, with a small ship-load of lead between their ribs to make them stand up under sail, half rigged, overcanvased, half manned, they are pretty sure, sooner or later, to come to grief. It is all very well, if their masts are twisted out of them or they "turn turtle" altogether, to attribute it to the negligence of the sailing-master; but that won't go down with old salts; and if directly attributable to want of discipline, it is even

then an inadmissible charge against him, for discipline aboard a yacht lying two-thirds of her time in port and within a few hundred yards of the shore, where the men are constantly sent on boat service, and under no restriction as to drinking, is a moral impossibility. Thus if yachtsmen will build vessels that are about as fit to sail in as floating grain elevators, and make marine inebriate asylums of them, they should bear the odium themselves.

Of the whole American yacht squadron there are now not probably more than two or three vessels in commission; and does it not seem incredible that among the many hundred idle young men of wealth infesting our clubs, wasting their substance and undermining their health in the pursuit of the tomfooleries of a fast life, so very few have ever undertaken ocean cruising? An income such as is squandered by these aspirants to the title of "fast men" would enable them to keep up almost regal state aboard their own yacht while visiting foreign countries *en prince*, and their status as yachtsmen would gain them the *entrée* into a society to which they probably could obtain no other passport, and being thus associated with refinement, culture, and in-

telligence, they would be successfully tided over a very critical period of a young man's life. Yachting may be conducted on a scale of extravagance or of moderation, in accordance with the taste or the purse of the yachtsman; but, as is the case with an establishment ashore, the larger it is, the more trouble it gives one. A yacht of 150 tons is quite large enough for even an extended cruise, affording all necessary accommodation, and being quite as safe as if she were ten times as large. Such a vessel, thoroughly equipped, should not cost over \$15,000. The wages and maintenance of officers and crew should not exceed, monthly, \$600, and allowing for cabin table \$300, and for incidentals \$200, the whole cost per month would be \$1100. Hence one could make a six months' cruise to the Mediterranean in one's own yacht, travelling and being received "like a prince," enjoying its delicious climate, visiting its charming and classic shores, while spending less than is squandered in the same length of time by many of the young men who lounge all winter, flattening their noses against our club windows, and who, when summer comes, don the yacht club uniform, and brave the dangers of Hell Gate and of Point Judith.

THE BEST GIFT.

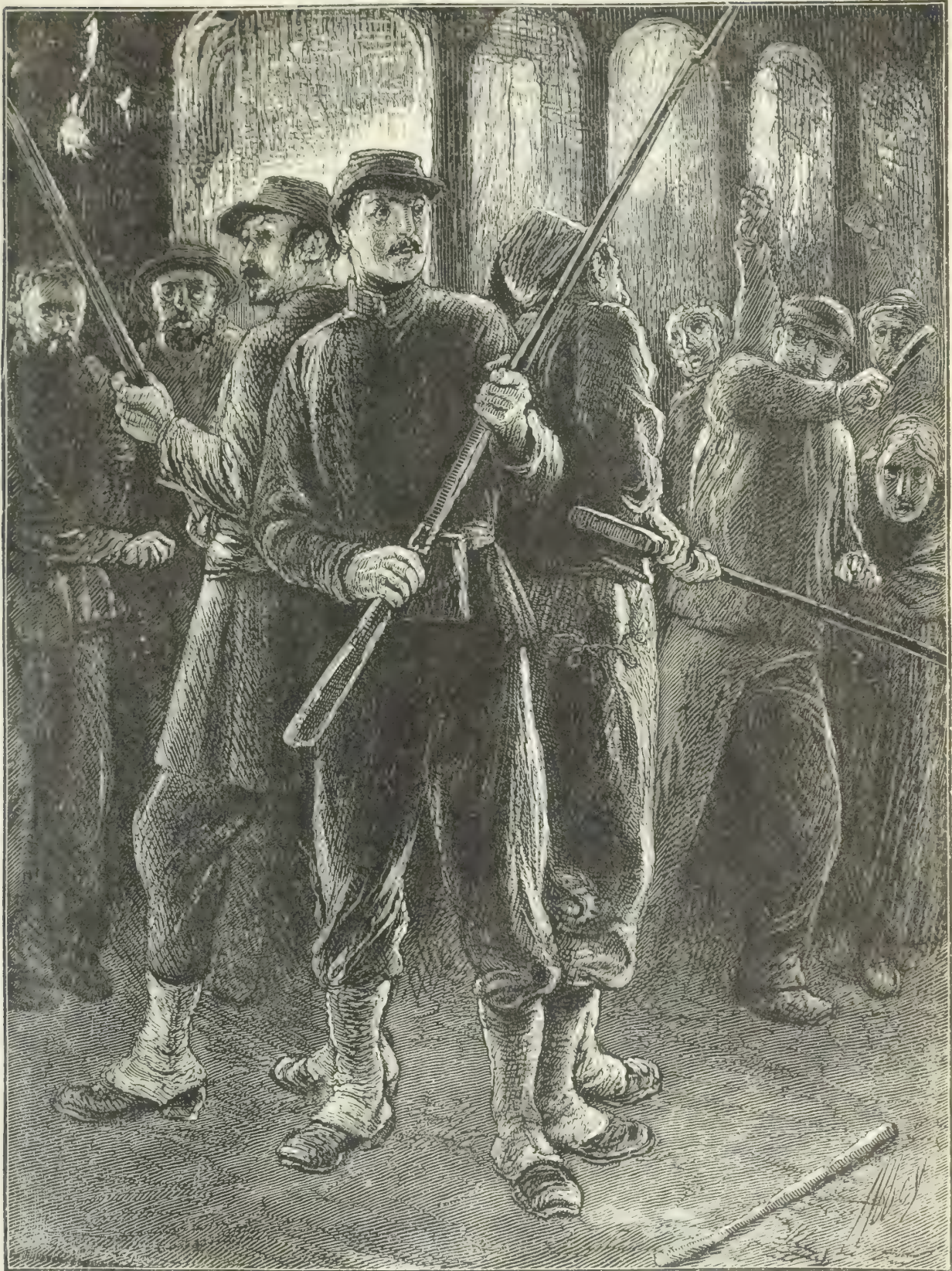
I.

AROUND the cradle that thy childhood bare
 Came God's own angels, with their pitying eyes,
 And gazed upon thee in a still surprise
 To see beyond heaven's portal aught so fair.
 They brought thee precious gifts. One gave to thee
 The gift of beauty for thy body's grace,
 Deep-smiling eyes to light a dreamy face,
 And perfect limbs as young Apollo's be.
 One set the crown of genius on thy head,
 And one bestowed a heart like woman's own,
 Strong as the sea, and trembling at a breath.
 Last, a veiled figure bent above the bed,
 And said, "I give thee every thing in one.
 "In heaven I am named Love; men call me Death.

II.

"So shalt thou never tread the weary ways
 That lead men up the dusty slopes of life,
 Nor feel the fierceness of the noonday strife,
 Knowing alone the morning of thy days.
 For thee the dew shall linger on the flower;
The light that never was on land or sea
 Shall have no momentary gleam for thee,
 But brighten into love's immortal hour.
 Thy beauty's grace shall never know decay,
 Nor Sorrow lay her hand upon thy heart;
 Neither shall chill mistrust thy spirit slay.
 But like a star thy life shall pass away,
 Its light still shining, though itself depart,
 Until all stars are lost in one eternal day."

BACK TO BACK.
A STORY OF TO-DAY.



THE THREE GUARDSMEN.

PART I.
CHAPTER I.

MAX RISING was walking down hill in Belleville, in the city of Paris, on a broad street, of which I have forgotten the name, just below the "American Orphan School." This was his last night in Paris. He had taken an omnibus and ridden out to

Belleville that he might see where the men of the Commune lived, and what sort of looking men they were. He had lost himself there in highways and by-ways, had come out on this fine hill, which commands one of the best views in Paris, and now, by the help of the stars, was working his way homeward toward those parts of Paris which a young American knows best.

Max Rising did not care two straws whether he reached his lodgings at ten that night or at four the next morning. He knew only too well that it would be years before he should see Paris again.

As he stopped to make one among a group of idlers who were looking in at a showy jeweler's shop, much more interested in the men around him than in the watch keys and various time-keepers, brooches, rings, and bracelets, he and the rest were startled by a musket-shot not far away, and by the rapid cry, "*Camarades ! camarades ! au secours ! au secours !*"

An ill-looking man next him cried out with joy and with an oath that it was the cry of one of the *gens-d'armes* or of a soldier, and all ran eagerly toward the spot from which it seemed to come. Max Rising followed, not quite so promptly as the others, from the feeling probably that the fight was none of his, and that these gentlemen would probably have to settle it without his help. But before he had run a hundred yards he was near enough, standing on ground above the combatants, to see the beginning, middle, and end of a curious little battle, such as could hardly be seen any where but in the streets of Paris, and such as is not often seen there.

In the open space made by the crossing of two streets stood, back to back, two of the infantry of the line, and a Zouave, each with his musket, to which the bayonet was fixed. The men were by no means averse to give a practical exhibition of that bayonet exercise which is the most brilliant feature of the modern manual at arms; and the gathering crowd, which was made up of as many good-natured loafers as of ill-natured mobbites, was not indisposed to give them the opportunity. In truth, in a district as ill-affected as Belleville, there was more than one workman who, when he was half drunk, would have been willing to knock on the head with his hammer the half-drunk soldier with whom he had been quarreling in a wine-shop, if he could come up behind him. Some such soldier had, in fact, been assailed just at this moment. He had, however, called up two comrades to his aid, and as they stood there was no behind to them, for the three were facing three ways. Each of them watched, with an eye that never winked, a third of the circle around them, each knowing that he could trust his mates to watch the other two-thirds. Thus was it that their enemies were all in front, and whatever missiles were thrown or whatever clubs were brandished were the weapons of men who were in full sight of the three men on guard.

When Max Rising came in sight of the group, at least a hundred men in blouses or in rags were around them in a circle just outside of the points of their bayonets. In

a marvelously little time this circle was enlarged by the arrival of as many as a thousand more, who were, of course, spectators rather than combatants. The full gaslights of the street brought the whole scene as distinctly into Max's view as if it had been a drill exhibition on the stage; and indeed, for the few minutes that it lasted, it was not much more.

The prudence of Parisian administration gives no stones big enough to harm any one if thrown; never a brickbat, far less what the Western people call a "rock," to be had for love or for curses. A good many of the workmen had hammers, some pretty heavy and with long handles, and a remarkable number of clubs appeared before long. But missiles more dangerous than eggs or cabbages there were but few. A well-aimed hit of a rotten cauliflower as it struck a soldier in the face would be welcomed with good-natured laughter by the three *Horatii*, and with loud delight by the mob. But such real attack as was made was made by adventurous boys of seventeen with clubs, who attempted to break the fence of the bayonets.

Enough of these attacks were made to show the promptness and resource of the soldiers. As a gymnastic performance alone, their play was exquisite. They would, with a mere twist of the bayonet, throw a club from a man's hand and send it spinning in the air. Without malice, but with decision, they would prick a wretched *gamin* in the calf of his leg sharply enough to set him howling, and to clear that part of the circle for seconds before any of his crew dared to repeat his rashness. They would strike half a dozen clubs successively with a rattat-tat like the clash of iron swords when Richmond fights Richard in a Bowery theatre. The crowd was noisy and insulting; the men were quiet, many-eyed, and clearly saw every motion, each man in his own segment of the circle.

This play lasted not more than two minutes; then a cry of "*Les gens-d'armes !*" a rattle of horses' feet, and, to Max's amazement, the whole multitude had disappeared. The three soldiers laughed and threw their muskets over their shoulders, and went carelessly down the street to welcome the company of mounted policemen who had come to their relief. Max had seen his little comedy, and began again on his walk home.

Max Rising had had but a year's experience of Europe. He had, wisely or not, carried out a pet dream of his boyhood. When he was only fifteen years old, too proud to hang on his father's hands, he had left home to earn a living. Chance, which proved good fortune, had taken him into a flannel mill at Manayunk. He had begun as a boy begins, and worked his way along. He had a native love of machinery—nay,

he had a native love of work. He was steady, temperate, obliging, and civil, and when he was two-and-twenty he found himself the overseer of a room—one of the least significant of rooms, and he one of the youngest of overseers, still, in his fashion, an overseer.

The young fellow had laid up six or seven hundred dollars, and with the feeling that he only knew the technical side of his business, he had an eager wish for a better education, without knowing well what that might be. His mother was of a German family, and this accident sent him for what the Germans call a "wander-year" to Europe for twelve months, which, by economy and care, he had lengthened into eighteen. His money was now well-nigh spent, and doubting whether Zurich had helped him much in its matchless polytechnic schools, but hoping that it had, the young workman was on his way home.

CHAPTER II.

THIS picturesque little incident of the three guardsmen would have lingered in Max Rising's memory only as a dramatic little scene which showed how the streets are as sensational as the theatre, but that, just afterward, he made a new acquaintance, with whom, as it happened, he afterward had to play "back to back" himself, with very different tools on a very different scene.

That was, as he had supposed it would be, his last night in Paris. Indeed, he had few more last nights in Europe. The next evening saw him in London, the next in Liverpool, and at noon on the next day he was arranging his baggage, and trying to persuade himself that his berth was comfortable on board the *Calabria*—an indifferent steamer of the Cunard Line, in which he was to make his passage to New York.

It was the middle of July, as it happened, when the westward passage across the ocean is never very attractive, if indeed any passage ever were. The people who come most are Jewish tradesmen, who wish to be in Alaska in time for the opening of the autumn business, or other like persons, who, as Max Rising himself did, cross to America because they must, and not because they want to. The only relief of a passage on as bad a ship as the *Calabria* is that at that season there is no crowd in the cabin. Max found himself among sixty or seventy persons of as many different nations, as he wrote to his chum, whom he had left at Zurich; and when he came to the table to select his seat, he found that because he had had no friend at court to arrange a place for him at the head of the first table, or near the first officer at the second, he was to be at the lower

end of the last. Two dirty, tawdry, vulgar ballet dancers, going out to recruit a troupe in New York, were his next neighbors on the right, a comfortable, intelligent English gentleman sat opposite him, and a nice, quick, pure-minded, and honorable young fellow, who proved to be a "foreign correspondent" of a Philadelphia newspaper, on his way home from the Exposition, was the other neighbor within talk.

With wisdom above his years, Max affected from the first to understand and to speak no word of French. By this device he relieved himself at meal times from the badinage and impudence of the dirty dancing women. With Ibbotson, the Englishman, and Tanner, the letter-writer, he made a somewhat intimate acquaintance. But there was hardly any one else in the cabin with whom he had other intercourse than one of salutation and outside civility. And the voyage would have been rather a lonely one but for other associations than those of the cabin. From these associations, as it happens, grows this little story of "Back to Back."

Ibbotson was asleep in his berth one day, Tanner was playing shuffle-board with a party that could not be enlarged, and Max, without companions, could not stand the novel he was reading a minute longer. If the sea made him sick at the stomach, the book made him sicker. He threw it over the rail with some satisfaction, watched it in the instant that it remained in sight, and then worked his way by the fiddle, by the officers' quarters, and by the kitchens and their smells, to the forward deck, to see what he might find there. On the whole, the social outlook was more promising than that of the aristocratic quarters he had left behind. Three times as many steerage passengers were grouped together forward as he had left of first-class people on the upper deck. Children are not often seasick, and twenty or more children, of all ages from babyhood up, were engaged in their mission of making life unselfish and tolerable. Max had an orange in his pocket, with which he conciliated a little girl of seven or eight years, and after the child fairly sat on his knees, quite a cluster of other children joined them.

Max inherited from his father one or two arts for entertaining children who have no playthings. He had made "my mother's cradle" with his fingers, he had made "here's the parson going up stairs," he had cut out dancing children from an old letter, and had just initiated two of the oldest into the mysteries of cat's-cradle, when he was joined by John Myrick, their father, who thanked him cordially for his kindness to them, and said he hoped they gave no trouble.

"No, indeed," said Max, cheerily. "I have had the pleasantest hour with them that

I have had since we sailed; I have little brothers and sisters at home, whom I have not seen for a year and more."

"Your home is in America, then, Sir?" said the Englishman, with the rather wistful air of an English artisan—of whose creed the first article is that he must not step outside his own place.

But Max answered with a cordiality which showed the other that he might ask any questions he chose. Max had no idea of going outside his place either. But as he did not know yet what that place was, and as he knew that he was himself a gentleman, he had no hesitation in talking, as an equal, whether with prince, priest, or peasant. So John Myrick was almost immediately at ease with him, and was pushing inquiries as to the new home before him, which Max answered gladly and intelligently..

It was the old story. Here was a good weaver, who had even prospered so far as to be at the head of the room in the flannel mill in which he worked—nay, the man was proud of his skill in his craft. But, for all that, he had abandoned it, and abandoned it, as he said, forever. He had withdrawn from a co-operative store, at heavy loss, all he had invested there; he had sold, at worse loss, every stick of his modest furniture; he had drawn from the savings-bank all his earnings and his wife's; and now, with the shy, honest wife herself, whom Max saw yonder nursing her baby, with the shy, pretty daughter yonder, leaning against the rail and looking at the gulls, and with these children, he was going to a new land, to be a farmer, and meant to leave forever his old home. What was more strange, he was leaving it with exultation, without a tear.

Max was greatly interested in Myrick. He told him at once of his own experiences as a working hand in making flannel. They compared notes eagerly as to English and American customs. He found that Myrick was soured—perhaps with reason. He had, indeed, more than the average of that jealousy which a man who has worked hard till forty, with a wife who has worked hard, and children who have worked hard, is apt to have, when he looks upon the owner of the factories in which they have worked, and upon his wife and children. To see the owner, his wife and children, better dressed every day than he and his ever were on Sunday; to see them drive into the village in their carriage of a forenoon, and gaping as if they had nothing to do, when he had only stepped for an instant out of his room, made Myrick angry. But his anger was not so much with them. Myrick had been an enthusiast in one and another plan for "co-operation," in which united workmen, in their union, were to take the place of the rich capitalist. And of each of these plans the upshot had always been the same. If

it were a co-operative shop for buying and selling, it had ended in their training some smart fellow to be the shop-keeper, and as soon as he had learned how, at the cost of the co-operators, why, they were nowhere, and he had stepped into the class of shop-keepers, and made his profits out of the workmen as well as the oldest screw in the town. Once they thought they had made some headway in a little mill for spinning yarns, which was on this same co-operative principle. "But, Lord! Mr. Rising, it just lasted while our money lasted. The market flattened, and we needed to hold our yarns a little, you know; and then, who was going to discount a bill for us? We had no credit. Credit is a luxury for another guess sort of folk than we."

So the poor fellow was leaving Yorkshire with two or three very bitter tastes in his mouth. He had learned to hate the business to which he was bred, he had learned to hate the country in which he was bred, and he had learned to distrust men—three very bad lessons.

Many a talk had he and Max about such matters. Max told him what he had learned about the co-operators of Germany. It interested Myrick, but gave him but little courage. The result of all such talk was well enough expressed one night as they parted, when Max said,

"Well, I do not know just how it is to be. But I tell you, men have got to stand by each other. That is the whole story." Then he told Myrick the adventure of the three men on guard in Belleville, much as it has been told above, and he said, "I believe some day or other somebody or other will find how men who are rich now and men who are learning how to be rich by-and-by will stand 'back to back.'"

CHAPTER III.

So soon as the *Calabria* arrived in New York, Max Rising hurried to New Altoona and the dear home welcome there. How proud were his father and mother, Jasper and Bertha Rising, of their manly boy! How pleased his sisters were to walk with him, and how happy the little ones with the travel-presents which he had brought home! For three or four days every minute was full of the excitements of a return, of visiting and unpacking, of distributing the purchases and re-adjusting the home life. But this does not last forever. With a young man, indeed, it lasts but a very little while. And before the first week was over, Max and his father were in consultation more than once on the hard question what Max should do.

Max's own idea had been that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. He would go back to the mills he left at Manayunk, and there or among the neigh-

bors he would find some opening. He had certainly enlarged his range of life in eighteen months at Zurich. He knew something thorough about dyes and chemistry, and he had taken enough interest in architecture and engineering to know something of the strength of materials and their adaptability. Well versed as he was before he started in processes of manufacture, he had fair reason to think that he should command better wages and take a better stand than before. In fact, he hoped to get a chance in some new enterprise in his line where there was work to do by well-informed and sensible men.

But, alas! he had returned in the lowest gasp of the worst panic which a panic-stricken country had known for twenty years. At New Altoona every large mill was stopped. The smaller shops which were still at work were turning out next to nothing, and sold very little of what they made. Half the tradesmen on the main street had shut up their shops, and had dusty signs hanging out to show that they were "To Let." The other half had a seedy look, which could not be disguised, and clerks behind their counters wore a troubled air, which showed that they were not sure but they should be discharged the next Saturday.

This glimpse at home was only a hint of what Max would find elsewhere. His own old mills had shut down: no hope there. He did force his way into a little concern, where no money would have hired him two years ago. He went now almost for no wages, and to do every thing. Here he staid a year, paid sometimes, and sometimes not paid—a wretched year, and yet afterward Max said the best year of his life. For in the hand-to-mouth shiftlessness of that concern there was nothing he did not do in that year. He bought wool, he sold cloth, he patched machinery, he bossed machinists. He said he could set up as an engineer, so much did he do with mending their gateway and their mill-wheels; and what man could do he did in coaxing hardly abused hands to hold on, as he was doing, to keep a bankrupt concern alive. He was Jack-of-all-trades as that year went by. And at the end even this labor was thrown away, for the whole burst up, and the help were all discharged, with any amount of back wages due.

Then poor Max, for the first time in his life, had to begin to hunt for occupation—a wretched quest! There was something exquisitely painful to him in the expression of the men whom Max remembered as so cheerful when they were prosperous in other days. Men whom he had always thought of as very rich men would speak to him and to his father, in the confidence of their private offices, as if the very "bottom had come out," and there were never to be life or en-

terprise in America again. Clearly no outlook for the young man near home!

So was it that his father wrote to Lloyd Jones in Wisconsin, and his mother wrote to her uncle in New York city, and Max himself wrote to Sheridan in New Orleans and Frochter in San Francisco. These last were old school-mates of his. All the letters were to the same point—that here was a young fellow of twenty-four years, ready to work, even with his hands if there were need, willing to go where any body needed him, and hoping to carry the training of Zurich and his own apprenticeship of eight years to some point of this American land which needed a little "subduing." How strange that the world should be so kinked and twisted in its panic that this point to stand upon should be so hard to find!

"And then, Sir," said Max to his father, after the four letters were gone, "I will myself run down to the Narragansett country and make a visit to Wilkinson. He came round to Zurich when I was there, and I promised him to come to his father's place before the hot weather was over. It is hot enough now, Heaven knows!"

Wilkinson's father had a summer place, it seemed, in Southern Rhode Island, just opposite Block Island, and George Wilkinson, Max's school friend, was forever boasting that their bath on Matunuck Beach was the best sea-bath known in the habitable world. So was it that Max made that visit to the Narragansett country on which this story depends. He fitted off for a fortnight's stay, and, at an early breakfast, bade his father and mother and the little folks good-by.

"Do write down that address, Max; I shall never get it right," said his mother.

"Do not understand that we live there. We only go there for our letters. It is some miles away." This was Max's reply, as he wrote the address for her. "Quonochontaug, Washington County, R. I."

Max had not said that when George Wilkinson was travelling in Europe, Prudence Wilkinson, his sister, was with him. Max had showed them the lions of Zurich for three days.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT is a charming country which welcomed Master Max, as his friend drove him to his home from the Kingston station. Two hundred and one years ago, before the horrid winter slaughter in the Swamp Fort, there were more of the Narragansett Indians living in that region than there are of white men to-day. Twenty thousand of them, according to Roger Williams's count, ranged through these low woods, made homes in the islands of the swamps, and raised their corn and beans and squashes in the simple agriculture of meadows and fields. There are

pretty ponds, just fit for an Indian's canoe, full of fish; the clams and oysters on the shore suit an Indian's taste as well as a long-knife's; and blue-fish, bass, Spanish mackerel, and shad from the water, with deer and smaller game from the land, filled up the savage bill of fare.

George Wilkinson, Max's friend, was, I think, some relation of Jemima Wilkinson, the celebrated prophetess of that region. In a turn of confidence, George pointed out from the gray parlor window one morning the waters of Perch Cove, where an immense assembly waited one day, fifty years ago, to see the prophetess walk on the water. She did not succeed, but she told them the failure was due to their want of faith. George's father had a good deal of the individuality or self-reliance which goes to the making up of a first-class prophetess, and which, to say true, has cropped out a good deal in the make-up of the Rhode Islanders from the days of Canonchet and Roger Williams and Mrs. Hutchinson even to this hour.

The house was an unaffected large modern house, thoroughly comfortable. It stood on the southern edge of New England proper, George said; for he said the alluvial meadows which parted them from the sea, a mile and a half away, were only the tribute which the sea paid to New England. Close behind it was a lovely little lake, deep and clear, hemmed close with woods. It was so near Max's window that he could fling a biscuit into it, had he a tough old bit of hard-tack which he wanted to throw away. A rough flight of stone steps led down to its waters, and morning, noon, and night the young people were forever going out in the boats upon it. Who were the young people? Why, all we need name were George and Max; Prudence Wilkinson, George's sister, a pretty, thoughtful girl of twenty, ready for fun and ready for reading and ready for work—ready, indeed, for any thing; Mabel Smith, who was a school-mate of Prudence, here on a visit; and five noisy boys, younger brothers and their visitors, of all ages from seventeen down. In such a family Max soon made himself at home. As has been intimated, he had not forgotten Prudence. Those deep hazel eyes and eager inquiring talk, never half satisfied, never satisfied at all till she had come to the bottom of things, Max had never forgotten.

It is hardly the part of this writer to tell what these young people did and said in these pleasant August and September days. The guns were put in order, and there were plover and other sea-birds. The ponds gave pickerel, perch, bream, and bass. The sea ponds and the sea had to be tried for their stores. Prudence and Mabel had to be taught how to use the Remington rifle, which had come in very aptly as a present

from General Squiers. Max was glad to help them both in their German pronunciation, as they pretended to study a little in the morning; and Prudence more than paid the debt by her suggestions to him for his landscape, of bolder uses of color than he had learned in the architectural drawing at the Polytechnic. They were young, and enjoyed every thing. If the fishermen caught the ladies' hats off their heads in the eagerness of the throw, the ladies laughed, and said the ribbons were better for the bath. They sang well enough, and not too well; they made new songs, and proposed a new novel. In the evening there was music, or the telescope, or Pedro, or Cayenne; or the old people dropped in to be taught Pole's whist, Horace Wilkinson being always ready with the poetical rules,

"Your first play bids your partner understand
What is the chief component of your hand," etc.

On the whole, Master Max's visit in the Second Pettyquanscott Purchase of the Narragansett country passed very satisfactorily to him and all concerned.

As it was drawing to a close, Max confessed to Mr. Wilkinson that he began to feel blue. From the California correspondent no answer had come. Sheridan had said that in Louisiana every thing was "dead as Chelsea." Lloyd Jones, good fellow, had been kind and suggestive; still there was no opening in Wisconsin or Minnesota which justified going there. As for New York, Providence, and Boston, Mr. Wilkinson knew how little chance a young man had there. It seemed as if the world had been made quite complete without the assistance of Max Rising. All that Mr. Wilkinson could say was that there was many another man as badly off, that when things came to the worst they must turn, and so on. But really Max felt that he should be using his winter to more purpose than now seemed likely if he had staid for another year at Zurich. After this long talk with his host, he joined the gay young party, and "the four," as the juniors called them, started for a long horseback ride. They were to see the original Pettyquanscott Rock, whence that purchase takes its name; they were to find the ruins of Bull's block-house; they were to see the tavern where Kidd's men caroused that night they hid the treasure—oh, I do not know what they were not to see! And in that long ride, as it happened, this history of "Back to Back" was born.

For as they came cantering home, quite conscious that they were as late as was at all well—Max with Prudence in the lead—she suddenly drew up her horse and said, "Late or not, I must see where that child got her rose coreopsis." They had just dashed by a group of country children, and Pru-

dence's quick eye had detected, as they passed, the peculiar color of one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the rarest, New England wild flowers.

The children were amazed when they saw the riding party turn back to them. The big girl gladly gave up her bouquet to Max, more than pleased to exchange it for the ten-cent piece he gave her. Indeed, the undisguised glee with which all of them welcomed the money somewhat surprised him. It had more the air of Bavaria than of Rhode Island. In his pleasant way he asked the children where they lived, and if they had walked far.

They said they lived in Pigottsville, and pointed forward; it was a mile and a half away. But the girl added that they had been away for berries all day. The mills had been closed all summer, so that every day they went off for berries. And although the child did not say so, something in her air suggested that the closing of the mills made the unexpected ten-cent piece the more grateful to them all. Max joined Prudence, and asked her some questions.

"Oh dear!" said she, "it is the old sad story. I wish I understood it. I wish any body could help it. You will see Pigottsville in a minute. Not pretty, you know, but two years ago cheerful and active, every body pleased and every body busy. Now every shop is shut up; every house would be marked 'To Let' but that there is too plainly nobody to hire. The mills themselves are dreariness personified. The last time I was here a flock of geese were sunning themselves on the stone steps. The water runs over the dam as if it were Canonchet's water, and not poor Dan Pigott's. Dan Pigott himself—every body called him Dan because he was good-natured—has gone into bankruptcy. There, you see his pretty house beyond the chestnut avenue there. The house is shut up. The girls—nice girls they are; I was at school with them—are governesses in Dubuque and Atlanta. Mr. Pigott himself—I do not know where he is. These mills have been offered for sale ever so long, and once put up at auction, but there were no bidders. There, this is the new mill, that is the old one. You see what nice buildings they are; but father says every thing goes to waste when mills are closed. Now look there, and there, and there. See the grass growing across the road here. Did you ever know such desolation?"

The girl's energy in describing and pointing out the signs of failure fell in with the mood in which her young companion had started for the ride. Here was this well-established town doing nothing, and indeed being almost nothing. And here was he, Max Rising, doing nothing, and he felt

as if he were fast coming to the same condition. Curious to look in upon the deserted place, he asked Prudence to hold his horse a moment, jumped off, and peered in through a broken pane in a window.

He was joined in an instant by a sad enough looking man, who left his wood-pile where he was sawing and crossed the road. "Would you not like to go in, Sir?" "No," Max said; "only I am a flannel man myself, and I thought I would look at one of your Yankee mills." The workman begged him to stop, was eager that he should, and Max finally agreed (it seemed uncourteous not to) that he would come across the next day. And he did so. Nor was his time ill spent. This poor fellow, who looked half starved—and was—proved to have had a career which Max respected while he pitied. Here was a sick wife whom he could not leave. While the mills ran, Ringgold must have been a factotum of Dan Pigott's. In fact, as Max found afterward, there was nothing about the mills Ringgold did not know. He said he had run every loom in both buildings, and it seemed so. As things had grown worse and worse, he had been the last man employed. "And now, Sir," said he, "I must see that broken pane of glass, and no man has five cents to mend it."

As they sat that evening on the piazza, Max told Mr. Wilkinson how much he had been affected by Ringgold's manner and his story. This led him back to speak of Myrick, whom he had met on the *Calabria*. And then he said, rather bitterly, that he wished he were political economist enough to understand why as good fellows as Myrick and Ringgold were thrown like idle vagabonds on the world. "Why is it that I, who have been training myself for ten years to be a manufacturer, can find nothing to do? why the dead and dumb spindles and looms yonder at Pigottsville can find nothing to do? why the rich dons in Boston and New York can find nothing to do with their money? Money is going begging at three per cent. And why these wool-growers Jones writes about in Wisconsin can get no money for their wool? If there were too much flannel in the world, I should understand this better. But those poor brats we saw lounging round at Pigottsville had none too much flannel, I think," said Max, sadly. "It seems to me a hard way to cure the poverty of the world to keep half the people in it idle and naked."

"Yes," said Mr. Wilkinson, "the political economists, in all their brutality, never invented a wickeder or a more foolish phrase than that which talks of a 'surplus of labor.'"

"I am so glad to hear you say so!" said Max. "I have thought it often enough, and was afraid there was something I could not see."

"Unless," said his friend, "you mean to say that God made a mistake, there can be no surplus of labor, or unless you choose to say that all of us have every thing we should like or can dream of. But till every music-lover in the world has the Steinway or Chickering piano that he wants, with all the music he wants; till every picture-lover has his private gallery full till he can enjoy no more; till every dinner table from pole to pole is set with the choicest food and china; till every beggar from pole to pole rides a better horse than Smuggler or Goldsmith Maid—why, there will be no 'surplus of labor.' There may be too many people doing one thing and not enough doing another; but, till the perfect world has come, there will be no 'surplus of labor.' Indeed, then, I suppose, the only change will be that labor, which men dislike, will be changed to work which they do like."

"They 'rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

"Precisely. Let us hope they are doing that in Antares yonder. But it is idle sitting here longer. Time we were all in bed."

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT in the world were you men talking of as you sat on the piazza last night? Laugh at girls talking, indeed! You three gentlemen went on as never three girls did when they were undressing after a ball."

This was Prudence's appeal to her brother at breakfast the next morning.

"My dear Prudence, we were talking the gravest political and social economy. We were settling all the difficulties of the laborer and the capitalist. We were at the same time explaining why that elegant red flannel which lines your opera cloak is so dear."

This was his reply.

"I will tell you what is the matter with the laborer," said Mabel, laughing. "The laborer wants somebody to carry to market what he has to sell. Now let me tell you of my great victory. Here is my class in the sewing school: dear old Mrs. Fogarty, who could not turn a hem till we taught her, down to my pretty, sweet Mary Magrath—either one of you would fall in love with her the first minute you saw her. I am very proud of my sewing class; indeed I am. Well, they all graduated this spring. Every one of them made a shirt and a dress with her own hands. That puts them out of the school. And we had an entertainment—oranges and cocoa-nut, cakes and coffee; and Dr. Withers made a speech. And then—" And the bright girl's face assumed the most gloomy aspect.

"What is the matter, Mabel? Have you broken a tooth?"

"Worse than that—far worse. And then, I say, none of them could get a stitch of work to do. This same wave of ill luck that shut up Pigottsville yonder, slackened the hands of the clothing men. Freeland, Fenno—all of them—had more clothing than they could sell; they wanted to employ nobody, and my class had nothing to do."

"The old story," growled Max. But Miss Mabel went on:

"Listen, Mr. Rising. Then is it that the genius of woman appears. Then is it that your humble servant stepped in. I, by myself, I, invented a pattern of quaint Continental clothes for little boys to wear. I taught Mary Magrath how to make a suit. I put them on the prettiest boy in the Sunday-school, and he wore them at the May fair. Then had I not orders enough from all the world to keep my class in sewing for four good months? Heavens! I was a great dealer. I bought my stock by the piece at wholesale. I promoted Ellen Sharpe to be a cutter. All I had to do was to keep the accounts, to buy the material, and to pay the women every Saturday."

"And to be brains for the whole concern," said Max, in undisguised admiration.

Mr. Wilkinson laid down his knife and fork, and said, seriously, "Mabel, I do not know if you know how much good sense you have been talking."

Mabel laughed, and said she was much obliged to him.

"Your story is the whole story. You were the middle-man—"

"I beg your pardon," said the incorrigible Mabel; "I think I was the middle girl."

But he was too much in earnest to laugh. "You were the middle-man between capital and labor. None of these cloth men would have sold their goods on credit to your Ellens and Bridgets. But they knew your father, and they trusted you. None of these mothers would have engaged your Polly Magrath to sew. But you knew your women, and you dared engage them. Indeed, on the small scale the women would work on alone, their work was not worth doing. You brought together enough of them to make it worth while, and that became profitable which was all unprofitable before. All that this country wants is that somebody shall do the same thing in other places. Capital is shy of labor, and labor can not get at capital. Bring them together, and there will be no 'surplus of labor.' But capital can not do it, and labor can not do it. What it wants is middle-men—*capitalizers*, I call them—people who will bring capital to labor and labor to capital."

"Mabel," said George, "you had better go to the President and offer your services."

"No," said Mabel, blushing, "I shall stick to my last. I might not succeed on a larger scale." The truth was that the girl was

fairly confused by Mr. Wilkinson's compliment, and was terrified lest she had said too much of herself and her own achievements. Prudence looked on delighted that her friend should have received for once the credit for the unselfishness and good sense which she was always displaying, but which she really valued so little, being, in fact, quite unconscious that they were at all extraordinary.

When the mail came in, strange to say, Max had a letter from his English friend of the steerage—Myrick the weaver. Poor Myrick had not prospered in America. On their landing they had gone to Sing Sing to spend a few days with a brother of Mrs. Myrick. There Lucy, the tall pretty girl who had taken care of the children on the passage, had been taken sick with violent typhoid fever. Even now she was not enough recovered for travel. Her father had not dared to leave her. Before she recovered, it was too late for Wisconsin and farming. Myrick had led a hand-to-mouth life in Sing Sing, and even in the spring had failed in his plans again. Here was a second winter closing in upon him. He was in doubt whether he should not be more wise to seek work at his trade, and put off his farming yet farther.

But here was trouble. Work at his trade he could not find. The woolen industry was most depressed of any. Such inquiries as he had made had been fruitless, and now he wrote to Max to know if he could help or advise him. The letter had been sent to Max to New Altoona, and had been forwarded to him at Quonochontaug.

As they read scraps from their letters, or handed them round, as was the custom, Max read the whole of his, and told what a good fellow Myrick was. "You see," said he, "he is the man for Pigottsville, and he would find fifty more if any one needed them. But no man has hired us," said Max, half funnily and half gloomily, "though it is the eleventh hour."

"There wants a middle-man," said George.

"Mr. Rising," said Prudence, boldly, "why are you not the middle-man?"

Max was touched and surprised—not surprised that Prudence had an opinion on a subject grave in itself: he and she had discussed the gravest subjects before now most eagerly. But surprised that she rated his ability higher than he rated it himself, and profoundly touched that in this general circle she was willing to say so.

There was no moment to reply. Mr. Wilkinson turned on him and said, "I was going to say the very same thing, Max. You say you have trained yourself to be a manufacturer. Manufacture! You don't expect to sit at New Altoona on a throne till the Pigottsville mills come and ask you to start them?"

"No," said Max, laughing, "but I think the Pigottsville mills would be very much surprised if I rode over there and broke a window and climbed in and went down into the basement and hoisted the gate, and then put on the main belt and set them to running. Perhaps Miss Prudence and Miss Mabel would tend the looms, if Thomas Cashman will let us have a sheep or two to shear;" and he laughed rather seriously.

"No, my boy," said Mr. Wilkinson, "I am not laughing. There are twenty or thirty poor fellows—poor workmen, I am afraid—and their wives, starving yonder now. Go find your Myrick, if he has been well trained, and bring him here. I know all about the machinery at Pigottsville: it is better than the average. Make these men understand that unless a profit is made, there is nothing but starvation pay for them. Go find your friends, and tell them that you have a chance to start a mill, which, with good luck, can pay them three per cent. on what it will cost you to buy it. You must know somebody who will take his chance with you. What is a 'capitalizer' for but to bring starving capital and starving labor together?"

"If I were a capitalizer," said Max; but this time he said it slowly. He was wondering if he were not a "capitalizer." He looked at his watch.

"George, will you order Doll for me—saddled at one? I can catch the fast train at Kingston. Mr. Wilkinson, I am more obliged to you than I can tell you. I will be in New York to-night. I will be back here, if you will send for me, in the night express to-morrow." And he ran up stairs to pack a bag for the quick journey.

Before he re-appeared, Mr. Wilkinson was ready to take him to the station. "Max, I shall drive you over, and we are to stop at Pigottsville to see your man Ringgold. No, Prudence, he can not stay for lunch; give him a sandwich in a parcel." And they started, and drove fast. But they found Ringgold, who took them both through the mills, which Wilkinson had not seen for years. And all three talked eagerly for half an hour on what could be done, and what not, to wake them up again. Was it possible that Ringgold and Max might prove to be able to do that midway service, little prized by the speculators, but invaluable in practice—the service which brings a ship to port when she has a captain and an engineer, while the noblest vessel is blown to pieces which has steam on her boiler with no one to direct the steam, or is ground to pieces against the rocks if she have only a crew and no leader to command them? If only he could find a capitalist, that capitalist and Max Rising and John Myrick might yet stand "back to back!"

CHAPTER VI.

MAX returned triumphant.

Mr. Wilkinson had mounted Roy when Max mounted Doll, and though their ride to the station had been fast, they had had a careful and important talk with each other. Mr. Wilkinson, who knew the whole history of flannel-making at Pigottsville, had told Max all the details which he needed to know. Charged with reliable statistics, he went to see his mother's uncle, Kaufmann Baum, who had always been fond of Max, and was willing to listen to him, whether he talked sense or nonsense. If Kaufmann Baum chose to invest in the manufacture of flannel at a moment when not a mill in the United States was paying five per cent. to its owner, why, he had a plenty of money for such an adventure. He was, indeed, one of those starving capitalists who, in one of those terrible dead locks of a foolish and ignorant system which we call a panic, was not making even three per cent. on the accumulations of an honest lifetime.

Very fond was Kaufmann Baum of Max Rising. He had been fond of the boy's father and of his mother. Nay, this is not all. More than seventy years of age, he was as young as he ever was, and he believed in all young people. Max went directly to Orange, to his uncle's country-house, and found him there, getting ready to drive to the station for New York. Max joined him, told him in brief what he had seen, and what his wishes were. He told Mr. Baum that if he were willing to buy the mills, he could have them for twenty-five thousand dollars. This was not half of what it would cost to build new mills and stock them. He told him what he and Robert Ringgold knew about this particular business, and what were his chances to know more. He laid more stress than another man would have done on his acquaintance with Ringgold and Myrick, and more than he would have done with another man. Then he said that he knew as well as his uncle did that, on the regular "stand and deliver," cut-throat system of modern trade, bred by Adam Smith on the stock of the presumed selfishness of all the world, it was impossible to make flannel in that mill and pay fourteen per cent. to the owner, or even twelve, or even ten, or even seven. But he said he did not know why any owner should be insured his profits more than any other man. The present condition of trade showed that no man could be insured any such profit in any adventure. The mere word "adventure" showed that such insurance was impossible. What he would offer his uncle would be that he the capitalist, Max and Robert Ringgold the capitalizers or middle-men, and Myrick and the rest, who were workmen, would share and share. If

labor starved, capital should faint; if labor throve, capital should thrive. He had wanted to try this ever since he talked with Myrick on the ship, and he thought the chance had come.

Kaufmann Baum was a man of sense, and he liked this kind of talk much better than he would have liked the talk of a Dousterswivel who came to him with a Colorado silver mine, and promised him fifty per cent. a year. But he said,

"Dear Max, this is the old co-operative plan. It has been tried forty thousand times, and has failed. Plenty of my basket people have left me to try it."

"No, my dear uncle, this is not that. I know that plan all to pieces; I went over to Vienna and spent a month to make sure that I studied it rightly in their little companies. That is only fit for very small industries, and goes to the dogs then when hard times come. The co-operative people have so little capital that they can not stand a drought more than a sandy field can. You must have reservoirs. But, my dear uncle, you can't raise corn on a reservoir. You want the reservoir; you want the field; you want the aqueduct between. Now you are the reservoir; my mill people are the field; I am the aqueduct. The difference between my plan and co-operation is in this—that I am the aqueduct."

"I will call them 'The Aqueduct Mills,'" said his uncle.

"No," said the eager young man. "I will tell you what we will call them. We will call them the 'Back to Back Mills.'" And then he told his uncle the story of the scrimmage which the reader has already read in our first chapter. "Don't you see, Sir, if there had only been two of those men, some sly boy would have knocked one of them on the head by coming up on the east, while one looked north and one looked south? But there were three men, and you could not catch one of them napping."

Uncle Kaufmann was delighted with the boy's enthusiasm. He was, however, far too careful to govern himself by any such enthusiasm in the regulation of his investments. When they came to the city, he went round to see his friend Clafin, and asked him about the chances of the woolen industry, how it was with flannels in particular, and what he knew of the make of these particular mills. For the last, it was clear that there was little to buy in the way of prestige. Mr. Clafin had never heard of the Pigottsville mills, nor had the gentlemen to whom he sent to consult. As for flannel, any body could make it. Perhaps that was the worst thing about it; perhaps there is no article of which it is so easy to make a bad quality, though this is certainly saying a great deal. Mr. Baum cared very little for this verdict, however.

"Anyway, my boy," said he, "we have the reputation of our goods to make. If it were made already, we should have to pay for it, or, more probably, should have no chance to buy."

This was the first time he said "we," and Max took courage.

The old gentleman then took Max into the private parlor, told the cashier that he could not be interrupted for an hour, and then went to work with a will. The result of the work may be as well stated in the paper they drew up together.

"BACK TO BACK MILLS.

"The undersigned agree to re-establish the flannel mills in Pigottsville lately or now owned by Daniel Pigott, for the manufacture of flannel, and to continue this agreement for five years.

"1. Kaufmann Baum, the first party to this covenant, agrees to buy the mills and place them in the hands of Max Rising and Robert Ringgold, the second party to this covenant, for the purposes hereinafter mentioned, in their present condition, provided they can be bought for twenty-five thousand dollars.

"2. Max Rising and Robert Ringgold, under the firm of 'Rising and Ringgold,' the second party to this covenant, agree to give all their time and ability for the next five years to the manufacture of flannels or other woollen cloths in such mills, for the benefit of all the parties to this instrument, and of all those whom they represent.

"3. John Myrick, for himself and others, agrees that they will work on the said mills in the manufacture of flannels or other cloths as determined and directed by said Rising and Ringgold, on such time-tables as may be determined on by said Rising and said Myrick, and one other person to be agreed on by them.

"These agreements are all made on the following conditions:

"1. That the said Rising and Ringgold shall have the entire charge of the purchase of wool, dye-stuffs, fuel, oil, and other supplies for manufacture, and of all the repairs of the mills. They shall have the charge of all sales of the manufactured goods, and shall conduct them to their best ability for the benefit of the company as now formed.

"2. For the purchase of materials and for the prosecution of the business they are authorized to negotiate the company's notes, for which purpose Kaufmann Baum agrees to indorse those notes to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, and no more. Nor shall any farther indebtedness of any kind, except for advances on manufactured goods, be created by said Rising and Ringgold or by the company. The accounts shall at any time be open to examination by said Baum and said Myrick.

"Rising and Ringgold shall semi-annually prepare a balance-sheet showing the profit or loss of the mills in the last six months.

"Rising and Ringgold shall be allowed to draw six hundred dollars per annum each from the company funds.

"John Myrick and his co-operatives shall receive, in weekly payments, three-quarters of the rate of wages current in their several occupations.

"When the semi-annual accounts are made up, if any balance of profit is shown, Kaufmann Baum, the party of the first part, shall receive two and one-quarter per cent. interest on his capital of twenty-five thousand dollars invested.

"The remaining profits shall be credited in three equal portions as follows, but shall not be drawn out until the expiration of this agreement: one-third to Kaufmann Baum, one-third to Rising and Ringgold, one-third to John Myrick and his co-operatives in the proportion of their wages earned.

"At the end of this agreement the mills shall be returned to Kaufmann Baum in good order, ordinary wear and tear excepted, and each individual, or his heirs, shall receive his accredited share of the profits.

"Should any operative leave of his own accord, his share of profits shall be forfeited to a fund for the benefit of the sick and needy among the operatives, to be administered by a committee of themselves. Should any operative be discharged for misconduct, his share shall be forfeited as above, provided the standing committee of operatives should so decide."

"That will do for you to show to your man Myrick," said Uncle Kaufmann. "If he can make your Pigottsville people agree to it, then Mr. Choate, my lawyer, will put it in shape for us. You and I understand it. The real trouble, Max, will be to make them agree. They are jealous, and they are afraid they shall be cheated. But really this agreement is much more for their advantage than it is for yours or mine."

"Anyway," said the grateful fellow, "I am ever so much obliged to you, uncle; and you know I am."

"Well, you are obliged to me. But I have not done a foolish thing. It is something I have wanted to try for years. But really the hardest thing of all to find is the middle-man—or aqueduct, I believe you call him. 'Capitalizer,' Mr. Wilkinson calls him. I shall call him master engineer. I shall address you, 'Mr. Max Rising, Master Engineer.'"

"Call me what you please," said Rising, "so you do not call me late to dinner." And in great glee he bade his uncle good-by. He had full time for the night express, and he telegraphed to John Myrick, as he passed through the station, "Come to

Kingston, Rhode Island, at my charge, by Friday's day express." And then, with his precious document in his pocket, he returned triumphant to his friends in the Second Pettyquanscott Purchase.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was much consultation, many a snag, many an impassable barrier; but every thing gave way before the good-natured resolution of Max Rising, and the eager hope, newly aroused, of Robert Ringgold, and a clear-headed calm good sense in John Myrick, which surprised even Max. Myrick did not at first like the plan. He was sick of flannel-making, but yet he knew he must make flannel; he was more sick of co-operation, and he did not much believe in that. But all of them alike were sick of starving, and perhaps more sick of doing nothing at all. Myrick found at Pigottsville a poor enough set of people. Every man who had any money, or any energy, or any pluck, had gone to seek his fortune elsewhere. Ringgold had been a keeper to the property as long as any body who owned it had any money to pay for keeping it. There were some women and children who had worked in the mills, and could not get away. The moment, however, that there was talk of the mills starting again, there were a thousand messages and letters from people who had gone off, saying they should be glad to be taken on again.

Nor did Myrick find so much protest against the proposal of paying down, week by week, only three-quarters of the wages, and not paying the rest at all unless they were earned. In prosperous times the poorest work-woman in Pigottsville would have laughed in his face had he proposed such a thing; but after nine months of no wages, they were not inclined to look in the mouth what they thought a gift horse. By the time the machinery was cleaned and put in order, and the first wool bought, Myrick had as many workmen as he wanted to begin with, and more work-women and children. On the whole, he said, not a bad set, though there was room for mending them. "But they must wear bright as they run, Mr. Rising," said he.

Kaufmann Baum came over once to see his new purchase and some of his new partners. The Wilkinson household were very much pleased, and, indeed, amused with him; and he, on the whole, much pleased with what he saw. But this little visit was almost the only streak of sunshine in the new start. For the rest, there was a good deal of hard work, and but very little romance. All of the chief actors had had too many rebuffs to feel very confident. Myrick and the workmen, and Max Rising himself, had been

hearing all along, and were hearing still, that all business was at an end. Nobody came, even to sell them a shuttle, but prophesied the failure of the new enterprise. And many were the predictions in the village counsels that the young fools would soon find that their money was all gone. There was, therefore, at the opening at Pigottsville but little of that holiday "pipe and tabor" style of rejoicing with which the enterprises of a Robert Owen or of a Fourier would have begun. Far less was there that hearty, healthy gayety with which a great iron furnace is put in blast after its weeks of repose. The chief parties here had quite too much care on their minds for such a frolic.

For all that, Max said to Myrick that he thought he must make one speech to the men, and, still more, to their wives; and, if Myrick saw no harm, they would all have their tea together the night before the water was first turned on.

Myrick saw no harm. Mrs. Myrick, Mrs. Ringgold, Prudence Wilkinson and her mother, with no lack of volunteers, got up a picnic tea in the great loft over the old store; and with a good deal of real jollity, the young firm and the workmen, work-women, work-boys, and work-girls spent the evening together. Before they parted, Max made his speech, owning that the times were horribly hard. "But this is the reason," said he, "why we must all stand by each other. Mr. Baum will stand by me and you, if you and I will stand by him. We must stand 'back to back,'" said Max. Then he told the story of the fight he saw in Paris. He told it very well, and with good gesture. The men and women laughed and applauded.

Then Prudence Wilkinson drew a cotton curtain back, and showed, at the end of the hall, a large painting which she and Mabel had made, of the size of life—which is copied in the picture on the first page of this story. Three soldiers of different regiments were defending themselves and each other "back to back."

And John Myrick sprang up and said, "Boys and girls, I propose 'Prosperity to the Back to Back Mills.'"

So the mills got their name.

A STUDY.

NAY, sweet, we shall not drown in you. I say
What none before, perchance, have said to you—
Yes, you've good eyes, know how to use them, too;
You go a little down a doubtful way,
We scarcely follow, knowing all is play;
You have a voice the laugh comes nicely through;
But, sweet, for all that you can ever do,
You will not make one heart your lasting prey.
Just think how it will be in autumn-tide,
When all the glory of the year has passed,
When gold turns gray, and Time has seamed your brow!
For pity I could almost disavow
What I have said, entreat you as my bride,
To give the poor life shelter at the last.

EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

CHAPTER LIII.

BRUNTSEA DEFIANT.

THUS at last—by no direct exertion of my own, but by turn after turn of things to which I blindly gave my little help—the mystery of my life was solved. Many things yet remained to be fetched up to focus and seen round; but the point of points was settled.

Of all concerned, my father alone stood blameless and heroic. What tears of shame and pride I shed, for ever having doubted him!—not doubting his innocence of the crime itself, but his motives for taking it upon him. I had been mean enough to dream that my dear father outraged justice to conceal his own base birth!

That ever such thought should have entered my mind may not make me charitable to the wicked thoughts of the world at large, but, at any rate, it ought to do so. And the man in question, my own father, who had starved himself to save me! Better had I been the most illegal child ever issued into this cold world, than dare to think so of my father, and then find him the model of every thing.

To hide the perjury, avarice, and cowardice of his father, and to appease the bitter wrong, he had even bowed to take the dark suspicion on himself, until his wronged and half-sane brother (to whom, moreover, he owed his life) should have time to fly from England. No doubt he blamed himself as much as he condemned the wretched criminal, because he had left his father so long unwarned and so unguarded, and had thoughtlessly used light words about him, which fell not lightly on a stern, distempered mind. Hence, perhaps, the exclamation which had told against him so.

And then when he broke jail—which also told against him terribly—to revisit his shattered home, it is likely enough that he meant after that to declare the truth, and stand his trial as a man should do. But his wife, perhaps, in her poor weak state, could not endure the thought of it, knowing how often jury is injury, and seeing all the weight against him. She naturally pledged him to pursue his flight, “for her sake,” until she should be better able to endure his trial, and until he should have more than his own pure word and character to show. And probably if he had then been tried, with so many things against him, and no production of that poor brother, his tale would have seemed but a flimsy invention, and “Guilty” would have been the verdict. And they could not know that, in such case, the guilty man would have come forward, as we shall see that he meant to do.

When my father heard of his dear wife's death, and believed, no doubt, that I was buried with the rest, the gloom of a broken and fated man, like polar night, settled down on him. What matter to him about public opinion or any thing else in the world just now? The sins of his father were on his head; let them rest there, rather than be trumpeted by him. He had nothing to care for; let him wander about. And so he did for several years, until I became a treasure to him—for parental is not intrinsic value—and then for my sake, as now appeared, he betook us both to a large kind land.

Revolving these things sadly, and a great many more which need not be told, I thought it my duty to go as soon as possible to Bruntsea, and tell my good and faithful friends what I was loath to write about. There, moreover, I could obtain what I wanted to confirm me—the opinion of an upright, law-abiding, honorable man about the course I proposed to take. And there I might hear something more as to a thing which had troubled me much in the deepest of my own troubles—the melancholy plight of dear Uncle Sam. Wild and absurd as it may appear to people of no gratitude, my heart was set upon faring forth in search of the noble Sawyer, if only it could be reconciled with my duty here in England. That such a proceeding would avail but little, seemed now, alas! too manifest; but a plea of that kind generally means that we have no mind to do a thing.

Be that as it will, I made what my dear Yankees—to use the Major's impertinent phrase—call “straight tracks” for that ancient and obsolete town, rejuvenized now by its Signor. The cause of my good friend's silence—not to use that affected word “reticence”—was quite unknown to me, and disturbed my spirit with futile guesses.

Resolute, therefore, to pierce the bottom of every surviving mystery, I made claim upon “Mr. Stixon, junior”—as “Stixon's boy” had now vindicated his right to be called, up to supper-time—and he with high chivalry responded. Not yet was he wedded to Miss Polly Hopkins, the daughter of the pickled-pork man; otherwise would he or could he have made telegraphic blush at the word “Bruntsea?” And would he have been quite so eager to come?

Such things are trifling, compared to our own, which naturally fill the universe. I was bound to be a great lady now, and patronize and regulate and drill all the doings of nature. So I durst not even ask, though desiring much to do so, how young Mr. Stixon was getting on with his delightful Polly. And his father, as soon as he found me turn-

ed into the mistress, and "his lady" (as he would have me called thenceforth, whether or no on my part), not another word would he tell me of the household sentiments, politics, or romances. It would have been thought a thing beneath me to put any nice little questions now, and I was obliged to take up the tone which others used toward me. But all the while I longed for freedom, Uncle Sam, Suan Isco, and even Martin of the Mill.

Law business, however, and other hinderances, kept me from starting at once for Bruntsea, impatient as I was to do so. Indeed, it was not until the morning of the last Saturday in November that I was able to get away. The weather had turned to much rain, I remember, with two or three tempestuous nights, and the woods were almost bare of leaves, and the Thames looked brown and violent.

In the fly from Newport to Bruntsea I heard great rollers thundering heavily upon the steep bar of shingle, and such a lake of water shone in the old bed of the river that I quite believed at first that the Major had carried out his grand idea, and brought the river back again. But the flyman shook his head, and looked very serious, and told me that he feared bad times were coming. What I saw was the work of the Lord in heaven, and no man could prevail against it. He had always said, though no concern of his—for he belonged to Newport—that even a British officer could not fly in the face of the Almighty. He himself had a brother on the works, regular employed, and drawing good money, and proud enough about it; and the times he had told him across a pint of ale—howsomever, our place was to hope for the best; but the top of the springs was not come yet, and a pilot out of Newport told him the water was making uncommon strong; but he did hope the wind had nigh blowed itself out; if not, they would have to look blessed sharp to-morrow. He had heard say that in time of Queen Elizabeth sixscore of houses was washed clean away, and the river itself knocked right into the sea; and a thing as had been once might just come to pass again, though folk was all so clever now they thought they wor above it. But, for all that, their grandfathers' goggles might fit them. But here we was in Bruntsea town, and, bless his old eyes—yes! If I pleased to look along his whip, I might see ancient pilot come, he did believe, to warn of them!

Following his guidance, I descried a stout old man, in a sailor's dress, weather-proof hat, and long boots, standing on a low seawall, and holding vehement converse with some Bruntsea boatmen and fishermen who were sprawling on the stones as usual.

"Driver, you know him. Take the lower

road," I said, "and ask what his opinion is."

"No need to ask him," the flyman answered; "old Banks would never be here, miss, if he was of two opinions. He hath come to fetch his daughter out of harm, I doubt, the wife of that there Bishop Jim, they call him—the chap with two nails to his thumb, you know. Would you like to hear how they all take it, miss?"

With these words he turned to the right, and drove into Major Hockin's "Sea Parade." There we stopped to hear what was going on, and it proved to be well worth our attention. The old pilot perhaps had exhausted reason, and now was beginning to give way to wrath. The afternoon was deepening fast, with heavy gray clouds lowering, showing no definite edge, but streaked with hazy lines, and spotted by some little murky blurs or blots, like tar pots, carried slowly.

"Hath Noah's Ark ever told a lie?" the ancient pilot shouted, pointing with one hand at these, and with a clinched fist at the sea, whence came puffs of sullen air, and turned his gray locks backward. "Mackerel sky when the sun got up, mermaiden's eggs at noon, and now afore sunset Noah's Arks! Any of them breweth a gale of wind, and the three of them bodes a tempest. And the top of the springs of the year to-morrow. Are ye daft, or all gone upon the spree, my men? Your fathers would 'a knowed what the new moon meant. Is this all that cometh out of larning to read?"

"Have a pinch of 'bacco, old man," said one, "to help you off with that stiff reel. What consarn can he be of yourn?"

"Don't you be put out, mate," cried another. "Never came sea as could top that bar, and never will in our time. Go and calk your old leaky craft, Master Banks."

"We have rode out a good many gales without seeking prophet from Newport—a place never heerd on when this old town was made."

"Come and wet your old whistle at the 'Hockin Arms,' Banks. You must want it, after that long pipe."

"'Hockin Arms,' indeed!" the pilot answered, turning away in a rage from them. "What Hockin Arms will there be this time to-morrow? Hockin legs wanted, more likely, and Hockin wings. And you poor grinning ninnies, as ought to have four legs, ye'll be praying that ye had them to-morrow. However, ye've had warning, and ye can't blame me. The power of the Lord is in the air and sea. Is this the sort of stuff ye trust in?"

He set one foot against our Major's wall—an action scarcely honest while it was so green—and, coming from a hale and very thickset man, the contemptuous push sent a fathom of it outward. Rattle, rattle went

the new patent concrete, starting up the lazy-pated fellows down below.

"You'll try the walls of a jail," cried one. "You go to Noah's Ark," shouted another. The rest bade him go to a place much worse; but he buttoned his jacket in disdain, and marched away, without spoiling the effect by any more weak words.

"Right you are," cried my flyman—"right you are, Master Banks. Them lubbers will sing another song to-morrow. Gee up, old hoss, then!"

All this, and the ominous scowl of the sky and menacing roar of the sea (already crowding with black rollers), disturbed me so that I could say nothing, until, at the corner of the grand new hotel, we met Major Hockin himself, attired in a workman's loose jacket, and carrying a shovel. He was covered with mud and dried flakes of froth, and even his short white whiskers were incrustated with sparkles of brine; but his face was ruddy and smiling, and his manner as hearty as ever.

"You here, Erema! Oh, I beg pardon—Baroness Castlewood, if you please. My dear, again I congratulate you."

"You have as little cause to do that as I fear I can find in your case. You have no news for me from America? How sad! But what a poor plight you yourself are in!"

"Not a bit of it. At first sight you might think so; and we certainly have had a very busy time. Send back the fly. Leave your bag at our hotel. Porter, be quick with Lady Castlewood's luggage. One piece of luck befalls me—to receive so often this beautiful hand. What a lot of young fellows now would die of envy—"

"I am glad that you still can talk nonsense," I said; "for I truly was frightened at this great lake, and so many of your houses even standing in the water."

"It will do them good. It will settle the foundations and crystallize the mortar. They will look twice as well when they come out again, and never have rats or black beetles. We were foolish enough to be frightened at first; and there may have been danger a fortnight ago. But since that tide we have worked day and night, and every thing is now so stable that fear is simply ridiculous. On the whole, it has been a most excellent thing—quite the making, in fact, of Bruntsea."

"Then Bruntsea must be made of water," I replied, gazing sadly at the gulf which parted us from the Sea Parade, the Lyceum, and Baths, the Bastion Promenade, and so on; beyond all which the streaky turmoil and misty scud of the waves were seen.

"Made of beer, more likely," he retorted, with a laugh. "If my fellows worked like horses—which they did—they also drank like fishes. Their mouths were so dry with the pickle, they said. But the total abstain-

ers were the worst, being out of practice with the can. However, let us make no complaints. We ought to be truly thankful; and I shall miss the exercise. That is why you have heard so little from me. You see the position at a glance. I have never been to Paris at all, Erema. I have not rubbed up my parleywoo, with a blast from Mr. Bellows. I was stopped by a telegram about this job—*acrior illum*. I had some Latin once, quite enough for the House of Commons, but it all oozed out at my elbows; and to ladies (by some superstition) it is rude—though they treat us to bad French enough. Never mind. What I want to say is this, that I have done nothing, but respected your sad trouble; for you took a wild fancy to that poor bedridden, who never did you a stroke of good except about Cosmopolitan Jack, and whose removal has come at the very nick of time. For what could you have done for money, with the Yankees cutting each other's throats, and your nugget quite sure to be annexed, or, at the very best, squared up in greenbacks?"

"You ought not to speak so, Major Hockin. If all your plans were not under water, I should be quite put out with you. My cousin was not bedridden; neither was he at all incapable, as you have called him once or twice. He was an infinitely superior man to—to what one generally sees; and when you have heard what I have to tell, in his place you would have done just as he did. And as for money, and 'happy release'—as the people who never want it for themselves express it—such words simply sicken me; at great times they are so sordid."

"What is there in this world that is not sordid—to the young in one sense, and to the old in another?"

Major Hockin so seldom spoke in this didactic way, and I was so unable to make it out, that, having expected some tiff on his part at my juvenile arrogance, I was just in the mould for a deep impression from sudden stamp of philosophy. I had nothing to say in reply, and he went up in my opinion greatly.

He knew it; and he said, with touching kindness, "Erema, come and see your dear aunt Mary. She has had an attack of rheumatic gout in her thimble-finger, and her maids have worried her out of her life, and by far the most brilliant of her cocks (worth £20 they tell me) breathed his last on Sunday night, with gapes, or croup, or something. This is why you have not heard again from her. I have been in the trenches day and night, stoning out the sea with his own stones, by a new form of concrete discovered by myself. And unless I am very much mistaken—in fact, I do not hesitate to say— But such things are not in your line at all. Let us go up to the house. Our job is done, and I think Master Neptune

may pound away in vain. I have got a new range in the kitchen now, partly of my own invention; you can roast, or bake, or steam, or stew, or frizzle kabobs—all by turning a screw. And not only that, but you can keep things hot, piping hot, and ripening, as it were, better than when they first were done. Instead of any burned iron taste, or scum on the gravy, or clottiness, they mellow by waiting, and make their own sauce. If I ever have time I shall patent this invention; why, you may burn brick-dust in it, Bath-brick, hearth-stone, or potsherds! At any hour of the day or night, while the sea is in this condition, I may want my dinner; and there we have it. We say grace immediately, and down we sit. Let us take it by surprise, if it can be taken so. Up through my chief drive, instanter! I think that I scarcely ever felt more hungry. The thought of that range always sets me off. And one of its countless beauties is the noble juicy fragrance."

Major Hockin certainly possessed the art—so meritorious in a host—of making people hungry; and we mounted the hill with alacrity, after passing his letter-box, which reminded me of the mysterious lady. He pointed to "Desolate Hole," as he called it, and said that he believed she was there still, though she never came out now to watch their house. And a man of dark and repelling aspect had been seen once or twice by his workmen, during the time of their night relays, rapidly walking toward Desolate Hole. How any one could live in such a place, with the roar and the spray of the sea, as it had been, at the very door, and through the windows, some people might understand, but not the Major.

Good Mrs. Hockin received me with her usual warmth and kindness, and scolded me for having failed to write more to her, as all people seem to do when conscious of having neglected that duty themselves. Then she showed me her thimble-finger, which certainly was a little swollen; and then she poured forth her gratitude for her many blessings, as she always did after any little piece of grumbling. And I told her that if at her age I were only a quarter as pleasant and sweet of temper, I should consider myself a blessing to any man.

After dinner my host produced the locket, which he had kept for the purpose of showing it to the artist's son in Paris, and which he admired so intensely that I wished it were mine to bestow on him. Then I told him that, through a thing wholly unexpected—the confession of the criminal himself—no journey to Paris was needful now. I repeated that strange and gloomy tale, to the loud accompaniment of a rising wind and roaring sea, while both my friends listened intently.

"Now what can have led him so to come

to you?" they asked; "and what do you mean to do about it?"

"He came to me, no doubt, to propose some bargain, which could not be made in my cousin's lifetime. But the telling of his tale made him feel so strange that he really could not remember what it was. As to what I am to do, I must beg for your opinion; such a case is beyond my decision." Mrs. Hockin began to reply, but stopped, looking dutifully at her lord.

"There is no doubt what you are bound to do, at least in one way," the Major said. "You are a British subject, I suppose, and you must obey the laws of the country. A man has confessed to you a murder—no matter whether it was committed twenty years ago or two minutes; no matter whether it was a savage, cold-blooded, premeditated crime, or whether there were things to palliate it. Your course is the same; you must hand him over. In fact, you ought never to have let him go."

"How could I help it?" I pleaded, with surprise. "It was impossible for me to hold him."

"Then you should have shot him with his own pistol. He offered it to you. You should have grasped it, pointed it at his heart, and told him that he was a dead man if he stirred."

"Aunt Mary, would you have done that?" I asked. "It is so easy to talk of fine things! But in the first place, I had no wish to stop him; and in the next, I could not if I had."

"My dear," Mrs. Hockin replied, perceiving my distress at this view of the subject, "I should have done exactly what you did. If the laws of this country ordain that women are to carry them out against great strong men, who, after all, have been sadly injured, why, it proves that women ought to make the laws, which to my mind is simply ridiculous."

CHAPTER LIV.

BRUNTSEA DEFEATED.

LITTLE sleep had I that night. Such conflict was in my mind about the proper thing to be done next, and such a war of the wind outside, above and between the distant uproar of the long tumultuous sea. Of that sound much was intercepted by the dead bulk of the cliff, but the wind swung fiercely over this, and rattled through all shelter. In the morning the storm was furious; but the Major declared that his weather-glass had turned, which proved that the gale was breaking. The top of the tide would be at one o'clock, and after church we should behold a sight he was rather proud of—the impotent wrath of the wind and tide against his patent concrete.

"My dear, I scarcely like such talk," Mrs.

Hockin gently interposed. "To me it seems almost defiant of the power of the Lord. Remember what happened to poor Smeaton—at least I think his name was Smeaton, or Stanley, was it? But I dare say you know best. He defied the strength of the Lord, like the people at the mouth of their tent, and he was swallowed up."

"Mary, my dear, get your prayer-book. Rasper's fly is waiting for us, and the parson has no manners. When he drops off, I present to the living; and I am not at all sure that I shall let George have it. He is fond of processions, and all that stuff. The only procession in the Church of England is that of the lord of the manor to his pew. I will be the master in my own church."

"Of course, dear, of course; so you ought to be. It always was so in my father's parish. But you must not speak so of our poor George. He may be 'High-Church,' as they call it; but he knows what is due to his family, and he has a large one coming."

We set off hastily for the church, through blasts of rain and buffets of wind, which threatened to overturn the cab, and the seaward window was white, as in a snow-storm, with pellets of froth, and the drift of sea-scud. I tried to look out, but the blur and the dash obscured the sight of every thing. And though in this lower road we were partly sheltered by the pebble ridge, the driver was several times obliged to pull his poor horse up and face the wind, for fear of our being blown over.

That ancient church, with its red-tiled spire, stands well up in the good old town, at the head of a street whose principal object now certainly is to lead to it. Three hundred years ago that street had business of its own to think of, and was brave perhaps with fine men and maids at the time of the Spanish Armada. Its only bravery now was the good old church, and some queer gables, and a crypt (which was true to itself by being buried up to the spandrels), and one or two corners where saints used to stand, until they were pelted out of them, and where fisher-like men, in the lodging season, stand selling fish caught at Billingsgate. But to Bruntsea itself the great glory of that street was rather of hope than of memory. Bailiff Hopkins had taken out three latticed windows, and put in one grand one of plate-glass, with "finishing" blinds all varnished. And even on a Sunday morning Bruntsea wanted to know what ever the bailiff was at behind them. Some said that he did all his pickling on a Sunday; and by putting up "spectacle glass" he had challenged the oldest inhabitant to come and try his focus.

Despite all the rattle and roar of the wind, we went on in church as usual. The vicar had a stout young curate from Durham, who could outshout any tempest, with

a good stone wall between them; and the Bruntsea folk were of thicker constitution than to care an old hat for the weather. Whatever was "sent by the Lord" they took with a grumble, but no excitement. The clock in front of the gallery told the time of the day as five minutes to twelve, when the vicar, a pleasant old-fashioned man, pronounced his text, which he always did thrice over to make us sure of it. And then he hitched up his old black gown, and directed his gaze at the lord of the manor, to impress the whole church with authority. Major Hockin acknowledged in a proper manner this courtesy of the minister by rubbing up his crest, and looking even more wide-awake than usual; whereas Aunt Mary, whose kind heart longed to see her own son in that pulpit, calmly settled back her shoulders, and arranged her head and eyes so well as to seem at a distance in rapt attention, while having a nice little dream of her own. But suddenly all was broken up. The sexton (whose license as warden of the church, and even whose duty it was to hear the sermon only fitfully, from the tower arch, where he watched the boys, and sniffed the bakehouse of his own dinner)—to the consternation of every body, this faithful man ran up the nave, with his hands above his head, and shouted,

"All Brownzee be awash, awash"—sounding it so as to rhyme with "lash"—"the zea, the zea be all over us!"

The clergyman in the pulpit turned and looked through a window behind him, while all the congregation rose.

"It is too true," the preacher cried; "the sea is in over the bank, my friends. Every man must rush to his own home. The blessing of the Lord be on you through His fearful visitation!"

He had no time to say more; and we thought it very brave of him to say that, for his own house was in the lower village, and there he had a wife and children sick. In half a minute the church was empty, and the street below it full of people, striving and struggling against the blast, and breasting it at an incline like swimmers, but beaten back ever and anon and hurled against one another, with tattered umbrellas, hats gone, and bonnets hanging. And among them, like gulls before the wind, blew dollops of spray and chunks of froth, with every now and then a slate or pantile.

All this was so bad that scarcely any body found power to speak, or think, or see. The Major did his very best to lead us, but could by no means manage it. And I screamed into his soundest ear to pull Aunt Mary into some dry house—for she could not face such buffeting—and to let me fare for myself as I might. So we left Mrs. Hockin in the bailiff's house, though she wanted sadly to come with us, and on we went to behold

the worst. And thus, by running the byes of the wind, and craftily hugging the corners, we got to the foot of the street at last, and then could go no further.

For here was the very sea itself, with furious billows panting. Before us rolled and ran a fearful surf of crested whiteness, torn by the screeching squalls, and tossed in clashing tufts and pinnacles. And into these came, sweeping over the shattered chine of shingle, gigantic surges from the outer deep, towering as they crossed the bar, and combing against the sky-line, then rushing onward, and driving the huddle of the ponded waves before them.

The tide was yet rising, and at every blow the wreck and the havoc grew worse and worse. That long sweep of brick-work, the "Grand Promenade," bowed and bulged, with wall and window knuckled in and out, like wattles; the "Sea Parade" was a parade of sea; and a bathing-machine wheels upward lay, like a wrecked Noah's Ark, on the top of the "Saline-Silico-Calcareous Baths."

The Major stood by me, while all his constructions "went by the board," as they say at sea; and verily every thing was at sea. I grieved for him so that it was not the spray alone that put salt drops on my cheeks. And I could not bear to turn and look at his good old weather-beaten face. But he was not the man to brood upon his woes in silence. He might have used nicer language, perhaps, but his inner sense was manful.

"I don't care a damn," he shouted, so that all the women heard him. "I can only say I am devilish glad that I never let one of those houses."

There was a little band of seamen, under the shelter of a garden wall, crouching, or sitting, or standing (or whatever may be the attitude, acquired by much voyaging and experience of bad weather, which can not be solved, as to centre of gravity, even by the man who does it), and these men were so taken with the Major's manifesto, clinched at once and clarified to them by strong, short language, that they gave him a loud "hurrah," which flew on the wings of the wind over house-tops. So queer and sound is English feeling that now Major Hockin became in truth what hitherto he was in title only—the lord and master of Bruntsea.

"A boat! a boat!" he called out again. "We know not who are drowning. The bank still breaks the waves; a stout boat surely could live inside it."

"Yes, a boat could live well enough in this cockle, though never among them breakers," old Barnes, the fisherman, answered, who used to take us out for whiting; "but Lord bless your honor, all the boats are thumped to pieces, except yonner one, and who can get at her?"

Before restoring his hands to their proper dwelling-place—his pockets—he jerked his

thumb toward a long white boat, which we had not seen through the blinding scud. Bereft of its brethren, or sisters—for all fluctuating things are feminine—that boat survived, in virtue of standing a few feet higher than the rest. But even so, and mounted on the last hump of the pebble ridge, it was rolling and reeling with stress of the wind and the wash of wild water under it.

"How nobly our Lyceum stands!" the Major shouted, for any thing less than a shout was dumb. "This is the time to try institutions. I am proud of my foundations."

In answer to his words appeared a huge brown surge, a mountain ridge, seething backward at the crest with the spread and weight of onset. This great wave smote all other waves away, or else embodied them, and gathered its height against the poor worn pebble bank, and descended. A roar distinct above the universal roar proclaimed it; a crash of conflict shook the earth, and the shattered bank was swallowed in a world of leaping whiteness. When this wild mass dashed onward into the swelling flood before us, there was no sign of Lyceum left, but stubs of foundation, and a mangled roof rolling over and over, like a hen-coop.

"Well, that beats every thing I ever saw," exclaimed the gallant Major. "What noble timber! What mortise-work! No London scamping there, my lads. But what comes here? Why, the very thing we wanted! Barnes, look alive, my man. Run to your house, and get a pair of oars and a bucket."

It was the boat, the last surviving boat of all that hailed from Bruntsea. That monstrous billow had tossed it up like a school-boy's kite, and dropped it whole, with an upright keel, in the inland sea, though nearly half full of water. Driven on by wind and wave, it labored heavily toward us; and more than once it seemed certain to sink as it broached to and shipped seas again. But half a dozen bold fishermen rushed with a rope into the short angry surf—to which the polled shingle bank still acted as a powerful breakwater, else all Bruntsea had collapsed—and they hauled up the boat with a hearty cheer, and ran her up straight with, "Yo—heave—oh!" and turned her on her side to drain, and then launched her again, with a bucket and a man to bail out the rest of the water, and a pair of heavy oars brought down by Barnes, and nobody knows what other things.

"Naught to steer with. Rudder gone!" cried one of the men, as the furious gale drove the boat, athwart the street, back again.

"Wants another oar," said Barnes. "What a fool I were to bring only two!"

"Here you are!" shouted Major Hockin. "One of you help me to pull up this pole." Through a shattered gate they waded into

a little garden, which had been the pride of the season at Bruntsea; and there from the ground they tore up a pole, with a board at the top nailed across it, and the following not rare legend: "Lodgings to let. Inquire within. First floor front, and back parlors."

"Fust-rate thing to steer with! Would never have believed you had the sense!" So shouted Barnes—a rough man, roughened by the stress of storm and fright. "Get into starn-sheets if so liketh. Ye know, ye may be useful."

"I defy you to push off without my sanction. Useful, indeed! I am the captain of this boat. All the ground under it is mine. Did you think, you set of salted radicals, that I meant to let you go without me? And all among my own houses!"

"Look sharp, governor, if you has the pluck, then. Mind, we are more like to be swamped than not."

As the boat swung about, Major Hockin jumped in, and so, on the spur of the moment, did I. We staggered all about with the heave and roll, and both would have fallen on the planks, or out over, if we had not tumbled, with opposite impetus, into the arms of each other. Then a great wave burst and soaked us both, and we fell into sitting on a slippery seat.

Meanwhile two men were tugging at each oar, and Barnes himself steering with the sign-board; and the head of the boat was kept against the wind and the billows from our breakwater. Some of these seemed resolved (though shorn of depth and height in crossing) to rush all over us and drown us in the washer-women's drying ground. By skill and presence of mind, our captain, Barnes, foiled all their violence, till we got a little shelter from the ruins of the "Young Men's Christian Institute."

"Hold all!" cried Barnes; "only keep her head up, while I look about what there is to do."

The sight was a thing to remember; and being on the better side now of the scud, because it was flying away from us, we could make out a great deal more of the trouble which had befallen Bruntsea. The stormy fiord which had usurped the ancient track of the river was about a furlong in width, and troughed with white waves vaulting over. And the sea rushed through at the bottom as well, through scores of yards of pebbles, as it did in quiet weather even, when the tide was brimming. We in the tossing boat, with her head to the inrush of the outer sea, were just like people sitting upon the floats or rafts of a furious weir; and if any such surge had topped the ridge as the one which flung our boat to us, there could be no doubt that we must go down as badly as the Major's houses. However, we hoped for the best, and gazed at the desolation inland.

Not only the Major's great plan, but all

the lower line of old Bruntsea, was knocked to pieces, and lost to knowledge in freaks of wind-lashed waters. Men and women were running about with favorite bits of furniture, or feather-beds, or babies' cradles, or whatever they had caught hold of. The butt ends of the three old streets that led down toward the sea-ground were dipped, as if playing seesaw in the surf, and the storm made gangways of them and light-houses of the lamp-posts. The old public-house at the corner was down, and the waves leaping in at the post-office door, and wrecking the globes of the chemist.

"Drift and dash, and roar and rush, and the devil let loose in the thick of it. My eyes are worn out with it. Take the glass, Erema, and tell us who is next to be washed away. A new set of clothes-pros for Mrs. Mangles I paid for the very day I came back from town."

With these words, the lord of the submarine manor (whose strength of spirit amazed me) offered his pet binocular, which he never went without upon his own domain. And fisherman Barnes, as we rose and fell, once more saved us from being "swamped" by his clever way of paddling through a scallop in the stern, with the board about the first floor front to let.

The seamen, just keeping way on the boat, sheltered their eyes with their left hands, and fixed them on the tumultuous scene.

I also gazed through the double glass, which was a very clear one; but none of us saw any human being at present in any peril.

"Old pilot was right, after all," said one; "but what a good job as it come o' middle day, and best of all of a Sunday!"

"I have heered say," replied another, "that the like thing come to pass nigh upon three hunder years ago. How did you get your things out, Jem Bishop?"

Jem, the only one of them whose house was in the havoc, regarded with a sailor's calmness the entry of the sea through his bedroom window, and was going to favor us with a narrative, when one of his mates exclaimed,

"What do I see yonner, lads? Away beyond town altogether. Seemeth to me like a fellow swimming. Miss, will you lend me spy-glass? Never seed a double-barreled one before. Can use him with one eye shut, I s'pose?"

"No good that way, Joe," cried Barnes, with a wink of superior knowledge, for he often had used this binocular. "Shut one eye for one barrel—stands to reason, then, you shut both for two, my son."

"Stow that," said the quick-eyed sailor, as he brought the glass to bear in a moment. "It is a man in the water, lads, and swimming to save the witch, I do believe."

"Bless me!" cried the Major; "how stupid of us! I never thought once of that poor

woman. She must be washed out long ago. Pull for your lives, my friends. A guinea apiece if you save her."

"And another from me," I cried. Whereupon the boat swept round, and the tough ash bent, and we rushed into no small danger. For nearly half a mile had we to pass of raging and boisterous water, almost as wild as the open sea itself at the breaches of the pebble ridge. And the risk of a heavy sea boarding us was fearfully multiplied by having thus to cross the storm instead of breasting it. Useless and helpless, and only in the way, and battered about by wind and sea, so that my Sunday dress was become a drag, what folly, what fatuity, what frenzy, I might call it, could ever have led me to jump into that boat? "I don't know. I only know that I always do it," said my sensible self to its mad sister, as they both shut their eyes at a great white wave. "If I possibly survive, I will try to know better. But ever from my childhood I am getting into scrapes."

The boat labored on, with a good many grunts, but not a word from any one. More than once we were obliged to fetch up as a great billow topped the poor shingle bank; and we took so much water on board that the men said afterward that I saved them. I only remember sitting down and working at the bucket with both hands, till much of the skin was gone, and my arms and many other places ached. But what was that to be compared with drowning?

At length we were opposite "Desolate Hole," which was a hole no longer, but filled and flooded with the churning whirl and reckless dominance of water. Tufts and tussocks of shattered brush and rolling wreck played round it, and the old gray stone of mullioned windows split the wash like mooring-posts. We passed and gazed; but the only sound was the whistling of the tempest, and the only living sight a sea-gull, weary of his wings, and drowning.

"No living creature can be there," the Major broke our long silence. "Land, my friends, if land we may. We risk our own lives for nothing."

The men lay back on their oars to fetch the gallant boat to the wind again, when through a great gap in the ruins they saw a sight that startled manhood. At the back of that ruin, on the landward side, on a wall which tottered under them, there were two figures standing. One a tall man, urging on, the other a woman shrinking. At a glance, or with a thought, I knew them both. One was Lord Castlewood's first love, the other his son and murderer.

Our men shouted with the whole power of their hearts to tell that miserable pair to wait till succor should be brought to them. And the Major stood up and waved his hat, and in doing so tumbled back again.

I can not tell—how could I tell in the thick of it?—but an idea or a flit of fancy touched me (and afterward became conviction) that while the man heard us not at all, and had no knowledge of us, his mother turned round and saw us all, and faced the storm in preference.

Whatever the cause may have been, at least she suddenly changed her attitude. The man had been pointing to the roof, which threatened to fall in a mass upon them, while she had been shuddering back from the depth of eddying waves below her. But now she drew up her poor bent figure, and leaned on her son to obey him.

Our boat, with strong arms laboring for life, swept round the old gable of the ruin; but we were compelled to "give it wide berth," as Captain Barnes shouted; and then a black squall of terrific wind and hail burst forth. We bowed our heads and drew our bodies to their tightest compass, and every rib of our boat vibrated as a violin does; and the oars were beaten flat, and dashed their drip into fringes like a small-toothed comb.

That great squall was either a whirlwind or the crowning blast of a hurricane. It beat the high waves hollow, as if it fell from the sky upon them; and it snapped off one of our oars at the hilt, so that two of our men rolled backward. And when we were able to look about again the whole roof of "Desolate Hole" was gone, and little of the walls left standing. And how we should guide our course, or even save our lives, we knew not.

We were compelled to bring up—as best we might—with the boat's head to the sea, and so to keep it by using the steering gear against the surviving oar. As for the people we were come to save, there was no chance whatever of approaching them. Even without the mishap to the oar, we never could have reached them.

And indeed when first we saw them again they seemed better off than ourselves were. For they were not far from dry land, and the man (a skillful and powerful swimmer) had a short piece of plank, which he knew how to use to support his weak companion.

"Brave fellow! fine fellow!" the Major cried, little knowing whom he was admiring. "See how he keeps up his presence of mind! Such a man as that is worth any thing. And he cares more for her than he does for himself. He shall have the Society's medal. One more long and strong stroke, my noble friend. Oh, great God! what has befallen him?"

In horror and pity we gazed. The man had been dashed against something headlong. He whirled round and round in white water, his legs were thrown up, and we saw no more of him. The woman cast off the plank, and tossed her helpless arms in search

of him. A shriek, ringing far on the billowy shore, declared that she had lost him; and then, without a struggle, she clasped her hands, and the merciless water swallowed her.

"It is all over," cried Major Hockin, lifting his drenched hat solemnly. "The Lord knoweth best. He has taken them home."

CHAPTER LV.

A DEAD LETTER.

WITH that great tornado, the wind took a leap of more points of the compass than I can tell. Barnes, the fisherman, said how many; but I might be quite wrong in repeating it. One thing, at any rate, was within my compass—it had been blowing to the top of its capacity, direct from the sea, but now it began to blow quite as hard along the shore. This rough ingratitude of wind to waves, which had followed each breath of its orders, produced extraordinary passion, and raked them into pointed wind-cocks.

"Captain, we can't live this out," cried Barnes; "we must run her ashore at once; tide has turned; we might be blown out to sea, with one oar, and then the Lord Himself couldn't save us."

Crippled as we were, we contrived to get into a creek, or backwater, near the Major's gate. Here the men ran the boat up, and we all climbed out, stiff, battered, and terrified, but doing our best to be most truly thankful.

"Go home, Captain, as fast as you can, and take the young lady along of you," said Mr. Barnes, as we stood and gazed at the weltering breadth of disaster. "We are born to the drip, but not you, Sir; and you are not so young as you was, you know."

"I am younger than ever I was," the lord of the manor answered, sternly, yet glancing back to make sure of no interruption from his better half—who had not even heard of his danger. "None of that nonsense to me, Barnes. You know your position, and I know mine. On board of that boat you took the lead, and that may have misled you. I am very much obliged to you, I am sure, for all your skill and courage, which have saved the lives of all of us. But on land you will just obey me."

"Sartinly, Captain. What's your orders?"

"Nothing at all. I give no orders. I only make suggestions. But if your experience sees a way to recover those two poor bodies, let us try it at once—at once, Barnes. Erema, run home. This is no scene for you. And tell Margaret to put on the double-bottomed boiler, with the stock she made on Friday, and a peck of patent pease. There is nothing to beat pea soup; and truly one never knows what may happen."

This was only too evident now, and nobody disobeyed him.

Running up his "drive" to deliver that message, at one of the many bends I saw people from Bruntsea hurrying along a foot-path through the dairy-farm. While the flood continued this was their only way to meet the boat's crew. On the steps of "Smuggler's Castle" (as Bruntlands House was still called by the wicked) I turned again, and the new sea-line was fringed with active searchers. I knew what they were looking for, but, scared and drenched and shivering as I was, no more would I go near them. My duty was rather to go in and comfort dear Aunt Mary and myself. In that melancholy quest I could do no good, but a great deal of harm, perhaps, if any thing was found, by breaking forth about it.

Mrs. Hockin had not the least idea of the danger we had encountered. Bailiff Hopkins had sent her home in Rasper's fly by an inland road, and she kept a good scolding quite ready for her husband, to distract his mind from disaster. That trouble had happened she could not look out of her window without knowing; but could it be right, at their time of life, to stand in the wet so, and challenge Providence, and spoil the first turkey-poult of the season?

But when she heard of her husband's peril, in the midst of all his losses, his self-command, and noble impulse first of all to rescue life, she burst into tears, and hugged and kissed me, and said the same thing nearly fifty times.

"Just like him. Just like my Nicholas. You thought him a speculative, selfish man. Now you see your mistake, Erema."

When her veteran husband came home at last (thoroughly jaded, and bringing his fishermen to gulp the pea soup and to gollap the turkey), a small share of mind, but a large one of heart, is required to imagine her doings. Enough that the Major kept saying, "Pooh-pooh!" and the more he said, the less he got of it.

When feelings calmed down, and we returned to facts, our host and hero (who, in plain truth, had not so wholly eclipsed me in courage, though of course I expected no praise, and got none, for people hate courage in a lady), to put it more simply, the Major himself, making a considerable fuss, as usual—for to my mind he never could be Uncle Sam—produced from the case of his little "Church Service," to which he had stuck like a Briton, a sealed and stamped letter, addressed to me at Castlewood, in Berkshire—"stamped," not with any post-office tool, but merely with the red thing which pays the English post.

Sodden and blurred as the writing was, I knew the clear, firm hand, the same which on the envelope at Shoxford had tempted

me to meanness. This letter was from Thomas Hoyle; the Major had taken it from the pocket of his corpse; all doubt about his death was gone. When he felt his feet on the very shore, and turned to support his mother, a violent wave struck the back of his head upon Major Hockin's pillar-box.

Such sadness came into my heart—though sternly it should have been gladness—that I begged their pardon, and went away, as if with a private message. And wicked as it may have been, to read was more than once to cry. The letter began abruptly:

"You know nearly all my story now. I have only to tell you what brought me to you, and what my present offer is. But to make it clear, I must enlarge a little.

"There was no compact of any kind between your father and myself. He forbore at first to tell what he must have known, partly, perhaps, to secure my escape, and partly for other reasons. If he had been brought to trial, his duty to his family and himself would have led him, no doubt, to explain things. And if that had failed, I would have returned and surrendered myself. As things happened, there was no need.

"Through bad luck, with which I had nothing to do, though doubtless the whole has been piled on my head, your father's home was destroyed, and he seems to have lost all care for every thing. Yet how much better off was he than I! Upon me the curse fell at birth; upon him, after thirty years of ease and happiness. However, for that very reason, perhaps, he bore it worse than I did. He grew embittered against the world, which had in no way ill-treated him; whereas its very first principle is to scorn all such as I am. He seems to have become a misanthrope, and a fatalist like myself. Though it might almost make one believe the existence of such a thing as justice to see pride pay for its wickedness thus—the injury to the outcast son recoil upon the pampered one, and the family arrogance crown itself with the ignominy of the family.

"In any case, there was no necessity for my interference; and being denied by fate all sense of duty to a father, I was naturally driven to double my duty to my mother, whose life was left hanging upon mine. So we two for many years wandered about, shunning islands and insular prejudice. I also shunned your father, though (so far as I know) he neither sought me nor took any trouble to clear himself. If the one child now left him had been a son, heir to the family property and so on, he might have behaved quite otherwise, and he would have been bound to do so. But having only a female child, who might never grow up, and, if she did, was very unlikely to succeed, he must have resolved at least to wait. And perhaps he confirmed himself with the reflection that even if people believed his tale (so

long after date and so unvouched), so far as family annals were concerned, the remedy would be as bad as the disease. Moreover, he owed his life to me, at great risk of my own; and to pay such a debt with the hangman's rope would scarcely appear quite honorable, even in the best society.

"It is not for me to pretend to give his motives, although from my knowledge of his character I can guess them pretty well, perhaps. We went our several ways in the world, neither of us very fortunate.

"One summer, in the Black Forest, I fell in with an outcast Englishman, almost as great a vagabond as myself. He was under the ban of the law for writing his father's name without license. He did not tell me that, or perhaps even I might have despised him, for I never was dishonest. But one great bond there was between us—we both detested laws and men. My intimacy with him is the one thing in life which I am ashamed of. He passed by a false name then, of course. But his true name was Montague Hockin. My mother was in very weak health then, and her mind for the most part clouded; and I need not say that she knew nothing of what I had done for her sake. That man pretended to take the greatest interest in her condition, and to know a doctor at Baden who could cure her.

"We avoided all cities (as he knew well), and lived in simple villages, subsisting partly upon my work, and partly upon the little income left by my grandfather, Thomas Hoyle. But, compared with Hockin, we were well off; and he did his best to swindle us. Luckily all my faith in mankind was confined to the feminine gender, and not much even of that survived. In a very little time I saw that people may repudiate law as well from being below as from being above it.

"Then he came one night, with the finest style and noblest contempt of every thing. We must prepare ourselves for great news, and all our kindness to him would be repaid tenfold in a week or two. Let me go into Freyburg that time to-morrow night, and listen. I asked him nothing as to what he meant, for I was beginning to weary of him, as of every body. However, I thought it just worth while, having some one who bought my wicker-work, to enter the outskirts of the town on the following evening, and wait to be told if any news was stirring. And the people were amazed at my not knowing that last night the wife of an English lord—for so they called him, though no lord yet—had run away with a golden-bearded man, believed to be also English.

"About that you know more, perhaps, than I do. But I wish you to know what that Hockin was, and to clear myself of complicity. Of Herbert Castlewood I knew nothing, and I never even saw the lady. And to say (as Sir Montague Hockin has

said) that I plotted all that wickedness, from spite toward all of the Castlewood name, is to tell as foul a lie as even he can well indulge in.

"It need not be said that he does not know my story from any word of mine. To such a fellow I was not likely to commit my mother's fate. But he seems to have guessed at once that there was something strange in my history; and then, after spying and low prying at my mother, to have shaped his own conclusion. Then, having entirely under his power that young fool who left a kind husband for him, he conceived a most audacious scheme. This was no less than to rob your cousin, the last Lord Castlewood, not of his wife and jewels and ready money only, but also of all the disposable portion of the Castlewood estates. For the lady's mother had taken good care, like a true Hungarian, to have all the lands settled upon her daughter, so far as the husband could deal with them. And though, at the date of the marriage, he could not really deal at all with them—your father being still alive—it appears that his succession (when it afterward took place) was bound, at any rate, as against himself. A divorce might have canceled this—I can not say—but your late cousin was the last man in the world to incur the needful exposure. Upon this they naturally counted.

"The new 'Lady Hockin' (as she called herself, with as much right as 'Lady Castlewood') flirted about while her beauty lasted; but even then found her master in a man of deeper wickedness. But if her poor husband desired revenge—which he does not seem to have done, perhaps—he could not have had it better. She was seized with a loathsome disease, which devoured her beauty, like Herod and his glory. I believe that she still lives, but no one can go near her; least of all, the fastidious Montague."

At this part of the letter I drew a deep breath, and exclaimed, "Thank God!" I know not how many times; and perhaps it was a crime of me to do it even once.

"Finding his nice prospective game destroyed by this little accident—for he meant to have married the lady after her husband's death, and set you at defiance; but even he could not do that now, little as he cares for opinion—what did he do but shift hands altogether? He made up his mind to confer the honor of his hand on you, having seen you somewhere in London, and his tactics became the very opposite of what they had been hitherto. Your father's innocence now must be maintained instead of his guiltiness.

"With this in view, he was fool enough to set the detective police after me—me, who could snap all their noses off! For he saw how your heart was all set on one

thing, and expected to have you his serf forever, by the simple expedient of hanging me. The detectives failed, as they always do. He also failed in his overtures to you.

"You did your utmost against me also, for which I bear you no ill-will, but rather admire your courage. You acted in a straightforward way, and employed no dirty agency. Of your simple devices I had no fear. However, I thought it as well to keep an eye upon that Hockin, and a worthy old fool, some relation of his, who had brought you back from America. To this end I kept my head-quarters near him, and established my mother comfortably. She was ordered sea air, and has had enough. To-morrow I shall remove her. By the time you receive this letter we shall both be far away, and come back no more; but first I shall punish that Hockin. Without personal violence this will be done.

"Now what I propose to you is simple, moderate, and most strictly just. My mother's little residue of life must pass in ease and comfort. She has wronged no one, but ever been wronged. Allow her £300 a year, to be paid as I shall direct you. For myself I will not take a farthing. You will also restore, as I shall direct, the trinket upon which she sets great value, and for which I sought vainly when we came back to England. I happen to know that you have it now.

"In return for these just acts, you have the right to set forth the whole truth publicly, to proclaim your father's innocence, and (as people will say) his chivalry; and, which will perhaps rejoice you also, to hear no more of

THOMAS HOYLE.

"P.S.—Of course I am trusting your honor in this. But your father's daughter can be no sneak; as indeed I have already proved."

CHAPTER LVI.

WITH HIS OWN SWORD.

"WHAT a most wonderful letter!" cried the Major, when, after several careful perusals, I thought it my duty to show it to him. "He calls me a 'worthy old fool,' does he? Well, I call him something a great deal worse—an unworthy skulk, a lunatic, a subverter of rank, and a Radical! And because he was a bastard, is the whole world base? And to come and live like that in a house of mine, and pay me no rent, and never even let me see him! Your grandfather was quite right, my dear, in giving him the cold shoulder. Of course you won't pay him a farthing."

"You forget that he is dead," I answered, "and his poor mother with him. At least he behaved well to his mother. You called

him a hero—when you knew not who he was. Poor fellow, he is dead! And, in spite of all, I can not help being very sorry for him."

"Yes, I dare say. Women always are. But you must show a little common-sense, Erema. Your grandfather seems to have had too much, and your father far too little. We must keep this matter quiet. Neither the man nor the woman must we know, or a nice stir we shall have in all the county papers. There must be an inquest, of course, upon them both; but none of the fellows read this direction, for the admirable reason that they can not read. Our coming forward could do no good, and just now Bruntsea has other things to think of; and, first and foremost, my ruin, as they say."

"Please not to talk of that," I exclaimed. "I can raise any quantity of money now, and you shall have it without paying interest. You wanted the course of the river restored, and now you have more—you have got the very sea. You could float the *Bridal Veil* itself, I do believe, at Bruntsea."

"You have suggested a fine idea," the Major exclaimed, with emphasis. "You certainly should have been an engineer. It is a thousand times easier—as every body knows—to keep water in than to keep it out. Having burst my barricade, the sea shall stop inside and pay for it. Far less capital will be required. By Jove, what a fool I must have been not to see the hand of Providence in all this! Mary, can you spare me a minute, my dear? The noblest idea has occurred to me. Well, never mind, if you are busy; perhaps I had better not state it crudely, though it is not true that it happens every hour. I shall turn it over in my mind throughout the evening service. I mean to be there, just to let them see. They think that I am crushed, of course. They will see their mistake; and, Erema, you may come. The gale is over, and the evening bright. You sit by the fire, Mary, my dear; I shall not let you out again; keep the silver kettle boiling. In church I always think more clearly than where people talk so much. But when I come home I require something. I see, I see. Instead of an idle, fashionable lounging-place for nincompoops from London, instead of flirtation and novel-reading, vulgarity, show, and indecent attire, and positively immoral bathing, we will now have industry, commerce, wealth, triumph of mechanism, lofty enterprise, and international good-will. A harbor has been the great want of this coast; see what a thing it is at Newport! We will now have a harbor and floating docks, without any muddy, malarious river—all blue water from the sea; and our fine cliff range shall be studded with good houses. And the whole shall be called 'Erema-port.'"

Well, Erema must be getting very near her port, although it was not at Bruntsea. Enough for this excellent man and that still more excellent woman that there they are, as busy and as happy as the day is long—which imposes some limit upon happiness, perhaps, inasmuch as to the busy every day is short. But Mrs. Hockin, though as full of fowls as ever, gets no White Sultans nor any other rarity now from Sir Montague Hockin. That gentleman still is alive—so far, at least, as we have heard of; but no people owning any self-respect ever deal with him, to their knowledge. He gambled away all his father's estates, and the Major bought the last of them for his youngest son, a very noble Captain Hockin (according to his mother's judgment), whom I never had the honor of seeing. Sir Montague lives in a sad plight somewhere, and his cousin still hopes that he may turn honest.

But as to myself and far greater persons, still there are a few words to be said. As soon as all necessary things were done at Bruntsea and at Castlewood, and my father's memory cleared from all stain, and by simple truth ennobled, in a manner strictly legal and consistent with heavy expenses, myself having made a long deposition and received congratulations—as soon as it was possible, I left them all, and set sail for America.

The rashness of such a plan it is more easy for one to establish than two to deny. But what was there in it of peril or of enterprise compared with what I had been through already? I could not keep myself now from going, and reasoned but little about it.

Meanwhile there had been no further tidings of Colonel Gundry or Firm, or even Martin of the Mill himself. But one thing I did which showed some little foresight. As soon as my mind was made up, and long before ever I could get away, I wrote to Martin Clogfast, telling him of my intention, and begging him, if he had any idea of the armies, or the Sawyer, or even Firm, or any thing whatever of interest, to write (without losing a day) to me, directing his letter to a house in New York whose address Major Hockin gave me.

So many things had to be done, and I listened so foolishly to the Major (who did his very best to stop me), that it came to be May, 1862 (nearly four years after my father's death), before I could settle all my plans and start. For every body said that I was much too young to take such a journey all by myself, and "what every body says must be right," whenever there is no exception to prove the rule. "Aunt Marys" are not to be found every day, nor even Major Hockins; and this again helped to throw me back in getting away from England. And but for his vast engineering ideas, and another slight

touch of rheumatic gout (brought upon herself by Mrs. Hockin through setting seven hens in one evening), the Major himself might have come with me, "to observe the new military tactics," as well as to look for his cousin Sampson.

In recounting this I seem to be as long as the thing itself was in accomplishing. But at last it was done, and most kindly was I offered the very thing to suit me—permission to join the party of a well-known British officer, Colonel Cheriton, of the Engineers. This gentleman, being of the highest repute as a writer upon military subjects, had leave from the Federal government to observe the course of this tremendous war. And perhaps he will publish some day what seems as yet to be wholly wanting—a calm and impartial narrative of that unparalleled conflict. At any rate, he meant to spare no trouble in a matter so instructive, and he took his wife and two daughters—very nice girls, who did me a world of good—to establish them in Washington, or wherever the case might require.

Lucky as this was for me, I could not leave my dear and faithful friends without deep sorrow; but we all agreed that it should be only for a very little time. We landed first at New York, and there I found two letters from Martin of the Mill. In the first he grumbled much, and told me that nothing was yet known about Uncle Sam; in the second he grumbled (if possible) more, but gave me some important news. To wit, he had received a few lines from the Sawyer, who had failed as yet to find his grandson, and sadly lamented the misery he saw, and the shocking destruction of God's good works. He said that he could not bring himself to fight (even if he were young enough) against his own dear countrymen, one of whom was his own grandson; at the same time he felt that they must be put down for trying to have things too much their own way. About slavery, he had seen too much of niggers to take them at all for his equals, and no white man with any self-respect would desire to be their brother. The children of Ham were put down at the bottom, as their noses and their lips pronounced, according to Divine revelation; and for sons of Japheth to break up the noblest nation in the world, on their account, was like rushing in to inherit their curse. As sure as his name was Sampson Gundry, those who had done it would get the worst, though as yet they were doing wonders. And there could be no doubt about one thing—which party it was that began it. But come what would of it, here he was; and never would Saw-mills see him again unless he brought Firm Gundry. But he wanted news of poor Miss 'Rema; and if any came to the house, they must please to send it to the care of Colonel Baker, headquarters of the Army of the Potomac.

This was the very thing I wished to know, and I saw now how stupid I must have been not to have thought of it long ago. For Colonel Baker was, to my knowledge, an ancient friend of Uncle Sam, and had joined the national army at the very outbreak of the war. Well known not only in California, but throughout the States, for gallantry and conduct, this officer had been a great accession to the Federal cause, when so many wavered, and so he was appointed to a good command. But, alas! when I told Colonel Cheriton my news, I learned from him (who had carefully watched all the incidents of the struggle) that Uncle Sam's noble friend had fallen in the battle of Ball's Bluff, while charging at the head of his regiment.

Still, there was hope that some of the officers might know where to find Uncle Sam, who was not at all a man to be mislaid; and being allowed to accompany my English friends, I went on to Washington. We found that city in a highly nervous state, and from time to time ready to be captured. General Jackson was almost at the gates, and the President every day was calling out for men. The Army of Virginia had been beaten back to intrenchments before the capital, and General Lee was invading Maryland. Battle followed battle, thick as blows upon a threshing-floor, and though we were always said to be victorious, the enemy seemed none the more to run away. In this confusion, what chance had I of discovering even the Sawyer?

Colonel Cheriton (who must have found me a dreadful thorn in the flank of his strategy) missed no opportunity of inquiry, as he went from one valley to another. For the war seemed to run along the course of rivers, though it also passed through the forests and lakes, and went up into the mountains. Our wonderfully clever and kind member of the British army was delighted with the movements of General Lee, who alone showed scientific elegance in slaying his fellow-countrymen; and the worst of it was that instead of going after my dear Uncle Sam, Colonel Cheriton was always rushing about with maps, plans, and telescopes, to follow the tracery of Lee's campaign. To treat of such matters is far beyond me, as I am most thankful to confess. Neither will I dare to be sorry for a great man doing what became his duty. My only complaint against him is that he kept us in a continual fright.

However, this went by, and so did many other things, though heavily laden with grief and death; and the one thing we learned was to disbelieve ninety-nine out of every hundred. Letters for the Sawyer were dispatched by me to every likely place for him, and advertisements put into countless newspapers, but none of them seemed to go near him. Old as he was, he avoided feath-

er-beds, and roamed like a true Californian. But at last I found him, in a sad, sad way.

It was after the battle of Chancellorsville, and our army had been driven back across the Rappahannock. "Our army," I call it, because (although we belonged to neither party) fortune had brought us into contact with these, and knowing more about them, we were bound to take their side. And not only that, but to me it appeared altogether beyond controversy that a man of large mind and long experience (such as Uncle Sam had) should know much better than his grandson which cause was the one to fight for. At the same time Firm was not at all to be condemned. And if it was true, as Martin Clogfast said, that trouble of mind at my absence had driven him into a prejudiced view, nothing could possibly be more ungracious than for me to make light of his judgment.

Being twenty years old by this time, I was wiser than I used to be, and now made a practice of thinking twice before rushing into peril, as I used to do in California, and to some extent also in England. For though my adventures might not have been as strange as many I myself have heard of (especially from Suan Isco), nevertheless they had comprised enough of teaching and suffering also to make me careful about having any more. And so for a long time I kept at the furthest distance possible, in such a war, from the vexing of the air with cannons, till even Colonel Cheriton's daughters—perfectly soft and peaceful girls—began to despise me as a coward. Knowing what I had been through, I indulged their young opinions.

Therefore they were the more startled when I set forth under a sudden impulse, or perhaps impatience, for a town very near the head-quarters of the defeated General Hooker. As they were so brave, I asked them whether they would come with me; but although their father was known to be there, they turned pale at the thought of it. This pleased me, and made me more resolute to go; and in three days' time I was at Falmouth, a town on our side of the Rappahannock.

Here I saw most miserable sights that made me ashamed of all trifling fear. When hundreds and thousands of gallant men were dying in crippled agony, who or what was I to make any fuss about my paltry self? Clumsy as I was, some kind and noble ladies taught me how to give help among the sufferers.

At first I cried so at every body's pain, while asking why ever they should have it, that I did some good by putting them up to bear it rather than distress me so. And when I began to command myself (as custom soon enabled me), I did some little good again by showing them how I cared for them.

Their poor weak eyes, perhaps never expecting to see a nice thing in the world again, used to follow me about with a faint, slow roll, and a feeble spark of jealousy.

That I should have had such a chance of doing good, onefold to others and a thousandfold to self, at this turn of life, when I was full of little me, is another of the many most clear indications of a kind hand over me. Every day there was better than a year of ordinary life in breaking the mind from its little selfish turns, and opening the heart to a larger power. And all this discipline was needed.

For one afternoon, when we all were tired, with great heat upon us suddenly, and the flies beginning to be dreadful, our chief being rather unwell and fast asleep, the surgeons away, and our beds as full as they could be, I was called down to reason with an applicant who would take no denial. "A rough man, a very rough old man, and in a most terrible state of mind," said the girl who brought the message; "and room he would have, or he would know the reason."

"The reason is not far to seek," I answered, more to myself than her, as I ran down the stairs to discomfit that old man. At the open door, with the hot wind tossing worn white curls and parching shriveled cheeks, now wearily raising his battered hat, stood my dear Uncle Sam, the Sawyer.

"Lor' a massy! young lady, be you altogether daft? In my best of days, never was I lips for kissing. And the bootifulest creature— Come now, I ain't saved your life, have I now?"

"Yes, fifty times over—fifty thousand times. Uncle Sam, don't you know Erema?"

"My eyes be dashed! And dashed they be, to forget the look of yours, my dearie. Seven days have I marched without thanking the Lord; and hot coals of fire has He poured upon me now, for His mercy endureth forever. To think of you—to think of you—as like my own child as could be—only of more finer breed—here standing in front of me, like this here! There! I never dreamed to do that again, and would scorn a young man at the sight of it."

The Sawyer was too honest to conceal that he was weeping. He simply turned his tanned and weathered face toward the door-post, not to hide his tears, but reconcile his pride by feigning it. I felt that he must be at very low ebb, and all that I had seen of other people's sorrow had no power to assuage me. Inside the door, to keep the hot wind out and hide my eyes from the old man's face, I had some little quiet sobs, until we could both express ourselves.

"It is poor Firm, the poor, poor lad!—oh, what hath happened him? That I should see the day!"

Uncle Sam's deep voice broke into a moan, and he bowed his rough forehead on his arm, and shook. Then I took him by the sleeve and brought him in.

"Not dead—poor Firm, your only one—not dead?" as soon as words would come, I asked, and trembled for the opening of his lips.

"Not dead—not quite; but ten times worse. He hath flown into the face of the Lord, like Saul and his armor-bearer; he hath fallen on his own sword; and the worst of it is that the darned thing won't come out again."

"Firm—the last person in the world to do it! Oh, Uncle Sam, surely they have told you—"

"No lies—no lie at all, my dear. And not only that, but he wanteth now to die—and won't be long first, I reckon. But no time to lose, my dear. The Lord hath sent you to make him happy in his leaving of the world. Can 'e raise a bed and a doctor here? If he would but groan, I could bear it a bit, instead of bleeding inward. And for sartin sure, a' would groan nicely, if only by force of habit, at first sight of a real doctor."

"There are half a dozen here," I said; "or at least close by. He shall have my own bed. But where is he?"

"We have laid 'un in the sand," he answered, simply, "for to dry his perspiration. That weak the poor chap is that he streameth night and day, miss. Never would you know him for our Firm now, any more than me for Sampson Gundry. Ah me! but the Lord is hard on us!"

Slowly and heavily he went his way to fetch poor Firm to the hospital; while, with light feet but a heavy heart, I returned to arouse our managers. Speedily and well were all things done; and in half an hour Firm lay upon my bed, with two of the cleverest surgeons of New York most carefully examining his wasted frame. These whispered and shook their heads, as in such a case was indispensable; and listening eagerly, I heard the senior surgeon say, "No, he could never bear it." The younger man seemed to think otherwise, but to give way to the longer experience. Then dear Uncle Sam, having bought a new hat at the corner of the street, came forward. Knowing too well what excitement is, and how it changes every one, I lifted my hand for him to go back; but he only put his great hot web of fingers into mine, and drew me to him softly, and covered me up with his side. "He heareth nort, nort, nort," he whispered to me; and then spoke aloud:

"Gentlemen and ladies—or ladies and gentlemen, is the more correct form nowadays—have I leave to say a word or two? Then if I have, as your manner to me showeth, and heartily thanking you for that same, my words shall go into an acorn-cup. This lad, laid out at your mercy here, was as fine

a young fellow as the West hath ever raised—straight and nimble, and could tell no lie. Family reasons, as you will excoose of, drew him to the arms of rebellion. I may have done, and overdone it myself, in arguing cantrips and convictions, whereof to my knowledge good never came yet. At any rate, off he went anyhow, and the force of nature drew me after him. No matter that to you, I dare say; but it would be, if you was in it.

"Ladies and gentlemen, here he is, and no harm can you make out of him. Although he hath fought for the wrong side to our thinking, bravely hath he fought, and made his way to a colonelship, worth five thousand dollars, if ever they pay their wages. Never did I think that he would earn so much, having never owned gifts of machinery; and concerning the handling of the dollars, perhaps, will carry my opinion out. But where was I wandering of a little thing like that?"

"It hath pleased the Lord, who doeth all things well, when finally come to look back upon—the Lord hath seen fit to be down on this young man for going agin his grandfather. From Californy—a free State, mind you—he come away to fight for slavery. And how hath he magnified his office? By shooting the biggest man on that side, the almighty foe of the Union, the foremost captain of Midian—the general in whom they trusted. No bullets of ours could touch him; but by his own weapons he hath fallen. And soon as Ephraim Gundry heard it, he did what you see done to him."

Uncle Sam having said his say—which must have cost him dearly—withdrew from the bed where his grandson's body lay shrunken, lax, and grimy. To be sure that it was Firm, I gave one glance—for Firm had always been straight, tall, and large—and then, in a miserable mood, I stole to the Sawyer's side to stand with him. "Am I to blame? Is this my fault? For even this am I to blame?" I whispered; but he did not heed me, and his hands were like hard stone.

After a long, hot, heavy time, while I was laboring vainly, the Sawyer also (through exhaustion of excitement) weary, and afraid to begin again with new bad news, as beaten people expect to do, the younger surgeon came up to him, and said, "Will you authorize it?"

"To cut 'un up? To show your museums what a Western lad is? Never. By the Blue River he shall have a good grave. So help me God, to my own, my man!"

"You misunderstand me. We have more subjects now than we should want for fifty years. War knocks the whole of their value on the head. We have fifty bodies as good as this, and are simply obliged to bury them. What I mean is, shall we pull the blade out?"

"Can he do any thing with that there blade in him? I have heard of a man in Kentucky once—"

"Yes, yes; we know all those stories, Colonel—suit the newspapers, not the journals. This fellow has what must kill him inside; he is worn to a shadow already. If there it is left, die he must, and quick stick; inflammation is set up already. If we extract it, his chance of surviving is scarcely one in a hundred."

"Let him have the one, then, the one in the hundred, like the ninety and nine lost sheep. The Lord can multiply a hundredfold—some threescore, and some an hundredfold. I will speak to Him, gentlemen, while you try the job."

CHAPTER LVII.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

ALL that could be done by skill and care and love, was done for Firm. Our lady manager and head nurse never left him when she could be spared, and all the other ladies vied in zeal for this young soldier, so that I could scarcely get near him. His grandfather's sad and extraordinary tale was confirmed by a wounded prisoner. Poor Ephraim Gundry's rare power of sight had been fatal perhaps to the cause he fought for, or at least to its greatest captain. Returning from desperate victory, the general, wrapped in the folds of night, and perhaps in the gloom of his own stern thoughts, while it seemed quite impossible that he should be seen, encountered the fire of his own troops; and the order to fire was given by his favorite officer, Colonel Firm Gundry. When the young man learned that he had destroyed, by a lingering death, the chief idol of his heart, he called for a rifle, but all refused him, knowing too well what his purpose was. Then under the trees, without a word or sigh, he set the hilt of his sword upon the earth, and the point to his heart—as well as he could find it. The blade passed through him, and then snapped off— But I can not bear to speak of it.

And now, few people might suppose it, but the substance of which he was made will be clear, when not only his own knowledge of his case but also the purest scientific reasoning established a truth more frankly acknowledged in the New World than in the Old one. It was proved that, with a good constitution, it is safer to receive two wounds than one, even though they may not be at the same time taken. Firm had been shot by the captain of Mexican robbers, as long ago related. He was dreadfully pulled down at the time, and few people could have survived it. But now that stood him in the very best stead, not only as a lesson of patience, but also in the question

of cartilage. But not being certain what cartilage is, I can only refer inquirers to the note-book of the hospital, which has been printed.

For us it was enough to know that (shattered as he was and must be) this brave and single-minded warrior struggled for the time successfully with that great enemy of the human race, to whom the human race so largely consign one another and themselves. But some did say, and emphatically Uncle Sam, that Colonel Firm Gundry—for a colonel he was now, not by courtesy, but commission—would never have held up his head to do it, but must have gone on with his ravings for death, if somebody had not arrived in the nick of time, and cried over him—a female somebody from old England.

And, even after that, they say that he never would have cared to be a man again, never would have calmed his conscience with the reflection, so commonplace and yet so high—that having done our best according to our lights, we must not dwell always on our darkness—if once again, and for the residue of life, there had not been some one to console him—a consolation that need not have, and is better without, pure reason, coming, as that would come, from a quarter whence it is never quite welcome. Enough for me that he never laid hand to a weapon of war again, and never shall unless our own home is invaded.

For after many months—each equal to a year of teaching and of humbling—there seemed to be a good time for me to get away and attend to my duties in England. Of these I had been reminded often by letters, and once by a messenger; but all money matters seemed dust in the balance where life and death were swinging. But now Uncle Sam and his grandson, having their love knit afresh by disaster, were eager to start for the Saw-mill, and trust all except their own business to Providence.

I had told them that, when they went westward, my time would be come for starting eastward; and being unlikely to see them again, I should hope for good news frequently. And then I got dear Uncle Sam by himself, and begged him, for the sake of Firm's happiness, to keep him as far as he could from Pennsylvania Sylvester. At the same time I thought that the very nice young lady who jumped upon his nose from the window, Miss Annie—I forgot her name, or at any rate I told him so—would make him a good straightforward wife, so far as one could tell from having seen her. And that seemed to have been settled in their infancy. And if he would let me know when it was to be, I had seen a thing in London I should like to give them.

When I asked the Sawyer to see to this, instead of being sorry, he seemed quite

pleased, and nodded sagaciously, and put his hat on, as he generally did, to calculate.

"Both of them gals have married long ago," he said, looking at me with a fine soft gaze; "and bad handfuls their mates have got of them. But what made you talk of them, missy—or 'my lady,' as now you are in old country, I hear—what made you think of them like that, my dearie?"

"I can't tell what made me think of them. How can I tell why I think of every thing?"

"Still, it was an odd thing for your ladyship to say."

"Uncle Sam, I am nobody's ladyship, least of all yours. What makes you speak so? I am your own little wandering child, whose life you saved, and whose father you loved, and who loses all who love her. Even from you I am forced to go away. Oh, why is it always my fate—my fate?"

"Hush!" said the old man; and I stopped my outburst at his whisper. "To talk of fate, my dearie, shows either one thing or the other—that we have no will of our own, or else that we know not how to guide it. I never knew a good man talk of fate. The heathens and the pagans made it. The Lord in heaven is enough for me; and He always hath allowed me my own free-will, though I may not have handled 'un cleverly. And He giveth you your own will now, my missy—to go from us or to stop with us. And being as you are a very grand young woman now, owning English land and income paid in gold instead of greenbacks—the same as our nugget seems likely—to my ideas it would be wrong if we was so much as to ask you."

"Is that what you are full of, then, and what makes you so mysterious? I did think that you knew me better, and I had a right to hope so."

"Concerning of yourself alone is not what we must think of. You might do this, or you might do that, according to what you was told, or, even more, according to what was denied you. For poor honest people, like Firm and me, to deal with such a case is out of knowledge. For us it is—go by the will of the Lord, and dead agin your own desires."

"But, dear Uncle Sam," I cried, feeling that now I had him upon his own tenter-hooks, "you rebuked me as sharply as lies in your nature for daring to talk about fate just now; but to what else comes your own conduct, if you are bound to go against your own desire? If you have such a lot of free-will, why must you do what you do not like to do?"

"Well, well, perhaps I was talking rather large. The will of the world is upon us as well. And we must have respect for its settlements."

"Now let me," I said, with a trembling

wish to have every thing right and maidenly. "I have seen so much harm from misunderstandings, and they are so simple when it is too late—let me ask you one or two questions, Uncle Sam. You always answer every body. And to you a crooked answer is impossible."

"Business is business," the Sawyer said. "My dear, I contract accordingly."

"Very well. Then, in the first place, what do you wish to have done with me? Putting aside all the gossip, I mean, of people who have never even heard of me."

"Why, to take you back to Saw-mill with us, where you always was so natural."

"In the next place, what does your grandson wish?"

"To take you back to Saw-mill with him, and keep you there till death do you part, as chanceth to all mortal pairs."

"And now, Uncle Sam, what do I wish? You say we all have so much free-will."

"It is natural that you should wish, my dear, to go and be a great lady, and marry a nobleman of your own rank, and have a lot of little noblemen."

"Then I fly against nature; and the fault is yours for filling me so with machinery."

The Sawyer was beaten, and he never said again that a woman can not argue.

CHAPTER LVIII.

BEYOND DESERT, AND DESERTS.

FROM all the carnage, havoc, ruin, hatred, and fury of that wicked war we set our little convoy forth, with passes procured from either side. According to all rules of war, Firm was no doubt a prisoner; but having saved his life, and taken his word to serve no more against them, remembering also that he had done them more service than ten regiments, the Federal authorities were not sorry to be quit of him.

He, for his part, being of a deep, retentive nature, bore in his wounded breast a sorrow which would last his lifetime. To me he said not a single word about his bitter fortune, and he could not bring himself to ask me whether I would share it. Only from his eyes sometimes I knew what he was thinking; and having passed through so much grief, I was moved with deep compassion. Poor Firm had been trained by his grandfather to a strong, earnest faith in Providence, and now this compelled him almost to believe that he had been specially visited. For flying in the face of his good grandfather, and selfishly indulging his own stiff neck, his punishment had been hard, and almost heavier than he could bear. Whatever might happen to him now, the spring and the flower of his life were gone; he still might have some calm existence,

but never win another day of cloudless joy. And if he had only said this, or thought about it, we might have looked at him with less sadness of our own.

But he never said any thing about himself, nor gave any opening for our comfort to come to him. Only from day to day he behaved gently and lovingly to both of us, as if his own trouble must be fought out by himself, and should dim no other happiness. And this kept us thinking of his sorrow all the more, so that I could not even look at him without a flutter of the heart, which was afraid to be a sigh.

At last, upon the great mountain range, through which we now were toiling, with the snow little more than a mantle for the peaks, and a sparkling veil for sunrise, dear Uncle Sam, who had often shown signs of impatience, drew me apart from the rest. Straightforward and blunt as he generally was, he did not seem altogether ready to begin, but pulled off his hat, and then put it on again, the weather being now cold and hot by turns. And while he did this he was thinking at his utmost, as every full vein of his forehead declared. And being at home with his ways, I waited.

"Think you got ahead of me? No, not you," he exclaimed at last, in reply to some version of his own of my ideas, which I carefully made a nonentity under the scrutiny of his keen blue eyes. "No, no, missy; you wait a bit. Uncle Sam was not hatched yesterday, and it takes fifty young ladies to go round him."

"Is that from your size, Uncle Sam, or your depth?"

"Well, a mixture of both, I do believe. Now the last thing you ever would think of, if you lived to be older than Washington's nurse, is the very thing I mean to put to you. Only you must please to take it well, according to my meaning. You see our Firm going to a shadow, don't you? Very well; the fault of that is all yourn. Why not up and speak to him?"

"I speak to him every day, Uncle Sam, and I spare no efforts to fatten him. I am sure I never dreamed of becoming such a cook. But soon he will have Suan Iseo."

"Old Injun be darned! It's not the stomach, it's the heart as wants nourishment with yon poor lad. He looketh that pitiful at you sometimes, my faith, I can hardly tell whether to laugh at his newings or cry at the lean face that does it."

"You are not talking like yourself, Uncle Sam. And he never does any thing of the kind. I am sure there is nothing to laugh at."

"No, no; to be sure not. I made a mistake. Heroic is the word, of course—every thing is heroic."

"It is heroic," I answered, with some vexation at his lightness. "If you can not see

it, I am sorry for you. I like large things; and I know of nothing larger than the way poor Firm is going on."

"You to stand up for him!" Colonel Gundry answered, as if he could scarcely look at me. "You to talk large of him, my Lady Castlewood, while you are doing of his heart into small wittles! Well, I did believe, if no one else, that you were a straightforward one."

"And what am I doing that is crooked now?"

"Well, not to say crooked, Miss 'Rema; no, no. Only onconsistent, when squared up."

"Uncle Sam, you're a puzzle to me to-day. What is inconsistent? What is there to square up?"

He fetched a long breath, and looked wondrous wise. Then, as if his main object was to irritate me, he made a long stride, and said, "Soup's a-bilin now."

"Let it boil over, then. You must say what you mean. Oh, Uncle Sam, I only want to do the right!"

"I dessay. I dessay. But have you got the pluck, miss? Our little missy would 'a done more than that. But come to be great lady—why, they take another tune. With much mind, of course it might be otherwise. But none of 'em have any much of that to spare."

"Your view is a narrow one," I replied, knowing how that would astonish him. "You judge by your own experience only; and to do that shows a sad want of breadth, as the ladies in England express it."

The Sawyer stared, and then took off his hat, and then felt all about for his spectacles. The idea of being regarded by a "female" from a larger and loftier point of view, made a new sensation in his system.

"Yes," I continued, with some enjoyment, "let us try to look largely at all things, Uncle Sam. And supposing me capable of that, what is the proper and the lofty course to take?"

He looked at me with a strange twinkle in his eyes, and with three words discomfited me—"Pop the question."

Much as I had heard of woman's rights, equality of body and mind with man, and superiority in morals, it did not appear to me that her privilege could be driven to this extent. But I shook my head till all my hair came down; and so if our constitutional right of voting by color was exercised, on this occasion it claimed the timid benefit of ballot.

With us a suggestion, for the time discarded, has often double effect by-and-by; and though it was out of my power to dream of acting up to such directions, there could be no possible harm in reviewing such a theory theoretically.

Now nothing beyond this was in my

thoughts, nor even so much as that (safely may I say), when Firm and myself met face to face on the third day after Uncle Sam's ideas. Our little caravan, of which the Sawyer was the captain, being bound for Blue River and its neighborhood, had quitted the Sacramento track by a fork on the left not a league from the spot where my father had bidden adieu to mankind. And knowing every twist and turn of rock, our drivers brought us at the camping-time almost to the verge of chaparral.

I knew not exactly how far we were come, but the dust-cloud of memory was stirring, and though mountains looked smaller than they used to look, the things done among them seemed larger. And wandering forth from the camp to think, when the evening meal was over, lo! there I stood in that self-same breach or portal of the desert in which I stood once by my father's side, with scared and weary eyes, vainly seeking safety's shattered landmark. The time of year was different, being the ripe end of October now; but though the view was changed in tint, it was even more impressive. Sombre memories, and deep sense of grandeur, which is always sad, and solemn lights, and stealing shadows, compassed me with thoughtfulness. In the mouth of the gorge was a gray block of granite, whereupon I sat down to think.

Old thoughts, dull thoughts, thoughts as common as the clouds that cross the distant plain, and as vague as the wind that moves them—they please and they pass, and they may have shed kindly influence, but what are they? The life that lies before us is, in some way, too, below us, like yon vast amplitude of plain; but it must be traversed foot by foot, and laboriously travailed, without the cloudy vapoing or the high-flown meditation. And all that must be done by me, alone, with none to love me, and (which for a woman is so much worse) nobody ever to have for my own, to cherish, love, and cling to.

Tier upon tier, and peak over peak, the finest mountains of the world are soaring into the purple firmament. Like northern lights, they flash, or flush, or fade into a reclining gleam; like ladders of heaven, they bar themselves with cloudy air; and like heaven itself, they rank their white procession. Lonely, feeble, puny, I look up with awe and reverence; the mind pronounces all things small compared with this magnificence. Yet what will all such grandeur do—the self-defensive heart inquires—for puny, feeble, lonely me?

Before another shadow deepened or another light grew pale, a slow, uncertain step drew near, and by the merest chance it happened to be Ephraim Gundry's. I was quite surprised, and told him so; and he said that he also was surprised at meeting me in this

way. Remembering how long I had been here, I thought this most irrational, but checked myself from saying so, because he looked so poorly. And more than that, I asked him kindly how he was this evening, and smoothed my dress to please his eye, and offered him a chair of rock. But he took no notice of all these things.

I thought of the time when he would have behaved so very differently from this, and nothing but downright pride enabled me to repress vexation. However, I resolved to behave as kindly as if he were his own grandfather.

"How grand these mountains are!" I said. "It must do you good to see them again. Even to me it is such a delight. And what must it be to you, a native?"

"Yes, I shall wander from them no more. How I wish that I had never done so!"

"Have men less courage than women?" I asked, with one glance at his pale worn face. "I owe you the debt of life; and this is the place to think and speak of it. I used to talk freely of that, you know. You used to like to hear me speak; but now you are tired of that, and tired of all the world as well, I fear."

"No, I am tired of nothing, except my own vile degradation. I am tired of my want of spirit, that I can not cast my load. I am tired of my lack of reason, which should always guide a man. What is the use of mind or intellect, reasoning power, or whatever it is called, if the whole of them can not enable a man to hold out against a stupid heart?"

"I think you should be proud," I said, while trembling to approach the subject which never had been touched between us, "at having a nature so sensitive. Your evil chance might have been any body's, and must of course have been somebody's. But nobody else would have taken it so—so delightfully as you have done!"

"Delightfully! Is that the word you use? May I ask who gets any delight from it?"

"Why, all who hate the Southern cause," I replied, with a sudden turn of thought, though I never had meant to use the word. "Surely that needs no explanation."

"They are delighted, are they? Yes, I can very well believe it. Narrow-minded bigots! Yes, they are sure to be delighted. They call it a just visitation, of course, a righteous retribution. And they hope I may never get over it."

"I pray you to take it more gently," I said; "they are very good men, and wish you no harm. But they must have their own opinions; and naturally they think them just."

"Then all their opinions are just wrong. They hope to see me go down to my grave. They shall not have that pleasure. I will outlive every old John Brown of them. I did not care two cents to live just now.

Henceforth I will make a point of it. If I can not fight for true freedom any more, having ruined it perhaps already, the least I can do is to give no more triumph to its bitter enemies. I will eat and drink, and begin this very night. I suppose you are one of them, as you put their arguments so neatly. I suppose you consider me a vile slave-driver?"

"You are very ill," I said, with my heart so full of pity that anger could not enter; "you are very ill, and very weak. How could you drive the very best slave now—even such a marvel as Uncle Tom?"

Firm Gundry smiled; on his lean dry face there shone a little flicker, which made me think of the time when he bought a jest-book, published at Cincinnati, to make himself agreeable to my mind. And little as I meant it, I smiled also, thinking of the way he used to come out with his hard-fought jokes, and expect it.

"I wish you were at all as you used to be," he said, looking at me softly through the courage of his smile, "instead of being such a grand lady."

"And I wish you were a little more like yourself," I answered, without thinking; "you used to think always there was nobody like me."

"Suppose that I am of the same opinion still? Tenfold, fiftyfold, a millionfold?"

"To suppose a thing of that sort is a little too absurd, when you have shown no sign of it."

"For your own dear sake I have shown no sign. The reason of that is too clear to explain."

"Then how stupid I must be not to see an atom of it!"

"Why, who would have any thing to say to me—a broken-down man, a fellow marked out for curses, one who hates even the sight of himself? The lowest of the low would shun me."

He turned away from me, and gazed back toward the dismal, miserable, spectral desert; while I stood facing the fruitful, delicious, flowery Paradise of all the world. I thought of the difference in our lots, and my heart was in misery about him. Then I conquered my pride and my littleness and trumpery, and did what the gentle sweet Eve might have done. And never have I grieved for that action since.

With tears on my cheeks quite undissembled, and a breast not ashamed of fluttering, I ran to Firm Gundry, and took his right hand, and allowed him no refuge from tender wet eyes. Then before he could come to see the meaning of this haste—because of his very high discipline—I was out of his distance, and sitting on a rock, and I lifted my eyes, full of eloquence, to his; then I dropped them, and pulled my hat forward, and said, as calmly as was possible, "I have

done enough. The rest remains with you, Firm Gundry."

The rest remained with him. Enough that I was part of that rest; and if not the foundation or crown of it, something desirous to be both, and failing (if fail it ever does) from no want of trial. Uncle Sam says that I never fail at all, and never did fail in any thing, unless it was when I found that blamed nugget, for which we got three wagon-loads of greenbacks; which (when prosperity at last revives) will pay perhaps for greasing all twelve wheels.

Jowler admits not that failure even. As soon as he recovered from canine dementia, approaching very closely to rabies, at seeing me in the flesh once more (so that the Sierra Nevada rang with avalanches of barking), he tugged me to the place where his teeth were set in gold, and proved that he had no hydrophobia. His teeth are scanty now, but he still can catch a salmon, and the bright zeal and loyalty of his soft brown eyes and the sprightly elevation of his tail are still among dogs as pre-eminent as they are to mankind inimitable.

Now the war is past, and here we sit by the banks of the soft Blue River. The early storm and young conflict of a clouded life are over. Still out of sight there may be yet a sea of troubles to buffet with; but it is not merely a selfish thought that others will face it with me. Dark mysteries have been cleared away by being confronted bravely; and the lesson has been learned that life (like California flowers) is of infinite variety. This little river, ten steps wide, on one side has all lupins, on the other side all larkspurs. Can I tell why? Can any body? Can even itself, so full of voice and light, unroll the reason?

Behind us tower the stormy crags, before us spread soft tapestry of earth and sweep of ocean. Below us lies my father's grave, whose sin was not his own, but fell on him, and found him loyal. To him was I loyal also, as a daughter should be; and in my lap lies my reward—for I am no more Erema.

THE END.

TO A SCHOOL-GIRL.

WELL, is it worth the winning, earnest eyes,

This learning that the late age offers you?

Will it make bluer any winter skies,

If Schopenhauer, and not Paul, is true?

Will ever rule that Euclid finds complete

Bid parallels of joy and duty meet?

Or can it charm a woman's pain to know

How Josephine and Juliet and the rest

Laid their sweet heads upon some fateful breast,
And drank a lover's poison long ago?

A bird I watch is singing on her nest,

Because no bird has taught her winds can blow.

Your pardon, dear, some royal height is meant,

Since One, wide-seeing, is the One content.

A YEAR OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

"Je divague fort, mais j'y retourne."

—MONTAIGNE.

THERE are some years of our lives that compare with the others as our October days do with those of the rest of the year. They follow the fitful, doubting spring and the heat of summer, and beyond them lie the short cold days of winter; but they themselves are perfect rest, and their still, gentle influence is made perfect by the merciful veil of mist that shuts out past and future, and leaves only the serene present.

In such an October time we had made our charming visit to Denmark—itself a little mist-enveloped bit of fairy-land to us; for there we had walked upon the very rampart where the buried majesty of Denmark had walked before us. By so much were we closer to Shakspeare's Hamlet—not the Hamlet of the foot-lights, but Hamlet the Dane. And we had heard the low lapping of the waves on the sands of Elsinore, and thought

"of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore."

And, in short, we had been where centuries of tradition and fancy and fact had blended into an atmosphere that shut out ordinary ideas, and left us in that charmed and dream-like state of mind which I am afraid can only belong with an old country where every thing "stays put," where the word "fixed" has its corresponding meaning in facts.

One of our little party, perhaps because of always living in such an atmosphere, argued against "the good" of this, but she had never known the ordeal of being uprooted and transplanted. My wider experience had taught me "the large grief that these infold." I knew the good and the necessity of progress in a nation, but I knew also what it cost the individual to make part of this progress. This question of *haute politique*—whether the nation should be for the good of the individual, or the individual for the good of the nation—was one that often came up for discussion at the "family hearth." We christened our compartment of the railway carriage by this name, for the hours we were seated there gave us the best opportunity for talking over what we saw and the many ideas suggested.

Just out of Hamburg our train halted at a station where an emigrant train was ready to go off to connect with the steamer for America. The people were all gathered at the village station. The afternoon sun came bright on their uncovered heads as they knelt in a parting prayer; their pastor, standing with uplifted hands, in the

dress we know from the pictures of Luther, was giving them his farewell blessing. Back of him was a young woman of better dress and appearance than the more simple class in front, and by her a fine-looking white-haired old man. As the prayer ended, she fell across his breast; it was the helplessness of exhausted, unavailing grief; and hold her and grieve over her as he might, yet the father had to give her up, for the parting hour had come.

We saw this picture as we moved slowly past. It was the constantly recurring domestic tragedy of emigration. I could have called out to her to stay; for in that instant I saw back into the time when I had learned to know how painful is the process of founding a new country. What loneliness, what privations, what trials of every kind, went to the first steps of even that rich and lovely country of California—an experience which made one sure that what cost so much to build must not be broken up; an experience, too, which was in such strange contrast to all that belonged before and since in my life that it stands apart, and never loses its own outlines and color.

The many memories this gave rise to unfolded themselves in long talks constantly renewed, until they crystallized into what we named the year of American travel: something necessarily personal and narrowed to personal experience, but interwoven with a period of governing importance to our country.

When it was first planned that I should go to California, in the spring of 1848, the gold discoveries had not been made. In August of that year was the first finding, and with the uncertain, slow communications then had with that coast, it was nearly winter before the news reached us in Washington. It seems odd to recall now the little vial of gold-dust so carefully brought as voucher for the startling story. A long sail down the coast to Mazatlan, then the crossing through Mexico, then another sailing vessel to New Orleans, made the chance mail-route: only a strong party could risk itself overland, and few ventured into the winter.

For reasons which belonged with the military history of California, our whole plan of life was changed, and I, too, decided to go to the newly acquired Territory and live on some lands we had there. It would be too long here to go into these reasons, but those who may share my wish always to know "why," and get completed ideas, I would refer to my father's *Thirty Years' View*,* the second volume, and the chapters that treat of the acquisition of California. Judge Black said to me lately that my father's

* Senator Benton.

work "had the privilege of standing uncontradicted." He was exact in facts, and had the habit of a good lawyer "to secure evidence when it presented itself," and in that way, from the best official and personal sources, he gives the exact record of that period. Since then there have been such great events that even important matters of that time have been overlaid and obscured, except to those who lived through them. And lately two works have been published by writers of distinction which show this, as they have just reversed some of the most prominent facts relating to the early history of California.*

Nothing could have been more complete than the arrangements which were to make this journey delightful as well as comfortable. By waiting until March my father would be free to go with me after the session of Congress was over. He looked forward with eagerness to this journey over the track of the early Spanish conquests. His large knowledge of Spanish history upon our continent, aided by his knowledge of the Spanish language, gave this part of the voyage a peculiar interest to him.

My father's French and Spanish clients from the later acquired Territories of Louisiana and Florida became his friends also. He not only comprehended, but strongly felt for, their bewilderment at finding themselves under new and strange laws. He knew that this condition must obtain in California also. He wished to know personally the newly acquired country, its people, and its needs. If it was to remain a Territory, he, as Senator from Missouri, had the neighbor's right to look out for its interests; and from many causes, personal, political, and geographical, this friendly representation would have been for him, as a queen of Spain said of something akin to this, *mi privilegio, prerogativa, y derecho*—my privilege, my prerogative, and my right.

But not even my father foresaw how much they would need this, nor the shameful injustice of our government in disregarding its treaty stipulations, and despoiling them.

General Herran, then minister from New Granada, gave us letters to his friends in Panama, although it was not probable that we should be long enough there to use them. Mr. William Aspinwall, who was much in Washington on business connected with his new enterprises of mail steamers to the Pacific, and the projected Panama Railroad, was a great favorite with my father, who gave him a standing invitation to dine with us whenever he could, and talk over at that leisure time the large interests opened by these new channels for Oriental commerce.

Coming to us in this familiar way, Mr. Aspinwall entered into the family anxieties regarding my journey with all the sympathies of his kind nature. His experience taught him how to render these sympathies efficient, and he made the most thorough arrangements for my comfort and security. In short, every thing that foresight and friendship could do was planned: how events disposed of our well-laid plans was another thing.

I have been reading lately a reprint of the letters of the Hon. Miss Eden, who was with her brother, Lord Auckland, when he was Governor-General of India. She says that although only family letters, they will have more interest on that account, as giving the details of their two years' journey of inspection, and the contrast of that past time, when to seven persons belonged a retinue of twelve thousand people, with elephants, camels, and horses to match, with the present condition of India, where now railroads have reduced the Governor-General to a first-class passenger with a travelling-bag.

In the same way I look back to my preparations for that voyage into the unknown—all the planning and reading and grief and fears—in contrast with the seven days' pleasure trip of to-day. Mr. Aspinwall, who had so large a part in making things smooth for me on that first journey, was near me at a morning wedding when, quite simply, and in the same tone with which he had been speaking of the bride and the flowers, he said, "Have you any messages for San Francisco? we leave for there to-night to be gone six weeks." Only twenty years had brought about this wonderful change.

It is easy to resume situations into a paragraph when they are ended; to live through them day by day and hour by hour is another thing.

I look up at the little water-color which is my *résumé* of that time of severance from all I held indispensable to happiness—it was made for me on the spot, and gives my tent under the tall cotton-woods, already browned and growing bare with the coming winter winds.

Mr. Fremont was to make a winter crossing of the mountains, and I went with him in October to his starting-point, the Delaware Indian reservation on the frontier of Missouri, to return when he left, and remain at home in Washington until my time came to start in March.

Of every thing in the Centennial Exhibition, I think nothing interested me so much as the display made by Kansas. It seemed so few years since I had been there, when only a small settlement marked the steamboat landing where now Kansas City

* Colonel Higginson's *Child's History of America*. General Sherman's *Memoirs*.

stands. Looking at its silk manufactures, its produce of not only essentials, but luxuries, it was hard to realize the untracked prairie of my time, with only Indians and wolves for figures.

I had been there before to meet Mr. Fremont on his return from different journeys; this time it was to stay with him until the last preparations were completed.

The party was gone. Major Cummings was to take me the next day to connect with the river steamer at Westport Landing (now Kansas City). He had been annoyed by a wolf, which carried off his sheep to her cubs, and had just succeeded in following up her trail and destroying her young ones, and as the place was not far, the good major took me over for a "pleasant change of ideas." I was sorry for the wolf, "still for all sins of hers," with the mother nature, coming back to her ruined place and her dead cubs.

We came back by way of the deserted camp, which did not lessen my sympathy for the wolf; the ashes of the morning's fire were still warm. Altogether nothing alleviated the lonely impression of the evening, which closed in on the old gentleman moaning with a toothache, while the creak of his wife's rocking-chair was the only other break to the silence.

I was glad to go off to sleep. While one is young, that comes with surprising readiness. The house was a succession of log-cabins, set, some gable end on, some facing front, making a series of rooms alternating with open places, having only the connecting roof. These frontier houses grow as the family requirements increase; the timber and the strong willing hands are there, and the getting a new house costs no heart-burnings or cares. This establishment of Major Cummings's, who had been for thirty years superintendent of Indians there, was of many years' growth, and my room was the extreme end of the last added wing. A stone chimney built up on the outside gave an ample fire-place, where the great fire of logs made a cheerful home light in the great clean room.

My good "aunt Kitty" was in my room, and we were both fast asleep, when I was awaked by a sound full of pain and grief, and wild rage too—a sound familiar enough to frontier people, but new to me. It was the she-wolf hunting her cubs; there followed with it, as a chorus, the cry of the pack of hound puppies—they were young, and frightened. As for me, with nerves already overstrained, a regular panic came on. I knew hunters built fires to scare off wild things; but after Kitty had made a great blaze, a new fear came. The windows were near the ground, and without shutters or curtains. What if the blaze only served to guide the wolf! More than once I had seen

dogs go through a pane of window-glass as safely as circus-riders through their paper hoops; so shawls were quickly hair-pinned over the windows, and by that time men's voices and the angry sounds from older dogs gave a sense of being protected, and sleep came again, to be broken again by a big dark object, rough-coated, and close to me. It was a speaking wolf too, but not exactly like Red Riding-hood's, although it was hungry. Camp had only been moved about ten miles, and a fast ride through and back before sunrise would give us another hour together, "and would Kitty make tea?" And so, with our early tea for the stirrup-cup, "he gave his bridle-rein a shake," and we went our ways, one into the midwinter snows of untracked mountains, the other to the long sea-voyage through the tropics, and into equally strange foreign places.

The question of a servant to go with me to California was a serious one. The elder women could not leave their families, and after much thinking, a younger one was set apart, and each of us was considered a victim selected for a sacrifice. Although I was born and brought up among slaves, the servants in my home were all freed people, their children had grown up with us, and there was great attachment between us. One of these, whom I particularly liked, was decided upon, and agreed to go and remain with me.

Not only had none of us ever been to sea, but we knew but very few people who had made a real sea-voyage. This to California was to be very much like the old journeys to India, and a friend who had been with her husband in China was called in for consultation, while an old-fashioned book, *The Lady of the Manor*, really gave us some most useful details. Only we followed our models too literally, and made absurdly large preparations.

I must remind that this was before sewing-machines, that we were in Washington, and that it was quite before the day of ready-made outfits in our country, so that we busied ourselves with preparations for the heat of the tropics, with refreshing my Spanish, and I, for my part, chiefly in reconciling myself to the fact that in a few months I should be cut loose from every thing that had made my previous life.

March came, and the start had to be made. My father came with me to New York, although by this time the original plan had lost its best point to me, for he found himself unable to go from home.

A brother-in-law (Governor Jacobs, of Kentucky), who had been ordered a sea-voyage for his health, and was going to Rio Janeiro and back, changed his plan, and started with me for California instead. At the Astor House, where we were staying,

we found a large party of favorite relations, my cousin General William Preston and his family, assembled to welcome back from Europe a member who had been away for years. I was much in the position of a nun carried into the world for the last time before taking the veil. All the arguments, all the reasons, all the fors and againsts, had to be gone over with this set of friends; all the griefs opened up again, and the starting made harder than ever. While we were talking, Mr. Stetson came in and spoke to my father, who went out with him, soon returning to call me out also, and explain a new break in our plans. It seemed my maid, "young Harriot" (to distinguish her from the elder Harriot, who was our dear old nurse), was, at the last, not to be permitted to go with me by her New York friends; and as one of them was the man she was to marry, he spoke with authority. All this had been considered and arranged; but at the last he withdrew his consent.

She stood true to me; she knew that never in my life had I had a strange servant about me, that I was already as much grieved as I could endure, and she would not add to it by leaving me without her care, and as much of home as she could represent to me.

Finding that no argument prevailed on her to stay, he hit upon an idea which was successful. He went off and raised the whole force of people who were allied for rescuing colored people being carried off to the South against their will, and they poured into the Astor House, filling the lower halls, and raising such a commotion that Mr. Stetson came for us to see what could be done.

The cry of "carrying off a free colored girl against her will" had the same effect in those days as an alarm of fire.

Looked at by all of our lives, it seems incredible that a colored mob should have assembled against my father and myself on such a hue and cry, but they would not be reasoned with. It was true that we were Southerners, it was true that Harriot was a free colored girl, although it was not true that she was being carried off against her will. The trouble was that she had no will; she had only affections, and these pulled her in contrary directions. When she appealed in tears to us to decide what she should do, we told her to stay. So I was not only to be without my father's care, but I had lost my last fragment of home. Mr. Stetson and my father tried at once to find some one going out on the same steamer who would be glad to have the place; and this was done: "a reliable middle-aged New England woman, far more useful than Harriot, who could only sew and dress hair."

I barely looked at her, and saw she was a hard, unpleasing person to my mind; but

the steamer sailed next day, and there was no time for any choice. She was only an item in the many griefs that seemed to accumulate on me at this time. My father's going with me would have made it a delightful voyage for both of us; without him, it was, in all its dreary blankness, my first separation from home. I had never lived out of my father's house, nor in any way assumed a separate life from the other children of the family—Mr. Fremont's long journeys had taken him from home more than five years out of the eight since we were married; I had never been obliged to think for or take care of myself, and now I was to be launched literally on an unknown sea, travel toward an unknown country, every thing absolutely new and strange about me, and undefined for the future, and without even a servant that knew me.

The first night out, when the numbness of grief was over, I put my little girl to bed; for she would have nothing to do with the new woman, and I myself pretended to be asleep in order not to have to speak to her. Later on in the night this woman came into my cabin and looked at me, to make sure that I was really sleeping. Being satisfied that such was the case, she opened my trunk, and commenced a leisurely examination of its contents, laying aside in a small heap such articles as she preferred; at the same time she lifted off her dark wig, and gave her head a little shake, and stood there, not the dark-haired, middle-aged woman who was to be so much better for me than my Harriot, but a light-haired woman under thirty, with an expression of hardness that puzzled me then, and frightened me too, so that I kept as much asleep as possible, and let her help herself to all she wanted from the trunk. When she left the room, with an armful of undergear, I jumped up and bolted the door after her, and remained blockaded until morning, answering none of her knocks or calls.

When I recognized the clear voice of the stewardess in the morning, I let her in. She was that good Mrs. Young, with the gray hair and fine teeth, that we all knew so well when she was with Captain Lines on the *Humboldt* and *Arrago*. Then I was safe, for Mrs. Young brought the captain, and the woman was put into a separate cabin under guard for the journey. In brief, this person should never have been allowed to go with me. She was a *protégée* of an authoress who believed in certain moral reforms, and who thought that by giving her a start in a new country she would carry out her promises of good conduct. This lady, well known in New York, had given her such credentials that Mr. Stetson chose her from other applicants on those recommendations.

My brother-in-law was thoroughly sea-

sick, and I was naturally supposed to be so, because I kept my room and had no appetite.

But the stewardess saw it was not so, and made me go into the air. We were through with the rough weather off Hatteras, and were in the Gulf Stream. I had never seen the sea, and in some odd way no one had ever told me of the wonderful new life it could bring. It stays with me in all its freshness, that first recognition of the ocean which came to me when I went on deck; that grand solitude, that wide look from horizon to horizon, the sense of space, of freshness, the delightful power and majesty of the sea—all came to me as necessities; I loved it at the first look, and I am never fully alive without it; sometimes I can not get to it when I need it, but when I can, I go there, and am soothed and calmed and comforted if I am in trouble; if I am happy, it is only there that I feel completed by the exultant, abounding vitality and keen happiness which it alone brings to me.

The ship was crowded, but I was too worn down and silenced to care to know strangers. The captain, Captain Schenck, who was a naval officer, was in every way kind, and very wisely so, in securing me entire quiet while on deck, so that the "healing of the sea" soon began to revive my health, and the silent teaching of sky and sea lifted me from morbid dwelling on what was now ended.

The young think each thing final—they can not well see that

"I shall outlast this stroke, I know,
For man is conquered by the mighty hours,"

must be true for them too. Perhaps the sharpest lesson of life is that we outlast so much—even ourselves—so that one, looking back, might say, "when I died the first time—"

But the sea asserts its mighty power also, and no one ends an ocean voyage in the same state of mind with which he began it.

In this gentled state of mental convalescence I remember how persistently my mind pictured scenes of my childhood and early girlhood. Especially the many charming things belonging with our constantly recurring long journeys to and from our homes. For we had three homes: the winter home in Washington, which was "ours;" that in St. Louis, which was "our father's home;" and that of our grandfather in Virginia, which was my mother's dearly loved home, and my birth-place as well as hers. This was near the beautiful mountain town of Lexington, best known of late from both General Lee's and "Stonewall" Jackson's connection with its great colleges. These were widely apart, and before the day of railways, made travel serious; taking so much time that it divided our lives into distinct parts,

but broke up nothing of family life, and did not interrupt, although it altered, the form of our studies. A certain little English valise held the maps and books, and our school-room was improvised any where—on the "guard" of a river steamboat or in its cabin, or resting under trees. It trained us to holding on to our thoughts through interruptions; it trained us to much for which I can never be grateful enough, for then my father himself was our teacher—to his real pleasure, and our endless regrets when we had to drop back to regular teachers, who could not enrich and illuminate every topic as he did. He suited the books to his own tastes; and though much was above our comprehension, yet we grew into them. Especially we never got away from Plutarch and the Iliad. The gods and goddesses descended on us every where.

The little invalid of our family was not let to brave the harsh prairie winds of early spring in St. Louis, so we took New Orleans first on the alternate years when we went to the West. It was thousands of miles out of our way, but water transportation made it no trouble, while the eight days on the Mississippi was as welcome a rest for my parents as we now find our Atlantic crossing. Ours was a constant changing from an English-Protestant into a French-Catholic atmosphere, to find them blended in Washington through widely various representations, and by the diplomatic corps, which was a more permanent body than now, when steam and telegraphing have nearly abolished diplomacy.

It had been but few years since the Louisiana Territory had been ceded to us, greatly to the indignation and regret of most of its settlers. It was an article of faith with these to alter nothing in their habits, not even to learn the language of the country of which they had become unwilling citizens: *Je suis français, et je parle ma langue*, was a common expression among them. Among these we came into an atmosphere thoroughly foreign—dress, cookery, all domestic usages and ideas, as well as their language and religion. St. Louis being a so much smaller place, the American element told there more quickly, especially as it was also the frontier garrison and the head of the fur business. From the broad gallery of my father's house in St. Louis there was always to be seen in my earlier day a kaleidoscopic variety of figures; the lower classes of the French still wore their peasant dress, and its bright and varied colors and the white caps belong as much to the remembrance of that time in St. Louis as they do to my earlier visits in France; now it is hard to find a peasant costume even in their own countries on travelled routes: the sewing-machine has abolished picturesqueness in dress. When I was first in France, even in

Paris the streets were animated by the pretty white caps and gray gowns of the working-women; now a pall of black alpaca has hidden all this, though the greatest desecration I have seen is a Tyrolese mountaineer in a ready-made business suit.

There were also long files of Indians stepping silently by, the squaws and babies bringing up the rear—real Indians in real Indian dress, or real Indian want of dress; any number of Catholic clergy in the clerical robe; hunters and trappers in fringed deer-skins; army officers in worn uniforms going by on horseback.

Our house in Washington was a headquarters for the varied interests from all these places, while about my mother there collected and shaped itself a circle which formed for many years really a *salon*, to be broken up only by her loss of health.

This life rubbed out many little prejudices, and fitted us better than any reading could have done to comprehend the necessary differences and equal merits of differing peoples, and that although different, each could be right. The manner in which my father taught us also led us up to the same ideas.

The French language was a necessity, and that we acquired without any trouble, because we had a nurse who began us with it as soon as we could speak; whatever governess or teacher we had, my father always was our real teacher, my mother reserving one day and one line of instruction, which, like the red strand in English navy cables, marked us for her own.

While in Washington we had our routine of studies and town life, in New Orleans my elder sister and myself rose to the proportion of members of society, for my father's clients, when on their visits to Washington, were pleased to have us for their little interpreters, and when we would be in New Orleans they would insist on treating us as grown people, inviting us formally to dinners, where we would be taken in formally by grown gentlemen, and sit through the whole entertainment. There was great inherited wealth among these planters; they were generally educated in Paris; and with the combined resources of climate, taste, and wealth, their mode of living was beautiful as well as luxurious.

One detail I have never met since in any country, that of having the dinner and the dessert in different dining-rooms. With us this classic custom has faded into the after-dinner coffee of the drawing-room, but it was completely carried out in these great houses.

One occasion I remember especially. While the earlier part of the dinner was in a spacious and splendid room, and served with plate enough to satisfy even English ideas, the next room was more charming, for its furniture, as well as that of the table, was

suited to the grace and fragrance and lightness of the dessert. The crystal service and the wax-lights in their glass shades were reflected in great mirrors on three sides of the room, while the fourth was open to a court of grass and flowers, where the moon shone on the sparkling spray of a large fountain. The punka-bearers, as they would be called in India, had great fans of peacock feathers. I do not wonder it fitted into the Arabian Nights' entertainments in my mind.

In St. Louis, where our house stood among its large trees, in a square of its own, we had, to a large degree, a pleasant out-door life. Our lessons always were given on the broad gallery running around the house, and in every way we had a great deal of open-air life; but our true delight in out-of-doors was only to be had at my grandfather's place in Virginia. When going there from Washington, we used no public conveyances beyond Fredericksburg; there the carriage and saddle-horses met us, my mother as well as my father often making the journey back on horseback, while the carriage was there for us children, and for her to return to when tired—a London-built travelling coach which gave all the rest one looked for—large, high swung, and with so many springs that the jolting from the execrable roads was lessened. Its pale yellow body and scarlet morocco lining made us children christen it "Cinderella's pumpkin;" maybe, too, an underlying consciousness of unlimited indulgence associated with those who sent it.

There was always a sense of freedom and expansion of mind connected with the arrival at my grandfather's. His was one of the crown grants of the colonial time, and had been given, for military service, to his father, who was killed in the early Indian wars, but not before he had planted his old-country ideas upon his home. The oaks here were especially beautiful; they had been preserved, and made a noble park. Leading straight through this park to the large hospitable-looking house was a planted double avenue of cherry-trees, which had been arched on the inner boughs and trimmed up straight on the outer side; these had grown to the height and thickness of forest trees by my time, and made a lovely vista, whether they were in blossom or red with fruit, or their naked boughs glittering with ice. On the lawn about the house some remarkable oaks had been kept, and some sycamores of really giant proportions. There were beautiful old-fashioned gardens to the south, and masked by the tall hedge of holly and privet were the cabins of the house servants. These were comfortable, clean cottages, but forbidden ground to the children of "the Big House" unless they were with some of the family.

The land patent gave the ownership of

all the lands in sight from a certain point in the valley, and we knew, as we crossed the last hill before entering this valley, that we were monarchs of all we surveyed, including the grandparents.

On this travel we rarely stopped at a public place; it was held as an unkindness to pass a relative's home, so that our journey was a progress along a cordon of great estates of this kind, where every thing had so long been going along in an established way that it was small wonder they believed in predestination and fore-ordination.

Every where among them was inherited property—their houses, their servants, the cattle and sheep on a hundred hills, were theirs by descent. Nothing varied much—things were all in the deep lull of secured prosperity.

The life on these estates will not be lived over. With the introduction of railways, the war, and the termination of slavery, this phase of living has completely passed away; it lies back in my memory like a sunny, peaceful landscape, and I am as thankful for having been born in its atmosphere of repose as De Quincey says he was for having been born in the country in England. It was to us what Hawthorne and so many others have found England, "the old home," with soothing influences that go always with its memory.

When we would return to this place of my grandfather's, each resumed the delights belonging to it.

The grown people would go to the White Sulphur Springs, then the Saratoga for the North as well as the South. I always had the pleasure of being left with my grandmother, and went with her on that daily round of inspection, which made one of the necessary duties of a Southern lady. This included not only the immediate household, but the cabins of the house servants, the gardens—to see, in short, that all had been faithfully attended to; and then into the spinning and sewing rooms, and always into the large room used as a day nursery and hospital for the infants of women who were employed about their different work. I can hardly get to the end of all the duties that filled up the busy mornings. I know that the garden and the nursery are the points that remained most in my memory as the places where my grandmother gave the most time; the dairy was all right under the care of its presiding head, "Aunt Chloe," who was the wife of "Uncle Jack," shoemaker to the plantation, and Methodist preacher to his own people. It was not considered respectful in us children to address the elder slaves by their name merely; there was always the prefix of "aunt" or "uncle;" to the head nurse always "mammy." Occasionally there were inspections at a longer distance from the house—to the

weaving-rooms, the shoe-maker's, etc. Every thing that was worn was grown and made on the place, except the finer woolens and linens for family use, which came from Richmond.

The various stages of woolen fabrics, from the sheep on the hill-sides, and the dyes taken from the sumac bushes and the green bark of walnuts, all the details of buzzing wheels, and carding wool, and winding hanks, were part of the object-teaching of my childhood.

The interval between the close of the long session and the winter was too short for the long, tedious journey to St. Louis and back. We only made that on alternate years after the short session, when high waters gave us large steamboats and comfortable transportation for our little crowd. What we do now in two days required then several weeks.

My father knew no plan of life that separated him from his family, so we led this charming nomadic existence, with its fixed points in such contrast to the trouble of travel and distance between them. Washington was in one way work, and St. Louis and New Orleans had their sides of political work and his duties as a lawyer. But it was all holiday here, and my father enjoyed it thoroughly. Especially he liked the autumn shooting. The birds were most plentiful in certain large wheat fields, which, in their warm tints of stubble, undulated over the south face of the hills, the trees of the "little orchard" and the park making a good screen to the north.

Here and there through the fields were good apple-trees; under one of these we would rest, and eat our luncheon of a biscuit and some fruit taken from the tree above us; and then my father would take a book from his pocket, usually a classic in a French translation, from which he would read aloud for me to translate.

There were plenty of ideas, even words, that I did not understand; if it had been a description of the steam-engine, I should have gone through it with equal good-will and docility; but much of it remained in my memory, and I grew into it. Hard words and hard ideas tired my mind as the long tramps and ploughed fields tired my young feet, but with time I grew used to both, and the benefit of both remained with me: these long sunny mornings in the open air were the most delightful phase in which my lessons came. In winter I had my corner at the library table. No matter how good our teachers were, my father had us always prepare our lessons with him.

About a year after I was married, my father sent for me one morning, and pointing to my old place at the end of the library table, said, "I want you to resume your place there; you are too young to fritter away

your life without some useful pursuit." So back I went to my mornings of work and readings and translations, which brought with them the scraps of talk and connected interest on all subjects which can only exist where lives are passed together in that pleasant intimacy.

As I have said, the long expeditions which Mr. Fremont made took him from home five years of the first eight after we were married, and I remained in many respects in my old place as one of the children of the family. My mother's long illness deprived my father of her companionship to a great extent, and made him turn to me still more. How great a loss this was to him and to us can only be known to those who knew her; but I do not speak of that life, for it is not, like mine, in a manner public property. For myself, so much good-will and warm feeling have been given me during the public portions of my life that it does not seem more intrusive to talk of myself to my unknown friends than to those I know personally.

As my mind turns back to that time, so much crowds upon it that I can neither tell it in its fullness, nor can I bring myself to leave it a mere skeleton. I think there could hardly have been a happier life than mine as a child, and in all my youth; it would be a full volume to be bound in white and gold, and red-lettered throughout, and full of lovely pictures, and every where and in all of them my father the prominent figure. He made me a companion and a friend from the time almost that I could begin to understand. We were a succession of girls at first, with the boys coming last, and my father gave me early the place a son would have had; and my perfect health—without a flaw until I was twenty-four—gave me not only the good spirits but the endurance and application that pleased him.

When we reached Chagres, if it had not been for pure shame, and unwillingness that my father should think badly of me, I would have returned to New York on the steamer, as the captain begged, putting before me such a list of dangers to health, and discomforts and risks of every kind, as to kill my courage. One often gets credit for what he does not really deserve, and it would hardly do to tell the whole truth about every thing; but I have since confessed that when I first saw land, my pleasure in the first sight of palm-trees and the tropical growth was lost in the feeling that I had to make another separation from what had grown to be something of a home. Captain Schenck had made every thing as pleasant as possible for me. My large double cabin, which at first seemed like a closet, had grown home-like. Never having been

on a ship before, I had only a house to compare it with, and felt choked on first going into it; but I have learned since to know that a double cabin, with a large square port, is a luxury.

The little tender on which the passengers and mails were landed was as small as a craft could well be to hold an engine, and was intended to go as high as possible up the Chagres River. It seemed like stepping down upon a toy. But even this had to be exchanged, after the first eight miles, for dug-out canoes, the shallows and obstructions of every kind making it impossible to use the little steamboat.

Here Mr. Aspinwall's care secured for me what was, by the contrast to what the other travellers had to endure, luxury. While they had to take the dug-out canoes, with their crews of naked, screaming, barbarous negroes and Indians, I was put in the "company's" whale-boat, with a responsible crew in the "company's" service; this was a difference which I learned to appreciate more thoroughly on hearing afterward of the murder of passengers by their crews. With all our advantages, we only made a few miles each day, taking three to reach Gorgona, where we were to exchange our boats for mules, on which we crossed the mountains. This travel is so changed by the railroad that it may be interesting to know just how we made the crossing in 1849. The other passengers took their chances of sleeping on the ground or in the huts of the Indians, and in that way contracted fevers from the night air, the tropical mists, and all causes of ill health that were so well known, while I was protected from all this through Mr. Aspinwall's care. He had sent with me one of his trusted employés, a captain of a vessel in the mahogany trade, who had had his wife with him on his different journeys on that coast, and knew just what to do for the health and safety of a lady. When Mr. Aspinwall told him that he was to see me across, and leave me in safety at Panama, his wife objected, because, she said, I would be a Washington fine lady, and make objections to the Indians having no clothes on, and make him a great deal of trouble altogether, and he had better ask Mr. Aspinwall to have some one else do this; but after Mr. Aspinwall introduced him to me at his house, the captain, as he told me afterward, told his wife he would take care of me; that I was not a fine lady at all; that I was a poor thin pale woman, and not a bit of a fine lady; that he would see me through. And she agreed to it.

While the sun was still bright we made our landing. One needs to realize it in the tropics to know how true is the line,

"Down dropped the sun, up rose the moon;"

and with the dropping of the sun, rose not

only the moon, but the discordant noises of night in the tropical forests, a hideous, confusing rush of sound without, which made more comfortable the pleasant interior of our tent, with its canvas floor and walls, lit up by the great fire outside, which was our protection not only against wild animals, but the heavy dews, which were so deadly that they had obliged the further protection of a fly tent. Persons sleeping on shore even one night forfeited their life-insurance. Within, it was ready for us with all the comforts the "company" could provide, and our clean linen cots were very welcome after the fatigue of the day, with all its excitement and new ideas. Among all the passengers there was but one other lady. I invited her to go with me; I could not leave her to meet all the exposures and risks, when I had such care taken of me. I am sorry to say that I was also obliged to have with me my "reliable maid." The captain had treated her "man-of-war" fashion, and put her under lock and key while we were on the steam-ship, and intended taking her back to New York; but she refused to go. She claimed not only her rights as an American citizen to travel where she pleased, but to say what she pleased, and created a sort of public opinion for herself among the steerage passengers, who, hearing only her side of the story, looked upon her as an ill-used woman, and it was thought best that I should at least take her as far as Panama. She too had the benefit of all this friendly and delicate care.

Each camping-place was provided for in the same way, always one or two of the army officers connected with the survey that was being made for the railroad were there to see that every thing was right, and to have the pleasure of home talk with a lady. It took a long time to make these thirty miles of river travel, for we were only poled along against the stiff current of this mountain river. Though we made but a few miles each day, they were full of novelty and interest. Sometimes for nearly a mile we would go along gently; the men could use oars, and we would be sometimes out in the stream, sometimes close to the bank, under the overhanging branches of trees, bent into the water, matted by masses of flowering creepers, so that we seemed at times to glide along an aisle of flowers through a great conservatory. There I first saw the white and scarlet varieties of the passion-flower, and many flowers, both fragrant and brilliant, for which I know no name. Then we would have to put out into the stream from under this shade, and the sun *was* hot. At times we would have to get out while the men would be busy with their long knives clearing a little pathway for us through the dense growth, where some point put out in such a shallow that we could not get the

boat round it. We hardly felt the heat more than in our own hot weather; but the effects of the sun were very different upon white people. The Indians and Jamaica negroes, of whom our crew was composed, tumbled from the boat into the water, giving it a shove, and leaping back, as much at home in the water as porpoises. We were near to the close of the last day's journey, within an hour of Gorgona, when my brother-in-law, being young and strong and a Kentuckian, in his impatience at the delay on one of those sand spits, jumped into the water and dragged the boat, in spite of the men, who told him that it would kill him. We did get off sooner than usual through his help, and he was very triumphant about it, when suddenly his eyes rolled back in his head, and he fell prostrate from sun-stroke, just as we reached Gorgona; and throughout that whole night the physician with the engineering corps was doubtful if he could live.

I will say here that this deprived me of his care, for the illness that followed was such that he was taken back in the next steamer to the United States, as he could not recover in a hot climate. His illness kept us at Gorgona some days, the officers of the engineering corps all begging me to return to the United States, telling me that I had no idea of what I was to go through. In fact, at each step of my journey I was told, like the young man in "Excelsior," that the thing was impossible; and quite secretly to myself I said so too when I began to see what the emigrants suffered. There were hundreds of people camped out on the hill-slopes at Gorgona in apologies for tents waiting for a certainty of leaving Panama, from which as yet there was no transportation. There were many women, some with babies, among these; they were in a hot as well as unhealthy climate, and the uncertainty of every thing was making them ill: loss of hope brings loss of strength: they were living on salt provisions brought from home with them, which were not fit for such a climate, and already many had died.

Some pleasant English people, returning from South America, were, like myself, guests at the head-quarters of the engineer corps. The alcalde of the village invited us all to a breakfast, where I had a caution given me just in time to prevent my showing my horror at the chief dish, a baked monkey, which looked like a little child that had been burned to death. The iguana, or large lizard, of which we had seen so many along the river, was also a chief dish. This is held to be very delicate, and its eggs are esteemed as much as certain eggs are among us. The alcalde's house was a thatched roof on poles, with wattled sides, like a magnified vegetable crate. Unbleached sheeting had been tacked over this, in our honor, and the wall further adorned by four colored lithographs.

There were the "Three Marys," and although mere daubs, had at least the garments and attributes of their subjects. The fourth was a black-haired, red-cheeked, staring young woman in a flaming red dress and ermine tippet, and a pink rose in her hand, under all,

MARY,
WIFE OF JAMES K. POLK,
President of the United States.

This, he evidently thought, was our object of worship. When we went back, Mrs. W—— said, "We will have our breakfast now," and had her own tea-pot and tea brought out. When she found that I was too young a traveller to know the necessity of carrying these with me, she gave me hers, with a warning, which I have heeded to my great comfort, never to separate from my own tea equipage again.

The distance from Gorgona to Panama was about twenty-one miles. It was *distance*, not a *road*; there was only a mule track—rather a trough than track in most places, and mule staircases with occasional steps of at least four feet, and only wide enough for a single animal—the same trail that had been followed since the early day of Spanish conquest; and this trail followed the face of the country as it presented itself—straight up the sides of the steepest heights to the summit, then straight down them again to the base. No bridges across the rapid streams. These had to be forded by the mules, or, when narrow, the mule would gather his legs under him and leap it. If one could sit him, so much the better; if not, one fell into the water; and in this way many emigrants got broken bones, and many more bruises and thorough wettings. There was no system about the baggage; people generally had taken the largest trunk they could find, because the journey was to be a long one; there was no provision for taking these across other than by hand; and when the trunk was absolutely too large, mules and cows were pressed into the service. My invaluable Captain Tucker had made all arrangements for me, and I knew nothing of these troubles on my own behalf, but even the civilized baggage-smashing of our railroads was nothing compared to the damage done in that Isthmus transfer. The slender Indians bending under the weight of a trunk carried between them on poles, and the thin, ill-fed little mules which almost disappeared under the load of trunks, valises, and bags, both got rid of their load when tired of it. There were very narrow defiles worn through the rock where we could only go in single file, and even the men sat sidewise, because there was not room to sit as usual. At one of these we came upon a cow loaded with trunks and bags. She was measuring her wide horns against the narrow entrance

of the defile, as her load prevented her twisting through. There we had to wait until some solution of the difficulty was found, which she reached by rubbing off all her load, leaving us the *debris* of the broken trunks and smashed baggage to climb over. We had two days of this before reaching Panama.

A fine mule is really a delightful animal to ride, especially in a mountain country; but these very small, badly fed, ungroomed, wretched little creatures that we had were full of viciousness, and they resented the unusual work required of them. I had been, as usual, provided with the best—a fine mule belonging to the "company;" and Captain Tucker was exultant that I was neither ill nor tired, nor in any way broken down by the unusualness of the whole thing, and repeated his constant expression, "I told my wife you were not a bit of a fine lady." He judged, as we all judge, by appearances. As there were no complaints, or tears, or visible breakdown, he gave me credit for high courage, while the fact was that the whole thing was so like a nightmare that one took it as a bad dream—in helpless silence. The nights were odious with their dank mists and noises; but there was compensation in the sunrise, when from a mountain-top you looked down into an undulating sea of magnificent unknown blooms, sending up clouds of perfume into the freshness of the morning; and thus from the last of the peaks we saw, as Balboa had seen before us, the Pacific at our feet. There I felt in connection with home, for Balboa and Pizarro meant also Prescott's history of the conquest, and family readings and discussions in a time that seemed so far back now, for it lay before the date which should hereafter mark all things—before and after leaving home. Panama, too, was the first walled city I had ever seen; and its land gate and water gate, and its old cathedral, with the roof and spire inlaid with mother-of-pearl, all made me feel that I had come to a foreign country.

My stay at Panama was not all one-sided; it had its very pleasant aspects. General Herran's letters made his family accept me as one of themselves. One of them, an elderly lady, a widow, made me come to her house and remain with her during my whole stay; there, with her daughters and her nice old servants, I had none of the forlornness which belongs to being in a hotel, and quickly slipped into a routine very much like my ordinary life, only with very different scenery and actors. I learned the reality of Spanish hospitality, and that "*La casa y todo que tiene es á su disposicion*" is not merely a phrase.

Many of the young people had been educated in London and Paris, but there was no want of topics in common, and of interest,

even with those who had never left their country.

I had plenty of books with me; there were interminable letters to be written home, visits to receive and visits to return; and delightful walks on the ramparts in the cool of the day just before sundown, often ending in going to dine or have an evening of music with the ladies of native or foreign consular families, who also had their exercise there.

When I was in Paris in 1852, I thought I recognized in a carriage that passed me in the Bois de Boulogne a beautiful face with those eyelids the Spanish call *durmididos*, a peculiarity I had first seen in one of the most beautiful girls in the Hurtado family. The Empress had those eyelids, and as she was then in the first blaze of her new distinction, Spanish beauty was in fashion. It was among her beauties commented on and praised. This expression, *durmididos*, or sleepy eyelid, is a characterization given to the long, heavily fringed, slowly moving eyelid, where the eye is more open at the inside than at the outer corner, and where the eyelid descends with a sweep, giving that look that we see in a child when it is struggling against sleep.

I ventured a bow, which was quickly returned, and we drew up beside each other and renewed the acquaintance. I was so pleased to find I could be of any service to them in Paris, helping to decide on a school for the young girls, and in every way I could think of taking from them in turn the sense of being far from home.

On Sundays we had the service of our own church. Mr. Aspinwall had looked to the starting of the Episcopal Church in California, and sent out the Rev. Mr. Minor to plant it. It was liberal and kind of some Catholic Panama ladies to give the use of their large rooms for a Protestant service. They not only did this, but every Sunday we found the room arranged with as many seats as it could contain placed in aisles, a temporary altar made by a table covered with the finest linen, and decorated with flowers, while they themselves, although they could not join our service, staid just without the door, and made us feel welcome in that way. Some passengers had a melodeon, and not a bad improvised choir chanted the responses. It was a sincerely religious gathering, and I recall no other service like it for simple, genuine impressiveness.

The best rooms in that climate are always on the upper floor, their only windows being as large as our barn doors, which, in this room, when slid aside, gave us a broad view over the bay. Mr. Minor, in his orthodox robes, at the flower-decorated table, the melodeon with its little choir around it on one side, the space at the other side

remaining open for the ladies of the house who were in the doorway of an adjoining room, where they, with their idea of respect, sat in full evening dress—satin slippers, fan, lace mantillas, and flowers in the hair—every thing in the old Spanish style; the few American ladies in the front row of chairs in their morning suits and bonnets, while the rest of the room was crowded with men in every variety of dress and want of dress. No one had anticipated such detention, and the small outfit intended for rapid travel was pretty much used up, while at that time there were no means of replacing it; red flannel shirts and corduroy clothes seemed to be the only thing to be had in Panama, and so made a picturesque though uncomfortable wear for the tropics.

Some observances of the Catholic Church, of which I had only read, I saw here. The house where I was staying was on the great square where the cathedral and custom-house and other large buildings are; my rooms were about twenty feet above the ground, one a corner room; the broad covered balcony that ran around both sides gave me a look out on the whole active life of Panama. Sometimes it was a church procession, very picturesque from the brilliant awnings carried over the heads of the officiating priests, in their splendid lace robes over the red under-dress, and followed by a long array of ladies in the old Spanish costume—lace mantillas on the head, bright silk and satin gowns, and satin slippers, all carrying flowers to be cast in the water; they in turn followed by gentlemen in full European evening dress; and then the long crowd of Indians and women, looking like pictures because of their very odd and scanty garments. Sometimes it was a procession to the ramparts to bless the waters and pray for a favorable season; these would have not only the music of the church service, as it was chanted by the priests and taken up by the people, but at the end of the procession nearly every man had a rude form of guitar on which he played, and sang, while the women danced along at the end of the procession, reminding one of Miriam's dancing in the early Jewish ceremonials.

On Good-Friday the search for the body of the Saviour made another very striking church occasion; the usual persons were in the formal procession, led by priests, but they were in funeral vestments, the ladies all in the deepest mourning, with black veils over their heads, and every one carrying a lighted candle.

Often and often the Rev. Mr. Minor, our Episcopal clergyman, with white robes and bared head, followed a solitary rough coffin, attended by a few men in red flannel shirts, making their way to the temporary burial-place just beyond the land gate, where the graves were growing thick. Just by was

the entrance to the calaboose. The soldiers on guard, who had muskets, and hats with feathers, but no shoes, whiled away their time by fighting chickens. I became, in spite of myself, an expert in judging these; there was a constant bringing in and comparing; it was the high exchange for fighting cocks. Those, and a shriveled little man who carried on his business as jeweler in the open air, just as in the *Arabian Nights*, a bench and stool his only shop, I saw all the time. My Panama Tiffany's best effort was the making of filigree crosses with the imperfect Panama pearls interwoven, for which I became one of his customers.

One morning I heard a voice of lamenting, a voice of real sorrow. Looking down, I saw, walking to and fro in the shade beneath my balcony, a young Indian man, carrying a child of about three years old, both of them with the least possible clothing on—country Indians, evidently. The face of the child shocked me, and I called to the man that it was very ill; to bring it in and let us do something for it. He interrupted his wailing to say, "No, no; ya se murio" ("It is dying now"). He had been with it to the cathedral near by. Candelaria, one of the servants of the house, a quick, sympathetic Spanish Indian, ran down to the man at my asking, and brought them in and cared for them; but the child was really in the agonies of death, and only lived a little while.

The next morning the tinkle of the little bell announcing that the Host was passing through the streets drew me to the balcony. I saw for the first time in action the theory that the death of an infant is a cause for thankfulness. People often say this with us; it is the religious belief of the Catholic Church, and here, where the people were simple and acted their belief, it was being carried into practice. It was an Indian funeral, and on a very humble scale. The priest led the way, as usual, preceded by the Host, chanting a service for the dead, but with a quick, glad intonation, which was taken up by the Indian women following. The little child, robed in white, with ruffles and lace and ribbons and wreaths of flowers, lay on an open bier carried by men singing loudly and cheerfully. Next the child was its father, now dressed out in a shirt and pantaloons, with a haggard face, and wistful eyes fixed upon his child, but singing also. Behind them a long crowd of women in their holiday dresses; violins and guitars were playing cheerful quick music, and they followed them dancing. But for the dead child one would not have known that it was not a marriage procession. When we realize our utter helplessness to shield those we love from the chances of life, how can we say that these people are wrong?

THE MINERS OF SCRANTON.

I SPENT recently some time at Hyde Park—a mining division of the youthful city of Scranton. Besides boarding in the family of an operative, I talked with citizens, from miners to ministers, and took notes of these conversations. Upon the information thus obtained the following article is founded.

There hangs in our house a large map of the State of Pennsylvania of the year 1851. Scranton is not marked upon it. A little village named Providence is, indeed, to be found, which is now an inconsiderable part of consolidated Scranton. Nine years after the date of this map, by the census of 1860, the population of Scranton is given at 9000, and in 1870 at 35,000. This very rapid increase was caused by the working of the immense coal beds which underlie the narrow valley of the Lackawanna, in which the city is situated.

Forty-five per cent. of the population is given as foreign, or 15,887. The miners are almost all of foreign birth, the Irish being the most numerous, next the Welsh, then the Germans, and lastly the English and Scotch. Among the Welsh-speaking population there are, however, natives of Monmouthshire, not now a portion of Wales, but belonging to England. Among the miners there are some Pennsylvania Germans. With the exception of these, there is scarcely to be found at Scranton a native of this country working under-ground, either as miner or laborer.

Gaelic is extensively spoken by the Irish here, there being women, I am told, newly come over, who do not speak English. The Welsh language is more extensively employed. There are seven churches of which the services are in that language, a Welsh newspaper, and a literary or scientific society. But as the Pennsylvania German employs many English words in speaking "Dutch," so does the Welshman introduce many into his vernacular, as "all right," "exactly," "you know," "twenty per cent.," "mortgage," "explosion," "universe." In speaking English, those from South Wales treat the letter *h* as the English do, and speak of Mr. 'Iggins, and of picking 'uckle-berries, or say, "That's a hodd name," "I have a hell kitchen to my house." The Welshman frequently emphasizes a statement, as, "Yes, sure," "Yes indeed, man." He says, "Dear to goodness!" "I 'on't do it whatever," etc., etc.

The Welsh have been accused of bearing malice, and of being clannish, or of "keeping together." "I think," says a Scotchman, "that that is why they keep up the Welsh language." For themselves they claim that they were never subjugated. They are Republicans almost to a man, and

equally Protestant; lovers of liberty, stubborn and enduring, not fickle. The Welsh churches at Scranton belong to the three following sects: Independent or Congregational, Baptist, and Calvinistic Methodist.

The Welshman is an experienced miner in his own rugged country. We are informed that the coal field of Glamorganshire, in Wales, is one of the most important mineral districts in the world, and that in this small district more iron is manufactured than in all the United States. The Welsh here work more exclusively at mining than do the Irish and Germans. The Welshman is the miner, who blasts and takes down the coal, while the Irishman loads it upon the cars, a certain number of car-loads forming his daily task.

The Irish are more volatile. They do not practice much domestic economy; their motto is more, "Come day, go day." On a long strike they have generally nothing laid by for the emergency. A Catholic clergyman says, "The Irish are not fit for *bossing*; they are kept in too much subjection at home." But the rule is not without exceptions. I visited a mine of which the inside foreman was an Irishman, and from Connaught too, that wild western district. Besides having attained to this position, he was a landed proprietor, the owner of a farm. He was more interested in politics than my Welsh acquaintances, saying that a friend of his, a miner, could speak as well as any politician.

The Irish are inclined to superstition. An Irishman tells me that some years ago a man having been killed in a mine by the falling of the roof, the story afterward got round that if persons would go on a moonlight night to a certain spot—a back road at Scranton—the fairies might be met there, and the lost man with them; then by throwing something, his friends could get him back all right. Some went there in fun, and some in earnest.

This is like the idea in "the old country" when a child dies, that the fairies have changed him, leaving another in his place, and that he might by some means be recovered. "Some tell it for a fact that they used to do so in Ireland."

A Scotchman tells me that if a child, a cow, or a pig suddenly begins to decline in health, or a cow in milk, the Irish accuse some one of "looking over it." They say that such persons do not know when they do it. This is doubtless "the evil-eye."

An Irishwoman was telling us of her son's losing a leg, the result of an accident when mule-driving in a mine. When she learned that the person hurt was her "Jamesey." "Oh!" said she, "it was to be. I dreamed it a year ago." She told us her dream, but it was very unlike the circumstance.

Germans, especially Catholics, are said to

retain some of the superstitions of their native country, and to find "spooks" or spirits. A harmless superstition, if there be any such, is mentioned of them. They generally have gardens, and plant things "by the signs." Beans planted in the decline of the moon they do not think will take to the poles.

A German foreman says, "I have sat and listened to the miners of different nations telling of spooks and ghosts seen in the mines and other places, but, if one questions them closely, it is a brother or an uncle who saw it, and not the man himself."

The Welsh were formerly very superstitious, but they are not so now. Says one, "We do not believe in signs or omens, or that any flesh can see spirits." Another tells me that the belief in hobgoblins, ghosts, witches, fairies, and all kinds of signs and omens prevailed in Wales in his childhood, until about thirty years ago a very eminent Baptist minister, Robert Ellis, brought out a work called *Ofergoelion y Cymry* (or Superstitions of the Welsh), which attracted a great deal of attention, and had great effect upon the minds of the people in banishing all these ideas.

In spite of the efforts of their clergy the Irish still keep up wakes at funerals, watching the body of the dead. I am told that the friends of the family do not feel like sleeping, being sorrowful. In the old country neighbors would gather whether invited or not, and games would be introduced to keep them awake, but this custom is not followed here.

A Scotchman says that he thinks the Irish attend "buryings" better than any other nationality. At Scranton they impoverish themselves by the train of carriages hired to attend funerals. "It was a funeral of fifty carriages;" thus they estimate the honor and glory of the occasion. But that number was exceeded at the funeral of a poor Irishwoman at Scranton, when there were about one hundred and forty "rigs"—the name given here to turn-outs.

The Welsh do not make such display. A prominent Welsh citizen, a man of means, apparently wishing to set an example, hired only one carriage when burying his son, and walked himself in the funeral procession.

The chief hardship of the miner is the insecurity of his life. He is liable to accidents at any moment, either in blasting the coal, or from the falling of the roof in the passages and chambers of the mine, or from the explosion of fire-damp—carbureted hydrogen gas—an extremely explosive substance generated in the mine.

By an awful accident which occurred in the Avondale mine, more than one hundred men were suffocated below. At Scranton are interred the remains of about sixty of these sufferers. The fatal accident is sup-

posed to have occurred thus. Over each of the mining shafts is erected a breaker or cracker—an immense wooden structure—to the top of which the loaded cars are drawn up and then “dumped,” the coal in its gradual downward progress being sorted, the greater part of it broken, sifted, and delivered into the cars beneath. The mine at Avondale was ventilated by means of a furnace or great fire, causing a draught. From this it is generally supposed that the breaker took fire, and this in turn set to burning a great body of coal, and as there was at the Avondale mine only one way of egress—that is, up the shaft—the men perished below.

At Scranton I saw a sad though simple ballad upon this disaster:

“But all in vain. There was no hope
One single life to save,
For there is no second outlet
From the subterraneous cave.
No pen can write the awful fright
And horror that did prevail
Among those dying victims
In the mines of Avondale.”

The Ventilation Act passed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania after this great disaster forbids the working of any mine without two outlets. In one that I visited, instead of a furnace for ventilation, there was employed an immense fan, worked by a steam-engine, and supplying sixty thousand feet of pure air per minute.

Great precautions are also taken to prevent the explosion of fire-damp. Nevertheless, accidents do still occur from this cause, and, as we have said, from the falling of the roof, and this although one-third of the coal is left in for support for the rock above. Some companies will not insure the lives of miners, and when they do insure, they demand a very high rate—about like that charged for those engaged in the manufacture of gunpowder.

Besides the more fearful sufferings to which the miner is liable, it is not uncommon to see him working in water, perhaps up to his knees, and at the same time water may be dropping upon him from above. Sometimes, on account of powder smoke from blasting, he must feel his way rather than see it. Yet it is a general impression that the miner's health is good.

It must be accounted one of his hardships that he has not regular employment. At the time of my visit more than half the mines were not working at all, and the rest only on half time.

The miner's luxuries are those of other poor men—his pipe and glass of ale or beer—though I must acknowledge that the Irishman has not dispensed with whiskey. “I do not think,” says Father —, “that he drinks more than the Welshman, but perhaps he is more frequently seen intoxicated in public.” The Welshman, it has been

said, does not drink so much here as at home, for he has bidden his native land farewell with the intention of making money. The use of malt liquors is very common in this region, and beer is abundant in the hardest times.

The Irish are fond of singing, dancing, and carousing. The saloons on Lackawanna Avenue have two rooms, the front one for drinking, the back for dancing and general amusement. On the contrary, dancing is generally considered a heinous sin among the Welsh. Says a friend, “The ministers denounce balls and dancing parties as they would manslaughter or murder.”

The German is fond of hunting. He has a gun and dog, and on a Sunday or other holiday, or when there is a breakdown in the mine, he goes hunting on the mountain, and brings home partridges, rabbits, or perchance a deer. Nor does he have to go far to find his hunting ground. The valley of the Lackawanna is only about two miles wide, and lies in the Moosic Mountains, a part of the Alleghanies. The Germans are fond, too, of fishing. Their picnics and musical festivals generally begin on Saturday afternoon and conclude on Sunday evening. About two-thirds of the Germans go to church on Sunday morning, and many visit the beer gardens in the afternoon with their wives and children. They observe the church holidays Good-Friday and Easter-Monday.

No Irish miners will work on St. Patrick's Day. They generally go to church in the morning, and immediately after service, or about half past nine, organize and form processions composed of their various beneficial societies—the Father Mathew, St. Mary's, St. Joseph's, Young Men's Beneficial, etc. They do not have a ball on St. Patrick's Day, considering it to be somewhat a desecration. On the parade day of the Miners' Union the different branches frequently have balls in the evening, and often with a charitable object, as for the relief of a poor woman whose husband or son has been killed in the mine. But since the unsatisfactory termination of the great strike in 1871 the parade day of the Miners' Union, August 1, is not generally observed.

Our national holiday, July 4, is kept with great zeal by the Irish. It is an outlet for the expression of their animosity to England. In 1874 there was a great parade of several thousand persons, about two-thirds of whom were foreigners.

The Welsh have only one national holiday—St. David's Day, March 1. On this day, in Wales, they form processions and carry the leek, the national emblem. I saw it growing at Scranton, very much like the onion when standing. On this day in Wales they also have meetings for literary pursuits and for vocal music, being a great singing

nation. St. David's Day is still observed in some American cities, but among the people at large the celebration has died out here. Christmas is a great day among the Welsh, and is observed by meetings of the *Eisteddfod*, a very ancient national gathering, which can be traced back for nine hundred years. The word means an assembly, and is pronounced *Ice-teth-vod*, the *dd* being like *th* in *thee*.

These gatherings are literary and musical. At Hyde Park it is announced in the Welsh paper, in the spring of the year, that the Philosophical Society will, at the ensuing Christmas, give prizes for the best essay or the best poem on given subjects, and the best piece of original music for given words, also for singing and recitation. But although, as I have stated, these meetings are generally held on Christmas, yet sometimes a neighboring town may prefer to fix upon New-Year, thus enabling parties to attend both; and St. David's Day is sometimes celebrated by an *eisteddfod*. From the exercises of these gatherings women are not excluded. The *eisteddfods* are very generally attended by the Welsh, and are held in some large public hall, the greater part of the performances being in the Welsh language. Some of the observances are described to me in simple language by one who has been a miner. He says that church choirs attend the *eisteddfods*, and some very difficult piece is selected for them to sing, the prize being about sixty to eighty dollars. Then there are singers alone, and in parties of three. "They get their poets there; they meet on Christmas morning about ten, and adjourn about twelve, and then give out subjects for the poets—likely the Lackawanna River, or some subject they had never thought of before. At two o'clock these poets will be called upon to recite their verses—two, perhaps—and a small prize is given (about a dollar), principally for amusement. Again, they call for compositions in music on some given subject. They must be sent in beforehand, about two weeks before the *eisteddfod*, with the proper name under a seal, the judges being allowed only to see the fictitious name. Also they read, and the best reader gets a small prize, the piece being given out at the meeting where it is read. Another thing causes a good deal of laughter—they ask who will volunteer to sing a musical composition from the notes; some half dozen will throw in their names (fictitious), and then one will be called out—perhaps 'Greenhorn;' the other five will retire from the room, while he picks up the difficult piece, and begins to clear his throat and show his embarrassment, which is a subject of amusement to the spectators; then the second comes on, perhaps equally unskillful; and when all have finished, the remarks of the judge upon each performance are

also very amusing, the prize being only about fifty cents. In order to avoid the singers being previously acquainted with the piece, sometimes a person may be sent out half an hour beforehand to compose one. The piece chosen is generally one very difficult to sing. They hold these *eisteddfods* in Wales. The Welsh bards have for centuries back been accustomed to poetry, and so forth. In London they invited, I think, nearly all the musicians in Europe to sing on a certain day, all nationalities, for a prize of £1000—a silver cup. There came a choir of singers from Wales to compete with the best talent they had in England. The lords and members of Parliament were there. The English selected some of their most cultivated people, and the Welsh singers were miners and men of very little education, and they had to go from their own country; but they won the prize by a great distance, and then sang through different towns and cities in England. There was money raised here in Hyde Park to support them while they were training, and to take them up to London."

A minister at the Welsh Congregational church in Hyde Park gave me some explanation of this subject. He said that a company of musical persons connected with the Crystal Palace offered a prize for competition for vocal choirs, the reward being a silver cup worth £1000. In 1872 a choir of 500 persons from South Wales, called the South Wales Choral Union, men, women, and children, principally miners and their children, appeared, and took the prize without competition. The next year, 1873, a trained band of English musicians, 350 in number, appeared to compete for the prize, but without success, for the Welsh won it again. The English were from London, and were called the Tonic Sol Fa Association.

I heard nothing at Scranton, however, of the harp, once thought indispensable to the bards, two men on the street at Hyde Park with pipe and bagpipe being the only peculiar instrumental performers that I remember.

It might be supposed that so dangerous a pursuit as mining, with the horror of beholding accidents sometimes mortal, the uncertainty of obtaining regular employment, and, more than any of these, the working so far from the excellent light of the sun, would repress the buoyant spirits of the Irishman; but, says my Connaught acquaintance, "Working in the mines does not dull an Irishman's spirits—not a bit of it."

A German also says that he does not think that working in the mines makes the Irish and others less fond of jokes, for they get together more. The mine is cool in summer and warm in winter, and if there is a lull, from want of cars or other cause, the men will squat down, miner fashion, and tell stories and crack jokes.

On a like occasion the little blackened slate-pickers swarm out of the cracker, like children let loose from school or like bees from the hive, and play at boyish games. Sometimes they get hold of an empty truck car, and ride down grade full speed, having the labor afterward of getting the car up again. When a loaded car is coming up the shaft, they can hear the warning whistle of the steam-engine, for soon the coal will be running down the chutes, and their labors recommence.

When the circus comes to town there is danger of a stampede among the boys who drive mules and perform like labors. They will come to the mine in the morning and gather together, and unless the "boss" is on the watch, they may be off in a body, and all work be at an end for the day, as the men can not get on without them. On the contrary, if they are separated and started at their work, they will stay. But even the little fellows lately spoken of, "the boys in the cracker," who pick the slaty refuse from the coal, have been known thus to stop mining operations.

The Welsh are not a humorous and jocose people like the Irish, though I am told that they are inclined to mirth when speaking together in their own language. A faint smile was caused at the Congregational church by a remark of the preacher. Translated, it amounts to this: "Some men drink a quantity of beer, which does not affect the brain, as they have so little brains;" and the application seems to have been that in a like manner the trials and vicissitudes of life affect some men little, as they have but little sensibility.

I am told that among the works of the Welsh poets are many epigrammatic stanzas. Of one of these, an epitaph, I received the following prose version: "In this life she told all the untruth that she could. Be careful not to wake her: if you do, she will say that she has been to heaven."

The late hours which are kept by our Pennsylvania Dutch when "Fanny has a beau once" do not prevail among the Welsh at Scranton. A gentleman who leads a large church choir, of which all the men are miners, and not half of these church members, tells me that the young men wait upon the young women home before nine, chat a while on the front porch or steps, and generally leave at ten.

A physician says that most of the courtship of the Welsh is begun, and often finished, while walking the streets after church. "This street is thronged," says he, "on Sunday nights in summer. At first the young men walk behind, but after a while one step is quickened or the other slackened, or both, and they come together, and form lively parties, until ten or after. Courtships are brief, and the marriages early and happy."

I asked a Welsh acquaintance whether his son married young. "No, he didn't marry young; he was twenty-three." Says another, "Young women among the Welsh miners marry from eighteen to twenty-two. At the latter age they are joked about being old maids."

Miners' wives generally hold the purse. As soon as he gets his pay and his fill of beer, the miner hands his wages to his wife, who acts as treasurer with much discretion, making all the purchases of the house and transacting the business of the family. A miner's wife says to me: "My husband is a good workman. He never lost any time by drinking or any thing like that. I nearly supported the family by my own sewing and by taking boarders. Ever since I have been married I tried to keep our own table, and could generally do it unless I was sick. I 'most always had a good deal of my own way, but I always consulted him. He always gave me his wages. I think when a man gives his wife his wages she feels more interest. I'd kick up a big fuss if he did not give me his wages. Whenever he was going away, I'd remind him, 'Charley, haven't you got any money in your pocket?' He knew where the money was, you know. We always had one purse. My purse was his, and his was mine. We have always lived in good unity together."

This is not always the way with miners. We have a neighbor who must always go to the office on pay-day to get her husband's money. He'll go and take the pay, and hand it over to her. She says he always gives it to her. If she did not go and get it, he'd go to the saloon and spend it. "It looks to me as if a man was so weak-minded, to do the like of that!"

The Welsh boys, too, hand their wages over to their mother. Germans, on the contrary, do not give their pay to the feminine head of the family; and, alas! a physician says that Germans are the best pay.

The Welsh woman is ambitious for her husband's shoes to shine, and on every Saturday evening she blacks the shoes of the family (all set in a row), until the girls are old enough to relieve her. Another corrects this statement, saying that by the old Welsh rule Monday is the day for cleaning and putting away the Sunday's shoes.

Mrs. — says that she sets a tub of warm water for her son when he comes home from picking slate at the mine, and gives him soap and a woolen cloth, that he may "wash all over." To bathe in this manner is almost a universal rule with the men on leaving the mine, and a physician says that he considers the daily bath beneficial to their health. Says an acquaintance: "Many think, 'I would not have miners to sleep in my beds, they look so black and dirty.' But there is scarcely one in five hundred that

does not wash all over when he comes home from his work; the general rule is, before he eats his supper. He washes his head, and puts on his clean clothes, and looks more like a clerk in a store than a miner."

When first I attended a Welsh church at Scranton, I was surprised at the nice appearance of the congregation, and I afterward inquired whether there were any miners there. But on my late visit I learned an almost invariable means of discovering who have worked in the coal mines. On the back of my host's hands were many blue spots, looking like faint tattooing. These were marks where he had been cut by the coal. Miners frequently have one or more of these blue scars upon the face. The coal dust doubtless remains in the wounded place, like Indian ink in tattooing; and by these marks you can perceive that men have been miners, though their occupation now be quite different.

The Welsh have three suits of clothes, one for work, one for evening, and another for Sunday. Their children look very neat when going to church or Sunday-school. The Irish mother, too, loves to see her children look fine on these occasions, but she does not show so much taste. Both are much attached to their churches and Sunday-schools. The Germans are not so devotional.

The education of miners' sons is often much neglected. The law does not permit them to enter the public schools before the age of six; and although the Ventilation Act prevents children from working within the mines under twelve, yet no such prohibition exists as regards the breaker, or "cracker," above the mine. A superintendent says, "I have had them to come at six, and their mothers with them, to get them taken on."

Most of the recent Welsh emigrants, and those who are still poor and have large families, send their boys to work at the mine. But very few that have been in this country ten years are so poor as to be obliged to send them at an early age. We except those of dissipated habits, who spend their money in the saloons.

A German tells me that the children of German miners are generally sent to school, but so great is the demand for boys to pick slate in the breaker, that they generally go there at about eight or ten. Boys' wages in the breaker begin at thirty-five cents per day, and go up to seventy-five or eighty-five. A mule driver gets from seventy-five cents to a dollar. Even the little boys in the breakers are proud to receive their month's wages, not to spend themselves, but to take home.

A friend says that as soon as the boy earns fifty cents at the mine, his sole ambition is to earn seventy-five, and then to be

a driver. From driving one mule his desire is to drive a team, then to become a laborer, and then a full miner. To be a "boss," or superintendent, is a distant object of ambition, like being President—

"Alps on Alps arise."

Almost every one has to work for some time as a laborer, loading coal, before he becomes a full miner. The sons of miners generally follow in their fathers' footsteps; but those who have been here many years often look higher for their boys, and give them trades. I met a lawyer, an intelligent young man, whose father is a miner.

For the benefit of the boys in the mines here, the Catholic Church has organized night schools, open during the six colder months of the year. The boys, if able, pay from twenty-five to fifty cents a month. A Catholic clergyman estimates that over two-thirds of the boys attend these schools. As a general thing, the use of the public school buildings has been granted them, but the rooms are often overcrowded. Though principally organized by the Catholic Church, none are refused on account of their belief. But after working all day, the boy can not bring so much animation to the night school as if he were not fatigued. The girls have better opportunities, but they are often put out to domestic service at twelve or fourteen.

The fare of the miner is from necessity simple, not luxurious. He breakfasts at about five or six o'clock on bread, butter, and tea. In a little tin can he carries his dinner of bread and cheese, perhaps with the addition of a bit of pie or cake, and in a tin bottle cold tea without milk. Even this simple luxury is sometimes discarded, and water taken in its place. The miner proper finishes his work about four o'clock, and finds his best meal at home, often a "good cooked meal" of meat, potatoes, etc. We may call this dinner, and the former meal lunch. A miner tells me, however, that he has often brought his food uneaten out of the mine from want of time; for he must have his car loaded when the driver comes for it, or lose one of the seven car-loads which form his daily work.

It is the Welshman who eats bread and cheese. His companion or laborer is generally Irish. He is detained longer in the mine, and wants meat for his noon-day meal. Late in the fall, if the Irishman has not a pig, he generally buys from the country farmer a part of a beef, which he salts. Fresh meat from the stalls is too dear for him. When his beef runs out, he buys mess pork from the store; but I fear that he is not always able to take his bit of meat to the mine. Rather than cheese, he will take a couple of boiled eggs, for he is very fond of what he calls "a fresh egg." He carries

milk in preference to tea, and he loves to own a cow. Cows are often seen pasturing upon the commons or the unfenced land belonging to the companies, the surface of which is not yet sold for building lots. The Irishman is very fond of keeping geese and ducks. When he has a lot, he raises potatoes and cabbage, for here, or at home, he dearly loves cabbage with his boiled bacon.

The German takes for his lunch bread and butter, and perhaps a "chunk of sausage," and piece of pie or cake. His tin bottle holds coffee. The miner's dinner kettle and bottle are slung on a rope over one shoulder, and on entering the passages of the mine are hung on one of the props that support the roof. The men often play jokes on each other by stealing pie or cake. Of course the German makes sauerkraut. He keeps pigs, and sometimes buys a quarter of beef, which he smokes.

Great simplicity in food seems to exist among the mining people in Wales, where it is said that they never think of eating butter and cheese at once; they would think it sinful. Mr. E——, of Scranton, says that he offered cold meat to an old Welsh lady who was visiting him, and she thanked him, but she had bread and butter. And Mr. J——, of Welsh birth, a miner from fourteen years to forty-six, tells me that if the streets were lined with meat, he could not eat it oftener than once a day, though he admits that he sometimes takes an egg or two for breakfast.

The Welsh miners who come to this country almost invariably bring one or two feather-beds. The German who can afford it sleeps in cold weather on one feather-bed and under another; if he can not, he sleeps on straw and under feathers.

At his work the miner generally wears a woolen shirt, pantaloons of bed-ticking or stout linen, and heavy boots. I have seen the sole studded with iron lest the coal should cut the leather.

As to the number of miners who own their houses, I have heard various estimates for Scranton, as from one-third upward, the highest estimate being in one district seven out of ten of the married.

The German's house is a good one, painted or whitewashed. Germans cultivate flowers and vegetable gardens, principally worked by the women, who carry produce in baskets for sale. The Welshman, too, when he has a home, has a comfortable one, looking quite pretty with its surroundings. But though the Irish often own their homes, these are of a ruder kind.

Has the miner aspirations? This question has been put, and I have been tempted to reply by another, Is he a man? Mr. L——, of Scranton, came to this country when about twenty. He worked a few

months at Carbondale, in this Lackawanna region, and afterward in Ohio, mining bituminous coal by the bushel—120 bushels a day, at two cents each. Here he laid by \$130, which he sent to Wales to bring his parents over. "I was," said he, "the only son they ever 'ad." At twenty-five he married, and soon after took a contract in a mine in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. Here the failure of his employer threw him into debt, from which he was not clear until about thirty. He took contracts on coal slopes, working always as a miner himself, but hiring hands to help him. For twenty years he was a foreman, a foreman's salary averaging \$1200. He also went to California, and mined gold to profit. He bought, too, a farm in Pennsylvania for \$3500, and tried farming himself for two years, but found it harder work than mining.

"Some eight of us," he says, "all miners, bought some years ago about five and a half acres of ground here for \$8050. We sold it out in building lots, in about two months, for nearly the cost, and retained the mineral, which we value at \$20,000." By mineral is meant, of course, the coal, of which several valuable veins underlie Scranton at the point alluded to.

Mr. L—— continues: "Another company of us, all miners and all poor men originally, have bought a tract of 4000 acres of coal lands near the centre of Alabama. I have been down twice to see them." He has now retired from active business, and lives in a neat house surrounded by a large garden, which he cultivates with pleasure and profit.

Another instance of success in a more intellectual field is Mr. ——, editor of a Welsh paper. When he was eight years old his mother was left a widow, with nine children, from three years of age to sixteen, and with nothing but a few household goods. By putting her children to work early at the mines she kept her family together. She herself spoke nothing but Welsh. Mr. —— was a precocious laborer, if I may use the expression, he being well grown, and becoming a driver at ten years, and a miner at sixteen. He never had but thirty-two days' schooling; but having great delight in books, he got a Daboll's Arithmetic, and went through it twice, and found some one to set him copies for writing, making use afterward of copper-plates. One great advantage which he had was the leisure which the miner often enjoys. He says: "When I was working at Carbondale two years, I could generally get my day's work done by noon. When a miner, I wrote essays three times for the eisteddfod, and two of them drew prizes. These were each \$25; but the pecuniary reward was not what we aimed at—it was the honor. I gave up mining in 1869, and have been connected with a newspaper ever since."

The miner occasionally attains to great wealth. Such, at least, was the case of Richard Care, of Minersville, of whom I hear that he came to this country a poor man, and died worth a million and a half.

But all these cases are exceptional. The chief ambition of the miners in general is plenty of work and good wages. "They're death on the wages," says one, "as the last suspension showed." As to their desiring to improve their condition, a German tells me that there is always such a desire among his people. "I can take you up," says he, "to Elmira, New York, and show you, I guess, a whole township of farmers who have been miners. The Germans who work here are very rarely from the mining districts of Germany, but from the agricultural. The German will take his boys into the mine to lay up a little capital, and having done this, he will buy a farm, or go into merchandise, or open a saloon."

What provision has the miner for times when he is out of work?

I might answer after the manner of another—credit, credit, credit. The miner is paid monthly, but by the smaller companies not always so often. Could he once tide over the first month, and enter upon the cash system, he might be pecuniarily benefited by the change, but he seems wedded to the credit system. Should any trader advertise that he would sell goods for cash twenty per cent. lower, I am told that the other store-keepers would throw their influence against him, and also that several cash stores have been tried in Scranton that did not succeed in the long-run. One of the main provisions against misfortune is the Beneficial Society. The miners do not, however, often join the Freemasons. Many of the Welsh belong to the following societies: Odd-Fellows, Foresters (a secret society of foreign origin), Ivorites (named for Ivor Hael, the Welsh founder), Red Men, and the "Philanthropic Institution." There are other societies, Irish and German. As for the miner who does not belong to any of these, and who has no other means, if he meets with a serious accident or a protracted illness, he must go to the poor-house; but if I may credit good authority, he very rarely goes there.

Father — says: "We need hardly use the word poor-house here, for I never knew a miner to get there. The Irish have a horror of it; but occasionally some aged, dependent person goes. The law here forbids out-door support for the poor." A young lawyer says: "No Welsh miner ever goes to the poor-house. He has a son or daughter, a brother or sister, a nephew or niece, who will not intrust him to the cold charities of the public. If his wife is industrious, she and the children can take care of him." Mr. L—— says: "Very seldom does a miner get

to the poor-house, unless he be a drunkard; for if he be sober, his fellow-workmen in the mine, in case of accident or long sickness, make a collection for him." And Dr. H—— says: "A kinder set of men never walked the earth. When one of them meets with an accident in the mine, the men put in their hands and raise a little purse for him. They will divide their last dollar with a wounded comrade. The Irish extend their care to the widow of their unfortunate companion, whom they frequently set up in a little saloon, where she vends candy, pea-nuts, and various drinks." Since, however, the beneficial societies have become popular, there is not so much need of resorting to succor by subscription.

When urged to insure his life, the reply of the Irishman almost invariably is, "What do I want to insure my life for my wife for? When I am dead, I don't want another man to spend my money."

In these dull times, when so many were out of work, I frequently saw quoit-pitching, which seemed to be a favorite amusement; some leap and some play marbles with the boys; but neither men nor boys spend their time in play. Some work for farmers, some pick berries, some "fuss about their gardens," or one, perhaps, has a sickly wife, and will stay at home and help. A young Cornish man whom I met was going to haul stone to build an addition to his house. I visited a young Scotchman, a foreman, who was employing himself in another manner. In the middle of his sitting-room stood a surveyor's compass upon its high tripod, and upon the table lay a book—*A Conversation on Mines*, by WILLIAM HOPTON: Manchester and London. I said to him that he was differently situated from other miners, because he was interested in books, and could study in an idle time like the present. He replied that it was the fault of the others if they did not want to read and study; he had never heard of any one in any profession who could say that he had become perfect, and in his own case the more he learned, the more he found that there was to learn.

Among the Welsh, however, I learn that there is considerable culture besides that of which I have already spoken. In the Welsh Baptist church at Hyde Park a society meets once a week for reading and debating. They read the Bible and discuss its history and geography, for six months reading the Old Testament, and for six the New. In reading the Book of Samuel, the question arose, "Did the witch of Endor raise Samuel from the dead?" After some discussion the debate was found to take up too much time, and it was referred to disputants, two upon each side. The question brought up spiritualism, in which very few of the Welsh believe, but they love to dis-

cuss subjects of general interest. After an evening's debate, the chairman put the question, and it was decided that Samuel was not raised. With this decision the preacher does not agree.

About six years ago the same society argued the question whether the world was created in six days, and decided that the days were not periods of twenty-four hours. After the decision, they had a lecture upon geology from a former preacher, in which he took the same view.

The Welsh, without sectarian distinction, support the Philosophical Society at Hyde Park, its proceedings being in the Welsh language, and its meetings held every Saturday for eight months in the year. By voluntary contribution they are establishing a free library. Some of the Welsh miners also have considerable private libraries, of three hundred volumes and over.

The miners in this region are generally peaceable. Order is preserved in the mines by very strict rules. If one man strikes another, he is immediately discharged. If one insults another, the latter is to complain to the foreman, who acts as a justice of the peace, and reports difficult cases to the general superintendent. Properly speaking, however, there are two foremen to a mine, one above and one below. On an average, there are about 150 hands employed at each mine.

Even in idle times there is very little disorderly conduct. "The men," says R—, "will sometimes get tight, two or three of them, but as for getting up big rows, there is nothing of it. In the time of the great suspension there were threats of burning some buildings belonging to the Lackawanna Coal and Iron Company, and I went to guard one of them; but we never saw any body."

To this general good order, however, there seems to be a notable exception. One evening my landlady sent her son to escort me with a lantern, the lamps along a principal street being "smashed." They had been broken, it appeared, for some time. I asked the boy why there was not a reward offered for the discovery of the persons who had done it. "Oh," said he, "the Molly Maguires will kill men!"

The Molly Maguires are the "Ancient Order of Hibernians," of whose doings in the coal regions dreadful stories have been told. Although when I was at Scranton it was said that the priests had broken up the society, yet I saw, one Sunday, members of the "ancient order" in handsome green and white or silver regalia, who seemed prepared to take part, with many other persons, in laying the corner-stone of a church near Scranton. Hence I inferred that the clergy had not broken up the society, but might have obliged them to give up their pledge

of secrecy. After I left Scranton, however, a man was killed in that region, of whose murder I understand that the Molly Maguires were suspected. But so great at one time was the fear of the people at large of the Mollies, that 200 or more revolvers were sold in one day.

There remains to be considered a subject of more general public interest than perhaps any other in which the miner is concerned, namely, strikes. Suspension is the genteel name among the men. In 1870 a great strike occurred here, which finally involved not only the whole of the anthracite, but a part of the bituminous region of Pennsylvania, which lasted near six months, bringing coal to an immense price in the market, and seriously embarrassing business, and which deserves the name of the great suspension. To make the matter perfectly clear, it is worth while to revert to the opening of our civil war in the year 1861.

The standard price paid to the miner in July, 1874, was ninety-three cents per car-load. At this rate he could make about \$3 50 per day for himself, and pay his assistant, or laborer, about \$2 35. But before the breaking out of the rebellion the price of mining was as low as forty-five cents per car, or less than half the price in 1874.

During the war so great was the demand for iron, and consequently for coal, that prices had risen by 1864 to \$1 68 per car, not very far from double the present price, but payable, as it will be remembered, in greatly depreciated paper money. In spite of this fact, this was the miners' flush time. I have been told that many were earning from \$150 to \$500 a month, and that some of these bought homes, and afterward increased their landed property.

The manner in which this great advance in wages was obtained is especially worthy of note. The Miners' Union, or Workingmen's Beneficial Association—the W. B. A.—began here, during the war, among the employés of the three great mining companies, the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Company, the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and the Pennsylvania Coal Company. At the time the W. B. A. was organized, coal was rising in price, but the companies were not raising the men's wages. The miners felt themselves entitled to a share, the tenth or twelfth part of the advanced price, but they did not receive it until they called a convention. This, as I understand, was thus organized: The hands in each mine formed a branch of the W. B. A., and each branch was entitled to send two delegates to local conventions, and these in their turn appointed delegates to a general convention when one was held.

In order to obtain an advance in wages, the men appointed at their conventions committees to wait upon the general agent

of each company, and to make the same demand upon the same day, and it was always granted, until the price had risen, as I have already stated, in 1864, to \$1 68, its greatest height. In September of that year, when the war was drawing to a close, and the price of coal had begun to decline, the wages of the miners was reduced eight and a half per cent., without causing any disturbance. By July of 1865 gradual reductions had brought wages down from \$1 68 per car-load to \$1 09. On this decline there was a strike among the miners in the Scranton and Wilkesbarre region.

In the preceding May a convention had been called at Scranton to take action on the fall in wages. Many were opposed to striking. But in July another convention was called, and on the 15th the hands of the three great companies struck, from Wilkesbarre to Carbondale, and "staid out" eleven weeks. The companies did not raise their wages before they resumed work, but they began again with the understanding that their pay would be raised, and an advance of five cents per car-load was made in a few days, bringing the price up to \$1 14.

After this the men were quiet for over three years, but as wages declined, by January, 1869, great discontent was felt among the miners. There was no outbreak, however, until April, when the men of the two greatest mining companies suspended. These companies, the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, and the Delaware and Hudson, when in full operation, sent at that time 118,000 tons of coal weekly to market. The withdrawal of a mass like this must, of course, influence the price, and the Pennsylvania Coal Company (the third in size here, and employing about one-sixth of the hands) profited by the withdrawal of the other companies, and, figuratively speaking, made hay while the sun shone. The Miners' Union could not have been strong then, or the men of this company would not have worked while the others were out. It has been remarked that while prices continued to rise, the miners were delighted with the Union, but when wages began to fall, their interest in it fell too. However this may have been, the Pennsylvania Coal Company, in the strike of 1869, continued to work, and raised the men's wages about once a month, until it amounted to \$1 31 the car-load.

The two other companies probably tired, if corporations can be said to tire, of seeing the Pennsylvania Coal Company carrying on business thus, and it seems that hints were conveyed to the outstanding men by agents of their employers that they had made no organized application to the companies, informing them of their wishes. At length committees from the men called upon the agents of the companies, and offered to

go to work at the rate at which the other men were working. To these the agents answered, "We are always ready to pay what our neighbors are paying;" and the men went to work at \$1 31. This was not a long-protracted strike, and the men were successful in obtaining nearly all which they demanded.

These good prices continued for over a year, partly, it seems, for a reason to me unexplained, and in part because the price at which the men went to work, although a high one, was actually not so high as the companies could then afford to pay, so greatly was the stock of coal reduced and the market price raised.

Wages continued then at \$1 31, when, in November, 1870, the three companies united in notifying the men that in one month there would be a reduction to eighty-six cents. This decline was an immense one, over thirty per cent., and the news came upon the miners like a thunder-bolt. It would have been much better policy for the employers to reduce the price gradually as coal declined in market.

This state of things may indicate that there is not much sympathy between the miners and the corporations, and I am told that the men feel bitter toward their employers from their showing so little respect for their manhood as not to be willing to consult with them. These are tender points with some in the Scranton region. You will find the foremen not very anxious to talk about them, but you will be able to obtain the admission from some here that the men feel their interest as at variance with their employers'.

When the end of the month of notification arrived, the men declined to take the sum offered, and suspended. They claimed that the matter of wages should be determined by a sliding-scale, adjusted to the price of coal in the market, and this they called a basis. They also desired to have an agent to examine the books of the companies, and to see what their profits really were. The first demand is so reasonable that we can scarcely see why it should be refused, and it is granted in the Schuylkill County region.

This sliding-scale, or the basis, became a rallying cry during the long and trying conflict which followed. And they stuck to this until they were starved out.

On their side, the companies thought that strikes were coming too often (the interval having been about sixteen or eighteen months); and now, as we have said, the three companies were united.

The miners, however, had not all been in favor of suspending work. Some of the leading Welshmen would have preferred to compromise by offering to go on at a reduction less than that demanded by the com-

panies, but these were overborne by others, who were very violent in the meetings of the W. B. A., crying out, "Strike! strike!" until, I was told, it was as much as a man's life was worth to oppose them. So the pacific or conservative Welshmen were outvoted by the more reckless of their own nation and the rest. But once engaged, the Welsh were the most determined, being unwilling to yield until they had effected something. Says one, "I believe they would have held out to this day;" and another, "I believe they would have emigrated: they had strong talk of going out West in squads." As it happened, if we may call it chance, the only blood shed in the struggle was that of two Welshmen.

The Miners' Union did not anticipate that the companies would hold out as long as they did; but they seem to have been firmly banded, like the men, and they had the power of capital on their side. "It was like a big war," says an acquaintance—"a six months' war."

It seems to the writer that in this contest, however, the men were struggling against fate; for as paper money advanced in value and approached to gold, so, as a general rule, must the price of every thing decline that was paid for in that paper money, including wages, the price of labor.

The men were not literally starved out, it seems; for one interested says: "I heard of no miners that were suffering for provisions, though some of them were pretty hard up. The store-keepers took the miners' side, because it was their interest to do so. The bigger pay the miner got, the more he had to spend in the stores."

Of course the time must have come when the tradesmen could no longer give credit, and we readily infer that that point must have been nearly or entirely reached when the men had been out near six months.

During this period families were, of course, much restricted. They could probably get along with no new clothing, or but little; and the store-keepers trusted them for flour, tea, sugar, tobacco, and the other little *necessaries* of life. Such, too, as had lots could raise potatoes, cabbage, etc., but some of them became deeply involved in debt.

However, the times had been so good that probably at least half the men had means to support themselves for a little time, and they grasped at any work they could find any where. As the strike began in December, however, the amount of work must have been small. Had not the other anthracite regions become involved, their comrades might have sent them funds, or given them a share of work; but this was impossible. The funds of the Miners' Union, the W. B. A., were very small. They were unable to support the men in such a time. Nor were they supported by the

public. Says a friend: "Not one miner in this region went to the poor-house, nor do I believe that one applied to the commissioners of the poor for out-door assistance. They would not have thought of such a thing, for they believed that the sympathies of the commissioners were with their employers."

About once a month a committee would call upon Mr. —, the agent of the — Company (and doubtless upon the agents of the others also), and inquire whether the company would grant them a basis on the former prices, but they effected nothing.

The Irishmen were poorer, and they were sooner ready to yield. At length a gentleman of Scranton induced thirty men to "break away from the union," and to go to work in a mine belonging to a company smaller than the three mentioned. These men were almost entirely Irish. They went to work daily about seven in the morning, returning about five in the evening, carrying arms, and were accompanied by soldiers and led by their employer.

When the news spread among the miners that a body of men had gone to work in a certain spot, the miners would gather upon the way to see who these were, and the on-looking crowd was swelled by boys, and perhaps by women. As the men who had yielded made their appearance, the cry arose among the spectators, "Here come the black-legs!"—i. e., the turncoats or traitors. One evening as these men were thus returning along the street in Hyde Park, it is said that a boy on the street threw a stone. One of the men attacked turned around, and, discharging his musket, shot two men through the body with the same ball, and killed them instantly.

At least one of these men was a miner, and was or had been a Methodist local preacher; the other was going to get medicine for a sick child. Both were Welshmen. There was immediately an immense excitement. While the man who fired the shot was being taken to the magistrates, some one cried out, "Kill him!" but others waved them back, saying, "Let the law do him justice."

The magistrate, a Welshman, committed him to jail at Wilkesbarre, whence he was bailed out, and when brought to trial was defended by the companies, was acquitted, and lives peaceably in the neighborhood now. I tell the tale as it was told to me.

So the men gave in. This bloody scene and the ensuing funerals probably broke the doughty spirit of the Welshmen. They gave in, and went to work in the latter part of May, not entirely six months from the outbreak of the contest. They began at eighty-six cents, the price which the companies had fixed; but on the 1st of June their pay was raised to ninety-three cents.

Can strikes be prevented? In speaking to a miner of the great suspension, I asked whether it would not be better for the company and the men to meet and settle these matters.

"It could not be done," he answered. The miners do not seem to have any desire to buy into the stock of the companies. Is it for fear, as a miner's wife said, "the big fishes would eat the little fishes up?"

But if the miner does not thus co-operate with his employers, or in the manner that the poorest sailor on a whaling vessel does with the owners, the principle of joint-stock is not unknown to them. An intelligent man, once a miner, tells me that all working-men are now aspiring to form co-operative associations for the purpose of carrying on mining and iron-works themselves. There are iron mills on this system, he said, at Danville, and a number of furnaces and rolling-mills in Ohio. These are on the same plan as the renowned works at Rochdale, in England, that have been in successful operation for many years.

There is, too, a co-operative store at Hyde Park, Scranton. This store has been in operation for several years, and pays stockholders from twelve to fifteen per cent. on stock and purchase. The majority of the stockholders are Welsh, and nearly all are miners.

MY MOTHER'S OBJECTIONS.

I.

"THERE is no use in talking; nothing on earth will ever induce me to give my consent."

It was my mother who spoke, and I sat silent, vainly endeavoring to find some argument which should induce her to change her mind. Unless she did so, the case, I knew, was hopeless; for Helen, proud, beautiful darling that she was, would never marry a man whose family refused to sanction the match. My mother was the best woman in the world, too good for the world, I sometimes thought—too good, at least, for the world in which I lived, and to which I had recently transplanted her from the quiet New England village in which she had lived all her married life. If you know any thing of the rigid spirit which prevails in those quiet spots of New England where a stern Puritanism rides rough-shod over all natural tastes and instincts, you can, perhaps, appreciate the force of my mother's objections to my betrothed, Helen Leighton; otherwise, you must take my word for their cogency.

"She dances; she gambles; she laughs in church."

These were the grounds on which my mother's objections were based. I had argued them with her, point by point, many a

time, driving her from them one by one, forcing her to acknowledge their untenability. So far so good; but as a bit of whale-bone springs back when the pressure upon it is relaxed, just so surely did her mind spring back to the original point:

"She gambles; she dances; she laughs in church."

Dance? Of course she danced, like a wave of the sea or a bubble of the air. Thanks to my Puritanical training, I had had no opportunity of learning the art until my muscles had lost their youthful flexibility. Nevertheless, it was my delight to watch her graceful figure and to catch the bright glances which from time to time she sent me as she floated past.

Gamble? She played cards, as every body does, which hardly constitutes gambling; but this was a distinction which my mother would by no means allow.

"Cards are cards," was her line of argument. "It may be a shade worse to play for money, but in either case the principle is the same."

As for her laughing in church, who would not have laughed, under the circumstances, I should like to know? You see, her brother, Harry Leighton, was gifted with a naturalist's tastes and instincts. Bugs and beetles, worms and larvæ, and all hideous flying and creeping things, were to him types of beauty in its divinest essence. Now, on that soft August afternoon, as Helen and Harry were crossing one of our city parks on their way to church, his eye fell upon a specimen of the rare *Dorcus brevis*, which, by some miraculous means, had strayed thither. How was it possible for him to resist capturing such a prize? As he had come out unprovided with the collector's supply of boxes, murderous drugs, entomological pins, and such like, an empty envelope served to confine it, and he had thrust it into his pocket. Unluckily, the envelope was not sealed; the beetle, by no means pleased with its incarceration, made its escape, and being of an investigating turn of mind, proceeded to burrow under Harry's garments. It is in vain to endeavor to preserve a calm and decorous demeanor, with mysterious claws burying themselves in your skin in inaccessible places. When to this is added the fear of injuring a rare and valuable specimen in your frantic attempts at recapture, and also the dread of attracting the attention of clergyman and congregation, Harry Leighton's state of mind may be imagined. As for Helen, at first she had gazed upon her brother's wild contortions and grimaces with a mild wonder and alarm. The alarm was relieved by his whispered explanation of the true state of the case, profusely illustrated by frantic but cautious grabs at the cause of his woes. Now, I ask, could any mortal maiden resist this, especially in a

place where to laugh was to feel herself forever disgraced? The very sense of horror which she felt at the idea of her own untimely levity only hastened the explosion. A little half-smothered rivulet of laughter trickled out; shame and fright only made matters worse; the laughter became uncontrollable, hysterical, until the welcome sound of "Let us pray!" enabled her to hide her blushing, agonized face.

Now I had again and again explained the circumstances to my mother, but it was all in vain.

"If she had had a proper sense of the solemnity of the place, she never would have been tempted to laugh," was all that she would say, adding, as her ultimatum, "If ever you find me gambling, dancing, and laughing in church, I will give my consent; but, until then, it is quite useless to ask me."

And so saying, my mother terminated the argument by sweeping from the room, leaving me to chew the cud of sweet and bitter reflections. How my mother's objections were to be answered, I confess that I could not see; that she would ever change her mind of her own accord, I knew her too well to imagine. Could I inveigle her into a faro-bank under pretext of a prayer-meeting, engage her attention, and then bet in her name, persuading her afterward that the act was the effect of her own volition? Hardly feasible; and, even if practicable, how were the other miracles to be accomplished? My mother dancing! my mother laughing in church! Unless she joined the Shakers, I could not see how the first was to be effected. As for the last, monkeys might perch on sounding-boards and angle for clergymen's wigs, stray dogs might run amuck up and down the aisles, with sexton and Sunday-school children in full cry after them, bats might flap and clergymen blunder, but I was quite sure that never a muscle of my mother's face would move.

With a sigh I gave up the problem at last, and sallied forth, all unconscious that fate was working for me in a case where I was utterly helpless.

II.

It had rained for a week—a driving, easterly storm, with occasional interludes of heavy, foggy weather, low gray skies, and damp, raw air. My mother's chest being weak, she was debarred from all out-door exercise during its continuance, and, sooth to say, the time began to hang very heavily upon her hands. Reading is all very well for a time, but when you have all your life been a bustling notable housekeeper, finding your highest pleasure in new and recondite recipes, in scrupulous and frequent cleansings and purifyings of your domicile from cellar to garret, your literary tastes are apt to rust. In a city boarding-house there is little out-

let for energy in any housewifely direction. Therefore it was no wonder that my mother soon began to stray about the parlors with a forlorn and hopeless expression, wistfully watching the various groups, each deep in the mysteries of cassino, Sancho Pedro, or such like unwholesome diversion; for cards just then happened to be a mania with all of us.

Suddenly, as I watched her on that especial evening, I saw her whole face light up as she paused beside a group of four who were collected around a small stand. Naturally I strained my eyes and ears to learn what could have produced that look of placid and profound satisfaction; but my observations were in vain, until one of this group, rising with an apology to the rest, politely offered his chair to my mother. He, being a comparative stranger among us, knew nothing of her peculiar ideas, which were no secret to the rest of the house. I saw the look of laughing dismay exchanged among those who were left; then, to my unbounded amazement, I saw my mother subside into the offered chair. In another instant I understood it.

"Dominoes!" I heard her say, in a tone of satisfaction. "I have never played them since I was a child, but I was very fond of them then. You seem to be playing some new game of which I do not know the rules; but if you will bear with my ignorance for a while, I make no doubt that I shall learn them soon."

The others, with, I fancied, a slight hesitancy, began to instruct her in the laws of the game. Soon I heard terms flying freely—terms curiously familiar, but strange and uncanny as proceeding from my mother's lips.

A "flush," a "pair," a "straight flush"—what could it all mean?

"I chip!" cried my mother's voice, in tones of wild excitement; but—

"Too late!" cries another voice. "How many counters have you?"

"Twenty-five," replies my mother, blandly and unsuspectingly.

Instantly a twenty-five cent stamp is laid upon the table before her. She starts back, eying it with wild dismay. A horrible suspicion creeps across her mind, and looking around the table, she gasps, faintly,

"What—*what* have I been playing?"

Amidst a shout of laughter the answer reaches her, brokenly, faintly, but, alas! only too intelligibly:

"Playing? Why, 'penny ante,' to be sure. The cards were all in use, so we have been playing poker with dominoes by way of variety."

I must pass lightly over the tableau which followed, or my tale will be too long; over my mother's apologies, remorse, tearful explanations; over her indignant re-

fusal of the money; her final acceptance of it under protest, and its subsequent dedication to the cause of missions. All this I must leave to your imagination, and pass to the next scene.

III.

Georgie had succeeded at last in her efforts at persuasion. Georgie Lenox was my cousin, and my mother's favorite niece. She was married now—married a year ago to Rudolf Aronach, one of the best fellows in the world, and they had taken up their abode in Hoboken, that most German of American towns. It was to the celebration of their wedding anniversary that my mother had, after much hesitation, consented to go.

"It is to be a very quiet dinner," Georgie had said; "but Rudolf has so many friends who must be invited, that we have decided to give it at the German Club instead of our own house, which is much too small."

"I am afraid it will be a very gay and worldly affair," sighed my mother; "but Georgie makes such a point of it that, for her sake, I suppose I must go. But remember, Frederick, if I see any signs of dancing, I leave at once, for that I really can not countenance by my presence. There is a point beyond which I will not go."

Of course I satisfied her with a cheerful "All right," and she made her preparations with a sort of resigned equanimity edifying to behold.

My mother was a handsome woman still, in spite of her fifty years, with a tall, finely moulded figure, delicate, clear-cut features, unblurred yet by Time's ruthless touch, soft blue eyes, and heaps upon heaps of snow-white hair which glistened like spun silk above her low broad forehead. I was very proud of her as I looked at her that evening in her sweeping dress of black velvet, finished at throat and wrists with soft falls of creamy lace. Dress and laces had been my present to her upon her last birthday, and she had accepted them with a mild rebuke of my extravagance, and wore them with an air of quiet protest, blended with subdued pride, which was charming.

Georgie's fiction of the "quiet dinner" had hardly imposed upon my mother, I think. Nevertheless, I felt her cling closely to my arm, with a stifled groan, as we entered the one long room which then composed the entire second floor of the German Club-house, with its polished floor and brilliant lights, and the little curtained stage at the upper end on which her eye fell first. There was no danger to be apprehended from that quarter, however, as she soon found; but scarcely less alarming, from her point of view, was the array of many-colored glasses which clustered beside each plate all the way down the three long tables.

"What does it mean?" she moaned faint-

ly. "Will they make me drink wine? Oh, Frederick, take me home!"

I should not have done so in any case, but it was already too late, for Georgie had caught sight of us and hastened up, followed by one Herr Müller, a German of the stout, jolly, rubicund type, whom she introduced to my mother as the son of a German Protestant minister. My mother's face partially lost its look of bewildered dismay at this item of news, and she allowed him to lead her to her place without further objection.

I am afraid that at this point my attention wandered slightly from my mother, for Helen was there, the darling, more beautiful than ever in her draperies of pale blue and paler salmon, with tea-roses and forget-me-nots nestling among the ripples of her bonny brown hair; with her pure proud face, and her clear, steadfast brown eyes, and the gentle, tranquil grace which, of all her charms, was the one which had most attracted me.

Of course Helen knew nothing of the state of affairs between my mother and me. She would have broken off our engagement in an instant, even at the risk of breaking her own heart, had the faintest suspicion of it entered her mind. Fortunately my mother and she were not likely to be brought into close contact for the present. Even had they been, Helen would probably account for my mother's indifference on the ground of her being still ignorant of our engagement, which was an affair of only a month's standing. As for me, I thought it best to let things rest as they were until the way should be cleared, of which my mother's involuntary gambling had already given me good hopes.

The dinner was a thoroughly German affair. Servants, dishes, conversation, music, all were German of the purest type. It was a little slice cut out of the very heart of *Vaterland*, and set down bodily in the midst of an American town. My mother did not understand a word of German, but Herr Müller spoke excellent English, and I was glad to see that my mother was gradually becoming more and more absorbed in the conversation. When she found that her refusal to take wine provoked only a very mild surprise and remonstrance, her last scruple melted away, and I was scarcely surprised to see her wildly waving her empty glass, and chanting with the rest the musical "*Hoch*," which is the German version of our unmelodious cheer. To be sure, the toast which she elected thus to honor was, "To the health of our American friends now present," but as no doubt of the propriety of her proceeding crossed her mind, it would have been a pity to enlighten her.

Now there was a stir around the table. The band, which had hitherto been silent,

struck up a march-like air. Each gentleman offered his arm to his partner, and we moved around the room in a dignified promenade, while the waiters entered to clear the tables and push them out of the way. Round and round we went, my mother beaming with mild enjoyment as she leaned upon her partner's arm. Suddenly the measure changes; hand is linked in hand, and the long line winds and waves, weaving itself in and out in graceful undulations. For an instant my mother, in confusion and bewilderment, yields to the impulse. Then a dreadful suspicion breaks upon her mind, and she turns to her partner, with the frenzied question:

"What is it? What are we doing?"

"Doing, madam?" repeats Herr Müller, looking bland, but slightly puzzled. "We are dancing the Polonaise, to be sure. Do not be troubled; you do perfectly well, I assure you."

But my mother waits for no further encouragement. With a gasp she wrests her hand quickly from the grasp upon it, and mechanically retaining her hold upon her partner, she whirls him, too, out of the ranks, and drops, a limp, collapsed heap, upon the nearest chair. Helen and I disengage ourselves from the line and hasten up to her. But consolation is in vain. She only raises her tearful eyes to mine and murmurs,

"Frederick, your mother will disgrace both you and herself in her old age. First gambling, and now dancing! Oh, Frederick, send me back to Neposue before I sink further!" And covering her face with her hands she bursts into helpless tears, while her bewildered partner looks on, unable to form the slightest conjecture as to the meaning of this remarkable scene.

Obviously there is but one thing to be done, and that I do, by hastily consigning Helen to Herr Müller's charge, and leading my mother out of the room as quickly and as quietly as possible.

IV.

It is Sunday morning—the Sunday after my mother's little escapade at the German Club. The church bells are filling the air with music, church-goers throng the streets, and still my mother does not come. I have been waiting in the hall for fifteen minutes, and already the bell has ceased chiming and begun to toll. I grow uneasy at last, and am half-way up the stairs, when I meet her coming down. What had detained her? How can I tell? A string had come off, or a button would not fasten, or something of that sort. What do I know of the various but trifling accidents of a woman's toilet? She was ready at last, however; had caught up prayer-book and muff, and hastened down to join me.

The service had begun as we entered the

church which my mother and I attended. Episcopalianism was not her favorite form of worship, but she had consented to go with me to that church, fearing, I suppose, that otherwise I would not go at all. Need I say that my choice had been decided by the fact that Helen was a member (and a most devout one) of that church? I considered myself fortunate in having been able to secure a pew exactly in front of that which her family occupied, and thither we directed our steps. It was situated well up in the middle aisle, and as we entered later than our wont, my mother, who prided herself upon her punctuality, was somewhat flustered by the time we reached it.

"Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us," repeated the clergyman, in his full rich tones.

"Captain Jinks, of the Horse Marines;
I give my horse good corn and beans."

Where on earth did it come from? Not words, you understand, only a tinkle of jig-a-jig-jig-jig, jig-a-jig-jig, curiously near and distinct, and curiously, horribly inappropriate to the occasion. I looked about in doubt and amaze; so did every body else. Had a lunatic strayed into church that clear November morning, or— Suddenly my gaze fell upon my mother's face—such a scarlet, agonized face as it was!—as her trembling fingers fumbled nervously but vainly with the clasp of the prayer-book which she held. My eyes followed hers downward, and the mystery was solved. Instead of a prayer-book, she had in her haste caught up a musical photograph album, which was of precisely the same size and shape, never discovering the difference until the fiendish thing began to rattle out its rollicking tune at this horribly inopportune time:

"Captain Jinks, of the Horse Marines."

"We have erred, and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep."

It was all a confused Babel of sounds. People stared, giggled, and wondered. My mother, in wrath and agony, struggled fiercely with her infernal machine, but to no end. The stopping part was out of order; the playing part was in horribly perfect condition. She thrust it into the prayer-book rack, and the contact with the hard wood sent forth the sounds with redoubled distinctness. She hid it in her muff, but no amount of fur would muffle it. She threw it upon the seat behind her, where it rattled away as merrily as ever. She was just about to sit upon it, when a hand was extended from the pew behind us—a slender, delicate hand, faultlessly gloved in pale silver-gray. The hand closed over the box, and in another instant we heard the sounds growing fainter and fainter, as Helen sailed down the broad aisle, leaving a trail of mel-

ody behind her as she passed. Just as, with a click, the air changed to "Champagne Charlie," the door closed behind them, and only the clergyman's voice broke the stillness which settled over the church.

I looked at my mother. The expression of agony upon her face faded slowly to a look of intense relief. She turned her eyes upon me, bent toward me to whisper something, and—broke into a perfectly audible laugh! It was a laugh of sheer nervousness, without a particle of mirth in it, but a laugh nevertheless, positive and uncontrollable. Laugh she must, and laugh she did until her face grew scarlet and the tears poured down her cheeks, and she was fain to hide her diminished head behind her muff—laughed until, in sheer despair, she was obliged to fairly flee from the church just as the congregation rose for the "Te Deum."

V.

My mother and I sat for a long time without speaking, on that memorable Sunday evening. She was calm and composed now, though the traces of recent emotion still lingered upon her face. I would not be the first to broach one subject, the only one upon which I felt inclined to talk just then; so we sat silent in the dusky twilight, watching the leaping violet flames which quiver-

ed and flickered above the bed of glowing coals.

"Frederick," said my mother at last.

"Yes, mother."

"Your Helen is a brave girl."

"I am glad that you think so, mother."

"Do you think," said my mother, slowly, "that she did it because I am your mother, or because—"

"I think," said I, quickly, "that if any thing would have prevented her doing it, it would have been the fact that you are my mother."

"And that you were present," said my mother, nodding her head sagaciously. "I thought so. Frederick, we had a conversation two weeks ago—"

"On dancing, gambling, and laughing in church," I suggested, as my mother paused.

"Frederick," said my mother, severely, "will you be kind enough to let that subject drop? Because I was a cantankerous idiot and a self-opinionated bigot, will you leave me no place for repentance? I have had new views of the fallibility of human nature since then, and I suppose I may take a woman's privilege of changing my mind."

"By all means," I said, laughing, "especially as you have fulfilled the conditions so admirably."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Diary of John Quincy Adams is at last completed, and it is a very important and interesting contribution to our political history. It may be read by every Easy Chair that disdains politics, not only for instruction, but for reproof and warning. Such Easy Chair will open with a strange feeling in the second century of our national existence a book which is now first published, and whose author saw the battle of Bunker Hill. It will turn the pages with eager curiosity as it feels the heat of extinct party fires. It will contemplate with admiration the record of so sturdy and valiant a public spirit. For more than half a century Mr. Adams was in the public service, and his integrity, ability, and training will always remain conspicuous in that service. After his entrance upon public life, which was, of course, due to the fact that he was his father's son, he made his way by the force of his character and his capacity. He was not the creature of a clique, and he was not made by a machine. The ideal of a popular representative system suggests the spontaneous choice by a community of its fittest citizen. This was true of that part of Mr. Adams's career which was due to election. He "laid no pipes" and no "wires." He made no pledges to his constituency other than the free expression of his opinions. He neither bribed nor bullied, and he had no office-holding retinue. His return as a Representative in Congress was one of the fine illustrations of merit and the possibilities of fortunate conditions in a popular government.

This freedom from personal abasement in politics is especially worthy the consideration of young men. It is one of the current and immoral fallacies of the time that men must seek great office, and not be sought by it. It is constantly said that if a man does not want an office, he need not fear that it will be thrust upon him. And this is said by mean men of other men who disdain self-seeking, and who would think any position too costly that could be reached only by servility and flattery of any kind or degree. The real secret of the remark is the consciousness of the mean men who utter it that they can not hope for any selfish profit from helping one who does not ask their aid, and who feels and professes no anxiety for office. The inevitable result of this spirit is bargain and intrigue; and in the case of Mr. Adams it is remarkable that the very men who were especially hucksters and traders in politics raised against him the cry of bargain and corruption in making Mr. Clay his Secretary of State.

The intrepid independence of Mr. Adams and his scorn of personal solicitation are strongly contrasted with conduct that is now regarded not only as venial, but necessary. A party newspaper recently said of Mr. Adams that he was a fool for not securing by his patronage his own re-nomination to the Presidency, or the election of his Secretary of State, Mr. Clay. It was but a plain expression of a general feeling. The reasoning is that if a man does not help himself, he must not expect others to help him. The result

is that men whom others wish to respect are sophisticated to do what no honorable man ought to tolerate. There is a picture of Haydon's which represents the English candidate entering the laborer's cottage and obsequiously bowing before him as he solicits the honor of his vote. It was a powerful argument for a despotism; for self-asserting divine right is more lofty and respectable than cringing servility. An American, perhaps, wonders at the English picture. But the Easy Chair could show him other living pictures which should fill him with more than wonder: candidates for the most dignified offices hanging around the outskirts of nominating bodies, restless, anxious, watchful; drawing one man into a corner, whispering furtively to another; calculating the chances, promising, appealing—pitiable figures showing at full length their complete unfitness to fill the places to which they aspire. Compare this with the conduct of the tough old John Quincy Adams, and say which is manly, honorable, American.

There are plenty of pictures of the same kind. There is one in the Easy Chair's portfolio, of two rivals for a high nomination who were actively managing their own canvass upon the spot, as the phrase is. One of them met a friend in the corridor of a hotel, and, after a warm greeting, recalled a previous political request made by the friend, and assured him that it should be granted. The candidate's eyes wandered constantly to see who passed and what occurred in the hall, and seeing an open door near by, his voice sank to a whisper, and he said, drawing his friend away, that one could not be too careful at such times. The friend afterward, as he told the Easy Chair, ascertained that the door was that of the chamber-maid's slop closet, and he shouted with laughter as he described the perturbed concern of this seeker of a great office lest somebody hidden in a slop closet should overhear his intrigues. He said that he could not help asking the candidate, whom he knew well, whether he did not feel humiliated by such conduct; and the poor candidate replied that "it was not pleasant, but it was necessary." Let the young American try to imagine Washington, John Jay, John Marshall, John Quincy Adams, stealing away from the half-open door of a slop closet lest some Paul Pry should derange their plans to secure a nomination!

Here is another picture. The Easy Chair's friend had been asked by the rival to come to his room upon business entirely foreign to the nomination, and he pushed on, laughing, from the skeptic of slop closets, and knocked at the rival's door. The Easy Chair's friend was a personage whom it was very desirable for any candidate to count upon his side, and the moment the door was opened he saw the situation. The candidate had quite another purpose than that of speaking upon the business he had mentioned, and knowing the hour at which his visitor would appear, he had filled his room with guests, so that when the visitor arrived, the candidate threw open the door, welcomed him loudly, and, ushering him into the room, introduced him by name to all his guests, with an air which said plainly, "Behold another of my friends and supporters!" The visitor, as he said, could not help laughing again as he was passed along the line, and having no taste for political office himself, contemplated the unsavory price that must be paid for it.

The instinct of every generous and honorable man assures him that no man who is willing to pay such a price should be able to procure the prize. And the reason is evident. It is that a man who will acquire an office meanly will not fill it nobly. It is undeniably the shame of Daniel Webster that he consented during his active life to receive great sums of money from various persons and interests. Upon the best authority we learn that at one time, when he was in Congress, a finely furnished house was procured for his use by gentlemen interested in a certain policy, and he accepted it. Indeed, Mr. Webster was known to live largely upon gifts of money from others. It is true that he might have received the money and have spoken and voted and acted with absolute impartiality. But it is undeniable that he placed himself under very powerful temptation, and that he was necessarily under sore suspicion. If Washington would not accept inconsiderable gifts as tokens of personal regard, not because he repelled the regard, but because he felt that unconsciously his action might be swayed, how great was the peril of Mr. Webster's impartial regard for a public question when those who were largely interested in a certain view of it maintained him in luxury!

Terror of slop closets, and imposing upon others as a supporter of your own a man who is not so; living in public position upon money furnished by others; going home from the Senate to "look after your re-election;" setting whiskey shops on tap before election; and buying, bribing, and cajoling votes—are all incompatible with simple self-respect. The man who condescends to them forfeits his own respect and the sincere regard of others. If it be true that the man who will not condescend to them is altogether too good for this world, then this world is a prodigiously contemptible place, in which high position is not high honor. Fortunately it is not true that such abasement is necessary. John Quincy Adams was certainly not too good for this world, if sturdy hates and prejudices and weaknesses fit a man for it. But he was altogether too good for the utter meanness and unmanly servility of direct or indirect personal solicitation for office.

There is certainly no nobler ambition than that

"To mould the state's decrees,"

and political life in a large and true sense is a career that naturally attracts the highest talent and the purest character. But such character, however solicited by the consciousness of power and taste and accomplishment for such a career, can no more stoop by an unworthy condescension to obtain it than a diamond can be bent. There can be no more unhandsome spectacle than that which is sometimes seen in this country of a man naturally superior and of high intelligence, waiting upon a Legislature to secure a nomination to the highest position it can confer. He stands in a parlor and graciously shakes hands, and affably discourses of the weather, and imparts his views of bellows-mending. He converses with the doubtful; he clears up misconceptions here; he allays apprehensions there. He is all things to all men. He crawls that he may rise. But every smirk and wheedling grimace is a degradation of the office, of the country, and of himself. The men who were sent to the Continental Congress, to the Provincial Congress, to the Constitutional Convention,

were sent because they were known by character and service to the whole community. They were sent as John Quincy Adams was sent to Congress. And in a time when fear of slop closets and the necessity of propitiating Deacon Bump are seriously advocated as the part of common-sense, imposing conditions which are absolutely indispensable, it is well for American youth to read the story of John Quincy Adams, and to think of George Washington and John Jay.

WE were talking last month of the centennial celebration of the birth of the State of New York and the inauguration of George Clinton as the first Governor—a tough old veteran who is identified with the active and vigorous defense of the Hudson River. This year, indeed, is the centenary of the great Revolutionary days of New York, for it includes not only the civil anniversary which was so properly commemorated at Kingston, but the battles of the Burgoyne campaign, Oriskany, Bennington, and Saratoga, with the great surrender, all of which events occurred upon the soil of New York. “No people,” said Mr. Seymour, in his letter to the Kingston committee, “can rise to a high degree of virtue or patriotism who do not know about nor care for the achievements of their fathers.” It is plain that that interest and reverence still survive in the American heart, and the commemorations of this year will certainly awaken a stronger feeling of State pride than New York is apt to show. The day at Oriskany was most significant. Important and bloody as the battle at that place was, it was probably very little known out of the State, and it certainly has had no renown within the State like that of Concord and Lexington in Massachusetts, and Bennington in Vermont.

But the celebration was extraordinary both for the multitude of people and for the excellence of the addresses. It is computed that there were fifty thousand people gathered there, and the dwellers in the valley of the Mohawk have to-day a fresh and inspiring consciousness of the valor of their ancestors and of the history that makes their valley illustrious. Mr. Roberts, who, among many speakers, delivered the formal oration of the day, has made a careful study of the subject, which is a valuable contribution to American history; and ex-Governor Seymour—who is both an accomplished student of the story of the State and earnest in his conviction of the great public advantage of stimulating a worthy State pride—as the president of the day, welcomed the guests in an admirable and suggestive speech. The event commemorated was of cardinal interest, for St. Leger, who led the abortive expedition against Forts Stanwix and Schuyler, in the dark and bloody Tryon County, swarming with Indians and Tories, was the right hand of Burgoyne.

There is an interesting coherency in the commemorations of the summer, for Bennington closely followed Oriskany, and the repulse at Bennington was a heavy, if not mortal, blow at Burgoyne. After Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, Bennington is the most noted of the New England Revolutionary fields. The battle, indeed, was fought within the line of New York, but by Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts soldiers, under John Stark and Seth Warner. These three States combined in the celebration, and a monument is proposed, which the public and pri-

vate aid of the States will erect. The commemorative festivities were especially interesting and impressive because the centenary of the State occurred on the day before the battle, and the two celebrations and the promised presence of the President and the cabinet, with conspicuous guests from the neighboring States, drew an immense assemblage to the old town. Every thing was fortunate and fair. The guests arrived, and the President was received with great acclamation and respect, and after leaving the village, made a tour across the country to the Connecticut Valley, and through the White Hills to the top of Mount Washington. President Bartlett, of Dartmouth College, was the orator of the day, and drew an admirable picture of the event. There were gay little speeches from the distinguished guests, and no mishap to mar the pleasure of the time.

There was one little incident which was curiously illustrative of the marvelous changes of the century. Before the orator began, he came to the edge of the platform in the tent and warmly reproached the reporter of a newspaper for the publication of the oration in full on that very morning, so that it was already in the hands of every one who had a copy of the paper. This incident led to an explanation. The delinquent journal was the *Springfield Republican*, which is published in Western Massachusetts, and which during the celebration “ran” a special train to Bennington in order to reach the crowd in the morning before the Boston papers. In accordance with the usual custom, the oration had been intrusted to the Boston papers on condition that it should not be published so as to reach Bennington before its delivery. The papers, however, would be there soon afterward, and would be eagerly bought as a memorial of the day. Apparently no copy was furnished to the *Republican*; nevertheless in the *Republican* appeared the whole oration on the morning of the day, and it was on the ground before the orator arose. The *Republican* had learned on the evening before that the Boston papers of the next morning would publish it, and would, of course, command the market, and, as we understand, it sent to its Boston agent, who procured a copy of the discourse and at once telegraphed it in full to Springfield, where the *Republican* was out before sunrise and on its way to Bennington. The justification alleged by the *Republican* was that the Boston papers meant to steal a march upon it and bring its enterprise to naught by furnishing the important reports before it; that its duty was to print the news earlier than any rival if possible; that the oration was news, and that it had a right by lawful means to procure and print it.

The true view seems to be that until an oration prepared for such an occasion is spoken by the orator, it should not be published any where, or not in such a way as to place it in the hands of the audience. The general practice, however, and the consequent general expectation of the public, is that orations upon great occasions shall be presented to the reader at least on the following day. To accomplish this the copies must be distributed a day or two before, and the publication is then wholly at the mercy of rivals in a profession where precedence of publication is a glory as well as a gain. This competition is complicated by the division of the papers into those of the morning and the evening, and by the greater

neighborhood of some to the place of the delivery. An editor, however, may surely have a fellow-feeling with an orator. Undoubtedly in this matter he holds him in his hand; but, good editor, perpend, consider! Demand of yourself how you would relish the publication in an evening print of your masterly leader for the next morning. The other papers are doubtless boweless, and each of them is the chief of sinners, and will print the oration prematurely. But bethink thee of the Golden Rule! And if each editor so bethought himself, no perturbed orator would warmly reproach a guiltless reporter.

This was a chance to which the older orators were not exposed. But the knowledge of the orator now that he speaks simultaneously to the audience and to the country is the greatest of incentives. His task is harder than formerly, because the newspapers every where print fully and in advance the story that he is to tell, and moralize and improve it eloquently and forcibly before he opens his mouth. The freshness of his theme is gone; but, on the other hand, the occasion is infinitely enlarged and multiplied, and the interest enhanced. Moreover, the personal charm of speech remains. The Easy Chair has heard with untiring delight Wendell Phillips repeat a discourse that was in print and which it thoroughly knew, and it has seen the crowded Cooper Institute listening intently to Charles Sumner as he delivered a speech which the audience held printed in its hands. So the Chair knew *As You Like It* well; but when it heard Fanny Kemble read the familiar play, it seemed never to have known it before.

The commemoration of the Battle Summer of 1777, as an accomplished student of our history, Mr. B. H. Hall, felicitously calls it in an elaborate and admirable paper upon the subject published in the *Troy Times*—itself an illustration of what we say—will be closed by the celebration at Saratoga in October; and of the campaign of Burgoyne, a timely and careful and entertaining study, full of interesting material, has been made by the author of the paper in the October number of the Magazine, Mr. W. L. Stone, which will be issued as a monument of the occasion. Certainly it is time that the field of Saratoga should be as suitably distinguished as that of Bunker Hill and of Bennington, of Concord and Lexington, and that the reproach of New York, that her great Revolutionary battle-field is marked by no fitting memorial, should cease.

THOSE who were in Paris in the days of the revolution of '48, when Louis Philippe fled from the Tuileries, and the spectre of the old terror awed the public imagination, have read with amazement the republican eulogies of Thiers. In those days, instead of the patriot and the hope of the republic and of the people, he was really held to be the typical reactionary. Proudhon published his work, *Property is Theft*, and because Thiers replied to it in a clear and convincing pamphlet, the feeling of the Communists, which was very strong, and which hoped to control the new government through Louis Blanc, denounced Thiers as the arch-conservative. The adroit man bent to the storm, voting for Louis Napoleon as President, yet favoring every measure for a strong government, and preferring Napoleon to Cavaignac, who was a sincere and tra-

ditional republican. His life was passed among scenes almost as stormy as those he described in his histories, and he seemed to be equipped in every way to enjoy it upon the only terms that the times allowed.

Thiers was in the fullest sense a man of the world. He had great and various information, always available, and extraordinary political sagacity. His temperament was cheerful, his manners brisk and gay. He had a lively humor, but he was not renowned for depth of feeling or firmness of principle. He was not made for a martyr, but for triumphs, and for a success that he knew how to secure. Yet he had audacity and a certain well-considered courage, but it can not be said that he ever inspired confidence for his convictions or his sincerity, although his insight, his comprehension and judgment, his masterly ability, his untiring zeal and happy tact, commanded admiration and secured his leadership. His service to France after the fall of Louis Napoleon, both in foreign negotiation and at the head of the government, was incalculably great. He seemed to be the only Frenchman. His profound and extensive study of the old Revolution was turned to the best account. He avoided a thousand perils, and his firmness and discretion during the war of the Commune undoubtedly saved his country from terrible disasters. From that time he has held the same position, not only of the first, but apparently of the sole, Frenchman, so that his sudden death left his countrymen and the world bewildered as to the probable result.

Yet the spirit of the old French aristocracy survives unchanged. It is symbolized by the Comte de Chambord, a sort of mediæval figure, and its character is indicated most happily by Henry James, Jun., in his tale of *The American*. This spirit never forgot that Thiers was the son of a lock-smith, and had been one of the political journalists that were "spawned" by the troubles of 1830. When he was President of the republic, five years ago, an American gentleman to whom he wished to be courteous was invited to the palace, and was charmed with the simplicity, the ease, and the ample knowledge of Thiers. The visitor was versed in the history and literature of engravings, and found his host an enthusiast and a collector. The President asked his guest to dine with him the next day. The guest was perplexed, not knowing whether the etiquette of the court might not still linger in the republic, and whether, therefore, the invitation must not be considered as a command not to be disobeyed. He hesitated for a moment, for he had a delightful engagement elsewhere for that day, and with pleasant tact Thiers immediately said that he saw he was engaged, and suggested the following day. There was the same difficulty for that day, and the guest was again confused, when Thiers burst in, gayly: "I see, I see. I ought to know that when a famous stranger comes to Paris the whole world asks him to dinner. When you have a spare day, let me have it." The guest immediately named a day, and Thiers replied that he should expect him. The dinner was at seven, and at the hour the guest arrived. A brilliant company was waiting, but the President was not there. It is the custom at a royal dinner for the king to appear when the guests are assembled, and bowing around the circle, to lead the way to table. "Ah!" said the American,

smiling, to a distinguished lady with whom he was speaking, "I see that the President does not forget the King." "Not at all," was the reply. "M. Thiers always takes a nap before dinner." And while she spoke he came hurriedly into the room, as if just pulling himself into his coat, and with a merry laugh he exclaimed, "A thousand pardons; but in fact I overslept myself." When this little anecdote was told in another country to a Frenchman of the old *régime*, to whom all the traditions of the blue blood were sacred, he smiled vaguely, and—Thiers had saved him, his country, his estates, and the honor of his national name—with the slightest perceptible shrug, and an air of inexpressibly refined disgust, he said, quietly, "M. Thiers est bourgeois"—M. Thiers is not a gentleman.

At eighty years of age the unwearied, unwasted *petit bonhomme*—good little fellow—as he was called, was the hope of France. But thirty years had brought their changes. In the days of Lamartine, of Ledru Rollin, of Marrast, of Proudhon, he was the hope of the old *régime*; in these days, of the new. Then the friends of a republic distrusted him; now he was the republic itself. Gambetta, the tribune of the people, proudly and defiantly announced Thiers as the alternative of M'Mahon, and it is doubtful whether his death may not possibly secure the victory to M'Mahon in the elections, as removing the only man among the republicans who represented order as decidedly as M'Mahon himself. The death of few men at this time could be considered an event, in the sense of seriously affecting the course of affairs, but that was nevertheless true of the death of the last and most brilliant of that group of young Frenchmen who appeared at the fall of Charles the Tenth, of whom Armand Carrel—whom Mill admiringly deplored—then seemed to be chief; and another, Mignet, was the comrade in poverty and historical study of the man whose death divides with the war between the Crescent and the Cross the attention of the world.

THE railroad riots of the summer have occasioned a great deal of interesting and valuable discussion of the relations of capital and labor, and also of the proper treatment of such disorders. It will certainly be unfortunate if with all the experience of other countries upon these subjects, and with all the advantages of our situation, we do not succeed in this country in avoiding the catastrophes into which other countries have fallen. Macaulay, as the letters which were published in this Magazine a few months since showed, was of opinion that we should go on very smoothly until we reached the difficulties which other countries have encountered, and that then we should suffer precisely as they have suffered, and meet the same doom. But Macaulay was not a profound political philosopher, and he apparently had very little interest in this country, and certainly little actual knowledge of it. The inequalities of condition that he thought would become more and more defined, until a large and powerful part of the population would wonder in the morning where they were to get a dinner, are undoubtedly very much more pronounced than formerly; and the enormous expansion of the railroad system; the growth of colossal corporations, which seem to many shrewd observers gigantic mediæval barons, without individual heart

and conscience to restrain them; the rapid development of crude and perilous theories by reason of a disproportionately large foreign population—all suggest problems which should arrest the early and grave attention of wise and humane men.

There is always a great deal of public trouble produced by adopting certain maxims as rules of conduct without careful scrutiny as to the soundness of the maxims, or their applicability to the situation. Thus nothing is more evidently true than that public order and obedience to law are absolutely indispensable to the security of the individual liberty upon which, in the American view, the general welfare depends. This is a maxim which no one can successfully dispute. But no sensible man will think that the maintenance of that order at all costs alone secures that liberty. It is often necessary to maintain order by the bayonet, but the bayonet is not the best basis of order. A wise and humane statesmanship seeks to avoid the necessity of recourse to the bayonet, and when peace can be secured only by gunpowder, an intelligent government, while not shrinking from the necessity, feels the same kind of shame that the philosopher felt when he was ill. My illness, he said, proves that I have violated the sanitary laws. The recourse to gunpowder may prove that the State has neglected the moral and social laws. It is the business of the State, that is, of the people, to prevent disorder of the kind that we saw in the summer, by removing the discontent which is its cause. And nothing is more unjust and dangerous and absurd than to assume that because there is mad violence there is no reasonable discontent, and that the man who burns a barn thereby proves that he has no wrong to be remedied.

There are two incidents in English history which may be profitably pondered by all those who think that violence is always wanton, and that the only duty of government or society is summarily to suppress it. On the 19th of April, 1775, the war of the Revolution began at Concord and Lexington. The question had been carefully and thoroughly discussed for ten years, but the colony of Massachusetts Bay was in the peace of the king, and it was the king's troops who marched to Concord to seize the stores that were presumptively designed to furnish means for breaking the peace. At Concord bridge the colonists in military line obeyed the military order to fire, and shot down the king's troops drawn up to enforce the law. When the tidings reached London, at the end of May, there was a monster feeling of amazement, regret, approval, and indignation; but when the ministers met they said, "There is no receding." In April, 1797, in the midst of the Continental war, in which the navy was the hope of England, the mutiny of the sailors at the Nore and at Spithead alarmed the country. The men struck, seized the ships, and imprisoned the officers. The ministers went down and inquired into the grievance. They treated with men with arms in their hands, and they granted their demands. The ministers who would not recede were presently confronted with Yorktown. The ministers who redressed the just complaints of the sailors presently heard the thunders of Camperdown and the Nile—victories won by the men whose complaints had been heard and satisfied.

One of the morals of this contrast is, not that

rioters are to be pacified by the concession of their demands, which is merely promoting anarchy, but that when great bodies of men, not disposed to disorder, threaten the common peace, it is wise not only to secure order, but to ascertain why it is threatened, and if the complaint be reasonable, to take care that it be remedied.

THERE is a ceremonial question of the proper style and title of the President, which in the lazy season is discussed in the papers, and sometimes with amusing acrimony. It is whether the prefix, "His Excellency," shall be attached to the title President. His "style" was the subject of anxious consideration when the new government of the Constitution began, and it was decided that he should have no other title than "the President;" and all citizens who address him as His Excellency or Your Excellency are, of course, not aware that it is incorrect. It is not, however, a capital crime, and those who commit it may be properly recommended to mercy, although the spirit of Jeffreys seems often to animate their critics and accusers. The title Excellency is usually given to the Governor of a State, but Massachusetts is the only State, we believe, which makes it a constitutional style of address. Old John Adams was an influential member of the Convention that framed it, and as he had a high relish for dignities, it is possible that it is due to him. The simplicity of the title, the President, the Governor, does not rob it of dignity. It does not gain by the prefix. Nothing could be more impressive than the plain announcement, when majesty approaches, "Gentlemen, the King!"

There has been a constant decay of the signs of official dignity since the beginning of the government, when Washington stood upon a dais at his levee. The Supreme Court is still clad in black silk and ermine, but that is almost the last survival of the robe; and it is a marked decline from the scarlet gown which John Jay wore, and which appears in his portrait in the Council-chamber at Albany. There was a recent return to a little ceremony, we believe, in the Court of Appeals in New York—the highest court in the State—where the bar now rises and stands while the Court enters and is seated. It is not many years ago that the Easy Chair saw United States marshals with cockades in their hats; and the English procession of the judges preceded by the sheriff to the court-house was visible in remote New England towns within the memory of men living. An eminent judge in the same part of the country has been known within a few years to remonstrate with members of the bar who appeared in court as advocates wearing a duster or a white coat. But in a New England summer town-meeting, the primal assembly of the majesty of the people, the interested spectator may see to-day sovereigns sitting in conclave in long limp linen coats—a congress of royal night-gowns—and in shirt sleeves and frocks, as they stepped in from the plough and potato field. Such a spectacle of earnest and intelligent men managing their public affairs under the simplest forms of procedure, and with absolute and unconscious disregard of mere ceremony of costume or method, is even more impressive than that of coroneted peers in gorgeous robes, or officers of state superbly caparisoned, and walking backward or kneeling before resplendent majesty.

An amusing incident of the summer was a protest against the form of signature attached by some military officers to their telegrams. Dangerous monarchical tendencies were discovered in the signature of "Smith, General," and "Jones, Colonel." The abrupt family name, without the antecedent John or James, or George Washington or Epaminondas, was thought to betray the spirit of Cromwell and the purpose of Cæsar. It was, moreover, European, and there is a kind of American patriotism which consists in denouncing all things European as full of menace to America—a patriotism which is more zealous than wise, in view of the fact that the traditional lawful defenses of liberty are European; and the counterpart of our simple town-meeting is the cantonal assembly of the Swiss Uri and Unterwalden. When the insidious approaches of aristocracy and the beginning of the undermining of free institutions contained in the signature of "Smith, General," instead of "J. Smith, General," had been vigilantly exposed to a susceptible and devoted country, and when the public mind had been fully prepared for the portentous words, "Sherman, General," or even of "Sheridan, Lieutenant-General," we were all brought safely into daylight again by the announcement that the initials were omitted by order to save expense in telegraphing. The relief was great, but the duty of the wary sentinels upon the watch-towers of liberty had been discharged, and they enjoyed the peace of righteous minds—akin to that which the consciousness of being perfectly well dressed is alleged to impart to woman.

It is another illustration of the significance and importance of titles and robes and ceremonies, and of the necessity of taking care that wigs and ribbons shall be suspiciously scrutinized lest they prove to be sappers and miners of our "institutions." There are those, indeed, who think that our perils do not lie in the direction of too high a regard for ceremonies and forms, and who assert, rather warmly, that the national character has deteriorated just in the degree that simple ceremonials and decent dignities have been disregarded. But such persons are doubtless Cæsars and Cromwells. They are imperialists at heart, and are itching to be called "My Lord" and "Your Grace." It is unquestionably they who, under the plausible plea of economy, have stricken the initial J. from Smith, General, and who hope in this manner to familiarize us with Smith without the John, which is notoriously the first step toward despotism. The salvation of the country seems to lie at present, therefore, in resolutely holding on to the Christian name of the citizens, and in making universal the practice of the village of Arcadia, in which every body calls every body else by his Christian name—a happy community of Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, in which the lisping infant salutes reverend age as Wichard or Wobert, and would have called the awful Washington, George, or the benign Franklin, Ben.

A VERY young Easy Chair was once heard to remark that it did not like Doctor Bone "'cauth he wearth thuch thort towthith." The doctor was the family physician, but the shortness of his trousers was more evident to the convalescent critic than his kindness and skill. The remark of that young Easy Chair is constantly repeated by older critics, and sometimes it seems

even to be accepted as an argument. There were good people who were so impatient of the long hair and the large collars of some of the early antislavery men that they were quite willing to agree that slavery was divinely ordained; and there are those of the same kind now who are so vexed by the extravagance and impracticability of some temperance advocates that they are angry with all efforts to restrain intemperance, and stoutly assert that if a man chooses to get drunk, it is his own business, as if that ended the matter. "If a thing is a good thing," exclaims this impatience, "why can't people advocate it reasonably and support it temperately? Why the deuce (and here they begin to boil) can't a man say that drunkenness causes incalculable misery, without letting his hair grow down to his shoulders, and turning over his shirt collar to his knees? Why should a man sing hymns through his nose? I don't believe in nasal piety. Your reformers are a sly set. They make a good thing out of it. Here is civil service reform that is very fashionable just now. Every body must praise it. But it's all gammon. Isn't Brown one of your fine civil service reformers, and Jones, and Robinson? Don't we know them? Do we believe in them? Do they love place and power less than the rest of us? Reform! Pshaw! The world is better than it ever was. Do we like Pharisees who put themselves up on pedestals as better than other people? Brown, Jones, and Robinson! A precious company! They want purity and sweetness and light! They want to elevate politics! That is to say, Brown wants to be Collector, and Jones Postmaster, and Robinson minister to Thibet. They want to reform other people out and reform themselves in. Faugh!" It is a familiar strain. I don't like Doctor Bone 'cauth he wearth thuch thort towthith.

The argument is common, but not conclusive. It certainly is annoying to see bummers hovering about an army, and still more so to see an army of patriots led by a Cowboy or Skinner. But patriotism is not, therefore, disgraceful, and it is still a good thing to save the country against its foes. It is unquestionably disagreeable to see the advocate of temperance consumed with his own importance, and anxious that his hair and collar shall be impressive. But if he can rouse

a single man to struggle with the fiery bonds of appetite, or bring comfort to one mourning Rachel, the hair and collar may be compassionately forgiven. It is a pity for refined ears that piety should sing through its nose, but a great deal of the sincerest and most helpful religious fervor has found a vent through that passage. Patriotism and temperance and religion are still dear to all generous souls, and they will still serve them in every way, despite the follies and absurdities and weaknesses and selfish aims of many an associate. The one thing that is impossible to a sincere friend of any good cause is a sneer at the cause because of the grotesque or corrupt conduct of any supporter.

Brown, Jones, and Robinson are selfish impostors and knaves, are they, and their reform means merely their own advantage? Very well; lash them as you will. But if you make them stand for the cause, if in denouncing them you so identify them with that as to make the cause itself ridiculous and suspicious, if you make the way of its true friends harder, and intrench more firmly old abuses and corruptions, then, in drawing them, you have portrayed yourself. The pretenses and follies and crimes of those who unwisely or treacherously befriend great causes are fair targets. The ardor and force with which they are attacked and exposed are often the test of the fidelity of the assailant to the great cause itself. But it is evident when Gibbon criticises certain men and deeds bearing the Christian name that he is striking at Christianity. There is a meanness of attack which hesitates to aim directly, and which is akin to that of the assassin who stabs in the dark. Meanwhile, however, the man who is sincerely bent upon advancing temperance will not be troubled by the long hair nor by the contemptuous impatience of it. The man who loves his country will not be dismayed because Dr. Johnson defines patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel; and the friend of civil service reform will be less mindful of the conduct of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, of the well-meant failures, the misapprehensions, and the inconsistencies, than of the necessity and method of promoting the good work. When the young Easy Chair felt itself to be really ill, the thort towthith of Doctor Bone were forgotten in the physician's kindness and skill.

Editor's Literary Record.

PRINCIPAL DAWSON, of McGill University, of Montreal, is one of the foremost of that not very large body of scientific men who keep well up with the progress of scientific discovery without loosening their hold on the Bible or losing their faith in its substantial scientific truthfulness as well as spiritual value. His *Origin of the World, according to Revelation and Science* (Harper and Brothers) is modeled upon his *Archæia*, published in 1860. We have not had the opportunity to compare the new work with the old one, but we judge that it is thoroughly new, though based on similar premises, leading to the same conclusions. It includes a discussion of the latest results of Biblical criticism in its interpretation of revelation, as well as a survey of the latest explorations

in science in its interpretation of nature. Principal Dawson is a cautious and conservative thinker. New theories have no attraction to him merely because they are new. He jumps at no conclusions; he reaches them by a slow and careful sifting process. The Biblical student may feel confident that whatever he declares to be veritable scientific discovery can not be doubted, and that whatever he declares to be sound Biblical interpretation is at least not too ingenious and novel to be worthy of careful consideration. In considering the geologic objections to the Mosaic cosmogony, Dr. Dawson exhibits what we should say was his pre-eminent characteristic as a writer—a certain spirit of judicial fairness. He states the objections forcefully, and he meets them with

argument, not with raillery, the *odium theologicum*, or evasive pleas. His work appears to be that of an independent though conservative investigator rather than of an intemperate advocate. He has neither the supercilious tone of a skeptical scientist, nor the dogmatism of a controversial theologian. His dealing with the difficult "day" question is an admirable specimen of clearness of statement and largeness of view. He refutes the literalists by showing that the word "day" is used in five different senses in the first chapter of Genesis, and that the modern use of the term, as equivalent to a period of twenty-four hours, is unusual in the Scripture. He shows by quotations from other sacred writers, and notably by a felicitous quotation from the ninetyeth Psalm, which is generally attributed to Moses, that the Biblical writers generally believed that the creation work occupied long eras or ages. The two chapters on the antiquity of man are the least satisfactory in the book. He does, indeed, show quite conclusively that the unity of the race is confirmed by scientific discovery, especially by the study of language; but his reading of the evidences for the great antiquity of the race is not so conclusive as the student will wish it was, though it is perhaps as conclusive as it can be made in the present state of knowledge.

Valuable and interesting is the insight given into the character of a marvelous and little understood genius in the *Reminiscences of Frederick Froebel*, by B. VON MARENHOLZ-BÜLOW, translated by Mrs. HORACE MANN (Lee and Shepard). The added sketch of his life, by Mrs. EMILY SHIRREFF, was quite necessary to give any thing like completeness to the volume. That tells the outer story of his life, and gives the key to much that is mysterious, if not otherwise inexplicable, in his mythical doctrines. The "reminiscences" give, in a social, conversational, sometimes almost a chatty way, the impression of his views derived by an admirer from constant intercourse with him. A man of great ideas, he never learned the art of expression. He was constantly misapprehended while he lived. He needed a translator. Madame Von Bülow is such a translator. The Kindergarten is founded both historically and philosophically on certain radical ideas of the nature of true education as a development of the individual, which Froebel all his life entertained, but which not till after his death were recognized even in his native land. To-day it is not too much to say that the object of the Kindergarten is either vaguely apprehended or not at all understood by many Kindergarten teachers. To the Kindergarten Froebel was only driven in the last years of his life, because his attempt to carry out his ideas in the education of older pupils was a failure, partly because the right foundations had not been laid in the family, partly because public sentiment, especially among the framers of educational institutions, was not yet ripe for a system which overturned conventional rules, and substituted the laws of nature for those of the pedagogue. How little it was ripe for such a revolution is evident from the fact that the leaden-headed Minister of Instruction, as late as 1851, forbade the Kindergarten, because, forsooth, it was supposed to foster a free development and a development in freedom. No heresy so great in official eyes as any dubbed with the offensive word

freedom. Yet we find a fault with this sometimes charming but sometimes inexplicable book. Madame Bülow is herself a German, and she is incapable of translating the ideas of a German mystic—which Froebel was—into plain Anglo-Saxon common-sense; and Mrs. Mann has apparently confined herself to the mechanical work of rendering the German into English words. It needs, on more than one page, to be rendered into plain prose, to be redeemed from its mysticism, to be Anglicized in thought as well as in words. The great ideas which underlie Froebel's system need to be popularized. Introduction of Kindergartens without the true Kindergarten philosophy is not wholly useless, but it is of small use. On the other hand, the introduction of the Kindergarten philosophy would be perfectly possible in both schools and households that have not the material nor the professional and technical skill to use it. He who should really succeed in enabling mothers and teachers to do this would render a service to America only second to that which Froebel himself rendered to Germany and the world.

The Autobiography and Memoirs of Rev. William Arnot (Robert Carter and Brothers), edited by his daughter, Mrs. A. HEMING, will be a welcome memorial to the many friends of this noble Scotchman. No one, we think, ever met him, looked into his kindly eye, and felt the pressure of his hand, without a personal affection for him. His two visits to America and his books raised up for him a host of friends here. There are few writers who have put more of their heart into their printed pages, few speakers who have carried more of it in their faces. But to strangers this book will be hardly adequate as a portrait of the man, a picture of his life, or a disclosure of his power. The autobiography is the merest fragment. The editor has done what she could to preserve the autobiographical element throughout by making the subject tell the story of his life in his own letters. But his letters are disappointing. A few of them do him a manifest injustice by their confession of faults which all that know him would be quick to deny. It is, indeed, rather amusing—his naïve confessions of his struggles against laziness. Mr. Arnot lazy! He had not a lazy nerve in his body, nor a lazy drop of blood in his veins; he was, indeed, successful because he was so hard a worker. We lay the book down thankful to have this memorial of one who was dear to all who knew him, but strong in the conviction that it shows to strangers but very little of the real nature of one of the richest characters that even Scotland, rich in great souls, has ever produced.

A Text-Book of Harmony, for the use of Schools and Students, by CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY (Harper and Brothers), is a capital book for the purpose for which it is designed, the instruction of young students in the fundamental principles of harmony. It is very compact, being comprised in eighty-nine pages, and very simple. Of course it is only an introduction to the study of harmony, but it contains all that is essential to the amateur. No pupil really knows any thing of music who does not know something of the fundamental laws of harmony; and no pupil gets the best use—that is, the most enjoyable recreation—out of either the piano or the organ who does not know how to improvise, for which, of

course, a knowledge of harmony is essential. It is, indeed, to music what grammar is to language; and the mechanical methods of teaching pupils to transfer notes from a printed page to the instrument give about as much real insight into the true nature of music, as a mere learning of letters, without a knowledge of either grammar or rhetoric, might afford of literature. The true way to teach music is first to inspire a love for it; then to teach notation, that is, the alphabet; then the simple rules of harmony, that is, the grammar; finally, execution, which answers to drill in elocution and oratory. So long as musical education begins and ends with execution, the results will continue to be—murderous. Mr. Horsley's book is admirably adapted to the uses of a pupil without a teacher, and equally so to the uses of a teacher who possesses intelligent and musically inspired pupils.

WILLIAM J. ROLFE continues his admirable edition of Shakspeare's plays with *Midsummer-Night's Dream* (Harpers). We have already expressed the opinion that there is no edition for the study of Shakspeare in the school, or the public reading of it in the parlor, equal to this; we may add that of all Shakspeare's plays there is none better fitted for parlor dramatic reading than this delightful comedy.—*Cicero's Tusculan Disputations* is the last volume of Harper's Classical Library. It contains also "The Republic," and "The Nature of the Gods." C. D. YONGE is the editor, but the bases of the translations of the last two essays are the previous work of Francis Barham and the translation usually attributed to Benjamin Franklin.—The *English Commentary on Euripides*, by the late CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., is a volume of his notes without the text. The plays commented on are *The Rhesus*, *Medea*, *Hippolytus*, *Alceste*, *Heracleidae*, *Supplices*, and *Troades*. For the scholar this form of publication has some special conveniences over the ordinary but more cumbersome method of publishing the text with the notes.—*The Jews and their Persecutors* (Harpers), by EUGENE LAWRENCE, is based on Jost's *Geschichte der Israeliten*, and is eloquent in the praise of their industry, toleration, patience, intelligence, and high moral principle.—*Cooking Recipes*, republished from the *Bazar*, is another volume of the "Half-hour Series," which promises to become a sort of universal library, covering every theme from Greek literature to the culinary art. This little volume contains no general instructions; it is simply a collection of recipes. They are classified alphabetically, the editor wisely adopting in this respect the method which experience in all our great libraries has demonstrated to be the true, because the most practical, one. The editing has been carefully done, and the fact that the *Bazar* has furnished the material is a sufficient commendation of it. It is probably the cheapest cookbook in existence, and the best for the price.—*The Culture of Beauty* is perhaps as good a treatise as could well be furnished on this theme. Cultivating personal beauty is a dangerous form of culture; it is pretty sure to develop vanity, and to tend to superficiality in character. If it produces no worse results, there is reason for thankfulness. We should not, therefore, care to put this treatise into the hands of a young girl, though it might be useful to her mother. To some of its directions we should take decided exception. The best way is to cultivate health of

body, mind, and soul, and leave the beauty to come of itself.—*Six Weeks in Norway*, by E. L. ANDERSON (Robert Clarke and Co.), is exactly what its title indicates. It gives with great detail but without the tedium which often accompanies detailed descriptions, a picture of a six weeks' tour through Norway. It is an entertaining glimpse of a strange land. The story is told in eighty pages, and would serve very well as a guide-book to one inclined to make the same tour.

Hetty's Strange History, by the author of *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*, is a new volume of the "No Name Series" (Roberts Brothers). The author of these two books is one of no ordinary character. Whatever criticism may be justly made on either story, they are neither of them weak or commonplace. *Hetty's Strange History* is both novel in plot and powerful in characterization. Hetty herself is a unique character; not altogether natural, the reader will say, but carrying out the nature with which the author has endowed her quite consistently to the end. The one grievous fault about such stories—and it is common to these two—is that they tend to develop a morbid self-consciousness, a diseased introspection, and a dyspeptic appetite of the affections in the reader. The young lady who luxuriates in Hetty's self-inflicted woe will be only too apt to impute a similar subtle character to herself, and insist on the doubtful luxury of being misunderstood, when in her prosaic character there is really nothing whatever enigmatical.—*Lola* (Henry Holt and Co.) affords an artistic picture of Spanish life and character, the more effective because set in contrast with the English nationality. The scene is laid in Gibraltar. The contrasted characteristics of the two nationalities are well brought out, the relations of the two nations in social life are used to good effect, and the whole picture bears inherent marks of truthfulness. An interesting feature in the book is the large collection of queer, quaint Spanish proverbs which it incidentally affords.—In *N'importe* (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.) the writer is to be commended rather for his aims than for his achievements. We should judge that this is his first literary venture. He has more ideas than he can carry out; has tried to weave several stories into one, and has given neither the one nor the many; is too laboriously brilliant; makes, or endeavors to make, all his characters stars; has painted a picture without background; and in endeavoring to make all the figures in his group equally prominent, has made none of them sufficiently so. He has good material, but he has not known how to use it to good advantage.—*Eugénie* (Henry Holt and Co.) is a French story turning on the international difficulties between French and German. Love versus nationality affords the theme for a tale simple in its plot, quiet in its movement, but painfully pathetic in its *dénouement*. It is the story of love crucified.—*Winstowe*, by MRS. LEITH-ADAMS (Harpers), a reprint from the English, is a story in several particulars somewhat above the average novel. In the conception of character the author recalls the gift of Dickens in making realistic characters that are creations of imagination rather than copies from life. In her spirit she represents a sunny and philanthropic disposition as the essential product of the Christian religion. Though her book is not a "religious novel," it

has a decided religious tendency, the more effective because indirect; she would substitute kindness of feeling for reluctant obedience to an obscure law, love for conscience as the prevailing and all-powerful motive power of a noble life. *Winstowe* is not exactly a tragedy, but it is a story of real, genuine, and effective pathos.—In contrast with it in this respect—in all respects, indeed—is *Marjorie Bruce's Lovers* (Harpers). Marjorie Bruce, a farmer's daughter, has the misfortune to have two lovers—too much of a good thing—one a lord, the other a farmer. After some coquettishness and some real hesitation, and enough of misunderstanding to prevent the course of true love from running unduly smoothly, she chooses the right lover, and all ends well. There are no marvelous escapes, no hare-brained adventures, no deeply dyed villains, no melodramatic effects of any kind, and no very perceptible moral. The story is just a simple, pleasant, enjoyable, quiet love story.—*Jack* is another remarkable novel by the remarkable author of *Sidonie*. The same truth and beauty characterize it, distinguishing it from the conventional type of French novel. The story of Jack's life is one of sorrow from birth to death. He is an illegitimate son. His mother loves him with a wayward and fitful love, but rids herself of him because she can not endure that he should know the secret of her life of shame. For this purpose she puts him in a school which may be roughly characterized as a sort of French Dotheboys Hall. At length her marriage leads her to abandon him altogether. He runs away from the school, and begins to shift for himself; falls in love; at first dares not offer his love, because he knows the secret of his parentage; later is separated from his beloved by mutual misunderstandings, and ends the sorrowful story of his disappointed life in a hospital, where, however, her presence and love restored smooth the pillow, and alleviate the pains of adieu to a world that has not been friendly to him. This is the merest outline of a picture the power and beauty of which depend on coloring which can not be transferred from the original canvas to such a paragraph as this.

The Supernatural Factor in Religious Revivals (Lee and Shepard) is from the pen of L. T. TOWNSEND, D.D., author of *Credo*. The object of the author has been not merely to give a history of revivals and revival experiences, but to deduce from such a history some radical conclusions in respect to their origin and the laws which govern them. He begins with the revival of religion under Zerubbabel, and traces them down, though not continuously, to the recent religious meetings under Mr. Moody in the Boston Tabernacle. He passes over the labors of Luther and his contemporaries, in this, it appears to us, committing a serious mistake. The Reformation was a revival of religion, and yet the revival aspects of the Reformation have been little dwelt upon in ecclesiastical history, and are little known by ordinary readers. It would have been a valuable addition to this book if Dr. Townsend had shown us the evidences of supernaturalism in the Reformation, and traced for us the processes and methods pursued by the great reformers. His account, too, of the Wesleyan revival is quite too brief, while he somewhat unnecessarily elaborates his account of the work of Moody and Sankey, with which the newspapers have made us familiar.

The immediate purpose of the author is to show that there has been potent a supernatural force in these revival movements: "The primal factor was an outward and invisible force, often working first upon the public mind, and having produced a preparatory effect, sent forth those reformers upon a divine mission. This Force, which is the centre of all forces, in which all others are conserved, and without which men would forever grope and die—this Force, which depends upon no human might, power, or calculation, but whose coming is like that of the kingdom of heaven, without observation, to which all other forces must yield, or be crushed if they do not yield—this primal and fundamental Force is the strong and tender, powerful and pitying, almighty and all-merciful, Spirit of the Lord God of Hosts." His secondary object is to illustrate the methods of human actions which, co-operating with the Divine power, have proved most efficacious in the work of revival and reform. The latter, however, is rather incidentally suggested than elaborately argued.

Christ in the Life: Sermons, with a Selection of Poems, by EDMUND H. SEARS (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.), is primarily a pleasant memorial of one who had many friends, and many who never personally knew him; for it is the peculiar characteristic of Mr. Sears's writings that they draw the heart of the reader to the writer. Secondly, this volume will be found attractive and healthful spiritually. The sermons are not controversial; it would be difficult from the sermon on the Trinity to guess to what school theologically the author belongs. They are not brilliant in their rhetoric; the spiritual earnestness of the author compels to simplicity of diction; they have not the vehemence of feeling of a Moody or a Spurgeon; they are profitable rather for instruction in righteousness than for reproof or correction. "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." This book is a stream from that river.—"Gail Hamilton's" last little book, *What think ye of Christ?* (Estes and Lauriat), is much more sober and reverent in tone than her previous theological publications. She labors under the common delusion that because her views do not tally with those which have come down by inheritance from the Middle Ages, and are still embalmed in some of the symbols which a mistaken reverence guards from utter decay, but into which no power can breathe the breath of life, that they are quite original. In fact, she may hear them, for substance, in hundreds of orthodox pulpits and on scores of orthodox platforms. However, they are none the worse for that. And she certainly puts them with a freshness, if not with a vigor, which makes her little book in a literary way a model for religious writers who wish to reach the popular mind; the popular heart she makes no particular attempt to reach.—Last winter nine leading clergymen of New York and Philadelphia, with President Porter, of New Haven, gave a series of lectures on Biblical topics before the New York Sunday-school Association. The general object which bound these lectures together, and gave to them an organic unity, was the endeavor apparent, though not directly expressed, to meet certain points of rationalistic criticism, and show the value and authority of the Bible. These lectures have been gathered into a single volume, and published by the American

Tract Society, under the title of *God's Word Man's Light and Guide*. The original lectures were listened to by large audiences, and in this more permanent form they will be sure of, as they will deserve, a still larger one.

The fourth volume of *Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia* (A. J. Johnson and Son) completes a work which is in every way creditable to America—alike to the one who originated it, to the scholarship which has carried it on, and to the business energy which has pushed it to its completion notwithstanding peculiar obstacles. Some idea of its character may be given by the simple statement of the fact that the list of special contributors to this fourth volume fills three pages, while the list of special articles which have been contributed by specialists in the entire work—a list which the publishers assure us is by no means complete—fills ten pages. As an illustrated cyclopedia, Johnson's is unsurpassed; and while in other departments it is rivaled by other analogous works, it seems to us to be, on the whole, without a peer in the realm of the natural sciences, giving

to that comprehensive term its most comprehensive signification.

The Sportsman's Gazetteer and General Guide, by CHARLES A. HALLOCK (Forest and Stream Publishing Co.), secures the confidence of the reader at the outset by the name of its author. He is an acknowledged authority upon his chosen theme, and we will let him describe for himself, in the words of his somewhat lengthy title-page: "The Game Animals, Birds, and Fishes of North America; their Habits and various Methods of Capture; copious Instructions in Shooting, Fishing, Taxidermy, Wood-Craft, etc.; together with a Directory to the principal Game Resorts of the Country. Illustrated with Maps." The work is indeed cyclopedic in the extent and variety of its information; and by a concise style, and by the use of a fine but clear type, the author and publishers have succeeded in compacting into a book not so large but that it may be carried into the woods what, in a more expansive method of literary and mechanical treatment, would have easily made a volume the size of one of our larger cyclopedias.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—An outer satellite of Mars was observed by Professor Asaph Hall, U.S.N., at the United States Naval Observatory, on the night of the 11th of August, 1877. Cloudy weather prevented the certain recognition of its true character at that time. On August 16 it was again observed, and its motion was established by observation extending though an interval of two hours, during which the planet moved over thirty seconds of arc.

An inner satellite was first observed on the night of August 17, also by Professor Hall.

Both were discovered with the 26-inch telescope made by Alvan Clark and Sons.

On Saturday, August 18, the discoveries were telegraphed to Alvan Clark and Sons, Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, in order that, if the weather should be cloudy at Washington, they might confirm the existence of the satellites with the 26-inch telescope of Mr. McCormick, which is in their hands.

These discoveries were confirmed by Professor Pickering and his assistants, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, with their 15-inch telescope, and by the Messrs. Clark, at Cambridgeport, with a 12-inch glass.

On August 19 the discoveries were communicated to the Smithsonian Institution, by which they were announced to the American and European observatories.

The inner satellite is intrinsically the brighter, and the outer one has been seen with the 9.6-inch Munich equatorial at Washington. The most remarkable point of this important discovery is the short period of the inner satellite, which is only one-third as long as that of *Mimas*, the innermost satellite of Saturn, hitherto the object having the shortest period in the solar system.

Apart from the physical interest of these brilliant discoveries, these satellites will furnish an accurate determination of the mass of Mars.

Asteroid 173 has been added to the list by

Borelly, of Marseilles, who discovered on August 2 a new planet of the tenth magnitude; 174 was also discovered by Borelly, August 11, and is likewise of the tenth magnitude. The adoption of north polar distance in place of declination seems to be a *desideratum* in the international telegrams. It is already employed in the Vienna comet telegrams, and avoids the use of one minus sign.

In the *Monthly Notices* of the Royal Astronomical Society for June, Newcomb has a note on Neison's new inequalities in the moon's longitude, in which he shows that the expressions arrived at theoretically by Neison are practically equivalent to the empirical terms deduced previously by Newcomb. Thus the doubts expressed by Tupman are dispelled, and the two researches confirm each other. The desire is expressed for a more extensive comparison of Hansen's tables with observations than now exists. Such a series would facilitate the testing of questions like the present.

Lord Lindsay has a note in the same periodical on the spectra of comets *b* and *c* of this year. For Comet *b* (Winnecke's) the spectrum consisted of three lines connected by the very narrow continuous spectrum of the nucleus. Measures with a single-prism spectroscope by Copeland and G. Lohse gave for their wave lengths 556.0, 516.0, 472.2. On May 5 the same instrument gave 558.0, 508.6, 467.9. On May 6 a Grubb spectroscope with a large compound prism was used. The least refrangible of the three lines was separated into at least three faint lines. The wave lengths were 569.6 (559.3—550.0), 543.2—these form one band—(517.5—498.6), 510.7. This spectrum resembles that of Comet II., 1868. The spectrum of Comet *c* was 467.6, 507.9, 528.2. This, then, is like Comet I., 1871, and Brorsen's comet. Dr. Copeland has a note on two "flats" on the moon's limb, which he identifies with those seen by Key in 1863, and Birt in 1864 and 1875, and Erck in 1875.

Plummer has a note on the collective light distribution of the fixed stars. He finds that fully three-fourths of the light of a fine night comes from stars which are individually invisible to the naked eye, and that on his hypothesis the total light of all the stars of the *Durchmusterung* is equal to $10.17 \times$ Venus at maximum brilliancy, or $1 \div 78.6$ of the mean full moon. His final conclusion is that "either the *Durchmusterung* contains many stars (more than one-third of the entire number) which, though rated as 9.5 magnitude, are sensibly below it, or else it must be assumed that at the average distance for stars of this magnitude a denser stratum actually exists, succeeded possibly by regions less fruitful beyond."

Mr. W. B. Taylor, of Washington, contributes an elaborate historic account of the various kinetic theories of gravitation to the forth-coming Smithsonian report.

The chief signal-officer of the army has proposed to the various observatories of the country, both public and private, to co-operate in physical observations of the sun. Every phenomenon of interest should be registered, whether relating to spots, faculæ, or protuberances, etc. Each observatory that is willing to take up any special field, or that already occupies such a field, is requested to give its results, or such part of them as it is willing, to the Signal Bureau for record in its *Monthly Weather Review*. Thus a prompt publication is secured. In response to this invitation, the United States Naval Observatory is furnishing a record of the number of spots daily observed on the sun's disk. This record is prepared by Mr. D. P. Todd. It is to be hoped that a regular series of photographic records of sun spots can be made by some one or more observatories in the East, and by at least one on the Western coast. In order to render such observations of the sun complete, the establishment of these stations and one in Japan is required.

Alvan Clark and Sons, of Cambridgeport, have just completed an 11-inch photographic refractor for the Lisbon Observatory. It can also be used for visual purposes. The general design of its mounting is very stable and elegant. They have also finished the objective of a new $9\frac{1}{2}$ -inch equatorial for Princeton College. It is constructed on Gauss's curves, and is said to be very fine, and to have decidedly less outstanding color than the ordinary forms of this aperture. The crown-glass is capable of being rotated in the cell of the flint, and is thus separated from it. In this way this telescope becomes adapted for photographic work. No crown-glass has yet been ordered for the 27-inch flint-glass belonging to Yale College, and the M'Cormick 26-inch glass is still in the workshop, although it is fully completed.

The transit of Venus papers of the English commission are now in the hands of the printer, and will soon be issued.

At the private observatory of Lewis M. Ruthersford, Esq., New York, Mr. Chapman is making a series of photographs of Mars and comparison stars, which are afterward to be measured. Two or more photographs are taken 3h. east of the meridian, and the same number 3h. west, so that from such a series the diurnal parallax may be had. Mr. Chapman is now ruling a series of dif-

fraction gratings on speculum metal. The ruling is 2 inches wide, and the lines are $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, of 5760, 8640, and 17,280 lines to the inch, and we understand that he is now prepared to execute such plates for private orders.

The third volume of André and Rayet's *Astronomie Pratique* (History of Observatories) is concerned with the observatories of the United States, and will be found a useful book of reference. It is compiled from the notes of M. Angot, one of the editors.

Meteorology.—In the department of meteorology there seems to have been an especial activity during the month of August. We have received, first, Brault's *Circulation Atmosphérique de l'Atlantique Nord*—a work of great labor, and apparently a worthy continuation of those studies that were begun by Maury, and to which Buys-Ballot, Buchan, Hoffmeyer, Bitro de Capello, and others have of late years made so many contributions. As a lieutenant in the French navy, Brault has been alive to the merits of the works of his countrymen Lartigue and Bourgois, etc., but has apparently taken an important step in that he has undertaken to classify his 200,000 observations of the wind according to the force as well as according to the direction. Besides the excellent charts and the ninety pages giving in detail the data on which the charts are based, the author gives an interesting sketch of the actual state of the works in nautical meteorology that were begun in 1869 under the administration of Admiral De Genouilly, whence it appears that from the journals kept by French vessels the French Hydrographic Office has compiled a large number of charts and of tables, which will, it is hoped, soon be published. A glowing tribute is paid by him to the importance of such simultaneous observations as the signal service is now receiving from all seas and lands. Brault's charts give not only the relative frequency of winds from each point of the compass, but also the probability of strong and light winds and calms, and furthermore the probable changes or order of succession of the successive winds; they are thus peculiarly adapted to the needs of the mariner, and undoubtedly an improvement upon the charts that have hitherto been published at Washington, London, and Utrecht.

One of the most important results of the increasing interest in meteorological observations will be the establishment of State meteorological associations to supplement the general work carried on by the Weather Bureau at Washington. The State organizations of Pennsylvania and New York were many years ago the pioneers in this work, and rendered most valuable service. We have received the first annual report of the Iowa weather stations organized by Professor G. Hinrichs, of Iowa City. In that State about ninety stations exist, and the publication of the report by the Iowa State Agricultural Society shows that there is a full recognition of the direct importance to agriculturists of the data collected by weather observers. It is, however, true that every other national interest is more or less directly affected by the weather, and there is no reason why every State Bureau of Statistics should not also look after its rain-fall and other weather items.

Intimately related to the preceding subject is that of State reports upon the sanitary relations

of the climate. And on this matter we have received a laborious work compiled by Dr. C. Denison, of Denver, upon the climate of Colorado and its relations to pulmonary diseases. No knowledge is more important to a large proportion of our community than reliable information as to the localities whither they may flee to find relief from disease. Such pamphlets as those of Denison on Colorado, Toner on Maryland, etc., are individual efforts to accomplish that to which the whole nation should contribute its support.

In the department of theoretical or dynamic meteorology we have to record the appearance in the *Journal of the Austrian Meteorological Society* of two papers by Guldberg and Mohn on the movements of the air in cyclones and anti-cyclones. In these short papers the authors have rehearsed some of the results published by them a year ago in their *Études*, and thus given them a wider circulation among those interested in meteorology. They show the laws of movement of air under certain simple assumptions, such as approximately represent the cases actively occurring in every-day experience, and their formulæ need only to be reduced to tabular or graphic forms in order to become quite useful in predicting the phenomena of hurricanes.

The remarkably successful result of Weilenman's attempt to deduce the temperatures observed during the night throughout the world, from *a priori* considerations, has led him to treat the evaporation and moisture in the same manner. And we believe that all these, and with them the winds and barometric pressures, are now become subject to a rational deductive treatment such as forms an important chapter in the development of deductive meteorology—a science which, as distinguished from the inductive and statistical methods of the past, is evidently soon to take a high rank, and to claim the attention of experts in mathematical and physical sciences. To the development of this science nothing would more powerfully contribute than the establishment of a school of meteorology in connection with our higher institutions of learning.

A memoir on the hurricanes of October, 1876, in the Bay of Bengal, by J. Elliott, has recently been published by the Calcutta Meteorological Office, which is said by Hann to be the most complete work of the kind that we at present possess, giving for the first time a profound insight into the circumstances attending the formation of a hurricane, and surpassing even the excellent work of Blanford and Wilson.

In *Physics*, we note a paper by Campbell on a double slit which he has used with good results for measuring the distances between the lines in the spectrum, and which he finds of great service in cases where the illumination is so slight as to prevent the use of the micrometer. One slit is above the other, the upper one being movable at right angles to its length by a micrometer screw of 200 threads to the inch, the graduated head of which is capable of indicating one-five-millionth of an inch in the motion of the slit. If now a reading of the micrometer be taken when the slits are superposed and form one continuous line, and a second reading when any given line has been superposed upon any other line at a moderate distance from it, the difference between these readings will enable us at once to ascertain the distance between the lines, if the micrometer be

calibrated in terms of the spectrum as seen in the observing telescope.

Mascart has made a research upon the refractive power of gases. A beam of light was sent through a collimator to two plates of plate-glass connected together at right angles; the halves of the beam were bent right and left by refraction through the glass, then passed parallel through two copper tubes containing the gases, and after refraction by a second system of glass plates placed in reverse directions, the halves were united again, and the beam passed through a slit to a system of prisms, then to a telescope. If the pressure in one of the copper tubes varied, the phases of the two parts of the beam became different, and from the number of fringes displaced, the refraction of the gas could be determined. The influence of pressure was examined, then the refractive power for different wave lengths, then the influence of temperature, and from these data the absolute refractive power was deduced. The figures obtained range from 0.1387 for hydrogen and 0.2706 for oxygen to 0.7036 for sulphurous oxide and 0.8216 for cyanogen. The refraction of a mixture is the sum of the refractions of its components; but that of a compound gas is in general greater than that of a mixture.

Thompson has communicated to the London Physical Society, says *Nature*, a paper on interference fringes within the Nicol prism. If the "field" of a Nicol be explored by the eye, it will be seen to be bordered on one side by a margin of violet-blue light, and on the other, when the light passes obliquely through the prism, by an orange band, within which lie a series of colored fringes; these latter are very clearly seen with monochromatic light, when a second set within the blue band also appears. The author showed that these two sets are due to interference taking place within the film of balsam at the critical angle of total reflection for ordinary and extraordinary rays respectively; they are, therefore, analogous to the interference bands in a thin film placed beneath a prism of a more highly refracting substance, and occurring just within the limit of total internal reflection, as first observed by Sir W. Herschel.

Chikolef has made a series of experiments at St. Petersburg to determine the lighting power of the electric light at great distances. The power of the light is notably increased by covering the carbon of the lamp with a thin sheet of copper (one-sixteenth of the diameter of the carbon at its upper part, and from one-forty-eighth to one-sixty-fourth in its lower part). It depends also upon the direction given to the carbon, the best being to turn the cup toward the object to be lighted. The great machine of Alteneck, with a carbon twelve millimeters in diameter, gave a maximum light equal to 10,210 candles, and a mean light of 5739 candles; while with a carbon of ten millimeters, but galvanically coated, it gave a maximum of 16,255 candles (20,275 when the cup is turned as above), and a mean of 14,039 candles. The light was sufficient to make objects visible (for military purposes) at a distance of 3080 yards. Of many machines used, the most economical proved to be the great one of Alteneck.

Experiments continue to be made with the electric candle of Jablochhoff, which consists of two carbon strips placed side by side, and insula-

ted from each other by some non-conducting substance which melts or volatilizes as the carbons burn. At the West India Docks in London four of these candles were simultaneously burned with the current from one magneto-electric machine. The large yard was brilliantly illuminated, although the candles were inclosed in ground-glass shades; so that it was possible to read small print at a considerable distance, while at the same time the eyes were not affected by the glare, as is the case with the ordinary electric light. The second trial was the lighting the top story of one of the large warehouses, and the third the lighting up of a large vessel at the quay, both of which were successful. Each candle gave a light equal to that from 100 gas-lights, and at a very much less cost.

Another form of Jablochhoff's light has been variously tried, which seems likely to be of more practical use than the candle. It consists of a thin kaolin plate, only four millimeters thick, but eight centimeters long and two or three wide, having the conducting wires fastened in grooves at the ends. These wires are coarse, and come from the secondary coil of an inductorium, the primary coil being in the circuit of an Alliance magneto-electric machine, driven by a three-horse engine. When the secondary current crosses the kaolin plate it apparently ignites, giving a soft mellow light equal to that from eight gas-burners. In the Paris experiments three electric candles, each equal to five kaolin lights, were operated in the main circuit, while ten of the kaolin lights were operated by as many secondary circuits, thus making it possible to feed twenty-five lights at once in different places by the same machine. These experiments were made with a view to utilize these lights at the Paris Exhibition.

Ayrton and Perry have published an account of an elaborate series of experiments on ice as an electrolyte. As a result of their experiments, they state that the capacity per cubic centimeter of ice at -13.5°C . is 0.002 micro-farad, and the specific inductive capacity is 22,160 (that of air being called unity), while that of water at 8.7° is about 2240 times this amount. Commencing with ice at -13.6°C ., the temperature was allowed to rise, and the conductivity determined by galvanometer readings. From these a very regular curve was deduced, which shows that the conductivity increases regularly, and that there is no sudden rise in passing from the solid to the liquid state. The same apparatus was also used to determine the electromotive force of polarization currents at different temperatures.

In *Chemistry*, a new and apparently satisfactory process has been proposed by Etard for the preparation of alkali nitrites as reagents, which consists in reducing the corresponding nitrate by a sulphite. Equivalent quantities, for example, of potassium nitrate and potassium sulphite, previously well dried, are mixed together and fused in a crucible. After cooling, the mass is taken from the crucible, pulverized, and treated with alcohol, in which the nitrite only is soluble. Or the separation may be effected by crystallization.

Böttinger, in an attempt at the direct synthesis of glyoxylic acid by passing carbonous oxide gas through pure and well-cooled hydrocyanic acid, observed a rapid absorption of the gas, which, however, was completely evolved again on warming the liquid. No glyoxylic acid was formed.

He hence calls attention to the remarkable solubility of carbonous oxide in hydrocyanic acid.

Heumann has succeeded in producing an ultramarine containing silver in place of sodium, by heating the blue ultramarine with a concentrated solution of silver nitrate in sealed tubes to 120° for several hours. The product, washed with boiling water, and separated by agitation from the metallic silver, appeared under a magnifier as a perfectly uniform powder, consisting of lemon-yellow clear grains, without crystalline form. Analysis showed them to contain forty-eight per cent. of silver.

Latschinoff has proposed to establish a new series of homologous bodies, the successive terms of which shall differ from the preceding ones by C_5H_8 , instead of CH_2 , as in ordinary homologues. Camphor and the terpenes belong to such a series, and hence the author proposes to denominate the series a ter-homologous or a campho-homologous series.

Cresti has described a very delicate test for copper. Two small wires, one of zinc the other of platinum, connected at one end, are placed in the solution suspected to contain this metal. A black deposit appears on the platinum wire. To test this, it is washed and placed while still moist in a mixture of hydrogen bromide gas and bromine vapor (such as is obtained by acting on potassium bromide by strong sulphuric acid). The deposit, if copper, becomes a deep violet liquid, especially distinct when placed on a white plate, which the author believes to be a solution of cuprous bromide in hydrogen bromide. Copper may thus be detected in a few cubic centimeters of a one-millionth solution.

Cohne has observed that if a sprig of any fresh plant be placed in a weak solution of hydrogen peroxide, oxygen is disengaged which is strongly ozonized. If flowers are upon the sprig, they also evolve oxygen, but less actively. A convenient method of setting free a little ozone in the air of an apartment is to place a bouquet of flowers in weak hydrogen peroxide in place of ordinary water.

Bougarel has discovered a new red coloring matter in plants, which accompanies the chlorophyll, and which he calls erythrophyll. For preparing it, young peach leaves were first extracted with ether, the ether poured off, and then with alcohol, and allowed to stand. After two days brilliant tabular crystals, green by reflected, red by transmitted light, appeared, which were soluble in benzene and chloroform with a red color.

Dale and Schorlemmer have shown that red aurin, or peonin, as it is sometimes called, may readily be converted into rosaniline. If it be heated to 150° for some days with alcoholic ammonia, or for twenty hours to 120° with aqueous ammonia, a yellow solution is obtained, which contains a crystalline base, and deposits it on cooling. This base is identical with rosaniline, giving the well-known fuchsin red with acetic acid, and yielding Hofmann's violet, aniline green, and aniline blue.

Cazeneuve has prepared pure hematin by treating defibrinated blood by commercial ether for twenty-four hours, then with more ether containing two per cent. oxalic acid. This ether being saturated exactly with ether containing ammonia, deposits the hematin in flocks, which is purified by washing in water, alcohol, and ether. It com-

bines with the haloid acids to form crystallized salts, and has the formula $C_{68}H_{70}N_8Fe_2O_{10}$. Concentrated hydrochloric acid splits it into two red bodies, one containing 37.62 per cent. of iron, the other 2.08 per cent.

Anthropology.—The Academy of Sciences of Davenport, Iowa, have issued Part I. of their second volume. Among the papers are several very interesting ones devoted to archæology. We have always looked upon this society as a model of local organizations. They have a very full collection in their museum, and are proposing to erect a building in a short time. We are sure that there is no better way to foster true education than to encourage an institution like this.

Mr. Charles C. Abbott has published separately his paper in the tenth annual report of the Peabody Museum, upon the discovery of paleolithic implements near Trenton. The author believes that the implements which he has discovered were fashioned by human hands during the glacial period, and were drifted to their present site along with the gravel in which they lie imbedded.

Major J. W. Powell has recently issued two very important contributions to the study of American anthropology. One forms the first volume of a series to be published under the title, *Contributions to American Ethnology*, and is composed of a number of articles on Alaskan subjects, by Mr. William H. Dall, together with the last unpublished works of the late George Gibbs. The second work is entitled *Introduction to the Study of Indian Languages, with Words, Phrases, and Sentences to be Collected*, by J. W. Powell. All the manuscripts of the Smithsonian Institution on this subject have been turned over to Major Powell, to be worked up into his series.

Professor James D. Butler has published a pamphlet on prehistoric Wisconsin. It is enriched with heliotype fac-similes of twenty-four copper implements.

In Part IV. of the Journal of the Anthropological Institute of London Mr. Sweet has a long and interesting paper on language and thought. The subject is discussed from an anthropological point of view, and merits the attention of comparative philologists. The idea of the breath group, or phonetic sentence, is well presented.

One of the most important discussions concerning archæological matters which has taken place for a long time occurred at the meeting of the Anthropological Institute, May 22 of this year, and is reported in *Nature* for May 24 and in four or five of the subsequent numbers. The question for debate was, "The present State of the Antiquity of Man in England." The president, in opening the discussion, recommended the utmost caution. The argument was conducted by Messrs. Boyd Dawkins, Hughes, and Tiddeman, who all agreed that while there was no objection to the opinion of the interglacial or preglacial existence of man in England, there was no solid ground for such an opinion as yet. In subsequent numbers of *Nature* issue is taken with this opinion by Messrs. Thomas Belt, Geikie, and Skertchley. The ground of an opinion for the preglacial or interglacial existence of man is the finding of a fibula supposed to be human, but probably ursine, in connection with remains of animals which probably were preglacial or interglacial, the oc-

currence, under similar conditions, of goats' bones bearing gashes supposed to have been made by man, and the occurrence of paleolithic implements in strata which are believed to have been deposited within or before the glacial period.

In general *Zoology*, an important work on the development of the egg has been published by O. Bütschli, who is well known by his studies on the infusoria and the lower worms, especially the rotifera and the nematode worms. As regards the process of conjugation among the infusoria, Bütschli, according to a review of his work in *Nature*, thinks that it is merely a *rejuvenescence* of the creatures which undergo it, enabling them to become "the stem ancestors of a series of generations which propagate by fission." This is contrary to the view of Balbiani, Stein, and others, who maintain that the act of conjugation so well known among the *Paramecia*, *Vorticellæ*, etc., is the precursor of a sexual mode of generation. The reviewers, Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale, disbelieve in Bütschli's theory, and suggest that "what he calls rejuvenescence is one of the many modes by which rapidity of fissiparous multiplication is in some organisms aided, and the necessity for the true act of fertilization is made less frequent."

"Studies among Amœbæ" is the subject of an article in the *Popular Science Review* for July, by Professor P. M. Duncan, who describes the habits and figures some of the forms of these protozoans. Of the twenty or more species described by German and English observers, Duncan believes that there are but two truly specific forms, *Amœba villosa* and *Amœba princeps*.

Dr. Leidy has observed a species of infusorian, probably *Chilomonas*, existing in immense numbers on the sandy beach of Cape May, where they formed a thin yellowish-green film, coloring the surface of the sand.

The Colorado potato-beetle (*Septinolarva sexlineata*) has been not only introduced into Bremen, but *Nature* records its occurrence in a field near Cologne in every stage of development. In the United States it now occurs in abundance as far east as the Kennebec River, Maine.

Mr. S. W. Garman recently read at a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History a paper on the pelvis of selachians, with especial reference to that of the genera *Potamotrygon* and *Disceus*.

Some new facts in the history of a little-known fish, the long-jawed goby, are contributed to the *American Naturalist* by Mr. W. N. Lockington. These fish live on the Californian coast, among sea-weeds growing on small stones, and in such a position that they must remain out of water from three to six hours daily. They are also dug by the Chinese (who eat them) out of the mud beside the brackish creeks intersecting the marshes. Their holes, excavated in the banks, "increase in size as they go downward, so that the lower portion is below the water-level, or at least sufficiently low to be kept wet by the percolation from the surrounding mud." In view of the half-terrestrial life led by this fish, Mr. Lockington is inclined to suspect that the expansion of the upper jaw may serve for the retention of a small quantity of water, which, slowly trickling downward into the mouth and gills, keeps the latter moist when, from an unusually low tide or a dry season, the waters of its native creek fail, perhaps

for several hours, to reach the holes in which the fishes dwell.

That fishes and other vertebrates have in two or three observed cases been partially developed without fecundation is on record. Dr. E. L. Sturtevant, on removing, March 15, some eggs from a pickerel, found that some of the eggs "had evidently developed in the line of the fecundated egg, as the cells were arranged in the form of a curled fish, the line of the back being well defined, the line of the belly and sac poorly or not at all defined, while there was a concentration of cells about the locality of the eye. I can not say that I saw a young fish, for I did not, but I saw what I considered sufficient to interpret as development to a certain degree without fecundation." The account in full appears in the *American Naturalist* for August.

At a June meeting of the Zoological Society of London, Mr. P. L. Sclater read the first of a series of reports on the collection of birds made during the voyage of H.M.S. *Challenger*, containing general remarks on the collection, which was stated to consist of about 679 skins of terrestrial and 198 of oceanic birds, besides a considerable series of specimens in salt and in spirit, and a collection of eggs, principally of the oceanic species.

Mr. Samuel Calvin records in the *American Naturalist* the fact that the red-headed woodpecker catches flies on the wing. He has seen this done repeatedly by the same bird, so that he thinks it is an ordinary and settled practice of the species.

That birds have the power of distinguishing different colors is claimed by a correspondent of *Nature*, who observed in England a pair of goldfinches building their nest. They chose their building materials with such skill and such color-matching power that if one had not seen the nest built, it would have been quite impossible to have discovered it.

That the mammalian fauna of the steppes of Russia formerly extended into Northern Germany seems proved by the prehistoric remains now found in Germany. The fauna of these steppes, such as those which lie between the Lower Volga and the Upper Ob, is quite peculiar. Such of its animals, says a writer in *Nature*, as live on the ground and can not escape the bad season of the year by emigration, become so accommodated to the climate and soil that they are never met with in other places, that is, in woody or marshy districts. Among these the steppe rodents, such as jerboas, sousliks, and voles, are most remarkable. They find sufficient sustenance in the twigs, leaves, and berries of the steppe plants. The other characteristic mammals are the steppe marmot, the little piping hare (*Lagomys pusillus*), the wild ass (*Equus onager*), and the Saiga antelope (*Saiga tartarica*). The remaining mammals met with, whether as residents or as temporary visitors, belong either to the fauna of Central Europe or to that of Northern Siberia.

Two mammals, *Felis yaguarundi* and *Nasua* (probably *N. fusca*), new to the fauna of the United States, have been found, according to the *American Naturalist*, at Fort Brown, Texas, by Dr. J. C. Merrill, U.S.A.

Engineering and Technology.—The caisson of the first pier of the Poughkeepsie Bridge is reported as down to bed rock on the river-bottom.

The second and third caissons are about being sunk to their respective places.

We learn from local sources that it is the intention of the Hudson River Tunnel Company to begin work early this fall. A shaft twenty-eight feet in depth has been dug at the foot of Fifteenth Street, Jersey City, and this depth will be increased some twenty feet. From this as a starting-point the tunnel will proceed in a northeasterly direction under the river. The entrance on the New York side will be in the neighborhood of Washington Square. The tunnel as proposed will be on completion two miles in length, with a road-bed twenty-three feet wide, and two separate tracks. It is proposed also to light it with gas throughout its entire length. The structure will be of brick, with a thickness of four feet. The main object of the tunnel will be the transfer of freight to and from the great railway lines which terminate in Jersey City, but it will, of course, be used for passenger traffic likewise.

The midsummer condition of the pig-iron industry of the United States is reported by the *Iron Age* to be as follows: Number of furnaces, 704, of which 270 are charcoal, 208 bituminous coal or coke, and 226 anthracite coal. Of these, 87 charcoal, 85 soft-coal, and 87 anthracite furnaces are in blast—259 in all, while 445 are idle.

The engineering journals are noting the fact that active preparations are going on for the commencement of the long-projected work of draining the Zuyder-Zee. A dam twenty-five miles long is to be carried across the gulf, and upon this pumping-machines are to be erected having 10,000 horse-power, and capable of discharging from the inclosed sea a quantity of water equivalent to 6,500,000 cubic meters daily. The work, it is expected, will occupy sixteen years for its completion, and its estimated cost will be 335,000,000 francs.

Recent reports appear to establish the fact that there are deposits of genuine anthracite in New Mexico.

A rich cinnabar discovery is reported from California, about seven miles from Grass Valley, in the direction of Colfax. The ledge is reported to be from seventy-five to eighty feet in thickness, and will yield, according to estimate, about twenty-five per cent. of quicksilver. Reducing-works are said to be in course of erection.

The foreign journals have the statement of the completion of that portion of the great network of subterranean telegraph lines which connects Berlin with Mayence. Taking in the section between Berlin and Halle, which was laid last year, and which has since been in continuous operation, the whole line now completed is about 372 miles long, and connects Berlin, Halle, Leipsic, Frankfurt, and Mayence. Germany has now a number of under-ground lines in operation, and a decree lately issued orders that in future all the lines constructed in the empire shall be under-ground.

A new disinfectant is obtained by exposing a mixture of water and turpentine to a current of air, and is affirmed to be powerful in action, non-poisonous, and without injurious action on textiles. It contains hydrogen peroxide, a powerful oxidizing agent, and camphoric acid.

The electric light is growing rapidly in popularity in Europe, and numerous applications in the lighting railway stations, docks, etc., have already been made, with the most satisfactory results.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of September.—The election in California, September 5, resulted in a Democratic success. The election in Maine, September 10, resulted in a majority for Selden Connor, the Republican candidate for Governor, of 11,830 over the Democratic candidate, and of 5879 over all candidates.

State Conventions have been held as follows: Iowa Democratic, at Marshalltown, August 29, nominating John R. Irish for Governor; Pennsylvania Republican, at Harrisburg, September 5, nominating James P. Sterrett for Supreme Court judge; Wisconsin Republican, at Madison, September 11, nominating William E. Smith for Governor; Massachusetts Democratic, at Worcester, September 13, nominating William Gaston for Governor; Massachusetts Republican, at Worcester, September 19, renominating Governor Rice; New Jersey Democratic, at Trenton, September 19, nominating General George B. McClellan for Governor; Maryland Republican, September 20, nominating Dr. G. E. Porter for State Comptroller.

The Fisheries Commission, sitting at Halifax, Nova Scotia, have decided against the claim of the Canadian government for compensation for the privilege accorded to American fishermen of transshipping cargo or buying bait, ice, and supplies in Dominion ports.

At Creedmoor, September 14 and 15, in the international contest for the American trophy between the British and American teams, the latter led in the total of shots by 92 points, the scores being 3334 to 3242. The American team exceeded its score for last year by 208 points.

The leader of the Mormons, Brigham Young, died August 29. The Mormon apostles claim to have had a "revelation," to the effect that the Church is to be hereafter vested in a quorum of the Twelve, and that no successor to Brigham Young is to be elected.

In the Eastern war the month has been very unfavorable to the Russians. In Armenia there is no change of situation. In Europe, while the Turks have failed to capture Shipka Pass, the Russians have been defeated in their renewed attack on Plevna, losing nearly 20,000 men. Mehemet Ali, meanwhile, has been pressing the Russian army with a superior force.

The most important political event in France during the month was the death, September 3, of ex-President Thiers. The government determined to give him a state funeral, but this purpose was abandoned, as Madame Thiers declined to place the entire management of affairs in the hands of the official authorities. The funeral took place, September 8, from M. Thiers's late residence in the Place St. George. The route of the procession to the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette was lined with an immense throng. M. Grèvy, ex-President of the Chamber of Deputies, and M. Jules Simon delivered eulogies at the grave. There was no disturbance of order during the day.

M. Gambetta has been prosecuted for his Lille speech, and sentenced to pay a fine of 2000 francs and to undergo three months' imprisonment. The grave responsibilities of republican leadership devolve upon M. Grèvy.

In his manifesto to the French people, September 19, President M'Mahon claims that he has for four years maintained peace and reorganized the army, and that the period of his administration has been one of commercial prosperity. These great results, he says, have been threatened with danger. "The Chamber of Deputies, daily throwing off the leadership of moderate men, and more and more dominated by the avowed leaders of the radical party, at length forgot the share of authority which belonged to me, and which I could not allow to be diminished without involving the honor of my name before you and before history. Contesting at the same time my rightful influence in the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies arrived at nothing less than substituting for the necessary equilibrium of public powers established by the Constitution the despotism of a new convention. Hesitation was no longer permissible. Exercising my constitutional right, and in conformity with the opinion of the Senate, I dissolved the Chamber of Deputies. It is now for you to speak. They tell you I seek to overthrow the republic, but you will not believe it. The Constitution is intrusted to my guardianship, and I will make it respected. What I look for from you is the election of a Chamber which, raising itself above party rivalries, will occupy itself, before all things, with the country's affairs."

In the most positive terms the manifesto proceeds to declare the President's purpose to maintain his position, even if a hostile Chamber is elected. "I shall remain to defend conservative interests, with the support of the Senate, and still energetically protect the faithful public servants, who at a difficult moment have not allowed themselves to be intimidated by vain threats."

DISASTERS.

August 29.—Near Des Moines, Iowa, a westward-bound passenger train on the Rock Island and Pacific Railroad was wrecked, a culvert and bridge having been washed away by a recent storm. Seventeen persons were killed, and thirty-five wounded.

September 5.—A fire starting in Hale's piano factory, in New York city, consumed fifty buildings. Several lives were lost.

September 11.—Two British ships, the *Avalanche* and *Forest*, collided, off Portland, England. One hundred and four persons were drowned.

OBITUARY.

August 28.—In St. Louis, Missouri, Benedict De Bar, a noted comedian, aged sixty-one years.

August 29.—At Salt Lake City, Utah, Brigham Young, aged seventy-six years.

September 1.—At Canton, Pennsylvania, E. L. Davenport, the well-known actor, aged sixty-one years.

September 10.—At Auburn, New York, the Rev. Edwin Hall, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Auburn Theological Seminary.

September 20.—In St. Louis, Missouri, Lewis V. Bogy, United States Senator, aged 64 years.

September 3.—In Paris, France, ex-President Louis Adolphe Thiers, aged eighty years.

September 12.—At Clewey, England, Miss Una Hawthorne, daughter of the novelist.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer would be glad to hear oftener from the gentleman who sends the following:

William T. Coleman, of San Francisco, was talking the other day of his old partner, Edward Mott Robinson, of New Bedford, whose penuriousness was a matter of common talk.

"He was a good fellow in the main," said Mr. Coleman, "but he exceeded any man I ever knew in ingenious expedients for saving a dollar. In those days I was a Democrat and he was a Republican. One day he said, 'Coleman, have your committee been after you?' 'Not yet,' I replied. 'Well, mine have been after me,' he said, 'and they wanted me to subscribe \$500, and I told them I would.' I looked at him with absolute amazement. Then he added: 'Yes, I told them the Democrats would expect \$500 from you, and *I was going to pair off!* So mind you stick to that arrangement. It will be all the same to both parties, and it won't cost either of us a cent.'"

THIS from a gentleman who formerly held one of the highest positions under the Federal government, and whose equally high honor it is to have been a frequent and always welcome contributor to the Drawer:

Long time ago there was a lawyer in Maine whose name was Howe. He was so outrageously ugly in appearance that it was almost painful to look at him. One day in court, when cross-questioning a witness who had made some statement which militated against his client, Mr. Howe, addressing the witness in a stern, impetuous manner, said, "Sir, can you look me *in the face* and repeat that?" The witness, turning and shielding his own face with his hand, instantly replied, to the great amusement of all present, "*Any thing in reason, Sir!*"

A DOLLAR OR TWO.

With cautious steps as we tread our way through
This intricate world, as other folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two!

For an excellent thing is a dollar or two;

No friend is so true as a dollar or two;

Through country and town,

As we pass up and down,

No passport's so good as a dollar or two.

Would you read yourself out of a bachelor crew,

And the hand of a female divinity sue?

You must always be ready "the handsome" to do,

Although it should cost you a dollar or two.

Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two,

And affection is gained by a dollar or two.

The best aid you can meet,

In advancing your suit,

Is the eloquent clink of a dollar or two.

THE Drawer has this from the very down East-ernmost section of our precious country:

It is customary with the students in our college to say, "Not prepared," when called upon to recite a difficult and not well-memorized passage. On a hot summer afternoon, in the year —, the class was sleepily stumbling through the introduction to Butler's *Analogy*. The reverend doctor was quite as familiar with the subject-matter as with the numbers of chapters and sections, and had a way of his own in calling for a recitation, which sounded quite as much like a call to judgment as a call to recite. The lesson

was going badly, and the doctor, nestling in his chair, called out, "Mr. T——, you may pass on to the 'Future Life.'"

Mr. T—— was too much of a wag to let the opportunity slip, and promptly responded, "Not prepared."

The reader can easily imagine the effect on the risibles of the class.

THE Drawer has lately flitted through the Southwest, down through the beautiful Indian Territory, and thence through Texas to the Gulf. In Sedalia, Missouri, the Drawer had the happiness of meeting Colonel Goodwin, editor and proprietor of the local organ of public opinion published there, called the *Daily Bazoo*. "Bazoo" is original and good. It means something between a first-class tempest and a moderate whirlwind. From the editorial columns we quote two paragraphs indicative of the general tone of the paper and the enterprising character of the community thereabouts:

We observe with pleasure the gradual development of new resources of wealth in Sedalia. The sassafras crop this spring is good, and, estimated by the square root, we judge it a success. Nothing is so well calculated to restore public confidence as the invigorating picture of a man laboring with about a foot of sassafras root. It helps the blood and breath, and beats cloves and coffee in covering the aroma of sour mash.

A Beautiful Car for the Dead.—When our friends die, the natural impulse of the heart is to invest their solemn obsequies with all the beautiful ceremonials which friendship can suggest or love inspire. It helps to smooth the bitterness of death, and give to the grave something of the love and admiration of the living. Appreciating these sentiments, Messrs. Farnham and Gilman have just received from the East a hearse which in finish and elegance excels any thing ever seen in Sedalia. Elaborate in its appointments, and beautiful in detail, it is in all respects suitable and appropriate for the solemn ceremonials for which it is intended. Their place of business is on the corner of Third and Osage streets. It will be used at the funeral to-day.

THUS writes to the Drawer a public functionary at Washington:

Whatever may be said of the Chinese in California, we have at least one on the Isthmus of Panama who is rapidly becoming a good (Colombian) citizen, having taken unto himself a bright mulatto wife, and established a small store at one of the stations on the railroad. A short time since, an American residing in Aspinwall wrote to "John" for a quantity of eggs. "John" managed to master the purport of the letter, and in a few days sent the box of eggs, addressed, "Mr. Yours Truly, J. Wilson, Esq."

"John" had found out that we Americans like a good deal of title.

FROM Selma, Alabama, cometh this:

Judge P——, of Alabama, was noted for eccentricity and sarcasm quite as much as for impartial administration of justice. During a term of court at Montgomery a young man was tried for petit larceny—taking a pocket-book. The next case was for murder. The evidence in the former was slight, in the latter conclusive; yet the jury convicted in the first and acquitted in the second, much to the surprise of the judge, the audience, and the prisoners themselves. In the first case the judge said to the prisoner:

"Young man, you have not been in this country long?"

"No, Sir," replied the young man.

"I thought so. You don't know these people; you may kill them, but don't touch their pocket-books."

On another occasion, in a murder case, counsel for the defendant said, "It is better that ninety-nine guilty persons should escape than that one innocent man should suffer." In his charge to the jury the judge admitted the soundness of the proposition, but added, "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that the ninety-nine *have already escaped.*"

In the palmy days of the old New York Fire Department, the funeral of a deceased member was made the occasion for a general gathering of "the boys," and a public sobbing for his decease, accompanied by music, and a series of resolutions "onto his memory." "Aunty," said the foreman of a fire-company, to which her son, who had just died, belonged—"aunty, we can't bury Chawls to-morrow, 'cause the boys are going on a picnic. He's as sweet as a nut, and will keep till Thursday e-a-s-y; then we'll waltz him off in style!"

Something of this sort, though a little more refined, occurred in England. The occasion was the burial of a rather eccentric half-pay naval officer, who had, while in the flesh, sustained a lively quarrel with the rector of the parish. The arrangements were made long before death took place, and the funeral, when the day came, was conducted in the grounds of the house by a Dissenting minister. The company, none of whom wore mourning, then retired to the drawing-room, where a musical programme was gone through. One of the lady *artistes* was specially engaged for this performance a month before the old half-pay gentleman "went aloft." The proceedings concluded with a sumptuous luncheon.

THE origin and meaning of the word "woman" having been quite recently under discussion in the pages of the *London Notes and Queries*, a Dublin man sends the following old verse which he lately came across in his readings:

When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind,
Old Adam called her *woe-man*;
But when she *woo'd* with love so kind,
He then pronounced it *woo-man*;
But now with folly and with pride
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of *whims*,
That people call them *whim-men*.

WHEN Hon. H. J. Jewett was president of the Central Ohio Railroad Company, a man applied for a position of trust. Mr. Jewett, who is a man of almost austere demeanor, proceeded to put questions of the severest nature to him. He ex-

hausted the applicant on ties, locomotives, tickets, switches, and tracks, and began to interrogate the man as to his habits. "Are you in the habit of drinking, Sir?" said the president, with dignity and severity.

"Well," answered the man, "I don't care if I do, being it's you, Mr. Jewett."

Mr. J., being an old-time Democrat, brought out his vial.

THIS bit of precocity came under the observation of an editorial friend up the Hudson, who sends it to the Drawer:

Little Fred is a bright lad of six summers. Not long since he was presented with a pair of rabbits, which soon became the objects of his especial pride and care. On going to look after them one morning, he was surprised to discover



FATHERLESS.

that one had escaped and was nowhere to be found. A friend of the family happened along about that time, and catching sight of Fred, inquired how his pets were getting along.

"Good, only one has got away."

"What were their names?"

"Hadn't named 'em." But, looking up brightly, he added, "I've named the one that got away, though."

"Well, what was its name?"

"Patrick Henry, because he'd rather have liberty than death."

ONE of the wittiest men in New York, who pervades Wall Street and the lanes and alleys thereabouts, has just that slight impediment in his speech that adds piquancy to his witticisms. Somewhat in his style was a gentleman in a western town—one Watson—much given to politics, and an earnest worker. When he *promises* to support a man, he does it, no matter what the prospect or result. His influence was sought to procure the nomination of one Saunders, but

somehow or other he had "failed to connect," as the following conversation with Alf Wilson, a friend of Saunders, showed:

WILSON. "I say, Watson, why didn't you support Saunders, as you agreed to?"

WATSON. "Never p-p-promised to."

WILSON (*emphatically*). "Yes, you did."

WATSON. "Where d-did I?"

WILSON. "Why, down at Dickson's office."

WATSON. "Th-th-think not: told you I *g-g-guessed* I would; but I'm the poorest *g-g-guesser* you ever saw—hardly ever *g-g-guess* right."

FROM Ilion, New York, where they make so many guns, comes this camp-meeting hymn of our colored brethren:

Oh, whar shall we go when de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' of de trumps an' de bangin' of de guns?
How many poor sinners 'll be cotched out late,
An' fin' no latch to de golden gate?

No use fer ter wait twell to-morrow;
De sun mus'n' set on yer sorrow;
Sin's as sharp as a bamboo brier—
O Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!

When de nations of de earf is a-stannin' all aroun',
Who's a-gwine ter be chosen fer ter wear de glory crown?

Who's a-gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed an' bol'
An' ans'er to deir name at de callin' of de roll?

You'd better come now if yer comin';
Ole Satan is loose an' a-bummin';
De wheels of destruction is a-hummin'—
Oh, come 'long sinner, if yer comin'.

De song of salvation is a mighty sweet song,
An' de Paradise win' blow fur an' blow strong;
An' Aberham's buzzum is safe an' it's wide,
An' dat's de place whar de sinner oughter hide!

No use to be stoppin' an' a-lookin';
If you fool wid Satan you'll get took in;
You'll hang on de edge an' get shook in,
If you keep on stoppin' an' lookin'.

De time is right now, an' dis here's de place;
Let de salvation sun shine squar in yer face;
Fight de battles of de Lord, fight soon an' fight late,
An' you'll always fin' a latch on de golden gate.

No use fer ter wait twell to-morrow;
De sun mus'n' set on yer sorrow;
Sin's as sharp as a bamboo brier—
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher!

WHAT curious things, to be sure, are found among the advertisements! Here are two that are perfectly genuine:

WANTED, a capable General WORKING-WOMAN in a small, quiet family in the country. A Christian at heart, a Teetotaler, and a Singer would be valued. Address, etc.

WANTED, as HOUSEKEEPER, a Christian FEMALE. Accustomed to Poultry. Address, etc.

THE following humorous incident of a miner's life comes to the Drawer from "Mining District No. 2," California:

One day a ragged, lazy-looking fellow came shuffling up to the store, and drawled out, "Well, boys, kin yer tell a feller whar there's a good place to prospect for gold?"

The boys laughed, thinking he would be more useful to himself around a free-lunch table than as a miner. At length one of the crowd said to him, "See here, my friend, there's Dr. Mason, superintendent of the R—— Mine; you'd better ask him."

Now a mining superintendent is quite a high position in a mining district, and his opinion is eagerly sought for.

"Which is the superintendent?" asked the new-comer.

"That's the man, dressed in black, with the

dark brown curly hair," was the answer, pointing to Dr. M., who, though young, is a thorough mineralogist and chemist, and also a practical joker.

"Thank you, stranger," replied the fellow, as he made for the doctor, to whom he said, "Are you the superintendent of the R—— Mine?"

"Yes."

"Well, could yer tell a feller where to find a good place to prospect?"

Mason looked at him a moment, and, taking in the slow, tired movement of the man, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "You look like a lively, industrious man. Do you see that oak-tree on the hill-side?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, under that tree would be a good place to prospect; besides, it's nice and shady, and you can lie down and rest when fatigued."

The fellow procured a pick and shovel, and went to work under the tree. The miners, passing by, ridiculed him; but, nothing daunted, he went on with his little dig. He "guessed the superintendent knew what he was about."

At the end of the week our miner had taken out fifteen hundred dollars' worth of gold. The doctor does not tell people where to prospect now. He says that the last man he showed where to prospect got so rich that he committed suicide, not knowing what to do with his money.

THIS old song on the "ampersand" will be appreciated by printers, if by nobody else. Guess it has not heretofore been seen in an American publication:

Of all the types in a printer's hand,
Commend me to the ampersand;
For he's the gentleman, seems to me,
Of the typographical companie.
O my nice little ampersand—
My graceful, swan-like ampersand!
Nothing that Cadmus ever planned
Equals my elegant ampersand.

Many a letter your writers hate—
Ugly Q, with his tail so straight;
X, that makes you cross as a bear;
And Z, that helps you with Zounds to swear:
But not my nice little ampersand—
My easily dashed off ampersand;
Any odd shape folks understand
To mean my Protean ampersand.

Nothing for him that's starch or stiff;
Never he's used in scold or tiff;
State epistles, so dull and so grand,
Mustn't contain the shortened "and."
No, my nice little ampersand,
You are good for those who're jolly and bland:
In days when letters were dried with sand,
Old frumps wouldn't use my ampersand.

But he is dear in old friendship's call,
Or when Love is laughing through lady scrawl:
"Come & dine & have bachelor's fare;"
"Come, & I'll keep you a round & square."
Yes, my nice little ampersand
Never must into a word expand;
Gentle sign of affection stand,
My kind, familiar ampersand.

A TEACHER in Nevada having introduced "composition" as one of the intellect expanders of his pupils, was handed the following by the "biggest boy in school:"

"may the 4 1877

"ladies and gentlemen good morrells is the best policy there fore i beseach you to seek after it. ladies did you ever desire to become one like fanny firm or one like eliza cook or one like queen victoria or gentlemen did you ever desire to be-

come like Washington or one like King Philip or one like Abraham Lincoln or like John Quincy Adams, president of the United States, the statesman and scholar, the philanthropist and patriot, died February the 23 1848, this is all that I have to say about patriotism. I will say a little about friendship. Friends are always convenient, but how far does friendship go? It goes no farther than the grave. Often our dearest friends leave us before there friendship is hardly known. Oh, I wish that I could fathom the depths of endless woe, that I could see deeper into the things of earth, oh that I could look forward to the grave like Caruso without fear and without trembling."

THIS for our clerical friends. It has just come over from England: Canon Lord Russell, who is good-naturedly addicted to speaking to soldiers in a friendly manner, and not as though the wearer of a red coat was "food for powder," and nothing more, was naturally much gratified the other

per made complaint that a certain raftsmen had beaten him, and asked for a warrant for the offender's arrest. The justice's entire stock of legal blanks consisted of a summons and a subpoena. After spending some time vainly in trying to make these papers fit the case, he got mad, flung down his papers, and addressed the complainant thus:

"See here, mister, this Court is bound to see justice done in this township. You pay me two dollars and a half, costs of court, show me the man, and the Court will lick the devil out of him in two minutes."

Complainant paid the costs and pointed out the man. The "Court," with majesty on his brow and his sleeves rolled up, went for the offender, and in sixty seconds thrashed him to the full content of both parties. The Court then put on his coat, and remarked that "he was a peace officer, and wished it understood that *this* Court would *preserve the peace*, and any man who thought



A FAMILY DISSENSION—SHOWING THE DANGER OF HAVING FAMILY INFLUENCE TEND TO LEAD A CHILD IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.

day when a Guardsman said, genially, and without the least *mauvaise honte*, "I like you, my lord—there's nothing of the gentleman about you!"

AN anxious inquirer is bent upon knowing who wrote this verse:

Oh, what avails to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul be dirt?

IN Presque Isle County, toward Mackinac, is a beautiful lake, high Grand Lake, on whose shore stands a club-house owned by sundry fish-loving citizens of Adrian, Michigan. The country around is pretty much as nature made it—rough—and the few backwoodsmen living there are much like the country. One of them, named Crawford, was lately elected justice of the peace. A wood-chop-

per could raise thunder in that neck of woods would have to try the case with the Court personally." No other case has since been tried by Squire Crawford.

DURING the last session of our State Legislature a bill came before the Senate for the protection of natural scenery against the vandal advertisers who deface our rocks, trees, and hills with the names of their horrible mixtures. The bill was advocated by Senator Gerard, of this city, who, in a witty and pungent speech, said:

"But what pleasure can Dr. Syntax, seeking the picturesque, have in 'the pathless woods,' when, at some unexpected turn, a huge boulder, like a hobgoblin, stares him in the face, bearing the dread words, 'Rising Sun Stove Polish,' or 'Crumbs of Comfort Lozenges?' He seeks the borders of the lonely sea, to gaze in rapture there, to muse

on the infinite, to revel in the solitude of the immensity. The moon suddenly breaks like a radiant hope through the sombre clouds, and lights up—what? The ghastly word 'Sozodont,' or 'Sapolio,' on a neighboring board. Two lovers are interchanging sweet sympathies near the banks of the Hudson, sailing gently along the stream, youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm,

this city. It reminds us of the general turpitude that prevails in some of the frontier towns of Texas, and the hilarious character of the local jailer thereabouts—let us say at San Antonio, whence comes the following sketch:

Not long since a young man with blonde hair, a freckled nose, and other marks of personal attractiveness applied to the deputy-sheriff for a

pass to see his father, who he had reason to suppose was an inmate of the county jail.

"What's your name?" asked the officer, turning to his register.

"I'm Jim M'Snifter, from the Arroyo, Colorado."

"What peculiar kind of playfulness has your feyther been amusin' himself at—murder in the first degree?"

"Wusser than that," was the M'Snifterian response.

All levity vanished from the face of the officer, who was really a kind-hearted man, and there was human sympathy, and perhaps a tear, in his eye



PAST

AND



PRESENT.

"Look" (here) "upon this picture,

and on this." "What a falling off was there!"—Hamlet.

while hope trims the sail, and smiles with a radiance that seems as endless as it is bright. No cloud of doubt intervenes. Their eyes turn for a moment from each other on the neighboring rocks. Alas! she gazes aghast on the awful words, 'Vinegar Bitters,' he on the soul-depressing apothegm, 'Smoke Vanity Fair.' Sentiment departs, the nerves are unstrung, the heart loses its exaltation, the feelings revert to the *statu quo*, the critical moment for a proposal is past, and they paddle back prosaically to—dinner.

Shall such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

The student of nature is musing on the mountains about our lovely Lake George, or Champlain. His thoughts are elevated, his sympathies aroused, by the sublime and the beautiful around him. Suddenly, on a towering peak, flashing in the sunlight, the terrible sentences 'Gargling Oil' and 'Hostetter's Bitters' bring him down from his mental altitude, and he becomes again a groveling, prosaic son of earth."

THIS being the season for parade and review of the "milingtery," when the blood-thirstiness of the citizen soldier is only satisfied with gore, how forcibly are we reminded of the battle hymn:

with his helmet on his hed
and his sabir on his thy
the sojer mounts his galant steed
to conker or to dye.

ROBERT HELLER, in one of his recent bewildering performances, alluded to the "darkity and blackity" of certain proceedings of the "Ring" men of

as he turned over the page, and said, in a low voice,

"Worse than murder? My God! he must have stole a pony!"

"It was some misunderstanding about a mewel," observed M'Snifter junior, punishing his cowhide boots with his quirt.

"There are none of the M'Snifters in jail. Maybe I've got a *capias* for you."

"I bleeve in the last indictment the old man's name was spelt Bob White. The title of the suit is the State agin White."

"Why didn't you say so at once? You mearf that is his title at court. Why, certainly! Just you come along, and I'll present you to his royal Majesty. He is in the ground cell. Just come along: I want to see if the old rooster hasn't been trying to saw his hobbles off."

And buckling on his armor, the deputy-sheriff conducted the crown prince across the square to the castellated summer palace of his royal parient.

A WISE and witty man was he who wrote thus:

"The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick-room than a bushel of powders or a barrel of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half-way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streak on its pathway."

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